# The Industrial Pioneer



January, 1925

Civilization's Vanguard

Why We Struck at Concrete

What Ails California?

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General Construction Workers' Number

# THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

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## Saith The Thinking Toiler

By COVINGTON AMI

I am sick of the "rights of nations," of fencing and flagging the Earth,
And I'm asking the "great" and the "mighty" the goodness and value and worth.
I am weary of hearing the preachment that parchment is greater than man,
That "the Lord in his infinite wisdom" did infinite misery plan.
Yea! I question your courts and your congress, your "justice," your "order" and "law,"
And the more that I see and I suffer the less do I hold you in awe;
For I thought you were really the "able," the "masters" you taught me to see,
But the war from my ego has blasted these notions you drilled into me.
You may call us whatever you fancy, "hoboes," "hayseeds," or "bums,"
But dream not we have come from the trenches to wallow forever in slums.
We have weighed and found wanting your "system," your "wisdom," "efficiency," all,
And we mean that the System shall perish, the Kaisers of Usury fall.
Yea! We mean that the child of the Sower shall reap what the Sower has sown,
And none save the Toiler shall harvest and none but the Toiler shall own.
And our march it shall never be ended, and nothing shall silence our songs,
Till the doors of the prisons are open, the World to the Worker belongs.

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

THE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

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# Civilization's Vanguard

By EDWAR D J. FAHEY

**When We Realize Our Organized Power Nothing Can Hold Us In Slavery**



What civilization owes to the general construction workers is shown by one of these workers. He also describes what society allows them, and demonstrates the means to achieve what is needed above this beggarly precarious allowance.

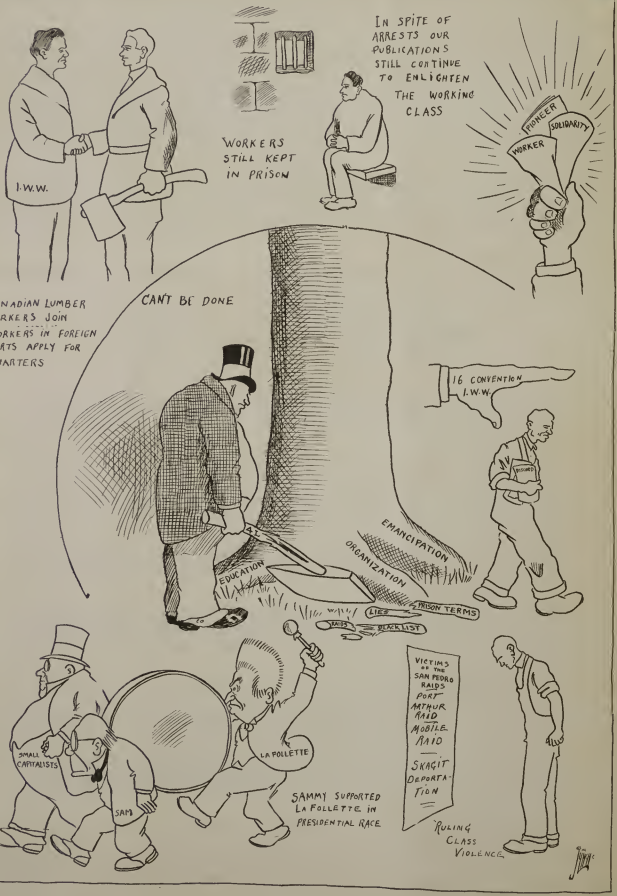
ANNIHILATION of distances is an ambition of this century approximating realization in the seven-league strides made to perfect means of communication. Rapid transportation sweeps on its way to bring far fields near, uniting rural expanse with urban district, drawing states closer together and linking the nation with the countries of the world.

Flung in myriad profusion over every direction in the land are the roads along whose smooth surfaces spins the thoughtless motorist; thoughtless of the fact that while the roads are avenues of business or pleasure for those now using them, they are the monuments of pain, hardship and often incredible injustice endured by the workers who constructed them.

Comfortably seated in the railroad train traversing marsh, swamp, plain and prairie, rolling through deep valleys, winding over mountains and piercing their rocky fastnesses, the traveler seldom compasses in reveries any thought of the endless thousands of workers who built the right of way, mastering coulee, river, forest and mountain fastness; conquering an untamed wilderness for the needs of man; subduing a continent for the march of civilization.

**Humanity calls for food; waste places abound. Comes the power of construction workers to throw up dams impounding life-giving waters.** The haunt of prairie dog and lizard vanishes; deserts bloom, sweet with the mingled odors of grow-

# 1924 REVIEW


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MOTOR TRUCKS LOADED WITH I. W. W. STRIKERS AWAITING ORDER OF SHERIFF CONN TO START DEPORTATION FROM CONCRETE.

# Why We Struck at Concrete

By GEO. RAINEY (One of the Strikers)

**That the real forces motivating society are economic is emphasized anew in the following account of a struggle between master and slave in the Northwest. Whenever necessity dictates, the ruling class writes its mandates with working class blood, and thrusts aside all law. At Concrete, Washington, a huge corporation again issued its inhumane proclamation in the most unmistakable terms of violence.**

**CONCRETE is a small town of about 1,500 people. It is situated in the great state of Washington, about 150 miles northeast of Seattle.**

**The town owes its publicity to the Baker River project, where about 700 men have been employed since early last spring by the Stone and Webster corporation. This giant firm, with a directing voice issuing from a Wall Street office, is interested in sixty-four corporations, manages twenty-two important light and power companies, certain of which, as single units, have monopolies that are state-wide in scope. This titan of the Electrical Age has plans under way by which its domain shall connect power lines over more than three states.**

The firm is constructing a hydro-electric plant in Skagit county on the Baker river, and the workers were employed on a high dam project which employed right-of-way, tunnel and coffer dam crews; railroad, dam and powerhouse construction men; steam shovel and quarry workers.

Conditions under which these men were compelled to work beggar description. **Imagine sleeping in blankets that were never washed since the work started nine months ago.** Food unfit for human consumption was served. Wages for heavy work were as low as $3.60 a day, but the company, apparently taking advantage of the unemployment situation, continued to mistreat its workers.

An illustration to the point rests in the **death trap flume** that was erected to carry concrete into the base wall of the dam. **This flume, high over the bodies of workers toiling in the depths, developed a habit of jamming, and the overflow fell upon those below.** There was no protection from it, and it constituted a real menace to life and limb. Although many workers quit rather than risk being struck by the heavy concrete, the company paid no attention to it. After all, what do the bosses care for a few broken heads or a few more graves for the workers? Protests were without avail. Something more than quitting individually was needed to get results.

The fire of resentment against all these injustices was banked, but smouldering, and it flamed high

ing things, delightful to the eye; nourishment for millions of human beings.

Humanity cries for light, for heat, for power; these construction workers dam mountain torrents and turbines whirl. There is light to challenge the nightfall, warmth for human comfort, power to turn the giant wheels of industry.

Rivers flowing through the land greedily claim their portion, slowly eating away the land, at flood times fiercely gouging their banks, inundating low places. Construction workers build dikes to cheat the currents, to discipline the streams in their course. The land is saved, navigation secured, a source of human happiness and wealth.

### Trail Blazers

Who are men whose labor makes possible all these wonders, these boons to society? They are the skinners, muckers, shovel runners, teamhands and bridgemen and others performing the manifold labors involved in general construction work. Their work is that of pioneers, blazers of trails, builders of the very foundations of civilization. Without the labor of these advance toilers for industry there could be no industry; should they withdraw their labor civilization would find itself bound, unable to advance. Changes in railroad routes well illustrate the point.

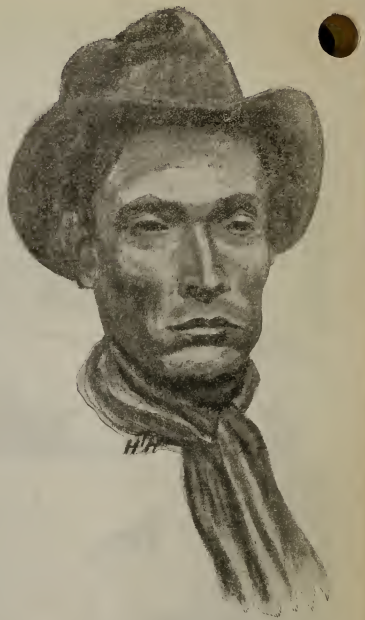
Engineers in earlier times of railroad building often caused the roads to wind in a circuitous manner that the development of electrical motors and an advance in the science of engineering itself with regard to topography have now made unnecessary. New roads will be constructed along different principles. But there are the old lines already in use with their devious twistings that are frequently susceptible to straightening or shortening.

In all corners of this country changes are being made in these railroads. We have learned to know them as "cutoffs." On the New York Central line a project is under way to eliminate many miles from the road, thereby saving immensely in time and adding prodigiously to the wealth of the company. This is called the Albany Cutoff.

### "Cutoff" Labor

In the West we have been hearing a great deal about a Natron Cutoff. The Southern Pacific system has about five thousand workers shaping a rock-bound stretch of forest and mountain into 150 miles of railroad between the towns of Klamath Falls and Oakridge in Oregon.

While tunnel work is performed in much the same manner as mining, it is the construction workers' task to bore through the mountains. The Natron Cutoff has about 22 tunnels. In the old days mucking the dirt and rock with shovels was done by the hand of the shovel stiff. Today steam shovels holding three to four yards of earth have taken their place. Then there are air drills, steam drills and air shovels to do the mucking in the tunnels Farther on we shall describe other details about this immense job.



TYPE OF GENERAL CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Another name that is familiar to those who watch the skirmishes in the class war is Copco. This is the name of a place in the northern part of California where the California-Oregon Power Co. is—vicariously—building a power plant. The actual work is being done by hundreds of workers, and it has been estimated that their labor is needed for two years. This project is going to cost about $4,000,000.

Then there is the Baker River Project of the Stone-Webster Company in Washington where the workers recently struck against intolerable conditions, and were beaten, jailed and deported by the sheriff of the county under orders from his industrial superiors. Here the workers are building a dam for the manufacture of electricity. Light and power, again. Theirs is the power to bless the idlers of the world with all manner of convenience, with every kind of wealth, but they have in-

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misled into coming turned away. Altogether only teen scabs betrayed the workers.

The masters always have a reliable source upon which to rely in the form of the capitalist press, and this was ordered to manufacture its poison, discrediting the strikers, and dosing its readers with lies. There is another agency that comes to bourgeois aid without fail whenever the workers revolt against the more offensive extremes of slavery, and the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, November 10, quotes Major K. W. Thom of the United States Army, attached to the National Guard of Washington, as saying: "I merely gave the sheriff the benefit of my experiences and advice in organizing his plan of action today."

What was this advice to the sheriff? What did the sheriff do? Well, when scabs could not be induced to pass the picket line, Sheriff Conn of Skagit county appeared on the picket line at 8 o'clock on Monday morning of November 10, with a large force of heavily-armed deputies. Other armed lickspittles of Stone and Webster were hidden in the surrounding hills under orders to shoot the unarmed pickets if they offered resistance.

### Strikers Deported

Sheriff Conn then rounded up the pickets with insulting commands and prods to hurry them along. His gunmen beat up a number of strikers, one man having his head broken open. They were not permitted to get their belongings in the way of food and clothing, but were hustled into motor trucks and over one hundred of them deported. Those with families were not allowed to communicate with them, and all, married and single alike, went the way of violence dictated by the ruling class, shaped by the army officer and executed by a vassal sheriff.

### More Boss Violence

The deported strikers held a meeting where they decided to vote the strike back on the job, realizing that the governor was ready to serve his economic superiors by ordering the troops against the strikers. The meeting also elected a committee of three, whose duty it was to return to Mount Vernon and ask the sheriff to permit shipment of the clothing and personal belongings of the strikers and their families out of Skagit county.

When the brutal sheriff heard their request **he decked his fists with brass knuckles, placed a blackjack in his holster, and then, with his deputies alert to shoot down the three unarmed strikers, if ordered, this fiend beat them up and threw them into jail with other badly beaten strikers.**

### Cause Not Lost

**The strike is not lost, and it is up to every worker there to use job tactics to gain all that we did not secure in the walkout.**

The strike has its lessons, proving once more that the so-called guardians of public order are the exponents of disorder, and that at the behest of their



GUNMAN ACCOSTING STRIKERS

industrial masters they will ignore all constitutional guarantees and deprive the workers of all rights.

When the project is completed it will be a source of profits to its owners amounting to **$60 a minute.** Not bad, eh? During the strike a lot of damage was done to the coffer dam by floods which have set the work back sixty days. **This added to the twenty-four days of striking shows that the company has been retarded eighty-four days at $60 a minute.** Figure that up and you can see that, with the possibility of another strike, it would have been better to settle with the strikers at the outset.

The Concrete struggle shows plainly that if the bosses can succeed in wiping out a picket line by the direct force of a sheriff and deputies, unmindful of the alleged constitutional guarantees, by which the naive worker might expect to be protected against such violence, the workers can answer successfully only by marshaling their economic power and refusing to continue to make profits for the rulers. **The workers have no recourse in law when opposed in the manner exemplified at Concrete. They have no other weapon than that of their organized strength.**

It is up to the workers to show that we have intelligence and that we **remember. All aboard for Concrete and make it safe for the working class.**

when twenty-five men, working on the concrete crew, demanded more pay. This was refused in an insulting way by the Wall Street puppets. Fifty cents more a day was too much for the poor corporation to expend in wages, and the crew walked off the job.

Immediately fifteen men from the bull gang were ordered to fill their places, but these showed their solidarity by refusing to scab, also walking off, leaving the hirelings to pour concrete themselves. None was poured because such brainless lackeys are "all thumbs" and used to loafing, to boot.

An open camp meeting was called to order and a grievance committee of strikers elected to draw up demands to be presented to the company. As ratified by the meeting they follow:

1—**Release of all Class-War Prisoners.**
2—Twenty-five per cent wage increase all around.
3—Sheets and pillows to be furnished and the same to be washed weekly, at least.
4—More and better food.
5—Twelve muckers in the tunnel instead of 6 to a shift.
6—Concrete flumes to be made safe to work under.
7—That all overtime be abolished except where human life is in danger.
8—No discrimination against the workers for taking part in the meeting.
9—All men who worked in concrete and bull gangs to be reinstated.
10—**Boycott California products.**

### Demands Presented

The committee presented these demands to Mr. Jessup, the understudy and slave driver for General Superintendent Shannon. He looked them over and the committee said, "See what you can do about it."

Returning to the meeting they reported, and a strike committee was elected from the body at 11.30 that night. The graveyard shift was notified and many joined the strike. Later 20 more came out. In the morning only one slave showed up for the tunnel gang, and he bowed his head in shame as he walked back through the picket line, never to be seen again while the strike lasted.

### Solidarity Is Shown

This strike was not a craft union fiasco, but an industrial union conflict conducted by the I. W. W. which was twenty-five per cent organized on this job. Many of the engineers and skilled mechanics rallied to the support of their more exploited fellow workers doing ordinary labor. The fight was not for higher wages alone, but for liberty and the protection of human life.

It was a fight for the freedom of the men who are held by the master class in their hellholes for no other crime than that of organizing the workers to effect a peaceful change in society, whereby the slogan "He who does not work, neither shall he eat" must be realized.



CHIEF FINK CONN GIVING ORDER FOR DEPORTATION TO START.

The strike soon enlisted the support of ninety per cent of the working force, and with only ten per cent left to do the scabbing, construction work was badly crippled, and the scabs began to migrate. On the fifth day the work came to a standstill for lack of workers. All attempts to bring in scabs failed. In an orderly way the pickets explained the situation and those who came to scab or were




GENERAL STRIKE PROTEST IN TAMPICO AGAINST OIL WORKERS' MURDER BY TROOPS. ARROW POINTS TO I. W. W. BANNER.

# Tampico

## A Class War Skirmish

By MARINO

**REACTIONARY papers in the United States view Mexico's recent administrations as "Red"; liberal journals describe them as progressive regimes, dedicated to the well-being of the working class. Perhaps both divergent camps regard the speeches and constitutional compositions of Mexico as a just basis for their findings. We in the United States should not be "taken in" by fair words of politicians or the libertarian rhetoric of democratic constitutions; having found through bitter experience that economic reality has no knowledge of either, and owes no tribute to their shining promises.**

**Tampico is famous for its oil production and infamous for the outrages inflicted upon the workers of this industry. Readers of INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY will remember accounts of the strike against the El Aguila Oil Company by 2,000 workers, and how they won a sweeping victory with the aid of their fellow workers in other lines. They were out about four months. These workers secured unconditional recognition of their union and shop control. They held firm in spite of the machinations of the yellow C. R. O. M. (Regional Federation of Labor of Mexico) leaders whose philosophy and practises are counterparts of A. F. of L. activities in this country. Bribes, intimidation and treachery failed. The strike was won.**

Conspicuous in assistance to the strikers were the railroad workers, who served the company with an ultimatum allowing it forty-eight hours to settle the strike on penalty of forfeiture of transportation of its products on trains manned by these railroaders.

This victory had a most beneficial effect upon the workers of La Transcontinental and Pierce Oil Companies, in which the owners capitulated almost immediately. It seems evident that they were not looking for a repetition of the defeat sustained by El Aguila.

Workers of the La Huasteca Oil Company duplicated these successes after a struggle of one month. Inspired by this example employees of the Mexican Gulf Oil Company declared a strike. Then those working for the La Corona Oil Company walked out. A brief outline of these later developments, which are not meeting with success, is timely, because we learn not only from triumph but also through defeat.

Recognizing the tremendous importance of the success of the workers at El Aguila, La Huasteca, La Transcontinental and the Pierce Oil Companies, all that it forebode to their profits, the oil magnates sent representatives to Mexico City on a mission to the government. It is noteworthy that these companies dropped all pretense of nationalist isolation and united solidly when holy profits were threatened. **They joined in a $50,000,000 loan to the government.**

We are hardly so unsophisticated as to be blind to the probable contract by which the loan was negotiated. Subsequent events proved that in consideration of the huge sum loaned the government promised a fair field for the proper exploitation of the Mexican oil workers. **Troops were sent into the strike district.**

The bayonets were not received with open arms. Immense protest meetings were held and Obregon was notified that the presence of soldiers was obnoxious to the Tampico unions. Replying to this Obregon declared that the troops were to be entirely neutral. Their orders, he asserted, were to prevent violence and to protect both parties to the dispute.

The workers elected a committee to serve notice to the troops of the Obregon neutrality message, and also of the similar orders of their military superiors in the capital. **This committee went unarmed towards the barracks and was met by a detachment of soldiers who immediately opened fire upon them. One member of the workers' committee was killed on the spot, eleven more were wounded and another died later of injuries.**

# What Ails California?

By ROBERT WHITAKER

**CALIFORNIA is sick. Physically the State may be everything that the Chambers of Commerce claim, a Mecca for the comfort-seekers and the health chasers of the world. But as the man said who was called upon to speak at the funeral of the most unpopular man in a certain western mining community and who accepted the service very unwillingly,**

**"Well, neighbors, all I can say is that we all hopes brother Jones has gone where we know he hasn't."**

So, even from the viewpoint of physical well-being California is not all the Wallingfords and the Babbits of business would have you believe. Three years ago, about this time, an Eastern judge of national reputation who was visiting Los Angeles was quoted as saying that there were fifty thousand cases of flu in this city just then. How he got his data was not said, nor whether his figures were anything more than a rough estimate. But there is no lack of proof that the flu is prevalent here this winter, and that the bubonic plague has just taken a startling total of lives within a few days. The triple troubles of the Buddha, old age, sickness and death, are with us in Los Angeles, as they were with him centuries ago in another land where the sun shines and the days are warm most of the year.

But it is not only so that California is sick, with the diseases of physical decrepitude and decadence such as flesh is heir to everywhere and in all ages. It is on the side of law and order, another thing of which our Chambers of Commerce boast, that California is sick. That ours is the most lawless land on the face of the earth there are many who are high up in the councils of court and government ready to admit today. And **California is the most lawless state, and Los Angeles the most lawless city in this, the most lawless land.**

Here is an item from the daily press of Los Angeles, published just a few days ago, as the month of November ended and the month of "Christmas peace" began. "'SHOOT TO KILL' IS ORDER GIVEN BY CHIEF." And here is the item itself, the very words peddled out on our own streets: "Realizing drastic steps must be taken to curb lawlessness in the city following 11 murders and 250 holdups in November, Captain of Detectives George K. Hone ordered his men to 'shoot to kill' Tuesday, after representatives of the district attorney and sheriff's offices had promised full cooperation in the war to suppress crime."

In another paper the eleven murders are catalogued together, and after most of them stands the telltale word, "Unsolved." But even this does not tell all the story of the sickness here, nor the full tale of the lawlessness in which we so excel. The lawlessness that is outside the law is here in surpassing abundance. Former Chief of Police Vollmer, in answer to a question asked him when he spoke before an Open Forum in San Diego last summer, said that the sorry pre-eminence of Los Angeles in respect to the prevalence of common crime here, murder, assault and robbery of all kinds, could be in part accounted for because the mildness of the California climate and the **vigor of our advertising campaigns** attracted to the Southland a large number of the "undesirables" of the earth as well as a lot of decent people. This may be granted as having some force. But it does not explain even the prevalence of ordinary crime here as much as California officialism and conventionalism would like to have us believe. And it does not explain at all the surpassing abundance here of what may be called the "higher lawlessness," the lawlessness of the law officers and the courts themselves, and the mass of the "respectable" people who stand behind them.

"How can you keep a man in jail day after day and week after week without any charge being made against him," a group of us asked this same Chief of Police, August Vollmer, in his own office last July, just before he closed his work here.

"It cannot be done," he said.

"But it is done," we replied, and we cited the fact that at that very moment Moffitt, who had been arrested at San Pedro, Sunday afternoon, July 6th, when he was quietly presenting the cause of the children who had been scalded almost to death in the raid on the I. W. W. meeting, June 14th, was lying in jail without any charge having been made against him. Moffitt was actually kept in jail nine days without an indictment, and then, when an indictment was trumped up against him of having said that the police were stool-pigeons of the Hammond Lumber Company, it took a jury only two minutes to acquit him. Moffitt was not himself a member of the I. W. W. and he did not call upon any lawyer to defend him.

Yes, "it is done," over and over again here. That is, men are arrested at the whim of any policeman who wants to make a record for zeal in service, or whose dinner happens to have disagreed with him, and are thrown into jail and kept there, sometimes for weeks, in utter contempt of the Constitutions, both of nation and state. Here is the official record

(Continued on page 44)

# The Way to Freedom

By P. J. WELINDER

RECENTLY we have been suffering from a deluge of words threatening to completely submerge every voice raised in behalf of organization on the industrial field. It has been one continued cry of "Vote for Coolidge," "Vote for La-Follette," for Foster, for Davis and for a dozen or so would-be saviors of the working class.

It would be amusing, were it not so tragic, to watch those thousands of disfranchised, hungry and ragged slaves stay for hours at the time cheering themselves hoarse for something they can not define, know nothing about, or for somebody whom they never knew and never will know whether elected or not. And those starving masses will accept as a foregone conclusion that there are, so far as they are concerned, really two fields upon which we, the workers, must exert our energies in order to gain a little more of the good things of life: the political and the industrial field. Yet none of them have ever entered any other than the industrial field, and then in the capacity of a wage slave seeking a master, and few, if any of them, will ever enter another field with the exception of potter's field when they are finished as objects of exploitation.

### "Political Field" Reflex

Is there really such a thing as a "political field" so far as we, the wage workers, are concerned? If so, what part does political action play in our every-day life? What is its origin and what is its nature?

That we at the present time have in our society a certain form of activity undertaken on a large scale, that properly can be termed a "political field" is certain, but whether our participation in such activities in the nature of organized wage workers will benefit us and our class is another question.

What is the origin of politics? No one has even attempted to prove that there was such an animal as a "politician" in ancient society, much less a "field" of them. In the time of primitive communism there were neither politics nor politicians. When the means of production, if individually used, were individually owned and the result of their operation was the property of their owner and operator, or socially used, and the fruits of such labor socially enjoyed equally by all participants in the work, no political government existed. But that day the principle of private ownership was applied to socially used means of production and the fruits of the toil reverted to the owner of these means, a government became necessary, not, as often claimed, for the protection of the exploited slaves, but for a somewhat suitable arrangement of the right to exploit.

At no time can it be claimed that the exploited subject has had either need of or assistance from a political government. All subjects of exploitation, no matter under what form they have been exploited, have this in common: that they are dispossessed. They own nothing and control less. Consequently, there can be no question of governing the affairs of those who have no affairs to be governed. The only question before the politicians is how to keep the slaves in submission; whether they should resort to militant methods or appease them with some reforms; whether it is more beneficial to the existing order of ownership to kill treacherous elements or to bring them to peace by means of bread lines. Both forms have been applied in a mixture considered suitable for the occasion at hand, and those politicians who have been the best judges as to how to blend in proper proportions their decoction of coercion and persuasion called "politics" are heralded as "great statesmen."

### Rulers' Revolutions

Ever since the inauguration of production for profit, or ever since private ownership of social wealth was established, every revolution and every rebellion has had as its aim to admit new layers into the group of exploiters and not to abolish exploitation. Every revolution in historical times has had as its object to rearrange the affairs of the exploiters; has concerned itself with the possessing class and its interest and not with the interest of the dispossessed class, except insofar as it has been necessary in order to gain their consent for continued exploitation.

The great revolutions of the eighteenth century in which Liberty, Equality and Fraternity were proclaimed as the guiding stars for human progress are in no way any exceptions to earlier revolutions in historic times. The American revolution, although ostensibly aiming towards the liberation of mankind, meant only an enlargement of the number of the exploiting class. At the very best half of the population was dispossessed and their only gain in society was a hope of some day becoming members of the possessing class. All the new "rights" established were rights concerning franchises, as well as the safeguarding of the spoils of exploitation. The dispossessed class came into consideration only insofar as it was feared that they might attack the sacred institution of private ownership of socially produced commodities.

### The "Cockroach" Wail

Since those days the employing class has decreased very rapidly in number and as a consequence discontent becomes more pronounced. The outcrowded petty bourgeois cries about lost ideals, about democracy being thrown overboard, and demands reforms. He is kicking on the politicians, and he has a just cause for his kick, for failing to protect him. Did he not possess a certain limited field in which

For forty-eight hours after this barbarous act a general protest strike was maintained, with street cars and lighting service, factories, shops and mills entirely tied up. The streets were filled with protesting workers, parading with banners aloft to denounce the murdering of their fellow workers.



STRIKERS EMBARKING AT LA AGUILA DOCKS FOR TAMPICO DEMONSTRATION.

### Causes of Failure

When the troops were drawn up in battle formation to continue the murderous program on a larger scale the government, evidently fearing to overplay its hand, ordered them back to their barracks, and further bloodshed was averted.

But the $50,000,000 and lack of real working class unionism outside of the limited number who showed such splendid solidarity, have done their evil work. Instead of a solid front in labor's ranks there are the quarrels between leaders of the reformist C. R. O. M. and the revolutionary Confederación General de Trabajadores, which confuse the workers, and result in many autonomous unions in the oil fields. These in turn fight the other two factions who are striving to control them.

The strikers against the Mexican Gulf Company are affiliated with the C. G. T.; those opposing La Corona are connected with the C. R. O. M. The owners of these companies, English, American, Mexican or whatever they may be are ONE against these workers, are ONE in their $50,000,000 loan bribe to the government.

No amount of spontaneous solidarity can hope to defeat these powerfully agreed capitalists. Mass strikes cannot endure long. The way to sound victory is less spectacular. It requires a steady upbuilding of a new form of economic organization by which the workers organize industrially **and know their strength.**

The solidarity of the Mexican workers has been very heartening in and around Tampico. Presently they will learn the lesson of solidarity and industrial unionism; grasp the weapon of industrial organization, which means a cessation of work by all workers within the industry struck or surrounding industries if required.

### Must Lead Themselves

To the Mexican workers must be given the commendation of all class-conscious workers on their struggle against the monstrous appetite of the Oil Kings. Our Mexican fellow workers have paid a price in blood and misery that is worthy of a better return than factional animosity and jurisdictional dissension.

We can hope that they will learn that capitalism is the productive system of Mexico and that its governments are alert to do the will of the capitalists. Learning this they will not be deluded by faith in political leaders, or parliamentary eloquence. **They must learn to have faith in themselves alone, to be their own leaders, and to find their freedom along the red road of direct economic action.**



OIL STRIKERS MARCHING WITH RED BANNERS TO DOCK TO JOIN TAMPICO DEMONSTRATION. LA HUASTECA REFINERY IN BACKGROUND.

Though the I. W. W. in the district is not numerically powerful it exerts an educational influence that is sorely needed, and may be counted on to take its prominent part in every manifestation of solidarity.

The present situation furnishes many concrete examples to which our fellow workers can point in illustrating the industrial union argument with hopes of greater success, as bare theorizing does not impress workers.

we are wandering highways and by-ways begging someone to accept it. Our only wealth is our misery, and there is no politician and no parasite that intends to grab that from us. **Organize on the only field that concerns us as producers of the world's wealth: the industrial field.** Give the politicians and the parasites a couple of hours of our working day to exercise their managing ability directly at the point of production.

Abolish the army of unemployed through a suitable curtailment of our working day and secure for ourselves and our class the full product of our toil directly on the field where we are engaged in production, and all the worries of the politicians will have come to an end, all social dualism in the form of "political action" and "industrial action" will cease. Put the politicians and their masters, the present day capitalists, to useful work alongside us on the industrial field and our social question is solved for all time to come.

# Four Proletarian Poems

By LAURA TANE

## Vigil

The moonrays scrawl across the sky
And here, as dead, entombed we lie;
I heard the rumble of a lightning blast
And watched blue flames come near us
fast.

So here we wait for the sound of pick;
The shadows of men to come three-quick
And lift us up to see on high
The moonrays scrawled across the sky.

They've worked all day and the night as
well
To free us from our airtight hell.
My mule is dead; my pal doesn't speak,
And I alone the death-watch keep
(Before I go the way of sleep?)

## Strike

Men of the woods
Tired . . . hungry . . .
Facing a wall of knitted wind and ice
To reach the next camp.

These are our **men**—Wobblies,
Intent upon the salvation of the scab soul;
Intent upon a little more time to rest
And a little cleaner rest
Before they face their daily battle
With the forest.

## Mine Disaster

In Blackstone town the shades are down,
The night has fallen fast.
The crowds are rushing to the mine
Where the earth has heaved a blast.

Close to the shaft the women moan
And curse the raging soil
Which has wound around their living men
As a snake its prey would coil.

The sun shines down on Blackstone town,
The wind sings high and low
For the long black file of silent men
Who wait for their fate below.

## Version

A prostitute stands on the quiet hill
Admiring a yellow skyline,
And a little child holds her hand.

I know a man with millions
Of dollars and hours to spend,
Who occupies a front pew in a stylish
church . . .
Yet I have never seen him
Looking at a skyline or at a flower . . .
I saw him driving young boys and women
Into his factory where sausages
Form a skyline of profit for him.

he could operate in "the good old days," a field that is now being taken away from him? Do not the various trusts crowd him out of the exploiting class and force him down among the wage earners of this nation? Are not the beef trust, the chain stores, the manufacturing establishments with their branch houses all over the country, crowding out the local butcher, blacksmith, tailor, shoemaker and corner grocer—men who formerly had the privilege to exploit perhaps half a dozen slaves? Were not this group of "citizens" the fundamental base for our democracy? Certainly they were. And now they are on the verge of being forced into the great mass of exploited subjects.

The great howl for "democracy," in which the voice of a Woodrow Wilson sounded above all the others, meant nothing but a preservation of the right of the petty bourgeoisie to continue their existence as exploiters. When they demanded certain limitations of the fields where the big trust operates they never intended a limitation in degree of exploitation, only a limitation as to the scope of operation. It never was their intention to demand that outside the limit of the operations of the steel trust the exploitation in the steel industry should cease, only that outside this limit the right for the small fry to exploit was to begin. So far as the workers are concerned, their program means only a change of exploiter, from one big one to many small ones. As to the degree of exploitation it goes without saying that if any change under such a program could take place it would be a change from bad to worse.

### Division of Wealth

We are told by the politicians themselves through their government, that more than 70 per cent of the people in the U. S. A. own less than 3 per cent of the wealth of the nation. It is reasonable to presume that, so far as governing goes, although less trained in this noble art, these 70 per cent ought to be able to govern that amount of wealth satisfactorily to themselves, without the assistance of especially paid and trained "governors." As a matter of fact, the wealth of the working class does not count a bit in the plans of government advanced by the politicians. What does count, however, is how to prevent the slaves from seizing wealth produced by these slaves; how to safeguard it for its present non-producing owners.

### Industry Makes Wealth

All wealth possessed by one class or another, by one individual or another, is created on the industrial field. In the creation of such wealth politicians take no part whatsoever. Their sole function lies in the disposal of such wealth—not in the disposal of the wealth returned to its creator in the form of wages, but of the wealth stolen from him in the form of surplus values created on the industrial field. Abolish this surplus value and there will be nothing for the politicians to govern.

The politicians have only one function: to govern the wealth robbed from the producers. Theirs is the task of dividing satisfactorily among the exploiters the licenses to exploit. Their task is also to guard the wealth thus obtained from any attack that may be attempted upon it on the part of those who are robbed. As to us, they have absolutely no function to fulfill as we have nothing that needs governing except the marketing of our power to labor, and that never has, nor can be, governed by any political action. It is a commodity on sale in the public market and subject to the same economic laws as govern every other marketable product.

### Knell for Politicians

Should the workers cease to produce for profit and confine themselves to producing for their own use only, what would become of the politicians? Suppose that no surplus value was created by labor, that all who work received the full product of their toil in return for their labor, what would become of the "political field"? Would it still exist? What would be left for the statesmen and the political governments to govern? There would be as much use for them as there is use for them in the negro tribal regions of Australia and Africa, or as there was among Indian tribes prior to the appearance of the white men on this continent.

While the "political field" is conditioned upon the presence of a system of exploitation of those who toil, of legalized robbery, the industrial field, on the contrary, is indispensable to the whole human race. Without the concerted action on the part of all useful members in society on the industrial field, mankind would cease to exist, while the expiration of the "political field" will only mean the elimination of an unnecessary burden on the body social. No matter what stand is taken by the workers, they will always be forced to operate on the industrial field. It is in this respect not a question of opinion, as it is in regard to politics; it is a question of sheer necessity, of action forced upon us whether it runs concurrently or contrary to our avowed opinions and principles. Hence, so far as we the wage workers are concerned, there is no such field as a political one. There is a question of doing away with exploitation, of robbery in one form or another, legalized or illegal, and that can only be done by the ones who are robbed and at the point where they are robbed, and not by a group of administrators of the wealth robbed from us.

### "Political Action" Bunk

Fellow workers, forget all the flowery talk about the "need of political action." Don't worry about being robbed of social wealth. Don't be afraid that anyone is going to steal our "Tea Pot Domes" or other oil deposits, our ore deposits, our forests or our land. We have nothing of the kind in our possession. We have not even enough oil to grease a wheelbarrow, far less any rich gushers to be taken away from us. If Sinclair or Doheny fail to grab the oil, Rockefeller will not fail. If Gary can't manipulate all the iron ore deposits of the world, you will never get them so long as you are a wage slave. All we possess is our power to labor and

# The Story of a Soul

By E. H. H.

A FRIED onion or a stewed prune does not resemble a soul. Nor can it be compared unto anything that you can see, taste, feel or smell. There is something indescribably intangible about the soul, more to be likened unto the hole in the elusive doughnut. The hole is there, yet it isn't there! You can see it all the time, but at the same time you don't see it. When the doughnut is gone the hole still remains. You didn't eat it. The quickness of the eye deceives the hand—'tis even so with the merry old soul. Nothing is incomprehensible about the soul, brother. This argument's won without a struggle.

We may linger around this old U. S. A. for quite a spell with everyone calling us a good old soul excepting a few bosses and some of our hooktender friends, but some day it is ordained that the soul part of you is going through the balmy ozone "hell bent" or it may whizz skyward like a sky rocket.

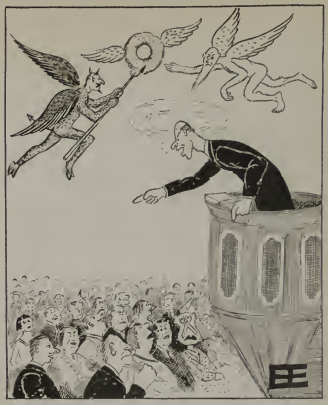
But far be it from me, the illustrious Plymouth Rock Whitey, to liken my spotless soul unto the hole of a greasy doughnut. No, my soul is going to be saved by fair means or foul. Money can't do it, but it helps a little—yea! it helps a leetle bit!

Had it not been for the interference of my asinine pardner, the notorious dumbbell "Rhode Island Red," it is possible that the salvation of my soul would have come to a head last week with all of the finer touches and formalities that go with soul saving. But now, here I am, gallivanting around the country with a soul, that is pronounced by good authority as black as a thundercloud.

I had no business coaxing Red into the holy place, but the night air was frosty and he 'lowed he'd come in an' take off the chill. Our clothes being rather shabby, we were escorted towards the rear end of the gathering.

I don't remember this particular brand of saviors but I think they all used the low even roll and always came out on a point or a pair of boxcars.* Various formulas are pronounced good. Some submerge the patient four times in the icy drink and drag him half strangled onto the bank, while others merely spray the water on, Chinese laundry fashion. Some can get you out of old Purg. for only a few dollars and others might want you to handle a Christ-like 100% tar-pot to swab and whitewash all sinners with. Also, you donate ten bucks for the snowy ascension robe. Oh! Kum Kou Kum, get in the regalia and Kioodle about your pure 100 percent Hertford strain.

The minister was all that could be desired. His text was: "The Soul and All Its Mysteries Dissolved," and he put up an airtight 120-proof argumentation upon it. The more he discoursed the more enthusiastic he got. Work! will not be necessary in the Great Beyont! and there will be lots of eats. All the steaks will be either T-bones or Porterhouses, and none will be used of'n the neck or from 'twixt the horns. As the boulevards and stairs are golden, there will also be plenty of coin for those who have been generous here. The armies of the Holy Smoke were said to be all-powerful. Nothing was ever mentioned about the navy, and once when I was young and tender I came near joining it! And the recruiting agent told me it was as near heaven as anything could be.—Nothing was said about whom the Heavenly Army intended to fight, but it might have been the Japs as he mumbled something about the Yellow Peril threatening our gates. He wound up with giving both Calvin and Davis a boost and a bless you my lambs —Amen etc., etc.



It was then that Red arose. I ought to have yanked him back into his seat, but I didn't think he would bore and disrupt the meeting the way he did.

He first asked the reverend if he might ask a question or two for his own enlightenment, and the Rev. informed him that he could come around to his studio directly after the services, and he would be glad to answer any question. But Red claimed he had to catch a train and would be forced to depart in ignorance were the questions not answered "right now."

He first wanted to know if the supposed being known as "God" was all powerful and did he really love the human race.

# While Riding Through Canada

By LEWIS STONE

WHEN a person has traveled from east to west and west to east through the United States a number of times, to say nothing of trips in other directions within the same country, it is natural, and perhaps profitable, to desire a journey across the Dominion just north. So I had the agent at the Tacoma station route me through Canada.

Nothing unusual happened en route. If any bootleggers were aboard they were not molested. No bandits held up the express cars. It was summer and we had nothing to fear from avalanches. Altogether a tame trip.

Everybody knows all about Canada's natural wonders and beauties. Railroads and other boosters have set forth these marvels in an effort to win tourists and colonists. What need then at this time and place to attempt description of her fairest features?

Although it has often been my luck, or misfortune, as you please, to get about the world "under, over, within and between" the rolling stock of railroads, it so happened that my first trip across Canada was contracted for through a duly authorized agent, and I sported a Pullman reservation, as well.

Tiring of admiring, appraising or deploring the shifting panorama without, I read a while. Then, to stretch my legs, went into the compartment set aside as a washroom and for smoking. The air was blue with smoke—and other things, to use a figure.

Do men traveling or traveling men ever fail on such occasions to compete for the blue ribbon as raconteurs of tales not usually welcome in polite society? They excuse themselves from the women and get together to smoke and talk.

A lame old Scot had just finished his bit of risque narrative. It was well received. Then a man from British Columbia horned in to cap him. Great applause; great success.

Several wore lodge emblems; three were Rotarians.

Presently a man in black came in, and at sight of his inverted collar you should have seen their faces smooth out. However, he was away from his flock, and these seemed like good fellows. He had his own store of smut and in a few minutes all was going just as joyfully as ever.

Later, in their appointed places with wives and children, they sat straight-laced enough. This is a public gesture.

The man in black advertised his calling without speech. I wondered what the B. C. man did to keep the wolf from the door. We had just passed Mt. Robson, the highest peak of the Canadian Rockies. Night was falling.

The B. C. man had invited the preacher over and these rotarians were boosting for their respective communities. They were going to a convention. I thought some of their conversation interesting.

A blind man about thirty years old was led through the train.

"Nice chap," said the B. C. man.

"How did he lose his sight?" asked the sympathetic parson.

"In the war. He is fortunate in having a companion to take him about."

"Well, that is what all should be ready to sacrifice, and more, for our country," declared the preacher.

"Exactly," agreed the B. C. man.

Both of them were not eligible for military service when the war was on.

"HE doesn't say much, but did you hear that man who lost his son? Went on against war and the government. Why he got radical!"

The clerical tongue clucked disapprovingly.

"Yes, he lost his only son; boy about nineteen. The lad was a violinist. Too bad. Still, he should not go on like that."

"Of course not. Civilization had to be saved."

They kept at it for a while longer. Sad, indeed, to lose one's only talented son, but not too much to give to one's country.

What had they given, was my thought.

Not much; they were not givers, but takers.

The wife of the B. C. man purred approvingly. His twelve-year-old daughter looked at her father and the minister adoringly.

What did the B. C. man do, what profession, what graft?

After a while he was telling all about it. Kept a school for feeble-minded children.

"Yes, we keep them until they grow up. Try to teach them a trade so that they'll be able to support themselves. . . . . No, we take them of different races. But, no matter of what nationality they are our aim is to make them grow up to be good, useful citizens of Canada."

**Good, useful, feeble-minded citizens. What a field for patriotism!**

The porter was making up the berths.

Soon these nice, clean, well-fed upholders of law an' order stretched out comfortably and slept the sleep of the just.

**MORAL: Riding in Pullman trains is a good place to be gassed.**



# The South's Wild Animal Show

BY JACK METTE

**WIND howls around the house, filling the crannies and eaves and sills with its white burden. It sweeps the dry snow over the frozen earth with a hissing sound.**

**The house is a small frame structure, and though the short winter twilight has caught the deeper gloom of night no lights are burning. At a window a woman stands motionless, face pressed against the cold glass, looking out at the desolate night. An agony of anxiety is breaking her heart; she is wondering where Frank is on this cold night. Frank is her son. Is he working? Has he food and shelter? An overcoat?**

These, and a host of other thoughts torture the mother. Perhaps her doubts are really merciful. We leave her with their gray, heart-stabbing shapes surrounding her, and travel south to the land of romance—for some.

## Reality

We could, with just as good cause, have chosen any of the southern states. North Carolina is singled out because it was in this uncivilized region that Frank was "resting" after a fifteen-hour workday on the public roads.

Back in the woods, a short distance from the highway, are the headquarters of the Fayetteville chain-gang. A few tents raise dirty peaks around the clearing; in the center three large cages on wheels. Never having seen a chain-gang camp before one thinks it a small wild animal circus.

The animals crowded into the small cages are men. They are not wild; not only are they domesticated, but utterly crushed. If you could look in the cages at the forms of men sleeping, tired as death itself, or squirming in a restlessness common to fatigue, your body would recoil from shock. You would never forget the scene.

The place is jammed full—a railroad strike is on, and all hoboes who will not scab are thrown into the chain-gang. Also: The Atlantic Coast Line has a two-dollar reward for hoboes, and others. But still they pack the victims into the foul-smelling cages.

Frank's mother couldn't recognize her boy confined with that flotsam. His face is dark with unshaven beard; his skin has boils covering it—the effect of eating garbage; nature trying to throw off the poison. His eyes are bloodshot for want of sleep. Moreover, they hold murder in their depths. His treatment has been the usual kind. It is enough to make the sufferer feel like murdering.

The authorities do not wait to test the pliancy of the new arrival; he is beaten at the start, lashed until blood runs. Apparently the sadists in charge proceed on the assumption that a preventive is bet-

"Of course he is all powerful, and sure he loves every one of us!"

"Then there was no other Supreme Being that had a hand in this creation business besides him, was there?" queried Red.

"No absolutely, no! God created everything, my child."

"Well, if he created everything, why, then, did he create a HELL and the DEVIL, if he thought such a lot of us, and why did he create SIN? Did he want to sabotage on the human race?"

The only reason why Red is alive but crippled is that the congregation was composed of law-abiding citizens. I remained inside the church after Red's exit as it was my fixed intention to save my soul if possible.

The pipe organ started playing "Merrily We Roll Along, Roll Along." The lights grew dimmer and dimmer. Together the lost ones ambled up towards the altar and commenced to roll on the floor. The strains that floated down from the pipe organ and the groans of the saved souls were harmoniously mingled together. I felt a strange feeling creep over me. Evidently my soul was working up steam and getting ready for salvation! Yes, that must be it! Getting a fair start I rolled nearly out into the center of the gang. Two ponderous old widows rolled over me and close on their heels followed the deacon and the sky-pilot. Then some old villain pinched my leg and I kicked the old fossil in the jaw. There was such an uproar that the lights were turned on and I was discovered in their midst.

Imagine that old ding calling me a lousy bum! Imagine it! Said it was all O. K. for his wife to roll around in polite society, but the proper place for me was out on some dirt-moving job. Let us pray, brothers—Amen, and Peace be with you.

* NOTE—Only crap-shooters will get the low even roll and the box cars.

# Capitalism Made Him Nervous

## LOS ANGELES SLAVEMARKET SNAPSHOTS

By JIM SEYMOUR

HE wore a lean and haggard look and a three-days' growth of stubble that glowed with the radiant tint of a new boxcar.

"Got a pencil?" he asked. "I want to drop this bundle of laundry." Although the sketching pencil I loaned him was of the softest graphite he wrote his name only after considerable difficulty, with fingers that trembled. I noticed that the name was a reminder of early American history.

"You must be expecting to stick around a while," I remarked. "Can you make it all right?"

"Yes," he replied, "I get by, but I'm nervous." I encouraged him to explain.

"I made $2 today on a swamping job, but I'm paying four-six bits a week for a room and it's hard to get that much together. I get nervous thinking about it. It's due again day after tomorrow and maybe I won't strike a thing; you never can tell.

"I can manage to eat all right and get myself a box of snus now and then, but that roomrent always makes me nervous. Going down this way?"

We crossed Main street and eddied our leisurely way east on Second, jostling and being jostled by the other eggshells on the waves of a rallentando prosperity.

"I got to take a walk once in a while," he said. "I get nervous."

We soon had left the cheap restaurants and "cheap" high-priced second hand stores and my companion breathed a sigh of relief.

"It ain't right," he said. "This is my country and I got a right to have a place to sleep without worrying about it. Before the war I used to get the same kind of a room for two bits by the night, and lots of the lodging-house keepers was getting pretty well-fixed—could sell out at any time and take life easy. The war is over now but we still have to pay more than two prices. And it's hard to pay—it makes me nervous.

"Something ought to be done about this room business. It hurts the town. Men come here from the East that don't know what it is to be without a room, and they have to pay 40 or 50 cents to sleep on a cot where there are anywhere from a dozen to a hundred cots in the same room. When they get back East they knock the town.

"I've lived here most of my life and I don't like it. It makes me nervous.

"It ain't right for any man to have to depend on odd jobs at four bits an hour and then pay the most of it for roomrent. And especially it ain't right for me. I'm an old-time American and ought to have some rights.

"Yes, sir, man, I'm a descendant of Henry Hudson and it makes me nervous."

I left him at the entrance to a cheap lodging-house on San Pedro street. As he walked upstairs he reminded me of a mouse in a warehouse where a big cat sleeps.

# The Social Forces

By JOHN CANNAVAN

## CHAPTER IV.

### "The centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands . . . ." I. W. W. PREAMBLE.

WITH the development of machinery, the productivity of labor increased progressively, and though the market expanded it could not absorb the rapidly increasing volume of commodities which industry forced upon it.

In a society where the intention of industrial enterprise is only realized in exchange, a congested condition of the market spells defeat to those who depend upon it to furnish them opportunity for undelayed sales—quick realization of profit. Wherever variable capital did not suffice to tide manufacturers over a period of depression, they were forced either into bankruptcy or combination. The bankruptcy of some meant the consolidation of their businesses with other solvent concerns. The process of centralization was a natural one.

The increased productivity of the workers made for an increased volume of surplus products. An expanding volume of surplus products made blind competition among the manufacturers a form of commercial suicide.

#### "Cutthroat Competition"

Reorganization was necessary if collapse was to be avoided. Business is not undertaken in a sense of social obligation, but with a view to realizing profit. That the products of industry serve social purposes is only incidental to their production. It is not the motive that inspires production. The manufacture of patent medicines, having a deleterious effect upon the users, is as cheerfully undertaken as the manufacture of clothing; capitalists will as readily engage in the production of whiskey or narcotics as in the production of foodstuffs. They will as cheerfully undertake to supply short dresses to a bawdy house as vestments for the priesthood or prayer shawls for the Jews.

That which determines the launching of an enterprise is the prospective profit rate. Profit being the guiding star of capitalist enterprise and the machine enabling the employers to wring more surplus value out of the wage workers, it became an object with the capitalists to so arrange their working forces that the greatest amount of profit would accrue to them. If the machine, as a means of exploitation, was to be taken full advantage of, they felt compelled to obey its dictates.

So we find ownership and management changing to conform with machine progress. The higher forms of modern property ownership were not solely manifestations of greed by the capitalists. They were forced to adopt them. These forms were not established until the machine basis was first laid for them. When the development of machinery modified the commercial environment, this environment reacted upon the old forms of property ownership and the old systems of business management, and compelled them to adapt themselves to the new environment or perish. The forces of progress thus placed means for the greater exploitation of wage labor in the hands of capitalists, provided they could learn to use them. To do so demanded the new ownership forms and the scrapping of old systems. The capitalists were equal to the occasion.

#### The Unwelcome Trusts

Corporations, trusts, mergers, etc., testify to the adaptability of the capitalists. The process of centralization was forced upon them if they would preserve their advantage in society and continue to dominate it. This explains the fact that industry tends to center into fewer and fewer hands, until, at the present time, it is alleged that less than 100 capitalists control the industrial life of the United States and hold the working class of the nation in subjection. That control is economic.

In an earlier stage of capitalist development, before the present degree of centralization was attained, side by side with centralization of control went centralization of production. But, as holdings and power tended to include diverse manufacturers in a contracting area of control, decentralization of production became the rule. Where the cotton of the Southern United States and India formerly was transported to the northern states and to England to be manufactured, factories and mills are now located close to the raw cotton supply and there the cotton is worked up into textiles. The refineries of Standard Oil are within easy reaching distance of every oil deposit on the globe. This feature of modern production is not without significance to the great army of wage-working wealth-producers who depend upon industry for a chance to live. A cotton factory in the South, in India, or in China, has a direct bearing upon, and is of interest to the textile workers of the New England states. Nor can the oil worker in California regard the development in Baku or Persia with indifference. He, like the Georgian or Persian oil worker, is a subject of that power which sits enthroned at 26 Broadway, New York.

#### We Must Observe

But, without going overseas, this centralization of control in industry compels attention, if the wage workers would not permit their living standards to deteriorate until a level is reached where degradation will engulf them.

The progress that enabled the bourgeois to entrench themselves behind the barriers of power and privilege provided opportunity to the workers to

ter than a cure, anticipating insolence, disobedience, and so forth, and nipping it in the bud, the bud being invisible.

A new head guard was told that his first duty was to whip a prisoner. The shackled and manacled man was ordered down the road to the post. Looking back the guard saw most of the subordinate guards following.

"What are you coming for?" he called out.

"Gwine see th' whippin'," they rejoined happily.

The superior was not as low in the scale as most of his caste.

"Go back!" he commanded. "This is no show."

Reluctantly they retreated. Some were so disappointed that they quit their jobs on the spot. All grumbled. Their lives are uninteresting. Think of a superior so stingy as to keep the sight of the bleeding back, the screams of the prisoner all for himself!

The whippings are common, it being almost impossible to keep from additions to the initial brutality. In southern prison camps and prisons even women are whipped unmercifully. Sometimes a leather strap soaked in salt grease and attached to a club is used. Other geniuses hit on a perforated water hose, a clever thing, at once raising a blister and bursting it. Presto!

One investigator discovered a relationship between the lashes and the nicties of language. To illustrate: For "impudence" a penalty of ten to twelve lashes with a strap was inflicted, whereas for mere "insolence" only eight to ten were given. And the investigator says:

"I beg the reader to observe that the exact difference between impudence and insolence is four lashes. This method might well be copied by dictionaries, and we should be spared the uncertainty of words."

The men in chain-gangs are not segregated, the blacks and whites are herded together. No matter; but so are the sound and the syphilitic, the healthy and the tubercular. All eat the same rotten food, the same cornbread and molasses. All eat from the same pots and dishes. When they wash their bodies it is in a tub of water filled once for ever so many men. Clean enough, perhaps, for the first; microbe soup for the last.

North Carolina practises other economies. The prisoners are given one pair of pants and an old coat; no underwear. If they work in the rain they sleep in drenched garments. There is no change of sleeping clothes. Tuberculosis sufferers shiver with the others, no exceptions. Such is the democracy of the damned.

The water boy comes 'round. A negro afflicted with tertiary pox takes a drink. Next, a healthy inmate drinks from the same cup. So goes the water, so the cup, so the infection. What does North Carolina care? No business to be in prison.

Under such conditions of overwork, malnutrition, want of sufficient and proper rest, the whippings and tongue-lashings, many fall sick. This is a real misfortune. Sick? Get out! Bluffing; go to work.

The victim knows the alternative, he calls on heroic will to dominate his weak, fevered flesh. A while he keeps the pace. Too much; slackens. Looks at the guard in despair. This monster sees the halt; whacks him with a club over the head. Then the "cure" is administered—twenty, thirty, fifty lashes. As the guard wishes. Often they make the prisoner count. Under the agony he miscounts. No matter, he must start over again:

Swish, crack!

"Count, you bastard!" snarls the guard.

"One", sobs the outcast.

Swish, crack!

"Two," he groans.

And so on.

Yes, it is 1924.

In such a fearful plight Frank found himself. He wasn't up for murder. They pulled him from a freight train, five railroad "bulls," the chief wearing a gun nearly as large as himself, strapped to his side. A scarecrow of a man, jaundiced and bullying. They asked the boy if he wanted a job at Rocky Mount.

"Strike on there, no," he declined.

Next day he and a half-dozen more 'boes are hailed before a pig-faced justice of the peace. This legal light shines in the office of the Atlantic Coast Line office at Fayetteville. On the door a legend informs: "A. C. L. Chief of Police." How well the private corporation dovetails with the civil officers.

All migratory workers who have made Fayetteville know this "justice." He denies all chance for defense. Reads the charges perfunctorily. There must be no dismissals—the A. C. Line is paying a two-dollar bounty for each conviction.

"Sixty days on the public works."

The Law has spoken. The prisoners are taken to the county jail to await transfer to the county gang.

North Carolina calls this a fair trial. The great state sees nothing incongruous in this farce on justice conducted in a railroad stool's office. North Carolina belongs to the A. C. Line and other corporations. All is well.

Last year a young lad caught in this sort of a trap managed to get word to his people. The case was appealed to a higher court. A grand jury investigation resulted in the release of all men and boys convicted as hoboes. The justice swore that he had advised all those coming before him that they could appeal their cases. He perjured himself. The superior court reprimanded him. So ended that incident.

If your boy is on the road tonight, you can pray to whatever God you may worship that he is not on a North Carolina chain-gang.

We send missionaries to other lands to civilize the savages. North Carolina needs civilization. Judg-

(Continued on page 30.)

far-off days still dominate the working class. The fancied differences and imaginary distinctions that divided the workers then, still keep them divided. Then, these ideas sought a foothold. Today, they are entrenched. At that time they defeated consolidation, but today they have organized the dismemberment of the working class.

In the face of capitalist centralization, we are finding it difficult to come together. Laboriously and painfully, we have created barriers which we must demolish before we can unite the forces of labor. The craft system of unionism binds us in a straight-jacket and renders us helpless before the attack of a relentless and implacable enemy. The power of centralized wealth engages and defeats us piecemeal because we are organized piecemeal. The solidified capitalist power finds us divided, weak and powerless. "The centering of the management of industry into fewer and fewer hands," strengthens, and the craft union system "aids the employing class." **How? Why?**

TO BE CONTINUED

# Physiological Reaction and the Class Struggle

By PASQUALE RUSSO

**THIS is an age of wonders; man is conquering and overcoming the mysteries of Nature. He is now able to cross the oceans in airplanes, and with the aid of the radio converses directly with all parts of the world.**

**Every day we are witnesses to new inventions; new machines mean new victories over Nature. And these, in the last analysis, are products of an invisible power, the human mind.**

**In spite of his progress man is not satisfied. Either its rate or amount gives him cause for greater effort. He meets with success and straightway plans new campaigns in the mechanical conquest of the world.**

Yet man is not happy, possibly because he is a slave. His freedom has not been attained because he is a victim of an economic system of exploitation.

Since economics and happiness are so closely related, progress in its study can only be had by serious application to the acquisition of scientific knowledge. Every worker should acquaint himself with physiology in order that he maintain good health, which is a factor in happiness.

Most persons are of the opinion that happiness consists in eating and drinking. Their logic, if it may be dignified by such a name, is that by eating and drinking an abundance everything will be all right. This, of course, is a very serious error. Most of the sickness among workers is caused by a wanton disregard of the capabilities of the stomach. A good stomach is the basis of good health and to maintain it in good condition requires attention.

Despite warnings from medical men, the majority of the working class pay no heed and criminally neglect the body and its needs.

The stomach is the principal organ of digestion and its task is to convert inorganic and organic substances into assimilable matter for the blood, thus giving energy to the tissues of the body.

No species of animal can exist unless it receives its means from the surrounding environment and in this work of gathering and assimilating the material, both mechanical and chemical changes are necessary. In this work the stomach performs the essentials of the digestive process. Passing from the cardiac orifice to the oesophagus it is the first organ to receive the food and is the most dilated portion of the alimentary canal.

The stomach is that muscular pouch forming the connection between the oesophagus and the intestines. The knowledge that it occupies such a position in the body is valuable, but owing to lack of space we shall hasten on, allowing the thinking reader to seek out more elaborate and detailed information.

The worker, as guardian of the body, should exercise great care in seeing that the stomach is kept in prime condition. In most cases he abuses it, treats it as one might a slave, forcing it to receive an oversupply of food. Frequently the stomach rebels, protests against such tyranny, rises in revolt and expels the food.

An old adage informs us: "You may lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink." This truth applies equally well to the stomach. The stomach cannot be forced to retain bad or unpalatable food, and, should the eater insist, he usually suffers the penalty of a reaction.

This action is revolutionary and in common parlance is known as vomiting. It is somewhat similar to the winding of a clock tightly. The spring weakens, then breaks, creating disorder in the whole mechanism.

From this, all of us engaged in the revolutionary class struggle may learn a lesson. Nature has made it possible for the stomach to fight the oppressions of a foolish guardian. By vomiting a warning is given to the owner to discontinue the abuses or take the inevitable consequences. If the warning is not heeded the individual always loses. Studying

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dispute every inch of ground with them. But that clearness of vision, which the capitalist class possesses, appears to have been denied the workers. The capitalists realized that their interest was served only by preventing the coming together of the workers. Pronouncements of the early capitalists, in this and other countries, show that fear of this contretemps obsessed them. Labor solidarity is the only weapon with which to counter the effects of the capitalist centralization of industrial control.

The transition from the early forms of capitalism in America to modern capitalist centralization, control and dangerous power, was so gradual that it did not at all alarm the proletarians, although there is not lacking evidence to show that some of the wage workers saw the trend and feared the possibilities which now weigh so heavily upon the wage working element.

### False Ideals

From the inception of a labor movement in the United States, it has been cursed and diverted from its proper course by capitalist conceptions. In the very earliest attempts of the workers to fashion an organization weapon for themselves, they had no labor philosophy to guide them. Capitalist production was a mysterious arrangement that victimized them. They felt the victimization, but they could not explain the process.

It is recognized by every student of the American labor movement that the political state is the instrument of the capitalist class; that the state from its advent appeared as an institution to legalize and justify the exploitation of one class by another. They are aware that the so-called political revolutions of the past were merely changes to enable a ruling class more completely to subjugate and exploit the slave class, within the society of the period. They realize that the present capitalist system is the most complete and heartless form of slavery the world has ever known. They expose the fact that the American capitalist class made use of the government to endow themselves with dominion over the immense resources of the United States by methods that offend even the professed moral conceptions of capitalism and contravene the laws laid down for the government of the land. The capitalist class, like the kings of old, can do no wrong. The state is the capitalists' state. It is their instrument and cannot be turned against them. A capitalist combination can command legislative and legal privileges. Such combinations have in fact commanded empires from the government. But a combination of workers is met with the Lever Act and with a Coronado decision and other hostile manifestations that should have served to disillusion the working people.

The state is the guardian of capitalist property. It is its concern to foster capitalist property and to defend it even with its life as a state. Every function of every branch of government is capitalistic. This cannot be otherwise. Legislation is not social. It is capitalistic. The police power exercised by the state, vested in the chief executive, who is commander in chief of the military and naval establishments, is not used socially and disinterestedly, but is wielded to serve the interests of capitalist property. The state is the guarantee of property interests, and the guardian of the slave relationship which exists between the classes. In the absence of that relationship, there is no function which the state could perform to serve society. The needs of society are material needs.

### Towards One Big Union

The evolution toward centralization in the capitalist control of industry forced from the masses of the proletariat a demand for a consolidation of the wage working class, to resist the encroachments by which the capitalist class was advancing to the complete subjugation of labor. Several attempts were made to bring about such unification.

From the very earliest attempts to unite all the workers in a locality (1828), the idea of craft advantage proved a point of division in every attempt to bring about working class unity. The group idea dominated every council of labor, and the caste feeling of the "skilled workers," which held the unskilled in contempt, prevented the formation of a united front of labor. This happened even after there was general recognition of the need of economic unity by the workers.

The American workers, in earlier capitalist times, were drudges and extremely ignorant. This was more their misfortune than their fault, but it left them largely dependent for information, impressions and direction upon non-wage working elements. Such a condition was bound to reflect itself in an influence untempered by the experiences of a working class life. Friendly "smart" men, and sometimes women, often favorite employers, furnished the guides upon whom the proletariat relied. The outcome was always disappointment and often disgust. Yet it is only what was to be expected in the first stages of organization experimentation by the workers. There then obtained a stage of development where small employers and journeymen were constantly changing industrial positions and sides in the economic relationship, so that the class divisions were not clearly discernible. The workers could easily be misled under the circumstances by which they were beset at that time. "Friendly" employers were enabled through their influence to use the early organizations against their trade rivals, an evil which at one time grew into a dangerous practice.

### No Ideology

At this time no labor philosophy had been developed. The capitalist system of wealth production was not understood at all. The mistakes of the time were natural mistakes. But experience consists in learning from our mistakes. And how slowly the workers learn!

The capitalist ideas that prevented unity in those

# EDITORIALS

*By The Editor*

## WISHING AWAY LIFE

EVEN when in wretched circumstances human beings usually cling to life with a tenacity not always easy to understand. On the other hand we find a universal working class wishing of our lives away. If we are employed, we begin the day's work with a hope that it will soon end, and when it is Monday we want it to be Saturday. But we are not anxious to have Sunday or a holiday pass quickly.

When we are out of a job we want the time to rush by until the day is reached that finds us once more engaged in gainful occupation. When we suffer the hardships of winter we wish for the spring. In all this fervent desire for time to fly we do not think of the end of the road, the terminal none can dodge.

However, it seems clear that we want time to hurry along because we are miserable when working and equally as much and more unhappy when deprived of the chance to get wages. In the former case the unpleasant emotions are aroused because of the conditions of employment, chiefly. In the latter, simply because it costs money to buy life's necessities and we derive this money from our work, having no other income.

A fair conclusion may be stated: If the exploitation were not a part of the conditions of labor, the working time shortened, sanitation and safeguards perfected, it is very likely that we should not be constantly alert for the quitting time whistle. And with surplus value extractions taboo, there would be no unemployment as we now know it. There would be work for all and leisure for all. The holiday hours would grow.

In that case it is reasonable to believe that there should be an end to this wishing for time to pass on wings.

## RESOLUTION

THE new year dawns. At this time we are accustomed to hearing a great deal about making resolutions to do certain salutary things and to refrain from the reverse.

Entering another year we know that whatever progress or lack of advance may characterize our movement, it is a fact that the capitalist class is coining all the precious hours and days and months into a golden stream upon whose crest it rides to its own satiation and our degradation.

On every side we see advances made by machine invention. One comes into real contact with this phenomenon on the job, but the knowledge may be just as forcefully impressed by the simple expedient of glancing over advertisements of labor-saving devices in a host of trade journals that burden the shelves of any public library.

The whole current of industrial development sweeps steadily toward the ideal of a super-machine power minus our labor in the creation of commodities. It is inevitable that periods of acute unemployment tend to grow chronic. Most workers take their ugly turn in feeling the effects of the jobless estate; few analyze what forces have thrown them into the grasp of misery.

The I. W. W. has consistently taught the need of scientific organization of the workers for the purpose of realizing their wants and ambitions. But it emphasizes as indispensable to such organization the education of the workers to an understanding of their class position in society.

Against the evils of unemployment we must urge a shorter working day, thereby insuring the existence of the erstwhile jobless, and at the same blow destroying the effect of a cutthroat competition on the labor market. Reduction of the hours of labor being held reprehensible to the boss, it follows that success of such a drive can not be achieved except by powerful industrial organization.

## EDUCATION BEHIND BARS

RULING classes learn nothing from the lessons of the past. The recklessness of their acts when dealing with subject social classes leads one to believe that they echo a fervent amen to the rash king who silenced his more cautious advisers with "After me the deluge."

True, he died in bed, but another Bourbon Louis presently paid for the wrongs of his lineage under the sharp edge of the guillotine.

Crimes perpetrated against the workers of this country, aside from the ordinary criminal scheme of surplus value robbery, are without number. Systematic terrorism against more militant, advanced sections of the working class has been rife with a marked bearing on labor history of recent years.

That the answer of the I. W. W. to this bourgeois brutality is renewed emphasis upon our educational efforts has never been more clearly demonstrated than by the action of the imprisoned M. T. W. members at Mobile, where they are battling the shipowners for the life of their organization on the Gulf. **The jailed fellow workers in the Mobile county jail decided to hold educational meetings every day that they are behind the bars.**

This is a spirit that cannot be broken. It is a spirit that must grow and grow until the united forces of oppression and greed wither to nothingness before the gigantic power of an industrially organized working class.

# "When Winter Comes"

By JOSEPHINE ELLSWORTH

THEY were resting in a park. Te be exact, Fairmont Park in Philadelphia. The husband and wife and five children. These tots ranged in age from one to eight, and their father had built a sort of wagon to push the tiniest in, whose little legs hadn't learned how to get over the road. This wagon first attracted my attention. This, and something else.

The little group were possessing a bench near which a drinking fountain gurgled upward in the morning sunlight. They were eating a loaf of bread, and washing it down with water. Really a case of bread and water diet out in the beautiful morning? The day was warm, and dew sparkled on the grass like ever so many diamonds. If bread was all they had—and it presently became plain that such was the case—at least they were not cold.

My observation point was another bench close by, and when the bread was gone the children ran down to inspect me with their solemnly curious faces. I was reading the want ads. Unable to find work as a stenographer I was scanning the lists of other trades.

When the children seemed intent upon bettering our acquaintance their father came along to round them up. Soon we were conversing. I learned that they were not residents of the city; that they had been traveling a long distance.

"How far have you come?" I wanted to know.

"Over two hundred miles now . . . Pretty tired; some of the roads were rough."

"Out of work there, I suppose."

"Yes. The shop closed down. We waited to see if it was going to start up again, but it didn't. Then we thought of trying other towns. Things are tight. I found a day's work on the way. That's all . . . But I might land something here."

This hopefully. Then he looked out across the sun-drenched park commons. But he wasn't seeing it. His mouth pressed to a thin, grim line.

**"I've got to get work, we're broke now!"**

While we were speaking the mother had been tidying up the children. She would wet a cloth in the fountain and summon her brood, one by one, for the unwelcome ablutions. I watched her carefully.

With all her homelessness she did not seem bitter, just very tired and very worried.

"How have you been sleeping?" I inquired.

"Well, we have a few covers folded under the wagon. It doesn't get very cold. We manage somehow . . ."

It was summer time.

Still, their bread was gone, and no cash to buy more. I had a dollar or two in my purse. At first they refused. Then I gave them an address.

"When you are able you can repay it."

A dollar among so many!

The man marked some places on the "Male Help Wanted" column of the paper I handed him. I had counted these advertisements. Fifty-nine in all.

And what is the population of Philadelphia?

A wife and five youngsters to think of. Homeless wanderers on the face of the earth. This is civilization.

Before he walked away on his desperate quest, leaving his family to wait in fearful suspense, a boy of four clung to him and refused to be left behind.

"Stay with Mamma, Bob, and Daddy'll be back soon. Then we'll have some cakes to eat, if you're a good boy," promised his father.

A lad of eight and a lass of seven said nothing. Theirs was the wisdom that comes early to the poor; they understood.

Two babies slept in the wagon, untroubled.

My own room rent was due. I said good bye and wishing them luck went the other way.

Could I feel rested on my bed knowing that these outcasts were bivouacked on a park bench, on cold grass with the stars over their heads and Hunger a lone sentinel?

I was powerless.

Would the charities rescue them? These poor wayfarers were afraid of the "authorities;" they might separate them from their children. How I hoped that he should find work! Hopes, hopes, where food and clothing and a roof are needed!

My own search must be pressed. Through factories, in shops, and in restaurants I passed looking for the chance to earn wages. I am only one. I am alone. But the seven . . .

Once, while resting in a library, I read a book about poor people being forced away from their cottages so that the wool manufacturers could use the land for sheep raising. The book said there had been thousands made homeless; that the roads had been full of them.

And I was glad for one thing; that summer was with us.

Another day, in a museum, I saw a mummy all doubled up.

The card said it had been laid away in the "Embryonic Posture." Leaving the world it had been wrapped with limbs arranged just as they had been while resting within the womb . . .

Now, with this family on the road, homeless factory folk . . .

Is it a symbol? Is it a promise of change?

The sunshine was bright that day in the park; the air a caress. Seasons have passed, the days are short, hard times stay on, and the wind that used to kiss our cheeks becomes a knife to pierce the heart.




## *Don't Mourn, Organize!*

The picture above shows a Joe Hill memorial meeting of the Stockholm Branch, Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 510 of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Joe Hillstrom was a Swede by birth, but that is merely incidental. By choice he belonged to that larger race that is rising to sweep slavery from the world. He belonged to the world of revolutionary labor, and this world sings his songs.

Beneath the top line on the right wall, partly covered by the post, the words translated read: Joe Hill's last will "Don't mourn, Organize."

Our Swedish fellow workers are heeding those words, as can be seen by this meeting, with a speaker on the platform carrying on the educational work that must always precede and accompany organization.

The American master class tried to stifle the revolutionary spirit of Joe Hill's songs when their hired assassins blew out his singing heart. The songs are on the lips of workers of all races; the message of industrial freedom is circling the globe.

**Read "The Story of the Sea," By Tom Barker, Published By the I. W. W. This Book Is The Only Accurate and Comprehensive Account of the Situation Existing in the Field of Marine Transportation Since the War. The Growth of Unionism Among Seamen, the Failure of "Coffin Unionism," the Industrializing Effects of Steam Engines, Oil, Diesel Engines, and the Inadequacy of All But The Latest Model Unionism to Combat the Employers' Trust—These Things Are All Brought Out, in the Clearest and Best Written Booklet Ever Devoted to This Subject. Order From 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., or the Nearest M. T. W. Branch. Price, 25c.**

# EDITORIALS

*By Pioneer Readers*

## DISCUSSION ON WASTE

By CALIFORNIA PUBLICITY MAN

"ELIMINATION of national waste" is the keynote of Secretary Hoover's annual report, published by the Department of Commerce on November 26th. In it he states: "The road to national progress lies in increasing real wages through proportionally lowered prices. The only way is to improve methods and processes and to eliminate waste."

To reduce real wages through lowered prices is to increase the profits of general manufacturers at the expense of the food producers, which is perhaps what Hoover means; to raise real wages without lowering real profits. George Wheeler Hinman, a syndicated writer on alleged economics, whose stuff is always given space on the financial pages of the Hearst papers, thinks Hoover is "filling men's minds with impossible ideas" when he writes of eliminating waste.

To this brilliant writer the national waste is all the result of reckless expenditure, mostly on the part of the workers, in this "land of plenty." Says he: "Two paperhangers came to the writer's home. They came in a handsome little roadster. How are they to be prevented from "wasting" their money on such a car, and be reduced to a flivver, or to the ordeal of walking to work Or how are the roof shinglers in the next block to be kept from wasting their money upon the flivvers parked along the curb during their eight hours of labor?"

He wants to know: "Where is the power . . . to compel them to hoard their labor and its wages etc." and says there is no such power, so "it can't be did" and we'll have to go on wasting even if the country goes to the merry bow-wows. Hinman's wires are crossed. The waste in consumption, the extravagant expenditures of the bulk of the American people is a myth. They cannot spend wastefully for they do not get it to spend. The national waste is in production and is due to, and inherent in, the system. Mr. Hinman is a living proof of this.

His photo, featured with his article, shows him to be well fed, well clothed, and presumably well housed, and the energy consumed in the production of his food, clothing and shelter returns to society nothing of more value than the syndicated slush with which he attempts to mislead his readers. This is an item of waste which may be multiplied by the number of such writers. But that is only a trifle.

There are in all probability six million willing workers now vainly seeking employment. Estimating the productive value of the labor power of the average worker at $15 per day, every day of their unemployment equals a waste of $90,000,000. That isn't all. It is a perfectly safe estimate that one-half of the physical and mental energy expended by those employed in modern business is wasted. The labor spent in the advertising and selling of useless and even harmful commodities; the making, counting and housing of money; the recording and safeguarding, to say nothing of the quarrels over, private property; the building of war ships, war planes and production of munitions, and the feeding and equipping of armies, navies, air and police forces to protect the properties of the different groups of capitalists is all wasted as far as human society is concerned.

And that's only a part of it. The feeding, clothing and sheltering of missionaries, priests, preachers and other peddlers of bunk; of nine-tenths of the doctors, all of the lawyers and politicians, and most of the so-called teachers is all effort wasted. Like all the rest of the bourgeoisie, Hinman and Hoover both are unable to "see the woods for the trees." They see the leak at the spigot but can't see that the barrelhead is stove in.

**The national waste can only be stopped by an organized working class** and by them only when they take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and produce for use instead of for profit. In the meantime it is worth while for the workers to turn some attention to this question of waste. We are wasting our lives, spending our whole term, and our only term of life, piling up needless wealth for a bunch of useless parasites who haven't even the decency to appreciate the good time we are giving them.

To prevent the growth of the I.W.W. they will do anything in their power, and their power is great. They set their lawsmiths to making laws which they vainly hope will delay the day of reckoning. They establish a legal "reign of terror" with their criminal syndicalism laws and injunctions, deportations by sheriffs, hall raids by masked police, all with the intent to terrify the workers. But the workers don't terrify "worth a damn;" they go on organizing and the day is steadily approaching when the Industrial Workers of the World will tell the masters to watch their step.

On with the work, fellow workers! Educate yourselves that you may be able to enlighten your fellows and cause them to organize with you and us in a union with which we can effect our emancipation from wage slavery, free our fellow workers from the master's prisons, and by producing for our own use, eliminate not only national but international waste. In the carrying on of this work you will be making the best use of, and therefore saving the waste of, your own life.

ils." . . . "No sailors who know anything ship on ter." Here is a situation that is tragic, pitiful, owerful and altogether most realistic.

"In the Zone" is a scene laid in the war zone. The shipmates of Smitty the Duke suspect him of being a German spy, because he acts suspiciously about a certain black box which he keeps hidden under his bunk mattress. (The ship is carrying ammunition.) They then decide to find out for themselves. One can imagine the reactions of these hairy apes when they discover that the box contains love letters of a girl that has thrown over Smitty. This scene ends with a silence most heart-rending, broken only by Driscoll, who out of forced bravado bellows: "Got stiffen us, are we never goin' to turn in for a wink av sleep?"

"Bound East for Cardiff" is the tragic story of a man dying, suffering from a crushed chest as a result of a fall; and his last words with his best pal, Driscoll, seemingly hard-boiled, but in this situation revealed as a typical Irishman turned sentimental.

After seeing "S. S. Glencairn" one is convinced that here is the product of a master painter of sea characters. O'Neill, since these one-act plays were written, has managed to recapture the realistic spirit for his recent plays; he has retained the cunning for giving us colorful (not colored) studies on a canvas as extensive as is his own genius. Look to O'Neill!



SCENE FROM "S. S. GLENCAIRN". YANK, SMITTY AND JEANNE BEGG, WEST INDIAN NEGRESS.

# Problem of Distribution

By J. E. WIGGINS

PRODUCTION and distribution, twin foes of hunger, make possible the continuity of the human race.

Production coming first has won an incalculably greater expression of brain power for its efficient play than has been expended by the human race on the problem of apportioning the wealth produced.

Patent offices are crammed with all manner of devices to assist production; how scant the store of thought mankind spends on better modes of distribution. How little, indeed, he thinks of working out a system just to the whole race.

Increasing production under social operation of tools, we find workers in a more subjugated state than previously, with unemployment and all manner of misery abounding, and with the few controlling life's necessities in a savage, criminal way.

Under a just arrangement of distribution increase of production would mean a better life in every way for all. So long as a corrupt system of distribution exists we shall have a world of miserable poor and criminal rich, while development of science is retarded in the unhealthful air of slavery, ignorance flourishing.

Discovering and practising just distribution means a quickening of all branches of knowledge, giving humankind opportunities for advancing hitherto undreamed; approximated only by the seers of all ages. Lacking this opportunity we live in a state of ignorance, which entails destruction of those things finest for man. Crime, wretchedness, want—these are ours while ignorance prevails on every side, the parent of degradation. Intelligence manifested for construction enters when ignorance making for destruction goes out. Ignorance breeds evil offspring fast; to tear down and to stifle is easier than to build. Mankind's unhampered creative intelligence can bloom only in the sunflood of economic emancipation.



—Photo by Nicholas Muray, New York.

# The Emperor O'Neill

By BOB ROBBINS

(An Appreciation)

**The writer of "The Hairy Ape" creates real characters. This, in an age when drama reeks of sham and counterfeit, is enough to recommend his work to our attention.**

EXTOLLING the genius of Eugene O'Neill has become a common practice here in the East. If you in the West have witnessed "The Hairy Ape" and "Anna Christie" you can easily understand why.

And now comes along another O'Neill production of four of his first one-act plays, grouped together, the action of which is well-sequenced and made into a full-length play. Under the title of "S. S. Glencairn" are produced four powerful episodes depicting the lives and actions of those who sail the sea.

These early contributions to the scarce and uninspired American drama were undoubtedly the forerunner of O'Neill's genius as affecting the theatre today. What is more interesting to relate, the works of O'Neill are successful from a financial standpoint. Theatrical managers are eager to produce his plays now, where before, in his early days when inspiration was coupled with hunger, he was not to be favored.

The first part of this review was taken up for the most part with the person of O'Neill. The following must not be forgotten: the organization responsible for first introducing to the public the works of O'Neill must come in for a bit of praise. It is hard to make a fair distinction as to which most credit should be given: the Provincetown Players, or O'Neill himself. Honors are about evenly divided: the Provincetown Players made O'Neill; O'Neill made the Provincetown Players.

The little Provincetown Playhouse in the heart of Greenwich Village, New York, is conducted as a repertory theatre. Those attending the plays given here are known as subscribers.

The "S. S. Glencairn" cycle consists of "The Moon of the Carribees," "The Long Voyage Home," "In the Zone," and "Bound East for Cardiff." The first shows the reactions of these "sailor fellers" to drink and women, West Indian negresses in this case. It concerns also Smitty the Duke, as he is called by the men. He accepts drink but draws the line on the women, drinking, as he says, "to stop thinking," but never thinking to stop drinking. Smitty is troubled with "memories." He is disturbed by music. A donkeyman suspects that Smitty is brooding over a girl, and lets him know that the best way to treat women is to give them a "whack on the ear that will learn 'em." Gentlemen don't hit women, Smitty replies to that. "No, that's why they has mem'ries when they hears music," the donkeyman very sagely remarks.

"The Long Voyage Home" is a true picture of the old sailing-days, when crimps were thicker than flies on fly-paper. The action takes place in an old-time (hurrah for Prohibition!) low type saloon, into which place comes Olson the Swede, although pledged not to drink. He has saved money enough to go home. When he drinks heavily, he says, it all goes. Not this time though—he's going home! Olson is inveigled into taking just one drink, by one of the harlots attached to the saloon, into which are mixed some knockout drops. After which Olson is carried off unconscious, a victim of crimps, and destined to become a part of a ship which is notorious for "rotten grub, where dey make you work all time—and the Captain and Mate was Bluenose Dev-

there are men who are not honest? Who should know better than the mayor? His instruction leaves us no other inference to draw.

O'Banion was the most powerful gang leader in Chicago, yet he never served a day in prison for anything more serious than petty larceny.

**Contrast: In 1923, members of the Marine Transport Workers' Union No. 510 of the I. W. W. were arrested for holding a street meeting in South Chicago.**

At one time O'Banion and five others were caught red-handed standing beside a safe in the offices of the Chicago Typographical Union. The safe held $30,000 and a charge of nitro-glycerine was in its door. The six yeggs were standing in a corner with guns in their hands. One of the six was Charles Reiser, who has won the sobriquet, "King of Safe-Blowers."

**They were not convicted.**

"Be sure the men you pick are honest."

Once, so the police say, there were four active beer distributing agencies in Chicago, all controlled by gunmen. Also, that twenty-nine breweries were in constant operation. Pitched battles would be fought; bodies would be found on the outskirts of the city.

"Beer runners' battle," the police would say, and forget all about it.

In California men are railroaded to jail for being members of a labor union.

O'Banion and twenty-eight others were once trapped in a raid on a brewery. None were ever convicted, although motor trucks valued at $100,000 were loaded with real beer at a platform and ready to be driven off.

The trucks were seized.

"Be sure the men you pick are honest."

### Innocent Men Jailed

In the penitentiary at Walla Walla, Washington, eight men are serving what amounts practically to a life sentence. Beer runners? Gunmen? Safe-crackers? Murderers? None of these. They are held for defending their union hall against an attack of organized hoodlums, intent on doing the work of the lumber trust.

"For ways that are dark . . ."

The Mayor of Chicago orders the Chief of Police to clean up the city. But what else is the chief paid for?

"Be sure the men you pick are honest."

Dean O'Banion is dead, slain by an unknown (?) hand for some unknown (?) reasons.

### A Similar Incident.

The case is not unparalleled. Memory goes back a few years to a similar case occurring in New York City. Herman Rosenthal was shot dead in a public thoroughfare. Four men were electrocuted, including a "Lefty Louis," a "Gyp the Blood" and Police Lieutenant Becker of the New York police force.

Herman Rosenthal was ready to "squeal." Was Dion O'Banion?

"Be sure the men you pick are honest."

### Lynching Union Men

Frank Little, member of the Mine Workers' Union of the I. W. W., was dragged behind an automobile, although a cripple, and lynched. But not by "heathen Chinee," either, but by the blood-stained lackeys of King Copper in Butte, Montana.

Wesley Everest was lynched by hanging from a railroad trestle in the U. S. A., to be exact, at Centralia, Washington. He was a union man defending his union hall. He belonged to the I. W. W. Before he was hanged a doctor unsexed him. This was done in an automobile filled with the elite of Main Street.

Mooney and Billings, both active union men, are serving life sentences for their alleged part in dynamiting during a "Preparedness Day" parade at San Francisco in 1916, in spite of the fact that witnesses against them have been proved perjurers, and in spite of a photograph showing Mooney in another part of the town at the time of the explosion. The photograph caught a large clock in its focus. Still these men stay in prison.

"For ways that are dark . . . "

### "Heathen Chinee" Maligned

No, dear reader, I don't think the "heathen Chinee" is unbeatable. The forces of darkness, exploitation, greed and administration have him beaten to a frazzle.

Captain Walter Bryant, night police captain of the Minneapolis headquarters is suspended for ten days "for conduct unbecoming a police officer." He is connected with Detective Fattico in the selling of Liberty Bonds amounting to $950. Furthermore, he is accused of "burying a telegram" and making an unnecessary trip to Los Angeles at public expense.

"Be sure the men you pick are honest . . ."

At Fargo, North Dakota, when the harvest season opened, men were allowed to stay in town only two days, or be arrested for vagrancy.

In the workhouse at Minneapolis nine-tenths of the inmates are making "moon."

"For ways that are dark . . ."

During strikes the I. W. W. "dried" several towns.

Draw your own conclusions.

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## SOME TIMBER!

A kauri tree has recently been discovered in the New Zealand bush which rises to a height of seventy-five feet to the first branch and measures twenty-two feet in diameter or about sixty-six feet in girth. It is estimated to contain more than 195,000 superficial feet of timber.



# Heathen "Chinee" and Christian American

BY EDWARD LLOYD

**Note: All references to Dean O'Banion are taken from the Chicago Herald and Examiner, of Sunday, November 23rd, 1924.**

**THERE is an old adage—the exact wording of which I forget—having reference to the customs and manners of the Chinamen. It starts something like this: "For ways that are dark, etc.," and winds up by saying that no one can beat the "Heathen Chinee."**

**Perhaps they do seem inscrutable to occidental intelligence; they evince fewer tale-bearing traits; they display a finer racial solidarity. So we have viewed them in the light of the strange, the mysterious.**

Perhaps, too, they are hard to beat; their knowledge has been passing through centuries, slowly, seemingly changeless, yet accumulating. It may be that they are more canny than the whites.

However, while it is fresh in the public mind, let us take a case in point to prove that by recent exposures here in America, one is led to believe that the Chinamen are beatable "for ways that are dark."

**Kings of Crime.**

Dean (Dion) O'Banion, slain "Bootleg King" of Chicago, had an amazing career that furnishes an uncomplimentary, not to say damning, commentary on the enforcement of local, state and federal liquor laws in every village, town and city of this country since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Three days before he was murdered, O'Banion gave a party at one of the leading Chicago hotels. This soiree is now known as "The Bootleggers' Ball." A photograph of this affair shows O'Banion surrounded by his satellites, who are described as "gunmen and labor leaders."

**Wanted: Honest Police**

This man's murder caused Mayor Dever to order the Chief Collins drive. "Drive them out, or put them behind bars . . . What I want you to do is to pick a select squad of twelve, fifteen, or twenty men . . . **Be sure the men you pick are honest.**"

Is it possible that among "Chicago's Finest"

# How Negro Soldiers Saved Teddy

(A LETTER)

VERN Smith, Editor, Industrial Pioneer: Your very interesting and instructive article on the present day negro slavery causes me to relate an incident in the career of the late Teddy Roosevelt.

Great praise and credit have been given Roosevelt for the spectacular dash he ordered at San Juan Hill during the Spanish American War. However, were it not for the negro regiment rushing across a dangerous field to his rescue the result, we are told, would have been different.

A regular soldier from this town by the name of Larson, whom we have known for many years, said to the writer that he stood near his officer who was engaged in the conflict and heard him exclaim on viewing his position: "He got in where he had no business to get in. Now, damn him, let him get out!"

The information received from Larson, whom I consider very reliable, is that the negro soldiers rescued Roosevelt's position at great risk and some loss of life.

Yes, the black man makes a good comrade in war time as we have found on other occasions. **The I. W. W. is right in considering him as a comrade in the labor struggle. It is evident we capitalists will make good use of him as a scab if you throw him aside and fail to educate him along class conscious lines.**

We find the Farmers' Union movement is entirely concerned with the farmers' prosperity in Kansas, and has failed to realize the problem is a social labor problem for all industry. We read the Kansas Union, farmer paper, and have written a couple of small articles for it, and I find they are concerned only for "Us farmers".

They do not realize that industrial and farm labor must rise and fall together. Should either field become much more favorable for the worker it will draw from the other until they equalize. Then, too, we have the rich farmer and the poor farmer, or the capitalist farmer and the labor or renter farmer, with opposite interests to a certain extent. No sooner does a farmer reach the point that he hires one assistant than he complains of high wages. We recall that shortly after ex-Governor Allen secured the famous Kansas Industrial Law, making it a crime for miners or others engaged in so-called "essential industries" to strike and interfere with production, the wheat growers called a convention to establish a price on wheat and refuse to sell unless they received two dollars a bushel.

In other words it was a crime to raise the price of coal in cold weather by refusing to work for a low wage, but perfectly all right to join together and raise the price of bread. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

But I have digressed. I wanted to finish by telling of Roosevelt and the late Senator J. R. Burton of Kansas. Shortly after the Spanish American War it was proposed in Congress that the tariff on raw sugar be set aside between Cuba and this country in order to aid the depleted sugar plantations of Cuba. Senator Burton refused to support the measure on the ground that it would not help the planters of Cuba but the sugar trust of America. Also, that it would lower the price of sugar beets in Western Kansas.

Roosevelt secured the conviction of Burton in St. Louis, Mo. of the crime of using his official power in preventing justice being done to a get-rich-quick grain concern called the Rialto Grain Company. However, the government case against the company failed, and Burton openly charged Roosevelt with bribing the court by securing the release of the trial judge's son from a charge of embezzlement. Burton also claimed that Douglas Robinson, Roosevelt's brother-in-law, was made vice president of the sugar trust and that the sugar trust cleaned up forty million dollars in the deal.

But this is muckraking, and both Roosevelt and Burton have gone to the happy hunting ground where bribery can not influence the judge.

W. H. Sikes, Leonardville, Kansas.

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## PHYSIOLOGICAL REACTION AND THE CLASS WAR

(Continued from page 21.)

it in this light it can be applied to the class struggle in dealing with the masters of industry.

Nature has furnished the stomach with means of revolution to combat abuses, and in another way she has given man a means of fighting the oppressions of an industrial master. This weapon is the mind, and when **used** is most effective.

The working class is now suffering under the tyranny of a capitalist regime. The worker produces everything, not for himself but for a master; he leads a life of hellish poverty; he is exploited for the benefit of a few; he is overworked, thus bringing on ill-health and premature death.

The stomach is a natural fighter, but in the case of man as an individual there are many exceptions to this. He does not resent the oppression of a master but submits to his will. The worker in the industrial world should follow the example of nature and crush the enemy, i. e., the capitalist class.

This world of ours can only be improved when man will use the power of his mind and sweep the world with the lava of social revolution. Doing this he can convert the earth into a paradise for the working class.

# The South's Wild Animal Show

(Continued from page 18.)

ing from past performances of missionaries we do not think the sadist-system of prison procedure is to be reformed by messengers of peace. Like the whole chain of evils inherent in this capitalism, more is needed to cause a change. It will come, not white and stainless, nor with soft purrings of the goody-goodies, nor with protests of comfortable reformers. No, the ulcer is too deep for that kind of salve. The change is promised by Giovannitti's "Red-winged archangel of the devil."

## Conclusion

Last year Frank Tannenbaum made a survey of southern prison camps. In the above account little enough is said of the women prisoners. Tannenbaum learned that some wardens forced the women to stand before them stripped of all clothing; to bathe in the same filthy water, one after another. He found that babies are born in prisons. Their natural fathers are the guards, "and others." The women, like the men, are driven to exhaustion under the lashes of cat-o'-nine-tails, water hose and vile oaths.

The male prisoners are shackled by the ankles on being received. Later they are again chained to a cross chain that holds a number of prisoners in a line. A kind of hellish centipede. Even at night this common chain is secured, and the men lie in their pallets as best they can. Usually the roof leaks. In summer they are nearly roasted.

There is a mainspring for all of this brutality. Convict labor is exploited by private concerns; the cheaper a prisoner can be kept, the more profits are derived. If he dies it is of no consequence—the system keeps a steady supply flowing in.

In one place where weevils swarmed in the peas the men were forced to eat them, or starve outright, so collards were introduced instead. Complaints were heard.

"You ought not complain," said the guards. "You are getting more meat (worms) in the collards."

Humor will have its little jest.

Tannenbaum found twelve men sleeping in a caged space 8x8x15. In another cage twenty-two were held in a cage 8x8x20. The bunks were two feet wide. As there were only eighteen of them it follows that eight men were obliged to double up. What fraternity of flesh and chains!

How many die from exposure, improper food, the whipping post and clubs of guards? Who knows? How many go mad? Martin Tabert was one who died, beaten to death. Without doubt there have been others. Some prisoners have no relatives, no friends. They die and are buried in the woods. Nothing more simple.

Where prisoners are worked in the coal mines, as in Alabama, there is a death rate from accidents that fairly takes one's breath away. It does take the victim's breath, summarily.

The first treatment of this chain-gang horror should aim at the abolition of the private contract features by which the degradation and dehumanization of prisoners is a source of private wealth. The next must recognize the necessity of segregation. At this time sick and healthy of body and mind are herded together. The murderer, a vicious product of the system, is shackled next to a boy convicted of riding freight trains.

Of course I do not expect to see any widespread reform of prisons, or the rehabilitation of prisoners who really need it, so long as the present industrial disorder holds sway. The future belongs to the workers, and in the future they will be obliged to clean up more than one mess of capitalistic vomit.

In a territory that has its thousands of little children slaving in cotton mills, and where the most relished outdoor sport seems to be "nigger-baiting" with no closed seasons, it is not reasonable to look for any reforms of the prison system except by one force. This is the same force that can save humanity from the industrial chaos into which it is rushing full speed.

Industrial organization of the workers alone can halt the rapacity of the ruling class. The profits sweated from chain-gang slaves and the surplus value extracted from wage labor are one and the same thing. There is simply a difference of degree. Big business gets the cream. The workers take skim milk.

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### A NEW GOLD RUSH?

There are times of the day when it is an heroic act to board New York subway trains. During a rush hour a young man sprinted across the platform only to have the doors shut in his face. He was not to be left, however, and with much agility swung onto the rear end of the departing train.

It is unlawful to ride outside in such hobo fashion. At the next station a policeman was on hand to arrest him. The young man told the judge that he was so impetuous because missing that particular train meant being late for work.

"I might get fired," he lamented.

I was wondering what sort of sinecure could impel risk of life or arrest by such a bit of daring. The judge was wondering also.

"What do you work at?" asked Hizzoner.

"I'm a dishwasher in Childs," was the eager reply.

under the domination of Granville, who took to himself the title of Baron, and defended them from Tuttle, as the knights of the middle ages defended the peasants from robbers, in order to rob them themselves.

Tuttle rediscovered the art of making synthetic food, and the serfs of Granville were suffering indigestion from eating exclusively canned goods. So capitalism started with Tuttle as capitalist. The bargain by which Tuttle and Granville divided the power is a wonderful materialistic interpretation of modern capitalism:

"What price?" asked Granville, promptly.

"Now you people have got to understand," said Tuttle, "that you've got to have these tablets, or you die. Most of your cans will bust when freezing-time comes, and then where will you be?"

"Tell me your price," said Granville.

"You can go on for awhile," continued Tuttle, implacably. "You'll fight me off, but you'll get sicker and sicker, and in the end, to save your lives you'll have to come across."

"It is really a wonderful work that you have done, Mr. Tuttle," said the Baron, tactfully. "You may be sure that the word 'Mr.' was not overlooked by the Head-butler, who never before had been thus addressed.

"I know it's a wonderful work," he said, complacently. "You have conferred a benefit upon humanity, one which will forever make your name illustrious. That must be a source of gratification to you."

"I'm gratified, all right," said the Head-butler, his little pig's eyes twinkling.

"And surely you will not be too hard in your requirements—will not wish to withhold from your fellow men the benefit of such vital knowledge. You will be generous . . . ."

Said Tuttle: "Now look-a-here, Mr. Granville . . . ."

"Baron," corrected the other.

"Now look-a-here, don't you try to come any such game as that over me! I'm a business man! You see?"

"A business man?" said Granville, taken aback for a moment.

"A business man, and I ain't in business for my health. We ain't goin' to have no philanthropy talk in this deal—and you might just as well save your breath, for it won't do no good."

"Ahem," said the other, controlling his anger—as one must when dealing with business men. "State your terms, Mr. Tuttle."

The other edged a lot nearer, and turned to see that the door was closed. "Now listen," he said, "there's no reason why you and me should quarrel. We are the only people in this crowd that are fit for anything. Why shouldn't we stand together, and make the rest work for us?"

"I am sure, Mr. Tuttle, I am perfectly willing to consider a proposition. I have no hard feelings towards you."

"All right," said Tuttle—"then let's get down to business. I started to make these people work for me, and they wouldn't do it. Maybe I was a little harsh about it. I'm willing to admit that—I was drunk at the time, and a man isn't exactly what he ought to be when he's drunk. You understand?"

"Perfectly," said Granville, with a smile.

"Well, they got away from me, and I ain't tried to get them back. I saw it would mean a fight, and maybe I'd get hurt, and what was the use? But now you've got them to obeyin' you, an' everything goin' nice. You've got a government—a sort of . . . ."

"A feudal society," put in the other.

"I don't know anything about about feudal society, but I know what business is, and this looks to me like a good thing. Now you go in with me, and we'll sell these here tablets to the rest of 'em and we'll make 'em pay. See?"

Granville had become more cordial. "An excellent scheme, Mr. Tuttle. But understand, of course, I have to have some of the tablets also."

"Sure!" said Tuttle. "That's what I'm talkin' about." He drew his chair closer, and began to tap with his finger upon Granville's knee. "This is the way I figure it out. These people have to have a tablet every two hours. That's eight of 'em every day, allowing for eight hours' sleep. I don't see that there's any need of their sleeping that long, but we'll let it go for the present. The point is, we'll give 'em eight tablets for sixteen hours' work, and that'll be their wages."

"I see," said Granville.

"That'll keep 'em goin', and there's no reason why they shouldn't get along and be contented. They don't need anything but food; they can go out and get their clothes for nothing . . . ."

"They won't have much time to go out," suggested the Baron—"if they have to work sixteen hours a day."

"Well," said Tuttle, "they can wear the clothes what they've got for the present, and we'll consider the rest bye and bye. The point is, we'll make them the proposition to give them a tablet every time they work two hours—whatever kind of work we tell 'em to do."

"But where do I come in?" asked Granville.

"You?" said Tuttle. "Why, you'll be the boss . . . ."

"Baron," corrected Granville.

"Well, Baron. Naturally, being a nobleman, you wouldn't be expected to work. My idea is that you and I ought to be able to get along comfortable on the work of the other four, and if you'll manage 'em, and see that they do what they're told—why, that's an important service, and naturally I'd expect to pay you for it."

"And the pay will be?" inquired Granville.

"Why, you'll get your eight tablets a day for the job of bossing . . . ."

"Governing, we call it," corrected the baron.

"Well, governing. You'll get your eight tablets every day, and you'll be able to live like a gentleman, the same as me."

There was a pause while Granville considered the proposition. The other was watching him anxiously. "It seems to me that's a fair offer," Tuttle argued. "It's really exactly the same as it used to be in the old world. You're the politician, the man that governs—and I'm the business man, the one that owns things. The rest of 'em, they're the ones that do the work. We'll be able to live fairly decent—we can have the place kept clean and comfortable, and somebody to wait on us when we're tired; and if any of 'em make a fuss, or don't do their work right, why all we have to do is to fire 'em, and they don't get their tablets, and then they get sick. From all I can see, it's a proposition you can't get away from."

And Granville rose, with his most genial smile, and stretched out his hand to the Head-butler. "Mr. Tuttle," he said, "you're a genius! You are what, in the old days, we used to call a man of affairs, a great industrial pioneer. I congratulate you upon the plan which you have evolved, and upon the lucidity with which you have stated it. After listening to you, I feel myself many centuries more advanced in the school of human progress. I become a new kind of nobleman, a modern nobleman. The days of Capitalism have begun!"

So capitalism was duly established, and they gave the Lord Bishop of Harlem eight food tablets free on Sunday in return for his preaching a sermon to the rest of the population on the texts: "To order myself humbly and lowly toward all my betters," and "Servants, obey your masters," and "To be respectful to those to whom God in his infinite wisdom has entrusted the care of the property interests of the country."

Mrs. Lumley-Gotham discovered that once capitalism is functioning, inventors get cheated out of their labors. She discovered a way to make the food tablets by machinery and was served with an injunction, had a law suit filed against her and was forced to sell her invention to the capitalist for a song.

After this Mrs. Lumley-Gotham was accused of stealing food tablets, and de Puyster, the former society reporter, was created a labor spy to catch her.

Shortly after this the I. W. W. is reborn. (Presumably all the Wobs but Billy had been killed in the atomic explosion.) To quote again:

> The former social leader, Mrs. Viviana Athelstan de Smithkins Lumley-Gotham, brought forward a new idea—that of revolutionary industrial unionism.
>
> "We have worked for the capitalist," said the speaker, "and we have produced wealth—much wealth. But this wealth belongs to him, and not to us. We produced it—but now we are turned out to starve, while he riots in luxury and fattens in slothful ease. Let us put an end to this diabolical system, whereby we are deprived of the products of our labor! Let us organize, fellow workers; let us make a common cause against this enemy! No matter what may be the nature of our work, whether we have charge of the fuel supply, whether we stir the kettles, or transport the raw materials of the food-tablets, let the whole labor-force which has to do with this work, organize itself into one big union! Let us vote together and strike together, let us proclaim the supremacy of the working class and the end of exploitation!"
>
> Mrs. Lumley-Gotham had risen to a great height of eloquence. "Workingmen of all countries unite!" she

# The Millennium

BOOK REVIEW By CARD No. 794514

IT IS with the greatest satisfaction that we pick up one of Upton Sinclair's latest books which is too good and too merry for us to disagree much with. Sinclair has been so friendly and well disposed towards the I. W. W., and has understood the I. W. W. so badly, on the whole, that a good Wob naturally regards each new production of his with mingled feelings of glee and shame.

But "The Millennium" is not like "Singing Jailbirds." It is as light and happy as "Singing Jailbirds" is grim and confused. It is not quite a play though it sounds like one, and not quite a novel, though it is written like one. And it is not about any Utopia, though it is called "The Millennium."

In this connection, the author's foreword is very illuminating:

> This little farce comedy of the future was originally a four-act drama. It was written seventeen years ago, immediately after the Helicon Hall fire, as a means of diverting the writer's mind from thoughts of that tragic event. The play was accepted for production by David Belasco, but years of delay took place, and finally the manuscript was submitted to other managers, and in the course of time all copies were lost. If this should come to the eye of anyone having a copy, the writer will be glad to hear from him.
>
> The present version had been sketched out for an editor friend who wanted to publish the story as a serial. Readers of an observant turn of mind will detect the outlines of the play. Act I was laid in the Roof Garden of the Pleasure Palace; Act II in the Entrance Hall at the foot of the ninety-nine flights of stairs; Act III in the kitchen of the Consolidated Hotel; Act IV at the Country Estate of the Lumley-Gothams. New material, not in the play, was supplied between the last two acts

In the first act there were few workers present, and in the last act there is nothing else but. In between, what is left of mankind goes through the various stages of primitive communism, slavery, feudalism and capitalism.

We say "what is left of mankind," for Sinclair makes his problem simpler and achieves some of the dramatic unities by having a desperate inventor wipe out all humanity with an atomic explosion—all but a small group who are in an aeroplane above the range of the destructive atomic rays.

This group comprised the captain of the aeroplane, whose name is Billy Kingdon and who is a revolutionist and also is in love with Helen the wife of the secretary of state; Helen, herself, quite a sensible person; Granville, the secretary of state, a heartless, decadent sort of a fellow, but very able and now the real ruler of capitalism; Mr. Lumley-Gotham, the chief capitalist, a John D. Rockefeller like man, tired, scared, and dyspeptic; Mrs. Lumley Gotham, a sort of ladylike Mrs. Jiggs; Eloise, her daughter; de Puyster, society reporter; Reggie, the poet of the Lumley-Gothams; His Grace, the Lord Bishop of Harlem, very well connected with the official bootleggers; Sarita, an heiress, very ugly; Tuttle, the head butler, a straw boss in the Lumley-Gotham establishment.

When they came back to earth they found themselves 100 stories above its surface on the top of



the Lumley-Gotham pleasure palace, with everybody else in the world dead, and nothing to do but walk down the stairs, the first real work any of them but Billy had ever performed.

Having arrived at the bottom, and realized the full extent of the catastrophe, Tuttle and Granville got drunk; Billy seized Helen and declared she was his wife hereafter, and the whole gang went to live in the Consolidated Hotel "which occupies Broadway from 34th to 42nd streets."

The parasites were in a pitiful plight:

> Some of them were cold and wanted blankets; but they realized that there were three flights of stairs to be ascended to the nearest bedrooms. The Lord Bishop wanted a drink; but the automatic bootlegging apparatus would no longer work, and it was a quarter of a mile to the nearest drug store. The pantries of the hotel were far in the basement, and it took quite a search on Billy's part before the simple meal could be got ready. This once, he said, he and Helen would carry the food for the rest; but thereafter they would have to do their own foraging.
>
> So, after a few days of agonizing and lamenting, one might have seen these fastidious members of the best society camping out in the servants' rooms below stairs, handy to the storerooms and the kitchen. In the last-named place the wonderful electric cooking apparatus was useless; but Billy found an old stove in an antique shop, and this he set up so that they need no longer live upon cold food. Fortunately there was still running water, and food enough in the store-rooms of the Amalgamated Groceries company to have fed them for thousands of years. There were inexhaustible supplies of clothing; the only drawback was that whatever one wanted, one had to go and hunt for it.
>
> The dishes, for instance: when a dozen people sat down to a meal, it was incredible how many soiled dishes were left! They tried the plan of throwing them away; but the mere labor of throwing them was a burden, and pretty soon all the passages about the kitchen were filled up with piles of broken dishes. And there was Helen Granville, going about everywhere lynx-eyed and tireless, making rules and insisting that everyone should obey them; and Billy Kingdon, backing her up with the threat that anyone who refused to obey would be driven out into the cold world to shift for himself!

Soon there was a violent split. The Bishop, the husband of Helen, Granville, Mrs. Lumley-Gotham and Eloise still opposed the transfer of husbands by Helen. So Billy and Helen and Sarita went away to another part of the State of New York and started a cooperative commonwealth.

Those that were left quarreled horribly, and finally became slaves to Tuttle, all but Granville who became a hermit.

> All his life Tuttle had been a menial, cringing and obeying the orders of others. Now he was the strongest man in the crowd, and everybody else was afraid of him. From the time he made this discovery he became a brutal tyrant, and the rest were helpless.

Finally Reggie and Eloise escaped and took to farming somewhere in the country. The rest fell

# California

AS SEEN BY A WORKER

**CALIFORNIA, the land of sunshine, sunflowers and native sons; described by its boosters as the land of heavily laden grape vines, golden orange groves, sunny bathing beaches and Hollywood bathing beauties, has other claims to fame that its boosters sing not of. Recently it has gained some undesirable celebrity as the home of the hoof-and-mouth disease, and pneumonic—or bubonic—plague, while black small-pox even now stalks widely within its borders. Its cities are filled with stranded tourists while on its roads may be seen human derelicts sunk to the most pitiful state of destitution possible of conception.**

**As the boosters tell it, California is one immense garden, seven hundred miles long and two hundred wide. A glance at a topographical map will show it to be a vast sea of mountains with less than one third of its area amenable to intensive cultivation. When one reads the glowing advertisements put out by the real-estate sharks one visions a rose bordered paradise, flowing with milk and honey, where all enjoy health and wealth unlimited, and a happiness unmarred by a single sordid thought. "Far-away fields look green," but a closeup reveals that while health, wealth and happiness can be found in this land of earthquakes they are so swamped in the flood of poverty, misery, and degradation as to cause a shock upon their discovery.**

Yet, 'tis a paradise—a bourgeois paradise—where purse-proud parvenus—"beggars on horseback"—brazenly flaunt their wealth in the faces of the starving horde of cringing slaves from whom they stole it; where the "best people" can point proudly back to a long line of ancestry, to the founders of their family, who came in covered wagons to this state nearly three generations ago and who, after the manner of all wagon-tramps, annexed everything that lay around unattached. They are descendants of the first band of land-pirates who looted the public domains and grabbed all the natural resources of this much advertised "golden" state.

## "Living" on Climate

Pioneers, they call them, those wagon tramps, and many are the eulogies that have been written and unloaded on a long-suffering public, telling of their far-sightedness, ability and business acumen. Their keenness of foresight showed them that thousands would flock into this state when the mildness of its climate became generally known, and their greed inspired them to appropriate and monopolize all land, water, mineral and forest wealth, so that later comers who would enjoy this salubrious climate, could do so only on condition of paying tribute to them. Their foresight has been rewarded. They, or their progeny, now wallow in luxury and dissipation while the great bulk of California's population starve and sweat to fill their coffers.

It is the business of every worker to know that this wealth was stolen; to rid himself of all foolish notions that it was acquired by honest effort; and to devise ways and means to recover the stolen property is the problem that confronts him. To give a detailed account of the wholesale theft of California land and resources would require a book of encyclopedic proportions. One single instance of a timber steal, and of the system of peonage that has been built upon it will be all that space will allow.

California, it must be remembered, possessed wonderful forests of white pine, sugar pine and redwood; the last named, a product peculiar to the state, is found on the Coast range of mountains in a narrow strip a couple of hundred miles in length and comprising some two thousand square miles, estimated to contain some eighty billion board feet of lumber. The white and sugar pines, with other marketable woods, are found on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevadas from the edge of the southern deserts to the point where the state line leaves the mountains and runs due north to the Oregon line.

## Timber Monopoly

North of this point the timber is found on both sides of the Sierras—a fact which was not overlooked when the state boundaries were mapped out. In the northern counties the Sierras, the Coast range and the Siskiyous meet together in a perfect jumble of mountains all more or less timber-covered, some heavily so. Altogether there are about 260,000,000,000 feet, board measure, of timber in the state, **200 billions of which are privately owned by about thirty-nine corporations dominated by eight families.**

The most powerful of these families is that of T. B. Walker and his five sons—the baronial lords of Lassen county—who own 400,000 acres of land in that county alone and whose timber holdings stretch over five other counties in California, not to mention their properties in Minnesota and other states. In Lassen county the Walker family reigns supreme. Its officials are their paid servants, its road, bridge, and other funds are expended only as suits the Walker interests. The fish, game and sanitary laws of the state are complied with or ignored as suits those same interests, while the

proclaimed. "You have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain!"

Needless to say, the report of this meeting brought consternation to the propertied classes. The government set on foot an investigation at once; but the action was too late, for already the agitators had succeeded in inflaming the workers beyond the point where they could be controlled. The work of organizing the union was quickly completed, and the leaders proceeded at once to declare a strike. To the consternation of the Governor-general the announcement was made that they refused to have anything to do with him, but would treat only with the president of the Amalgamated Food-Tablets Companies, Ltd. Their demand was for an eight-hour day and a minimum wage of eight food tablets for every twenty-four hours, including Sundays. They declared that their strike would continue until these demands were granted; and to the amazement of the authorities they proceeded up and down the corridors of the Consolidated Hotel, cheering madly and singing the Internationale, the Marseillaise and other revolutionary songs of the old era. Also—a still more dreadful sign—they were waving aloft a blood-red banner, bearing three letters which brought terror to the hearts of all defenders of law and order—I. W. W.

The first strike was broken by Lumley-Gotham who acted as scab, and by organized violence on the part of the ruling caste. The next strike was in the nature of an attempt to seize the means of subsistence, and hold and operate them in common. The particular part of the world these rebels tried to seize happened to be that part already dedicated to the co-operative commonwealth by Billy Kingdon, Helen and Sarita, so both factions joined forces and settled down to enjoy life. Eloise and Reggie came in too, and the second generation began to grow up. Eventually Granville was induced to throw in his lot with them. As for Tuttle, an exploration party from the co-operative commonwealth—

> . . . found the president of the Amalgamated Food-Tablets Companies, Ltd., lying in the hallway in front of the entrance to the food-machinery room. They saw his form stretched out, and stood some distance off and hailed him, but he did not answer. At last, Billy made a cautious approach and bent over him; one glance at his form—reduced almost to the conditions of a skeleton—told the dreadful story. The last capitalist had starved to death. He had been too lazy to work, so he had perished; and with him perished his system—and the Co-Operative Commonwealth reigned forever after!

* * *

Of course the co-operative commonwealth isn't going to be achieved in this manner. But as a sarcastic, farcical burlesque of capitalism, "The Millennium" can't be beat. Every rebel ought to read it. As far as that goes, every revolutionist ought to read everything that Upton Sinclair writes. Even when he's wrong, he's good.

* * *

**THE MILLENNIUM, by Upton Sinclair, published by Haldeman-Julius Co., Girard, Kansas, "Little Blue Book Series" Nos. 590-593. Price for three volumes, 15c.**



# North Plymouth

By MARY HOPE

THE words pop from them like hot chestnuts leaping from a fire. . . .

Dark women whose garments will not shed the flaming colors of a foreign sun and fields of red and gold.

Pepino and Rosa run by their side to the fish market, a little walk from their houses, set like white birds in a climbing hill nest.

"You know Vanzetti?" I ask.

Who doesn't know saints and martyrs?

There is an entanglement of sorrow and anger in the coarse spinning of their words, the "Engleesh" which seems to be a verbal conspiracy against the easy music of their Italian. But they have something to say which will not remain silent.

So they told me that before his arrest Vanzetti was a fisherman. On December 24, 1919, he came to their houses with a special allotment of eels. Always on Christmas the Italians include eels in their motley of delicacies. . . . The women remember, for there was only one fisherman and that was Vanzetti, and eels form a specially relished portion of their Christmas feast.

Yet this was the time of day Vanzetti was supposed to have robbed a certain individual at the point of a dangerous weapon on December 24, 1919, at Bridgewater, Mass.

One after another they had filed into the courthouse and told the jury that the truth was that when Vanzetti was supposed to be robbing a man he was actually selling them eels for their Christmas meal. . . .

In spite of which a verdict of guilty was rendered. . . . . A 15-year sentence. . . . . One of the unjust weights which, perhaps, balanced the verdict of his second trial with Nicola Sacco. . . .

Their story told to me on the way to the fish market, they search my face for astonishment, and listen for the accent of protest in my voice.

"I know," I say, "that is why men and women all over the world are working for Vanzetti's liberation. There are still people living to whom justice is not a mere word."

Climbing the hill to their homes these women, who can scarcely write their names, ponder over the lesson America has given them in elementary justice.

services are appreciated at their true value.

The I. W. W. has made great gains in California and many men are now in prison whose activities made possible those gains. To hold what we have we must still further enlarge and strengthen our organization. The northern lumber camps are the enemy's strongholds. Unorganized they supply the master with the means to oppress and imprison us. Organized they become the means by which we shall free the prisoners and further our own freedom. Let us then concentrate on these strongholds, break down this peon system, and organize and educate our fellow workers so that they, with us, may be able to effect our emancipation from wage slavery. Then we shall be able to make of California the land of health, wealth, and happiness for the workers, instead of what it is now—a paradise for the shirkers.

# The Messenger at the Gate

By VERA MÖLLER

My friend, oh my friend, whom they
falsely condemned . . .
Come, let me forget that his fate
Shall be death by the lions . . . What
is it you say?
A messenger cries at the gate?
Oh, let him cry on, I would feast, I
would drink,
I would drug all my senses to rest.
Then leave me in peace as I sit at the
board
Till my head forward sinks on my
breast.

Oh, the lamplight is drowned in the
splendor of day,
And I rouse from my stupor too late,
For I could have saved him, my friend,
had I harked
To the messenger there at the gate!
For I could have proven him guiltless
of crime,
How the stain lay upon other hands...
But it is too late for already his form
Lies mangled upon the red sands.



Oh, let us forget all the woes of the
world,
Though its pain and its sorrow are
great,
Let us drown pity's anguish in laugh-
ter and song . . .
And the messenger calls at the gate.
'Tis the voice of the worker that cries
"Ho, come forth!
Come fight with us, here is the way
To banish oppression, to break the
slave's chains,
Come on, and we'll bring a new day!"

But they sit and lament all the wrongs
of the world
At the hands of a grim, ruthless fate,
And they strive to forget all its suffer-
ing and pain
**While the messenger calls at the gate.**



county treasury is bilked out of three-fourths of the amount due to it as taxes from the logs and manufactured products of the Walker outfit.

On their Lassen county domain, the Walkers, under the name of the Red River Lumber Company, have built up a system of peonage which enables them to produce lumber and by-products for less than the factory cost of the food, clothing and knicknacks consumed by the workers while actually engaged in the production. All the surplus value created goes to the Walker family. No competitive concern is allowed to exist within the boundaries of the company's property. **Traveling salesmen and canvassers are given the run.**

The center of this system is at Westwood, from where the logging railroad radiates into the woods to some thirty or more logging camps scattered over a wide territory. In Westwood there are about 3,700 people. Besides the big saw-mill there are—a paper mill, veneer-mill, a box factory and a sash and door factory, where men and women work for wages ranging from $2.50 to $4.00 per day **payable in the private currency of the company.**

Except for a highway which runs through the town, the right-of-way and depot of the Southern Pacific R. R., the company owns all. Streets, houses, department store, bank, garage and auto salesroom, bowling alleys, poolrooms, soft drink stands, barber shop, motion picture theatre, ball park, church, schools and a weekly paper are all company owned, and the doctor and preacher are on the payroll. In this place one cannot be born, live, marry, become sick, die, or be buried without adding to the profit of the Walker family.

## Grafting Par Excellence

An efficiency expert is paid $5,000 per year to see that all the above named institutions yield dividends. Last year the profits from the barber shop, bowling alleys and ball park amounted to $29,000. Rent for the houses of the married, and rooms of the single workers must bring in a considerable pile. A house which cost not more than $1,000 to build brings in $240 per year, while the rooming houses bring in a much higher percentage. and the rentals of cabins in the logging camps in one year are at least double their worth. Then, too, there is a cafeteria which is a gold mine in itself, where an indifferent meal costs from 60 to 80 cents. Gambling and prostitution are flourishing businesses and, there is no doubt, help to swell the stream of profit. This stream of profits ever returning to the company's treasury to replace wages paid out, spells lowered production costs, giving a great advantage to the company in its struggle for markets, thereby tending to strengthen and extend the peonage system.

As this system is permitted to extend it becomes more difficult to organize the workers. It must be stopped. It can be stopped by arousing and shaping the discontent of these peons into a force that can be used not only to do away with peonage, but with all the other institutions of capitalism. **It is a challenge to the revolutionary industrial unionists which we cannot afford not to accept.** Westwood is a good place to start in on.

## Workers Ripe For Organization

Let it be understood that the workers here are in ripe condition for the acceptance of the idea of industrial unionism. They are rebellious, but their fear of losing employment and being stranded in the wilderness holds their rebellion in suppression. Spies are plentiful and the stay of a known agitator is short. The company fears the union and jealously guards the camp from the organizer.

Two fellow workers have been sent to San Quentin from this county on C. S. charges for their activities in organizing, but the publicity given by their trials has done much to make easier the work of those who come after. The sympathies of all were with the victims and the number of red cards in the camps was increased after each trial. However, company vigilance is such as to make necessary the adoption of methods peculiarly suited to the occasion. Brass band tactics will result in nothing but more C. S. cases—more men for the prisons.

## "Peaceful Penetration"

We must adopt the capitalist policy of peaceful penetration. It is easy to get work in Westwood and though it is a ten-hour camp the workers are not rushed. Fellow workers possessed of a knowledge of the I. W. W., who can carry the theory and practice of the industrial union under their wigs, must get into this camp. Go to work; say nothing, but keep ears and eyes open and study those with whom they work. Get a line on the spies and stool-pigeons. Be good mixers, make friends and, when they are sure of their ground, spread the doctrine of industrial unionism without displaying the label.

In this manner the "wheat can be sifted from the chaff" the rebels from the stools and finks. A few such fellow workers, quietly feeling their way could, in the course of a winter, lay the foundation for an organized drive for membership, and when the opportune moment arrives, rouse the workers of Westwood in a strike to break the back of peonage and make the Walker camps safe for the Industrial Workers of the World.

## Intelligent Tactics

It will seem a hard and thankless task. There will be no "big reports" for the delegate to point proudly to, and the more tactful ones may even hear themselves called "fink" by their less judicious fellow workers. But remember that the most effective fighters in war are the spies in the camp of the enemy, who, unknown and often abused by men of their own side, so weaken the enemy's forces as to make victory easy for their own. Their satisfaction comes when the fight is won and their

And Jean Barrais' own bayonet lay beside him in the mud!
[illegible] poured a sip in the German's mouth, and was met by a fever-blank
And burning gaze . . . Where had he seen—? In Basel!—It was Doctor Frank!

There lay two men one September night when the cannons' voices were still,
And talked to each other in anguish and pain in a field at Lunéville;
Two comrades who stood 'neath the crimson flag when the war of the classes burned high,
Two fighters for freedom and right—and doomed by each other's hand to die!

There was no one to hear the words that were said 'neath the moon through that fearful night
Ere the corpses were piled in the ambulance in the early morning's light,
And were buried regardless of nation or faith, side by side in the very same earth,
With no prattle and talk about Vaterland, or Patrie, or language, or birth.
But could they have had but a single thought, or have had but one thing to say,
Jean Barrais with the bullet from Frank in his knee, Frank with the bayonet of Barrais?
I have visioned full many a sleepless night as I've twisted 'round in my bed
That field in France, and two socialists who died ere the dawn broke red;
I have seen their arms stretched out to a home and a hearth's bright flames;
I have heard them whisper as death drew near two beloved women's names;
I have felt the dark woe of those millions of men in my blood, the hateful cry
They have fought and bled, that they lived and died for a **lie**, yes, comrade, a **lie.**

For, O mother from Prussia and Normandie, and from Belgium's ruined domains,
And you, young wife from the Balkan hills, from Vienna and Russia's plains,
And you, pale and wan little working girls in the alleys of London's slums,
And all of you who sorrow and weep for the one who never comes,
You who loved a husband, a father, a son, and now sob your evening prayer,
And you who beseech the Madonna that death and danger your darling may spare:
Is there one among you who still believes in the lie that snatched from your breast
What most precious your longing ever gave name, what life gave dearest and best?
Is there one who believes in the lie that he whom the war has torn from your side
Has fought for **you**, has **fallen for you** when "for his country" he died?

A world war was lit by a schoolboy's shot, and straightway books were penned,
White and yellow and blue and gray, that lied and lied without end;
Where the diplomats gallantly washed their hands of the blame, as they're wont to do,
And each government became white as snow till they thought their own lies were true.

You millions of sobbing women, for a lie have they died, your men,
For a lie, the **Lie of the Fatherland,** they shall never return again.
But the crimson book that they wrote with their blood has not been written in vain,
For that book shall kindle a world-wide flame through the widow-cloak of pain.
But for us who endured oppression's whip and killed at the masters' command,
And for us who went out for a lie to die in judgment that book shall stand:
It's the judgment over an age when kings and diplomacy's pirate band
Could treat free men like soulless beasts in the name of **"The Fatherland"—**
But you mothers, who read the tale of that book with anguish and tears untold,
A stronger International you will bear in place of the old;
A stronger and greater army you'll bear, a tremendous, invincible host
That knows its place when they cry "To arms," that knows and will pay the cost.
You will bear an army that stands as one man—proletarians in every land—
That gives more than words for its socialism, that gives to it blood and hand;
An army that dares to choose its death, and dares when the drum-beats ring,
To go forth and prepare the waking world for Humanity's glorious spring.
Then will the anemones bloom on the graves where, awaiting the judgment day,
Tommy and Jean and Fritz and Ivan and Hassan were laid away,
And the glorious new generation that has chosen and dared and done
Shall build **Our International** in earnest under the sun.

# THE LIE

By TURE NERMAN
(Translated from the original Swedish by L. H. Landen)

Hushed was the roar of the cannons—at last the
machine guns were still,
The autumn night had descended o'er the horror
at Lunéville;
The French with the Germans close at their heels
toward St. Nicholas sped,
And a full moon over the corpse-strewn field
a ghostly brilliance shed.
A lonely hussar-horse neighed around where the
poplars stood tall and gray,
And a bomb-shattered armored auto lay upturned
on the chausée.

He gripped his throbbing temples in pain and
groaned, young Jean Barrais,
As he woke from his swoon with his shattered knee
on the battlefield where he lay;
He raised himself by the side of the trench, saw
the field by the pale moon lit,
Then back he sank on the ground again
and whispered: "Marguerite. . . . "

Like a dream he could see the little room back home
in La Rochelle,
Marguerite, old Mother, the children, as the evening
shadows fell;
When at last the dark hour had sounded for the
war lords and diplomats all,
**La Patrie** demanded his strength, and with song
with the others he answered the call.
Marguerite, old Mother, the children, Jean
Christophe and little Babette—
How droll! As he lay it came back to him—
how clearly he saw it yet—
In July, when last the union met, and how he arose
to tell
Of militarism, and Labor's hope, The International,
How he had shouted: "Comrades all, when they
place steel in our hand
And mobilize us, each other to kill for the masters'
fatherland,
Then we will let our broken guns be our answer
to the call,
For, comrades, 'The International brings happiness
to all'."

How strange! How quickly it all had changed!
A few weeks only had passed,
The war was a gory, hideous fact, at the border
the Germans were massed;
Guesde and Sembat were ministers—the order
went forth to kill—
They were Frenchmen now, not Socialists—
and then there was Lunéville!

How gruesome to lie and gaze around—he was
hungry and cold, Jean Barrais,
And then the damned pain in his poor, shattered
knee that nothing could ease or allay.
**Diable!** Like fire it burned, his throat, but his
flask held some water still. . . .
How his feverish, painracked body rejoiced as he
eagerly drank his fill!
Then at once—what was it? A voice he heard,
a faintly gurgling groan,
Like the prayer of one who is dying, a plaintive,
beseeching moan.
He looked to the south where the town still burned,
o'er the ruins a somber glow . . .
"Wasser . . . Wasser . . . " he heard the wail—
oho, it was one of the foe!
A German, one of the Kaiser's Huns—ah, now
he remembered all:
How they rose like specters out of the ground—
there was naught but to flee or to fall . . . .
A German gave Jean his shattered knee, and
Jean with a snarling yell
Straight through the other's stomach sent his
bayonet ere he fell.

Ugh! Now he shuddered in dread and disgust; it
was murder. . . What, murder? Oh, no!
It was self defense: **La Patrie,** you see, must be
guarded from the foe.
So said the leaders everywhere, and the phrases
flew thick and fast:
"We are soldiers and patriots first of all—yes, first
—and socialists last."

"Water!" Faintly it came again, the German's
despairing call;
Well, there was little left in the flask, though
sorely he needed it all.
The man was a German—well and good, but a
human being first,
A husband, a father for all he knew—Well, then
should he slake his thirst?
A German, one of the Kaiser's Huns—but of hatred
no more could he think;
He dragged himself to the German's side: "You
are thirsty, comrade, drink!"

There lay the German on his back, and his coat
was ripped and rent,
His helmet had rolled off in the clay, and his knees
in cramp were bent;
A broad, clear forehead with dark, wavy hair, but
his belt was wet with blood,

# Civilization's Vanguard

(Continued from page 4.)

sufficient organized power to compel their masters to give them treatment at least as good as is accorded mules and cattle.

These are a few typical projects involving the labor of general construction workers.

To touch on another kind of work performed by the construction worker we shall mention bridge building. This is begun by the men who drive piling in river and coulee beds and place thereon a temporary structure across river or creek. Later come workers in iron and steel. The bridgeman's work is very hazardous, a misstep or a swinging timber striking him and he falls, to be crippled or killed.

### "Riprapping"

Another line of work that employs thousands of construction workers is known as "riprapping" on the Mississippi river. Every year the United States Government appropriates about $50,000,000 to be expended in preventing the powerful current of the river from washing away the banks, and thereby closing the river for navigation. From this point on we shall consider the conditions under which the workers on this and the other lines of construction work are compelled to labor.

In the case of these "riprappers", as is common to all construction work, they keep going and coming constantly. Their average wage last summer was $2.25 and board. "Riprappers" have better sleeping conditions than are usual to their fellows in other construction jobs, as they sleep on the boats that move from place to place and they also have "bullcooks" whose duty it is to keep the boats clean. They do their duty, too. Teamsters are always in demand, where they use mules, and they are mostly two up working on slips and stone boats, and occasionally on dump wagons where the haul is long.

A peculiarity about these "riprapping" camps is that a man is always good for a night's lodging, supper and breakfast. The boss keeps his eye on the one receiving this bounty and if he needs men in the morning he will say so, and it is advisable that the "stiff" go to work for at least an hour or so, as there are usually several straw bosses around to see that board and bed are paid for by working it out. However, should no men be needed, everything is all right and the boss simply tells the applicant to call again.

### Conditions for Bridgemen

These jobs are not considered hard work. They have none of what the "dirts" (construction workers) call rushing or "heavy bulling." Men seeking these jobs in Minnesota and Wisconsin go from St. Paul on the Milwaukee, stopping at Hastings, Winona, Red Wing and Wabasha. The man who has charge of the work is Captain Thompson and work under his direction continues from May until freezing-up time, unless sooner by reason of the funds running out.

Bridgemen enjoy the advantage of floors and tables in their bunkhouses. If the boss refuses to allow them to put in these floors and tables on company time, the bridgemen do it on their own and are usually stopped by the boss's ordering a couple of men to do it for them. He knows that he is saving lumber in this way, by eliminating waste. Bridge carpenters receive from 57 1-2 to 72 cents an hour in wages, and their food is usually a little better than the food of the average construction worker, but they are charged a higher rate.

These bridgemen are very docile and along with this quality goes their lack of any feeling of solidarity with their fellow workers. This is true perhaps by reason of their higher wage rate and lack of organization. They are clannish to an extreme point, differing greatly from the form carpenters who work on concrete bridges and culverts. Perhaps the latter are less self-centered because they are nearer to the muckers and concrete workers, being beside them constantly. But another factor is at work; many of these form carpenters are organized in the I. W. W.

### With "Dirt" Outfits

In the case of dirt outfits my experiences of the summer just past should be interesting. Conditions among them are deplorable, the hours being long and the pace fast. In Illinois conditions in the camps were almost unbearable, sleeping quarters being filthy, with two-high bunks and no floors in the bunkhouses or tents. Whenever it rained very promising creeks flowed through these "shelters."

To keep the provisions in good shape cookhouses were elevated, and so were the corrals for the mules, which shows that the boss thought more of them than for the slaves who drove them.

The work was on state roads, dirt being generally moved by wagons, as there were very few fresno outfits in Illinois at that time. (A "fresno" consists of a number of scoop-like scrapers that gouge out the earth and are drawn by mules.) Now and then I ran into "dinkey" outfits (where the hauling is done with the aid of a donkey engine) and found conditions even worse than elsewhere; greater congestion in bunkhouses and the food sloppy and dirty. In these places the men were boiling up (washing thoroughly) nightly but they failed to rid themselves of the lice that had come to these camps to stay.

These workers were from large cities, afraid of the boss, and when organization was mentioned to them they whispered about the camps being full of stoolpigeons, and related how many of the Wobblies had been sent down the line for agitating. Thus they stay unorganized and suffer in consequence.

# The San Pedro Outrage

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

Gather round me, fellow workers,
Make a circle, mark me well,
While I tell you of San Pedro
And the tyrants' work of hell.

You have heard of ruthless Nero,
Bloody Jeffreys, Cath'lic Spain;
You have heard of Bruno burning,
John Huss praying down his pain.

You have heard—God knows how many—
Ancient tales of cruelty,
—But have you heard of children scalded
In the land of liberty?

God! had I a tongue of fire
To lick heaven as a flame
That would draw the eyes of horror
On a city's deathless shame!

Christ! had I a voice to thunder
Of the vileness of a state
That stands silent when the masters
Visit children with such fate!

Jesus! had I but the power
To wake souls of supine men,
Never would this land of plenty
Witness such a deed again!

In their halls the toilers gathered,
Songs of labor children sang,
When upon the peaceful workers,
Screaming oaths, the cowards sprang.

Sprang, as spring the wolves in winter
When their quarry helpless stands;
Sprang, as springs the mob on niggers,
Rending, tearing with their hands.

Crash! the door went down before them,
Smash! the window splintered in,
"Hell! the bastards! let me at them!"
Women's screams above the din.

Over goes the table, over
Goes the cauldron, boiling hot . . .
God! what words can tell you further
Of the fiendish deeds they wrought!

For they took the little children,—
Aye, your eyes had better flash! —
Little tots of six or seven,
In the boiling urns to dash.

"Damn you! you will never mumble
Traitor songs again," they said.
"Red's your color? Red your flag is?
—Blister, damn you! blister red!"

Little children, little babies,
Screaming, sobbing, dashed in steam
By the monsters who repaid them
Oath and blow for every scream;

By the loyal, patriotic
Legion men and Ku Klux Klan;
By the banker and the butcher—
Every inch American!

Little children raw and bleeding,
Burned and tortured—God! the sight
Flings a crimson nightmare over
Everything I see tonight!

Aye, you clench your teeth in hatred . . .
Listen! there is more to tell
Of the vile deeds perpetrated
By this coward spawn of hell:

For around the dauntless workers
(As the wolves hem in the deer)
Thronged the cravens, strong in numbers,
Lips curled back, hands hooked to tear.

"Lynch the bastards! Tar and feather!
Damn the traitors! Where's the string?
We'll protect our institutions!
Beat 'em! hang 'em! let 'em swing!"

Naked, stript of all their clothing,
Still undaunted, heads held high,
Stood the six brave fellow workers
Ready for the cause to die.

Laughed the painted harlots looking
Without pity, without shame;
Laughed their coward lovers spitting
Through their teeth a vulgar name.

Not a worker gave before them
Though the hangman's knot was jammed:
"Recant? Never! Cowards, curs!
We stand pat—hang and be damned!"

Jesus! had I but the power
To wake souls of supine men,
Never would this land of plenty
Witness such a deed again!





**The introduction of motor trucks for hauling dirt is displacing a constantly growing number of "skinners," just as the steam shovel is responsible for driving thousands of muckers into the unemployed ranks. General construction workers are everywhere coming up against this sort of mechanical power, and without effective organization find themselves unable to successfully cope with it. The I. W. W. organizes these workers into a compact industrial union and the extent of general construction workers' economic security can be gauged by their response to the call of I. U. 310.**

branches contributed generously. The picket line at the strike zone was drawn so well that out of four coach loads sent up to break the strike only three men went up the hill to scab.

Such self-sacrificing as was necessary on the part of the construction workers in this conflict and in many other battles against the boss entitles them to the cooperation of all workers who follow any of the callings grouped together in Industrial Union No. 310. At this moment, it is hardly necessary to go into lengthy argument showing why the general construction workers must organize industrially as the only means to secure living standards compatible with the status of physical well-being.

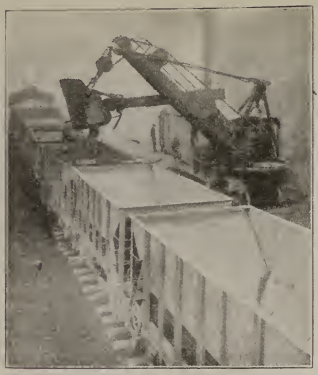
Divided into the many crafts by whose group expression is erected so much that is indispensable to human progress, the workers are easy prey for their rapacious masters, and fall victims to low wages, bad shelter, long hours and general wretchedness. **Organized as a single, solidified power in the union of their common industry they present a force that cannot be defeated.**

It is worth while to consider the matter. Feeling the miseries of the bad conditions under which unorganized general construction workers are obliged to toil, it is but a step away from those evils to unite to abolish them. It is only a step, but a mighty one in the right direction.

From this step we proceed upward and onward to a goal of human freedom, which is based on the emancipation of the working class.

We have suffered the heat and cold of the seasons, the hazards and hardships of toil, the effects of lack of nutrition, lack of education, and lack of the more refining attributes of civilization. And yet we have built a civilization, going before it into the wilderness and preparing the way. On our backs it has crossed to safety; on our backs it is resting today. If we fold our arms the world must feel the pinch of hunger; without us there is famine and death.

If we are so essential to society we are surely worth a better standard of living than has been our portion. But there is no other class going to commend us for our labors, or offer us the lives that we desire and want. No one but ourselves is going to free us from wage slavery, and we can not achieve this self-emancipation without the instrument of scientific unionism. We are builders, the world sees our labors everywhere. **Let us build one more edifice that shall guarantee us recognition as human beings who know their worth and demand their share. Let us build up a powerful industrial union to take what belongs to us by the force of organized strength.**



GIANT STEAM SHOVEL LOADING DIRT.

### How "Skinners" Live

A glimpse into the life of the skinner (driver of mules and horses) may not be amiss at this juncture. The skinner is certainly a queer character; he has his unique parts, rising about 5 a. m., going to the corral where he cuffs and harnesses the employer's horses, and is then ready for breakfast which is served at 6.

When this is bolted he has his cigarette and begins at 6:30 his day's work **for pay**, which continues until 6 in the evening, with a half-hour off for lunch. Supper is devoured at 6:30 and in another half-hour the skinner is ready to play poker for several hours.

Saturday night is a "gala" one for the skinner, as that is pay night and unless he has lost his wages in advance, playing poker, he sets off for town where he hunts for whisky and "a girl". This is what most of them do.

On Sunday he is sick as a result of dissipation, but on Monday and through the following week, unless checked, he relates about the "good time" he enjoyed the previous Saturday night. If you tell him he was drunk he will plead that he took only two drinks. However, he is broke, and that settles the argument against him.

With all his faults he has a good heart and a peculiar solidarity with other skinners, with whom he will gladly share whatever he has. This is a trait that deserves favorable comment. I have seen these men help their unemployed fellow skinner by taking up collections in the camps, quietly and wholeheartedly. I have never heard of one of them leaving camp without a "road stake," which often amounts to fifteen or twenty dollars.

### Organization Work

Here, then, is worthy stuff. Worthy of better working conditions, better wages, worthy to be with us in the fight for emancipation.

Strenuous efforts to organize these workers into General Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 310 of the I. W. W. are being made. In the past considerable success attended these efforts. When the construction workers of this Industrial Union on the Great Northern Railroad struck at Wenatchee, Washington, in 1922, against the Grant-Smith Company, they were joined by the men who had not lined up in the I. W. W., and a picket line extending through all the important towns and division points from Chicago to Seattle was established. This strike was won, demonstrating that with solidarity the workers must win their demands.

Incidentally, the Grant-Smith outfit is really a part of the Great Northern Railroad, and it is set up as an ostensibly independent concern merely to divert earnings from the railroad's small stockholders, the large hogs getting into the Grant-Smith trough with snout and jowl, and both feet.

In another part of this magazine the I. W. W. strike at Concrete, Washington is described in detail, so we can pass on to a consideration of the strike of 310 at the Natron Cutoff, and show some of the difficulties under which our fellow workers labored to bring a better state of living for the slaves on that tremendous undertaking.

### Mountain Fastness Strike

The work at Natron Cutoff is done at an altitude of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet. When both working and living conditions reached an extremely deplorable condition, the wages averaging $3.60 for nine hours, with a dollar a day being charged for board that consisted of beans, bread and coffee, except the addition of eggs or meat once a week as a luxury, workers at one of the camps struck. Directly precipitating their action was the discharge of two men who had refused to work overtime. The workers thought that nine hours in mud up to their knees was plenty, and then some, of labor. But the boss has no limitations.

Strike meetings were held, committees elected to go over the entire cutoff, (a matter of traversing a wilderness seventy miles in extent, with snow four feet deep) and notify the workers at all other camps of the strike. The response was so general that within two days the strike had become general. A week after the initial walkout there was an efficient Central Strike Committee functioning in Portland, posting sub-committees at strategic points, with thousands of handbills being distributed showing the strikers' demands. In addition to this kitchens and sleeping quarters were set up in Bend and Oakridge.

Seattle, Spokane, Sacramento and San Francisco were notified by wire and cooperation enlisted. The I. W. W. gave wide publicity to the strike, and its

# The Almsgiving Institution

By GEORGE CHANNING

**ALMSGIVING, or charity, as it is usually called, has become the profession of a large group of people, which tends to add to its numbers, to say nothing of another horde entering the field for diversion. Their presence presupposes the existence of a numerous "clientele" that has drunk the cup of poverty to the bitter dregs of pauperism. Of course, we must remember that the insolvency may be of a temporary character; but while we are remembering this, no matter of what duration the penniless condition may be, its victim is technically a pauper and undoubtedly feels that way about it.**

But this unhappy estate has its turnover; the pauper of today is the wage earner of tomorrow. We do not look for darkest clouds, presenting first destitution's redeeming peculiarity. There is an almost imperceptible line between the poverty that holds millions of workers and the pauperism into which some of them are recurrently sinking. This is a cheerful view. If you are an object of charity now there is no reason to feel disheartened; on the morrow you may find a master to pay you wages. Who knows?

### Part of Capitalism

Pauperism, like its first cousin poverty, is an inevitable product of the wage system, which first rose prominently in England, where early wool manufacturers gave it a very proper "send-off" when they drove peasants from the land so that sheep could graze thereon. Firmly established, the new factory system did not abolish pauperism. It proved not an ugly phenomenon due to industrial revolution and disappearing with transition completed but a natural part of this system, quite as enduring. Novelists have fixed the picture in deathless infamy; recall the stories of imprisonment for debt, and the history of indentured servants sold to drudgery for colonial masters in America.

**Today, with all our vaunted prosperity and wealth, America has not a city, town or village unmarked by the shameful blot of pauperism and extreme want.** Rulers, making pretension to civilization, nay more, benevolence, must do something about it. Result: organized charity and philanthropy woven into the social fabric.

In addition to this we have alleged charitable societies propagating religious teachings. Around the Christmas season they are busy ringing the bells on street corners and taking offerings in black pots. All of these groups can furnish abundant reasons to justify their activities. The needy are numerous; they stand naked, starving, unsheltered. Enter the social workers, and all's well.

### Charity Unscientific

It is not my purpose to waste very much printer's ink and good paper condemning social work, even though we all know that the lion's share of its finances is expended in maintenance of the institution itself, office costs, investigation fees, staff salaries. Who for a minute could expect the emaciated paupers to fall heir to the lion's share with only the meek lamb's appetite?

Better to see if these almsgivers aim at eradicating destitution or have no other purpose than mitigating its pangs. With the disease on the increase they keep to their salves and palliatives for the very good reason that they are respectably employed and intend to preserve their calling. Do they ever grasp a scalpel of economic truth to probe beneath the ulcer down to its rotten core? In ante-prohibition days they blamed drunkenness for most of the poverty prevailing. Volsteadism came—pretty much so—with the saloon's passing, but not that of indigence. **No grass grew on the beaten trail to the poorhouse.**

Anyone on an intellectual plane beyond that of a Neanderthal atavism must agree that humanity has solved production's problems. In this country no additional proof is needed than that most of the people exist without acute starvation in spite of the fact that approximately **seventy per cent of them possess only three per cent of the national wealth.** It is to distribution that one must look for poverty's causes, this distribution being controlled by private ownership of production's instruments.

Workers have nothing to sell but their labor power, a commodity subject to the same laws that govern the sale of all other commodities. While employed, which means while the worker has a buyer for his labor power, he is able to maintain himself according to prevailing standards of his kind. Capitalism's history, however, is one of periodic industrial crises when markets are glutted and commodities pile up. Unemployment follows.

### Surplus Value Means Panics

The worker, producing a surplus value over the cost of his subsistence, receives only a wage equivalent to his maintenance. He can not buy back all that he has produced. Employers have no primary service motive; they are animated by the desire for profits, which are surplus values, unpaid labor. **Even in the best of times there is unemployment,** with labor-saving machinery being constantly introduced. These unemployed have no income, and when they fall objects of charity we can but speculate on the vast number hiding their misery, since it is well known that workers will appeal for aid or accept the same only when in most desperate straits. Unemployment can then be regarded as a fluctuating but ever present source of pauper-manufacture.

If the workers are unable to remain self-supporting in times of business depression they are certainly incapable of independence when struck down by diseases and accidents. Occupational diseases receive the scantiest treatment by compensation laws, and accidents are inadequately dealt with. Modern machinery breaks men, women and children, and society makes no provision for the wrecks. Worn out

# What Ails California?

(Continued from page 8.)

for the period from November, 1922, to the present time, a little more than two years. Bear in mind that "innumerable fellow-workers have been held in jail for from one to seven days without being **recorded** either on the jail or court docket." So writes the present secretary of the I. W. W. organization here, and his statement is borne out by the facts. But these which follow are the "recorded" cases. There have been the following **acknowledged arrests** within this period, on which, **sooner or later,** the charges booked here have been made. Of those arrested, three were women, and three were **children between the ages of four and twelve years.**

| | |
|---|---|
| "Vagrancy cases" | 293 |
| "Criminal syndicalism" cases | 118 |
| "Illegal entries" | 11 |
| "Mutiny" | 1 |
| "Contributing to delinquency of minors" | 2 |
| "Talking to prisoners" | 1 |
| ? Children | 3 |

Altogether since November, 1922, there have been 1353 arrests recorded, the others being for "violating city ordinances" such as picketing, interfering with police, blocking traffic, littering the streets, and such like camouflage of petty officialism. **One man, Pete Lustica, was arrested over eighteen times in the course of a few months, and as a result his mind became unbalanced and he is now confined in the Insane Asylum at Norwalk.** The physician there, an interesting and intelligent and apparently fair-minded man generally, undertook to argue with us when we called at the Asylum in the interests of Lustica, that the stress of social radicalism was too much for such minds as Lustica's, and his insanity was a natural result of the preachment of social dissent. **But Lustica's preachments did not disturb him half so much as they disturbed the grafters and profiteers and parasites** in whom this section of the earth abounds, and his alleged insanity is a manifest sequence of persecution and not of advanced social conviction. Somewhat the same excuse is made in the case of Anna Hartman, who is now serving sentence of ninety days on a Busick Injunction charge, and has another charge coming up against her in a few days. Most people could be charged, with some semblance of reality, of being "unbalanced" if they were subjected to the kind of treatment Anna Hartman and Pete Lustica have had here in California, not to dwell upon the treatment given to the victims of the mob in San Pedro. The Grand Jury there (what irony "grand" is in that connection!) could find no fault on which to base indictment when the I. W. W. hall there was violently broken into, furniture smashed and publicly burned in the streets, **children thrown into scalding hot coffee and burned so as to be maimed for months, if not for life, and men carried by force many miles into the country and tarred and feathered and then left to find their way back to "civilization" as best they could.** This is California, Southern California in particular, in 1924.

And what is the meaning of it? Why is California the worst state in the Union at the present time with respect to lawless violence toward the nonconformists in the labor world, and as regards the "vindictive insanity" of the police and the courts in their treatment of labor agitators here?

Well, I have stated the situation here, modified a little for the better just now. For the first time in five years we have lately had a breathing spell of a few days without any overt act of official violence toward the I. W. W. or other radicals here. And a considerable company of those who had been held in jail for sixty days or more were recently released on "their own recognizance." But yesterday's papers flared forth in big head-lines about the "reds" "raiding the schools" of California, and told of twenty-one persons being arrested for "vagrancy" in San Francisco because of their activity in opposing the American Legion's domination of Education Week in California.

Officialism in California reminds one of the Frenchman concerning whom an opponent said that he had "occasional lucid intervals when he was only stupid." The "lucid intervals" of officialism here are brief. But as to why it is, and what lies back of this sickness of California, let me tell you in another article.

**You cannot afford to miss the FEBRUARY NUMBER of the INDUSTRIAL PIONEER in which Dr. Whitaker will continue his examination of the causes of California's rottenness.**

**In addition to this feature there are promised many other articles of timely interest by the best minds in the industrial revolutionary movement, new poems breathing the soul of the workers, short stories realistically written, cartoons that can not be excelled for making proletarians think, and all the splendid features that are making this magazine the dean of working class journals. BE SURE TO SUBSCRIBE NOW so as not to miss a single issue!**

# Choice Fruits of Trade Journal Orchard

By W. A.

## An Ethical Awakening in California

**The California Lumber Merchant,** constructive organ of those who hawk lumber in the Golden State, presents this gem of thought uttered by C. W. Pinkerton, president of the California Retail Lumbermen's Association. "It behooves us to wake up and get out of the rut of thirty years ago and take an active interest in civic affairs pertaining to our communities and establish the retail lumber business on a foundation of confidence and square dealing."

## Pacifism Rampant in The Steel Trust

**The Iron Age,** dean of trade journals and organ of the steel interests, reports questionable words uttered by Judge Elbert H. Gary, titular head of the steel barony. Mr. Gary is alleged to have said, "I have no hesitancy in saying today that if the leaders of the steel industry had been permitted to come together year after year, had grown to know each other in friendly business relationship, they could have done much to bring men to reason. Munitions are made out of steel and they could have refused to manufacture them. It need never come to that. They could have convinced the political leaders of the country that harmony could be maintained through friendly intercourse. Even in October, 1924, if the question had been left to the steel people, there would have been no further continuance of the war."

## Dirt Movers Utter Paean of Thanksgiving

**The Steam Shovel and Dredge Magazine,** official organ of the International Brotherhood of Steam Shovel and Dredge Men, is moved to express its thankfulness in the following terms:

"The fruits of the orchard have been plentiful, the harvests have responded generously to the needs of mankind, and the amicable relations of the American people toward the rest of the world are as permanently established as are the rock-ribbed mountains. Why, then, should we be slow and reluctant to give thanks to the Great Power for these uncounted blessings?"

## Efficiency In Pittsburgh

As reported by the **Pittsburgh Builders' Bulletin,** the labor drivers of that community are living up to their honorable reputation:

On a certain building job in the East End, one of the hod carriers was caught by the foreman making a trip with only a half load of bricks. The foreman bawled him out and told him that the hod would hold so many bricks and that he must take a full load up the ladder each trip. That afternoon the supply of bricks ran out and Mike, after gathering up every one in sight, found he was still short of the proper number. He yelled up to a workman on the third story, "What do you want?" asked the foreman. "Throw me down wan brick," shouted Mike, "to make good me load."

## The Happy Nordics Of Alabam'

A full page advertisement by the **Alabama Power Company,** whose motto is "The Power That Lights and Moves Alabama," moves us also. This ad puts the amiable qualities of southern labor on the block and proceeds with the auction somewhat after this fashion:

IN ALABAMA COTTON MILLS THERE ARE:

11,949 wage earners employed in cotton goods manufacturing industries where prevailing hours of labor are between..... 54 and 60

5,202 wage earners where the hours are 60

292 wage earners where the hours are OVER ..... 60

242 wage earners where the hours are 54

ALABAMA LABOR GIVES

**A FULL DAY'S WORK FOR A DAY'S WAGE**

Preponderantly native born—of Anglo-Saxon stock—intelligent, tractable, industrious, Alabama's textile mill operatives are not susceptible to those disturbing influences which are so frequent in foreign labor centers.

For further information, etc.

## Horrible Heresies Among The Sky Pilots

As set forth in a leading editorial of the Manufacturer's Record, a staunch journal devoted to the technique of maintaining the full work day and the empty pay envelope.

"Scarcely a week passes in which ministers of the Gospel do not receive suggestions from one organization and another to preach on this, that and the other, forgetting the work to which the minister is pre-eminently called, and many of them, in the slang of the day, "fall for it." Sometimes they are asked to preach in favor of painting and cleaning up houses and yards on the ground that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Sometimes, as was lately done in Brooklyn, they are asked to preach on the necessity of more subways, so people could travel with greater comfort. Sometimes they are asked to preach on election questions, and recently a so-called religious paper offered a premium of a Bible to the winning church which would discuss in one way and another for a week before the election the duty of citizens to vote.

"And now if by any manner of means Catholic and Protestant organizations should undertake to follow the aggressive efforts of the Typographical Union and urge that all printing done by these organizations be given to union printing shops, one more hard blow would be delivered at the work for which priests and preachers alike are called in their divine mission."

workers are flung on the scrap pile—more clients for social workers. Bad housing, improper and insufficient nourishment, lack of adequate clothing and want of wholesome amusement, all proceeding from low standards of living, intensified during jobless "interludes," cull workers for the pit of disease, premature old age and death.

Social workers can only alleviate a very small part of this wretchedness. In large measure their funds come from better paid workers, and no credit is owed the capitalist who donates, since he is simply returning to the more conspicuous victims of the system a few crusts while he holds his stolen treasure out of reach. Generally, he makes the most of the charitable gesture; he is blessed by the beggar and honored by society. He has a large heart, God bless him!

"All wealth is produced by labor; all wealth must go to labor". When that ideal is realized profit-taking ends and all its poverty, its waste and wars. Consider for a moment the immense number of people now living on the labor of others, or the millions devoting their lives to pursuits that are non-productive, necessary now, to be sure, but capable of being given productive work that shall add to the store of mankind's wealth and happiness. Think of our swarm of physicians made necessary only because this scheme of ownership sweeps an endless backwash of disease and wreckage. How many are engaged in social work? When society no longer produces destitution all of these can act in creative capacities. What genius and labor now combine to make engines of destruction! How easy to direct this effort into channels from which flow objects conducing to our well-being!

### Holding Their Jobs

That the more penetrating social worker can fail to catch a glimmering of the truth is unbelievable. That they grope in an earnest but blind state endlessly, taxes credulity too far. Some do see the obvious, how superficial their method, and because few abandon the calling for that reason, we can ascribe pressure of economic determinism which makes it convenient for them to mould their ethics consistently with bourgeois compulsion. They keep their skirts clear of radical contamination to cling to their precious jobs.

What have we to offer professional dole dispensers? They are happy to be thought respectable. We are not so regarded and rejoice in the exclusion. Their way is safe; it does not disturb private property rights. It does not say to the industrial monarchs: "Your extraction of surplus value is responsible for the misery we attend on all sides. It is ridiculous to attempt relief and impossible to effect a cure so long as the producers are denied their product."

Our movement is no temptation to weak vessels. Few can face tempests of persecution, withstand biting winds of social ostracism. The old highroad is pretty comfortable going, while blazing trails is perilous and hard.

Meanwhile social work must be continued with no ambition save that of temporary relief, and this, as admitted by the charities themselves, applicable to only a small number of those who are in desperate circumstances. This social work is a profession, one that is so firmly established in the scheme of things we may look upon it as a vested interest. Viewing its service, its practices in this light, one does not expect to hear anything of a revolutionary nature coming from this direction as a cure for poverty and pauperism.

### Revolution the Cure

**Social revolution is the only way for the working class out of poverty and subjection, and such a revolution can not be achieved by any class except the workers.** With goal defined it becomes simply a matter of method by which to arrive successfully. The I. W. W. strives to organize the workers into industrial unions for the purpose of resisting encroachments, advancing demands and perfecting a proletarian power strong enough to assume ownership of the tools of production.

In the hour of success we do not suppose that disabled and defective sufferers of the wage system are going to vanish into thin air. Ample provision shall be made for them in the spirit of mutual aid, with a feeling that it is the least they are entitled to.

Humanity in coming generations of industrial freedom shall have ceased to produce such victims and we see in that time Ingersoll's dream come true: **"A race without disease of flesh or brain."**

Nothing can stop poverty but justice, and there can be no justice without revolution. If the revolutionary is an enemy, consider the enemy within the gates. He is the foe of an anti-social process of wealth making. He is growing stronger all the time. In thousands of strikes he is testing his strength. Reverses do not sap his courage, he falls back only to advance again and again, uncrushed, uncrushable. Revile him; he laughs. Jail him and his power multiplies in the sunlight. Kill him; he rises again. This is the figure of militant labor.

**Presently he is going to upset his masters, and keep them upset.**

**YOU CAN SELL the Industrial Solidarity and the Industrial Pioneer and in addition to earning handsome commissions you have the opportunity to win cash prizes as described in detail elsewhere in this magazine. Become a Sub Agent. Boost the Press of Industrial Unionism. Change your idle hours without income into well paid hours. Write for Sub Book NOW!**




# *What Is Your Answer?*

The master class holds over one hundred of our fellow workers in prison. It's not too late to contribute to the Christmas Fund for these Class-War Prisoners. Last year each prisoner received $25 from the General Defense Committee. We must, at least, duplicate last year's effort. It is up to the members to raise funds and show that we do not intend to let freedom die; that we shall relieve those jailed as much as possible, and carry on the fight for their freedom from prison and freedom for all workers from wage slavery.

All together, let's go!

Send funds to the General Defense Committee, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

# *The Future of the I.W.W. Depends on ITS PRESS*

If we cannot build up a big and powerful press, how can we build up a big and powerful Union?

We Must Double the circulation of Pioneer and Solidarity within the next two months. We can no longer tolerate the deplorable weakness of our Press.

Every member of the I.W.W. must get behind this circulation campaign and push it to a success. Let us stick to the task of building up our Press until we achieve success.

As a means of making it worth while for members to become sub agents we are offering the following Cash Prizes:

## CASH PRIZES FOR SUB AGENTS

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 150 | yearly | subs | ..... | $120.00 | plus | 20 | per | cent | Commission |
| 100 | " | " | ..... | 75.00 | " | " | " | " | " |
| 75 | " | " | ..... | 55.00 | " | " | " | " | " |
| 50 | " | " | ..... | 35.00 | " | " | " | " | " |
| 25 | " | " | ..... | 18.00 | " | " | " | " | " |
| 15 | " | " | ..... | 10.00 | " | " | " | " | " |

## RULES GOVERNING CONTEST

**Contest ends February 1, 1925. To the Sub-Agents Turning In the Highest Number of Subscriptions Over 150 an Additional Prize of $25.00 Will Be Paid.**

**In case of a tie for the highest number of subscriptions among one or more contestants, each one will receive the prize of $25.00.**

Only subscriptions accompanied by payment will be credited to Sub-Agents. Sub-Agents will not be credited with subs from books that are carried by other agents.

New subs must be turned in from week to week.

Subs put in the mails on or before February 1st that do not reach this office before the closing date will be credited to Sub-Agent. Subs will be counted four days after contest closes and winners notified by first mail and in publications.

Six months subs count one-half. Three months subs count one quarter.

**Special prizes of $35.00 will be paid to everyone turning in 50 subs before December 20th. All those who turn in 50 before this date will be credited 15 subs for contest closing February 1, 1925.**

**LET'S GO!** **WRITE IN FOR A SUB BOOK!**



# *Forging Freedom's Weapons*

**Together, Man and Woman, forging the instrument by which to reach a free destiny. Side by side, helpful, sympathetic, determined; happy to labor together in a common cause. Today woman is in the industries; industrial freedom means her freedom as well as the freedom of man. United for this goal let them forge the weapon of organization, shape the sledge to beat down the walls of this economic prison.**

The February, 1925

# Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine




ORGANIZATION

EMANCIPATION






Legend of Sleepy Hollow

Samuel Gompers' Creed

The Left Wing in Science

What Freedom Means to Us

Centralia — In 1925

PRICE 20¢

## *Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World*

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



Only

# THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by JOHN A. GAHAN

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## The Spirit of Freedom

By VERA MÖLLER

I was born when the race was born,
I shall die when the race shall die.
For the spirit that creeps from out men's souls,
For justice and truth am I.
I was born of glory that's brighter than flame,
Or the blaze of the eastern sky.
There's nothing can slay me or crush me down,
And there's nothing can hold me fast,
And I shall come into my own
When the reign of the tyrants is past;
When the last fetter and whip and crown
Into the furnace are cast.
'Tis I who give man a strength divine
That nothing can daunt or kill;
'Tis I who steel him to bear the pain
And the strain to the heart and will.
When the thrones shall fall and the tyrants go
I shall be living still!

# Latest Photographs from Our I.W.W. College

## GROUP STUDYING IN THE LIBRARY.

The library has a good set of reference books, and an excellent selection of volumes of interest to class conscious workers. But more can always be used. Gifts to the library are acknowledged in I. W. W. papers.





## IN THE KITCHEN

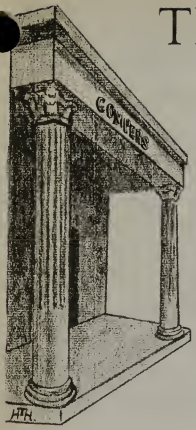
This room and the dining hall can accommodate 200 students. Boiler and cook house are under the kitchen. There is a "homey" atmosphere throughout the college, and the rooms are steam heated, assuring comfort to students.

## NOT SKATING ON THIN ICE

Spirit Lake is frozen solid and our fellow worker students are making the most of it. While the college exists first to develop brain power, its gymnasium and outdoor sports keep the students "fit."



For Story see page 47.



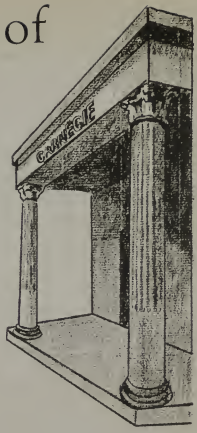

# The Legend of Sleepy Hollow



## A Criticism of the Creed of Samuel Gompers



By JOHN A. GAHAN




**SEVENTY-FOUR years of it—a life that began in poverty, developed ambition, struggled with bull-dog pugnacity through years of intrigue and treachery, finding wealth, triumph and a kingly end.**

**That was the personal history of Samuel Gompers, whose inauspicious childhood was laid in Whitechapel's squalid slums, and whose last resting place was not Westminster Abbey because we do not bury our kings there.**

**Last December, beneath bold streamer headlines, newspapers carried graphic accounts of the passing of this yellow leader of America's largest official labor-dividing movement. We read how the body was raised in its flag-draped casket on an artillery caisson; how cavalry from Fort Sam Houston preceded the cortege to the railway station, while Chopin's funeral march sounded San Antonio's last farewell. At the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway station the private car of the road's vice-president waited for the body, and the final journey started northeast, stopping frequently en route for those who wished to pay their respects to the dead, halting at last at Tarrytown, which is near Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.**

Historic names, these last, renowned in American letters, thanks to the genius of that excellent story-teller, Washington Irving. You remember the tale of Ichabod Crane fleeing from the district in terror of the Headless Horseman. Sam Gompers rode his enemies down roughshod and frightened off the weak, but no headless horseman was this doughty English Jew who bargained with the despoilers of his kind, selling the hopes of his people and the dreams of his class for the purple mantle of self-gratification crystallized practically of riches and influence. Thus was well earned his grave beside such sterling friends of the poor as Andrew Carnegie, William Rockefeller and John D. Archbold. Boon comrades in life for the monstrous spoliation of the workers, it was Gompers' wish to be their kindred in the dust, and now they lie in silent fraternity, cronies to the last.

Incredible as it may appear, there have been altogether too many post-mortem sketches of the man drawn by ostensible radicals in which he is limned with sympathetic strokes as a valiant paladin, eager to don helmet and greaves to tilt against all comers in the interest of a downtrodden proletariat. One of these charlatans sees Sam's defection in 1917 when, in the imaginings of the verbose quack, he was lifted up and away from his lowly and militant routine to the seats of the mighty. But any perversion of fact may suitably serve the purposes of rhetoric. Examination of Gompers' life shows no such new departure, but rather an extraordinary consistency in its vigorous antagonism to every gesture of the working class toward emancipation.

That he grew more smug, self-centered and irritable as age crept upon him is merely a sign of the intensification of lifelong prejudices running to seed, of an arrogance wholly cocksure because of his opportunism's many victories. That his intolerance of opposition accumulated with dotage, and that participation of this country in the war pro-

vided him and his machine the patriotic pretexts to piously assist Department of Justice inquisitors in heretic hunting are no reason for us to forget that long previous service to the masters of industry admirably qualified him for the gentle pursuit of handing over radicals in and out of his organization to the tender mercies of the secular arm.

Mr. Gompers once wrote a book condemning Soviet Russia which he triumphantly called "Out of Their Own Mouths," and whatever the merits of his case may be, I have thought that out of Gompers' own mouth has flowed abundant evidence for us to competently estimate his character, and what is more important, to judge the organization of which he was so long the mainspring. I have examined his published opinions of the past thirty years and despite this flowery effusion in his pamphlet "The Trade Union" (1894):

> **In no organization on earth is there such toleration, so great a scope, and so free a forum as inside the ranks of the American Federation of Labor, and nowhere is there such a fair opportunity for the advocacy of a new or brighter thought**

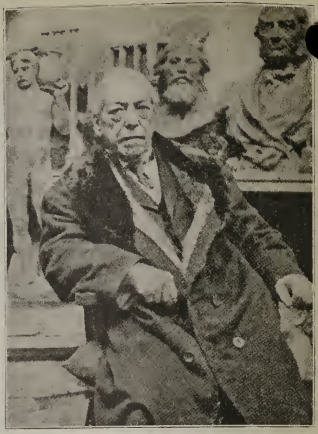
find that the policy that has expelled all incorrigible non-conformists in this last decade is essentially the same that welcomed the "new and brighter thought" of, say, the American Railway Union by promptly destroying it at the time of the liberal spirit quoted. Preambles of many central bodies of the Federation are quite forward things, but rituals are frequently worded to bind the initiated to the faith of an indestructibly immutable A. F. of L. "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be," and the "Gates of hell (new and brighter thoughts) shall not prevail against it."

### Stagnation of A. F. of L. Ideas

Though the world moves, the Federation pronouncements of any given year might just as well have served at any other. Regarding the ridiculous craft autonomy, now obsolete as a weapon against financial hegemony, but still maintained, the following perfectly good A. F. of L. philosophy of thirty years ago is next presented. You will immediately recognize it as the unchangeable Federation policy:

> **It is true that single trades have been often beaten in pitched battles against the superior forces of (sic) united capital, but such defeats are by no means disastrous. On the contrary, they are useful in calling the attention of the workers to the necessity of thorough organization, of the inevitable obligation of bringing the yet unorganized workers into the union, of uniting the hitherto disconnected local unions into national unions, and of effecting a yet higher unity by the affiliation of all national and international (meaning trade unions with locals in Canada as well as in this country) unions in one grand federation, in which each and all trade organizations would be as distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.**

Such a contradictory authority has been diligent to show us the practical workings of this unity. We could fill volumes merely with lists of cases in point, but cite only such well-known examples as good



**Sculptors have modelled workers as TYPES, but Gompers posed as an INDIVIDUAL and a personage as do the rulers of earth.**

union stevedores working beside strikebreaking teamsters and first-rate card men on the railroads hauling scab coal and scabs while union miners bravely strike and uniformly lose.

Before the Gompers machine was thoroughly effective it suited Sam's designs to exhibit a broad-mindedness conspicuous by its absence when no longer needed. In the American Federationist in 1896 he wrote:

> **I have ever believed that the trade union platform was the broadest in existence. There is room enough for the most radical as well as the ultra-conservative—in fact, I have always regarded the existence of both these elements as essential to the success of our movement.**

He never meant it, though, and kept assiduously engaged in perfecting his machine, the while choking the life out of any head popping up with even a faint pink complexion. As time went on he began to boast about a large membership, which, to be sure, is a most welcome sign in the light of per capita taxes, but is not securing any betterment for the rank and file unless results can be shown to that effect. How little advance has been made with all the large membership may be seen by considering the Federation's "Equal pay for equal work regardless of sex" slogan, which has been echoing down the years since 1897 to the present, still a slogan, and the 1898 opposition to child labor platform of the president's report to the St. Louis convention, which is still a live issue, even though Massachusetts

thinks otherwise. Narrow reformism in the Federation has sought to justify itself by its effectiveness—"If we cannot have the whole loaf, and of course we can't, then we can get a few slices." Yet one wonders why such moderate appeals find a deaf ear. Failure in all of these things does not suggest to the craft unionist leaders that a change of action is needed, and that such action must be predicated upon another form of economic association.

That Gompers was not ignorant of the rise of big business is made perfectly patent when he says in 1900 to the Louisville convention:

**Industry has become so developed and wealth so concentrated that we are confronted with the associated interests of employers.**

Again, he shows that no manifestation of unfolding capitalism escaped his notice and he solemnly tells the Buffalo gathering of his outfit in 1903 that:

**Organized labor understands that there is organization in capital among capitalists . . .**

But his remarks immediately pressing on this evidence of percipience show us that he had nothing to fear from such consolidation of bourgeois activity. He says:

**As a matter of fact, as I see it, as organized labor sees it, we welcome the organization of the employers.**

No matter that such boss class cohesion means more widespread starvation, more ready manipulation of violent agents favoring employers in industrial disputes, more efficient blacklists and more abject obeisance of workers to the gods of their bread and rags, Sam is for it. Why not? He had nothing to lose but the itinerant task of rapping at many doors of small retainers and he gained larger commissions at less effort from centralized capital.

### Radical Utterances Used

The man's cunning, by which he easily duped many really progressive workers, is seen at play in occasional "radical" outbursts, and though he was ready to fall on the organized employers' neck in loving welcome in 1903 he exploded at Dayton, Ohio, two years later when facing a working class audience:

**I was told that an organization of manufacturers held a convention at Atlanta and denounced the trade unions. A convention of what? A convention of manufacturers.**

**Just think of it! Denounced us, why? Because, as they say, the trade unions deprive the workingman of his liberty. When in the history of the world did the masters fight and make sacrifices for the liberty of their slaves?**

It is claimed that sincerity to working class interests prompted his tactics, the methods of craft and sectional autonomy, but how can he be justified as either wise or honest when he displayed so keen a knowledge of capitalist systematizing but advocated no new means to combat it and fought with every bit of his strength any and all who proposed innovations, who saw that the old weapon could no longer function in modern industrial conflict and wished to devise instruments that would work? Several quotations have been presented showing that he knew the way capitalists were massing their forces. As early as 1897 he said:

**With the invention of new machines and the application of new forces, the division and subdivision of labor, many workers who have been employed at skilled trades find themselves with their occupations gone, which they have devoted long terms of service to acquire. Thus we see the artisan of yesterday the unskilled laborer of today.**

Yet he and his machine went merrily on organizing skill and letting unskill go to hell, for all they cared. Even when migratory labor assumed proportions of great size he gave it only perfunctory mention at the Atlanta convention of the Federation in 1911, admitting that

**The lot of the migratory laborer in the United States today is in some points worse than slavery. The slave was at least sufficiently well nourished to enable him to perform his allotted tasks.**

### "It Might Be Well"

Because these sufferers compared favorably in a numerical sense with the entire membership of the A. F. of L. at that time is probably why they were considered at all. In addition to which may be mentioned as a spur to his fatherly concern the militant presence of some of these migratory workers who were making I. W. W. history. Still, it is characteristic of the man's self-satisfaction that after enumerating in detail the miseries surrounding these workers he arrives at the naive conclusion:

**It might be well to establish a Department of the American Federation of Labor in which trade union migratory labor should be enrolled.**

With industrial growth positively dynamic the Federation remained static. For purposes of direct comparison scan the next two statements. On April 18, 1899, Gompers testified before an Industrial Commission at Washington in these terms:

**For the present it is our purpose to secure better conditions and to instill a larger amount of manhood and independence into the hearts and minds of the workers, and to broaden their mental sphere and the sphere of their affections.**

So much of his energy was spent castigating those radical workers he preferred to see as breeders of class hatred that we assume, in the absence of specific objects to the contrary, that he meant broadening the sphere of the workers' affections to include the dear boss. However, in the first part of the remarks we are spared all ambiguity, better conditions being the Holy Grail that he and his tin-armored crusaders were after. Twenty-one years later—in 1920—Gompers in his pamphlet: "Collective Bargaining: Labor's Proposal to Insure Industrial Peace" is still anxious to disavow any revolutionary penchant in his Federation, so he tells us that:

**Collective bargaining in industry does not imply that wage earners shall assume control of industry, or responsibility for financial man-**

(Continued on page 41.)

# The Left Wing in Science

By VERN SMITH

**SCIENCE is normally revolutionary; that is why master classes from the beginning of time have been so careful to control it. All the older sciences are pretty well blinded and bridled—even such apparently harmless branches of learning as physics and chemistry are now surrounded by safeguards, and high tuition fees for those who would learn them. The reason, or at least one reason, is that chemists and physicists are likely to be useful both in war and in civil war, and the employing class state wishes to have thoroughly dependable poison gas experts, etc.**

**The capitalist class itself came into existence with a great flourish of rationalism, with arguments based on astronomy and geology, and directed against the power of religion, because religion was one of the forces that the old landowning feudalism made use of to hold down and subdue peasants, merchants and other such canaille. When capitalism got control of things, religion itself was changed, so as to be no longer in the line of fire. Only the moss-back fundamentalist still insists on the verity of Genesis, taken literally, and that is a reaction from revolution, which other forces are bringing about. So astronomy and geology are no longer dangerous to capitalism. They are controlled, by a capitalistic retreat, a sort of spiritual "Hindenburg Line."**

Biology, also used by rationalists to attack such notions as the sudden creation of man, and the virgin birth of Christ, had to be handled differently. Part of the biologists were put to work making better plants and animals. They became cogs and wheels in the capitalist machine—it might not be unfair to say that some of them became cranks. At any rate, a good many did spend a lot of time reconciling science and religion, and some of them spent a lot of time building up arguments, like houses of cards, cheap and showy, but unsubstantial, about the superior germ plasm of the merchant class (the leaders of human society) and the superiority of the white race, and especially of Nordic blood, and its god-given right to rule over all inferior races, including the Celtic, the Italian, the Jewish, and other groups ordinarily called "white" themselves. Capitalism tamed the biologist, and made him an inventor of the materials of commerce and an advocate of imperialism.

### "Fixing" the Sciences

So it goes with all the sciences: it requires no long argument to show what happened to economics in capitalistic centers of learning; anthropology is at present in the process of devitalization; mathematics, the most removed from all contact with life of any science, is either harnessed for the engineer, or is hissed into pursuit of shadowy fourth dimensions; geography abandons the human element, and becomes **commercial** geography, the art of extracting rubber and coral from primitive peoples, etc., etc.

Only the youngest of the sciences retain much of the revolutionary punch. Psychology and sociology are making strides ahead, and seem to be veering towards the left, even though capitalism is right ready to be the controlling factor of each. A review of a book of one modern psychologist (ALLPORT: **Social Psychology**) in the November Industrial Pioneer shows how the "suppressed desire" theory of the Freudian school and the "intelligence test" theory of the Behaviorist school have been used as capitalist propaganda. (There may be a good deal of truth in each of these theories, when methods of investigation based on them are properly applied to the facts in the case, but that is not what the masters want.) But still, modern psychology does so much harm, as a whole, to all conservative ideals and master class religious doctrines, that the only reason that can be given for its present comparative freedom from suppression (as Marxian economics have been suppressed) is the newness of the thing—intelligence stole a march on reaction. Capitalism is not yet sufficiently alarmed to discharge the Scott Nearings of psychology, and they can talk for a while yet.

They can even do more. If you turn a real scientist loose in his chosen field, without oversight from those who pay his salary, you never can tell where he will stray away to. Some stray further than others, they form a "left wing."

### Where Some Truth Leaked Out

This has happened. The American Sociological Society held a conference in Chicago, from Dec. 29 to 31, and the left wing was there. It got a chance on the last day of the conference. All the other days were well taken up by safe and sane papers on immigration, income tax, cultural trends, etc. They were well, though sometimes humorously, reported by the capitalist dailies of Chicago. But the last day dealt with race mixture, and with nationalism: i. e., with patriotism either of skin color or local habitat, and this day's discussion was not reported very well by the Chicago dailies. Their silence was actually remarkable. If the sociologists aren't hog tied yet, the Chicago capitalist newspaper editors certainly are.

So it is necessary for the Industrial Pioneer to pay some little attention to this last day's proceedings. If capitalism found it necessary to suppress all mention of it, revolutionists have at least that reason for investigating it a little.

One of the most interesting features to observe was the extent to which sociology had become a refuge for the exiles of other sciences. The discussion was rather more about biology and psychol-

ogy than it was about what we ordinarily understand as sociology. The left wing of the older sciences felt much at home under the protection of the loose and inclusive new science of sociology.

### A Wallop at the K. K. K.

The K. K. K., which seemed to have attended in some numbers, sat toward the back and muttered while one scientist after another smashed into the doctrines of "pure" races, "white" supremacy, etc.

L. C. Dunn, of Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station, read a paper on "Race Crossing in the Light of Modern Genetics." Dunn lamented the abundance of mis-information on the subject, most of which had its origin in pride and prejudice, and not in scientific investigation. The facts, as far as they are known, seem to indicate that there are no real races, in the sense of something permanent and fixed. What are called races are themselves highly mixed. There was in prehistoric times, skeletons show, a strong infusion of negroid blood into Europe. There is also Mongolian blood in the "white" race. A "white" man, then, is a man with a certain mixture of characteristics, more or less similar to the mixture in other "white" men, and when this white man is crossed with an individual of another race, the hybrid thus produced carries some of these characteristics which show, and some which do not show. His descendants exhibit great variability, greater variability than existed in either of the parent races. The more races there are mixed together, the more possible combinations are there of the characteristics of the parents and the greater the variety among the offspring. The result may be better, or it may be worse, and that all depends on the individuals. That is all there is to that, and it knocks the bottom out of all theories of civilizations collapsing, because the "pure" race which founded them was deteriorated by race mixture. **You have to look to economic conditions to find out why civilizations die.**

E. B. Reuter, of the University of Iowa, who read a paper on "Human Hybrids as A Sociological Type," seemed to be rather of the opinion that hybrids, such as the mulatto in America, were rather better and more able than either of the parents. He pointed out that it was almost the lowest types mentally of each race that mixed, because the others were restrained by conscience and pride, etc. (Nearly all mixed breeds are illegitimate, because of legal restrictions to intermarriage.) Yet, in spite of this, and in spite of the terrible social handicap (the mixed breeds being regarded as inferior, and outcast) the percentage of great men among mulattoes is far higher than among the purer negroes, and compares very favorably with that of the Southern whites. Anyway, race mixture continues, and we might as well make the best of it.

### Difficulty Social, not Racial

Ralph Linton, of the Field Museum, Chicago, emphasized the impossibility of saying which race was least evolved. Older anthropologists and biologists considered it to be the negro, but they argued from the evidence of skeletons only. The Negro teeth are most like the apes, but the Negro lips are least like the apes of all the human races. Furthermore, in some features, such as hairiness, the white race is most like the ape, etc.; you can't tell which race has evolved most. Culturally, sometimes one race and sometimes another has been superior, and besides, culture or civilization is far more controlled by physical environment than it is by race. What advance could a savage white man have made in a swampy jungle, or on a South Sea island where there was no metal to make use of?

The general consensus of opinion among these sociologists was that (K. K. K. mutterers in the back of the room to the contrary notwithstanding) the so-called racial difficulty was a social difficulty. There are, at certain times and places, master races and slave races, and the masters always claim that they have control because their race is better, essentially more intelligent, etc., though whenever members of the slave race free themselves, or are freed, they begin in a few generations to absorb the civilization of their former masters, and to compete with them on even terms.

### "Over-Correction" and Patriotism

It was Handman, of the University of Texas, who closed the discussion and marked the climax. In his paper, "On a Method for the Study of the Phenomenon of Nationalism," he said very little about the method, and presented instead an extraordinarily damaging set of facts against the nationalists. (He could have just as well called them "patriots".)

According to Handman, and based on his preliminary survey of the field, most of the super-nationalists, the noisy ones, the big patriots, are men of a distinct class. They are by profession, before they become politicians, devoted to some artistic or emotional trade. "They are literary men, writers, poets, painters, preachers, or in some other calling where intelligence does not count." In Europe, a number of the chauvinists are lawyers and architects. But in Europe, a large number of the legal lights devote themselves to pleading before juries, not to framing up the cases. They are orators, and not, as in America, the clever practical men who bribe the witnesses, and their gifts are emotional, dramatic, and not intellectual. The same is true of the architects. In America they are something like civil engineers, sometimes they are contractors, but in Europe they are dreamers and painters, artistic and not scientific.

Furthermore, most professional jingoes are of a peculiar physical type, or at least have certain common traits, physically, different from those of most other men. They are usually small in stature, though sometimes thick-set. A short, thick-set man smarts under the indignity of his mediocre height, but is not actually weak or lacking in energy, and frequently sets out to be a leader, just to get even. Most rabid nationalists have eye, ear, nose or throat defects, which they ordinarily hide—and are very sensitive about. Their determination to occupy a

prominent position is then what is called by the psychologists, "over-correction."

This same "over-correction" pervades all their writings and speeches. Some lingering feeling of inferiority causes them, in rebellion against it, to exalt their race, their family, their nation; causes them to praise the group to which they belong, and to conceal all its defects, and causes them at the same time to belittle, condemn and abuse all other races, groups and especially nations. According to Handman the nationalist attitude is represented by the vicious anti-negro prejudice in the "poor white trash." Men who feel themselves inferior absolutely must, for their own mental satisfaction, have some dog to kick—have some other men around to whom they can feel superior.

A certain famous French nationalist was selected by Handman as an illustration. He is extremely nearsighted, weak and irritable. He lived his early years in a boy's boarding school, where he was ill treated by the other lads, and where his whole sensitive nature, which desired love and glory, was thwarted. He shows in his writing that he delights in "fortunate young men," whom he almost worships, that he has a poetic and sentimental longing for love, voluptuousness, blood and death, this longing amounting almost to a psychopathic degree at times.

With all his social ambitions and his affectionate nature suppressed, this unfortunate individual had to become some kind of a leader, had to espouse some sort of a cause, and the cause, which in the beginning, perhaps, might have been any cause, or several in succession, was finally set for him by his environment. He was born in French Lorraine, near the German border, and shared the prevailing desire for revenge against the Germans. He became the leader of the anti-Teutonic crusade, and did his share to whip up national feeling for the great war.

Handman's theory may not be proved, but it is, at least on casual investigation, confirmed by facts. Think of Mussolini—short, wild eyed (astigmatism?), a leader of any old cause that lets him be leader: first, Socialist; then, army officer; then, Fascist. Think of Lloyd George. Think of Roosevelt, the weak, helpless boy, not expected to live.

### Reversing Inferiority Complex Guns

The beauty (to a radical) of Handman's argument is that it is the complete reversal of the gibe so often thrown up to the Reds—"You are inferior, you are failures, so you want to be leaders of some cause. Your radicalism comes from a sense of your own shortcomings, which makes you not quite sane." Let those who have been firing this hot shot at us, dodge it for a while themselves now. Handman has swung their big gun right around on its base and pointed it back at the gun crew.

I think that we will some day have to acknowledge that the truth is about like this: There are these emotional, "inferiority complex" radicals. These are sentimental leaders of causes, whose main driving force is toothache, or nearsightedness, or deafness, or something like that. The emotional nature of these people makes them able and convincing propagandists, whatever cause they espouse. They are prone to change the cause. They have the martyr attitude towards everything, but they also have the will to rule. Most of them, when they cannot rule, and do not find some other phase of work where they can attract attention, will gladly destroy the very organization they would have died for, a short time before. They take a desperately personal and intense attitude towards everything. They are cruel and unreasonable—they are the fanatics. You will find them in every sort of movement, but most of them are on the side of some conservative force, necessarily, because there they find the most followers with the least effort. They lead the Ku Klux Klan, and the Fascisti, and all these Red-hunting societies, wherever the latter are not purely stoolpigeon, private detective organizations. Of course they stand to the front in churches, vice clean-ups, and every sort of puritanical crusade. During war time they are four-minute-speakers, and Liberty bond salesmen.

Capitalism is clever enough to use these people. When they get off the track, they are ruthlessly suppressed, but usually a little tact, a little praise and a little guidance by the man with money who stays behind the scenes, keeps them traveling in ways that please employers.

When they appear in radical organizations, they are a problem almost never understood by the rank and file with whom they deal, and they usually end by being pitched out, to the great loss of the movement, for they have their place, though it is not that of leaders. In both cases, such "inferiority complex" persons are attached to the movement, and are not the movement. Handman will be as unable to prove that nationalism is the product of nearsightedness, as Parker was unable to prove that the I. W. W. is the result of bad teeth. Social organizations are the result of economic forces and of inventions of a purely material nature.

But what you or I think about Handman's theory, has nothing to do with the fact that it is going to be a very disagreeable surprise to some of these masters of industry and their great statesmen, one of these times. Sociology is going to have some trouble with the authorities if it goes on in the direction it is now headed.


## Industrial Solidarity

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# Centralia — In 1925

By GEORGE MORESBY

**FIVE years have passed since the Armistice Day tragedy of 1919 in Washington State, and the Centralia defendants are still in prison. Life behind the bars breaks men; it is no secret that some of the Centralia victims in Walla Walla have been broken by the long years of cage and routine and isolation from their families and the world of men. There is no question that the weight of prison existence presses down harder upon the innocent than upon him who is guilty of crime. The guilty man may become resigned to his fate, may become philosophic, viewing his penitentiary sentence as compensation to society for his offense; but the innocent prisoner can never become resigned; each day his resentment against the injustice done him multiplies within his being, tearing at his heart.**

**Onlookers in the Northwest who are familiar with the history of the Centralia case are speculating as to what Governor-elect Roland H. Hartley will do about it. Only to the governor's office can one look for liberation of the seven who are serving 25 to 40 years; the courts are through with the affair, the supreme tribunal having affirmed the procedure of the trial court. The governor has power to act also in the case of Loren Roberts, who was found "insane and irresponsible" by the jury in the same case, but who, after a short while in Steilacoom insane hospital, was transferred to the prison at Walla Walla. It is understood that friends of Roberts have asked that his mental faculties be re-examined, in the belief that his sanity has been restored; and that if this belief be founded on fact, the liberation of Roberts would not be a danger to himself nor to anyone else.**

Undeniably this case is a live social issue in Washington State, a delicate matter. Hartley's attitude toward the I. W. W. **as an employer** is well known; he doesn't like the Wobblies, and has never taken any pains to conceal it. But his attitude toward the Centralia case **as governor** is not known. It has never been tested; and there are persons who have been close to the new executive who say that conceivably the two attitudes may be quite at variance.

### What Will the Governor Do?

As an employer Hartley had only his own background as an employer and private citizen to guide him in considering the "problem" presented by the Industrial Workers of the World. As governor, when the Centralia case looms before him, it is fair to presume that he must take a broader view of the situation, must look at it from many angles.

Logically, it was vain ever to hope that Louis Hart, who has just retired as governor, would commute the sentences of the industrial unionists who were acused of conspiring to murder Lieut. Warren Grimm and who were found guilty of **unpremeditated** murder. For Hart played an active and conscious part in railroading those men to prison. He sent the troops into an orderly trial town when the prosecution's case was weakening, sent those troops at the prosecution's request without consulting either the trial judge or the sheriff, neither of whom knew of that request; both judge and sheriff declared there was no need for soldiers, but the soldiers remained on the ground until the end of the trial, drilling within sight of the jury. And the jurors were led to believe, according to an affidavit from one of their number, that the soldiers had been brought in to protect them from a thousand or more I. W. W.'s alleged to be in hiding in the woods near Montesano, where the case was tried. It is clear from this and other jurors' affidavits that the jury was terrorized into returning a verdict of guilty.

Afterward, Governor Hart sent a letter to the **Atlantic Monthly** in which he misrepresented the facts in the case. This was in reply to an article by a soldier who declared that he had visited the Centralia territory and had become convinced that there were two sides to the story of the Armistice Day affair.

So no matter how much evidence might have been presented to Hart—and ample documentary proof of the innocence of the Centralia defendants was offered to him—he could steadfastly stand on the verdict of the court, and let the unionists stay behind the bars. He could parole actual murderers with wealthy relatives in the final month of his incumbency, and let the newspapers say what they liked. But for Hart to have freed the Centralia victims would have been too much of an admission



The Troops Were Brought to Courthouse to Help Convict Our Men, by Creating "Atmosphere."

that a social wrong had been done by the executive and judicial machinery of the state.

Hartley, however, has had no connection with this case. During his campaign for the governorship (his third) he declared in numerous speeches his friendship for labor, and that he believed in a "square deal for labor." Now that he has achieved his ambition of years, the eyes of the people of Washington are upon him, and the great bulk of those people are wage-workers. Thousands of them know that the trial of the Centralia defendants at Montesano in 1920 was not just an ordinary murder trial, but was a labor case, a turning point in the social struggle. And thousands of them know of the jurors' affidavits, and of the other affidavits from eye-witnesses who swear that they saw uniformed marchers from the Armistice Day parade attack the I. W. W. hall in Centralia before any shots were fired, and that Lieut. Warren Grimm was in the forefront of that attack, and was one of those who battered in the double front door.

### Evidence to Prove I. W. W.'s Innocent

There is reason to except that in the near future new and vital evidence in favor of these defendants will be forthcoming, in addition to the mass of evidence already uncovered to prove that they were entirely innocent, and that the killing of Warren Grimm was provoked by a deliberately planned attack upon the Wobbly hall.

Seven jurors have already made affidavits expressing their belief that all of the men they convicted at Montesano ought to be let out of prison. These affidavits show clearly that the verdict was a compromise; that some of the jurors were in fear of their lives; that some believed that if they acquitted the accused defendants lynching would follow, and if they disagreed, another jury might hang innocent men; that it was understood that a second-degree murder verdict would mean imprisonment for from five to fifteen years; that some of the jurors were surprised and shocked when Judge John M. Wilson ignored the jury's unanimous plea for leniency and gave the convicted men the maximum sentence.

Thirteen important affidavits favoring the defense have been obtained since June 1, 1924. Each has its own special significance. One is that of Juror Samuel Johnson, one of the seven mentioned above. Johnson declared that he would be glad to join in any petition to the governor for the commutation of the sentences of the men in Walla Walla. He says that "in signing the jury's plea for leniency I acted upon the conviction, gained from hearing all the evidence in the trial, (and it is still my conviction), that there was a definite plan among certain business men in Centralia to raid the I. W. W. hall on Armistice Day, 1919, and to drive the 'Wobblies' out of town. It was clear to me that the I. W. W. members, in arming themselves on that day, were actuated by the well-grounded belief that their hall was to be raided."

The other twelve affidavits are summarized as follows:

**1. P. M. CRINION,** retired property owner, Centralia, stood about 160 feet from I. W. W. hall doorway. Saw two soldiers run toward that door; first was Lieut. Warren Grimm, whom Crinion knew well by sight. Grimm battered at door with feet and elbows. The other smashed a window with elbows. As soon as Grimm and the other had broken in the door and window respectively, numerous shots sounded. Crinion saw Grimm clutch at his stomach and stagger southwards. Had good view of Grimm's face as he came along Tower avenue; Grimm turned corner of Co-operative Store, and went down in a heap a few feet further on. Crinion told these facts to Special Prosecutor C. D. Cunningham two days after tragedy, but was never put on witness stand by prosecution.

**2. CECIL DE WITTE,** high school student, Centralia. Dismissed early from school on Armistice Day, 1919, he went with other students to City Park, where parade was forming. Here he heard boys saying there was going to be a raid on I. W. W. hall. With others, he hurried to vicinity of hall. When parade came along, Cecil De Witte was standing in front of I. W. W. hall, about five feet north of doorway and close to north window. Centralia division of soldiers stopped in front of hall on return trip. Lieut. Cormier, in command, blew whistle. Four or five soldiers ran toward hall. Three were close to door, and kicked door. While they were doing this, shooting started. Cecil saw Lieut. Grimm back out of doorway, wounded, holding hands over abdomen.

**3. CLYDE DE WITTE,** grammar school student, Centralia, brother of Cecil. Clyde stood on sidewalk at northwest corner of Second and Tower avenue, about 90 feet from I. W. W. hall, while parade passed. Centralia soldiers stopped. Man on horse blew whistle. Several soldiers ran toward hall, and pounded against front of building. Then Clyde heard a lot of shots and went around the corner into Second street, out of danger. Clyde had seen Grimm many times; swears he is certain that Grimm was not near the corner of Tower avenue and Second street, when hall was attacked and when first shots were fired.

**4. R. F. HARE,** of Skykomish, Washington, member of Officers' Reserve Corps of U. S. Army, and for 22 years in active service in regular army. Former quartermaster at Camp

McClellan, Ala. Went to Vancouver, Wash., early in November, 1919, to be mustered out. On or about November 3, 1919, Hare and Charles Krick, another quartermaster, were in lobby of the local hotel in Vancouver. They talked with two men, middle-aged, who evidently had lately come from Centralia.

Discussed lumber strike, Legion activities, I. W. W., law and order, and kindred topics. One of the strangers said that Centralia was going to get rid of the Wobblies, that they would be driven out on Armistice Day. The other stranger disagreed, saying the I. W. W. had a right to hold meetings so long as it didn't violate law. Animated discussion. Krick and Hare contended the matter was up to the authorities, that the laws were clear, and that order and legal methods should prevail. Then the first stranger switched to other topics.

**5. FLORENCE CASAGRANDA MAHAR,** widow of Ben Casagranda, slain Legionnaire. Resides in Centralia. On Armistice Day, 1919, while Casagranda was putting on uniform to march in parade, he asked his wife to put on his belt for him, saying: "This may be the last time you will do this for me." She said she wasn't going to watch the parade, that she didn't feel well. He urged her to go, saying: "This may be the last time you will see me." Afterward, she became worried, and finally decided to go downtown and ask her husband not to march in the parade. But when she got downtown it was too late. He was in the march.

**6. ALLEN MAYNARD,** former member of the Engineers' Force of the U. S. Navy. Resides in Chehalis. In November, 1919, was a student at Centralia high school. Followed procession northward on Tower avenue to Avalon hotel. There he met a friend, Bob Gavin, who was rooming at the Avalon, and stopped to talk with him. Saw paraders march northward to Third street, and turn back. One of the Centralia ex-service men carried small coil of rope.

Shortly after Centralia division halted in front of I. W. W. hall on return trip, Maynard heard whistle, somebody yelled, and then some of the Centralia soldiers left the lines and rushed the hall. It was after this that shots were fired. Maynard heard no shots fired in vicinity of Avalon hotel. His hearing has always been good. Several seconds after the shooting began Maynard saw Lieut. Grimm coming from the direction of the I. W. W. hall. He was about 25 feet north of the corner of the Co-operative Store, and was holding his stomach as if sufferin~ great pain. He came southward, staggered, and turned westward into Second street. Maynard knew Grimm well.

**7. FLOYD BOND,** resident of Napavine, Washington. Worked in Moore Brothers' cafe in Centralia for three months previous to November 9, 1919. Declares that John Moore, one of the Moore brothers, almost daily criticized Industrial Workers of the World, and on several occasions contended that the I. W. W.'s ought to be and would be driven from Centralia. About two weeks before Armistice Day, 1919, Bond heard John Moore say that trouble was brewing, and that the I. W. W.'s were going to be driven out of Centralia.

**8. ELSIE HORNBACK SHERLIE,** witness for the prosecution. Resides at Lebam, Washington. She was bookkeeper in garage across




**I. W. W. HALL WRECKED BY PARADERS**
**In the Vicinity of This Doorway Grimm, Casagranda and McElfresh Were Killed While Trying to Rush the Doors**

the street from Avalon hotel. Her "identification" of Eugene Barnett as man she saw with a gun in Avalon window during the rioting was the principal factor in convicting Barnett. She declares that she never intended to identify Barnett **positively** as the man with the gun.

At one point in her testimony, after she had faced a long cross-examination, she was asked: "Will you say on your oath, knowing the importance of this thing, that your oath means life or death, that in your opinion this is the man?" To this question she answered "Yes." But she explains that she thought that the words **"in your opinion"** saved her from making a positive identification, and that her answer was simply an expression of opinion. And she points out (a copy of her testimony being before her when she made the affidavit) that repeatedly during her testimony she had declared she could not positively identify Barnett as the gunman, but could only say that the general appearance of the two was the same.

"If it is a fact that my testimony was the principal factor in sending Barnett to prison," she says in her statement, "I feel that his imprisonment was a grave injustice."

**9. E. E. SWEITZER,** juror in the trial of the Centralia defendants. Resides at Oakville, Washington. Declares that Elsie Hornback Sherlie's testimony was the main argument of those jurors who sought to convict Barnett. (Two defense witnesses swore that Barnett was in the lobby of the Roderick hotel all during the shooting, and was unarmed. These witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McAllister, proprietors of the Roderick). Time after time those jurors said: "But Elsie Hornback said she saw Barnett with a gun in the Avalon window."

**10. PERCY DRAPER,** member of army for four years. Resides in Centralia. On afternoon of November 11, 1919, he and A. L. Shawver were crating furniture in a house a few blocks west of I. W. W. hall. Some time after 2 p. m. he observed several ex-service men running in the street outside. One by one, four of them shouted to him, asking if he had a gun. The first was Attorney C. D. Cunning-



COURTROOM WHERE JUDICIAL MURDER WAS ATTEMPTED

Here was enacted a mockery on justice that did not succeed in hanging eight innocent men, but that did railroad them to the Walla Walla Penitentiary to serve from 25 to 40 years.

ham (later special prosecutor in this case); the second a man Draper cannot identify; the third, Hobart Whitford, and the fourth Harold Genge. To each Draper said no, he had no gun, and of each he asked: "What is the trouble?" The first three did not answer. But Genge answered: "Why, we raided the Wobbly hall and they killed Grimm and McElfresh!" Genge was a member of the same company with Percy Draper during the last several months of the latter's army service.

**11. CECIL DRAPER,** (brother of Percy), member of army five years; was ten months in France. On evening of November 11, 1919, he talked with Eldon Roberts in front of Prigmore and Sears' drugstore in Centralia. Roberts was a marcher in the parade that day; is now a dentist in Olympia, Wash. They discussed the tragedy. Roberts said that McElfresh started toward the I. W. W. hall with a message (an oral one, evidently) when the parade had halted. He got half-way there, and somebody yelled: "Let's go!" Then Roberts ran toward hall, and reached doorway about the same time as McElfresh. The two pushed the door and got it open about three inches. Roberts looked through the opening and saw men lined up with guns inside. They started to shoot. Roberts ran to the corner of the One-Cent-One-Dollar store, adjacent to the I. W. W. hall on the north, and was just turning the corner when McElfresh fell into his arms.

Cecil Draper also takes oath that about a week before Armistice Day, 1919, he was in the Northern Pacific switchmen's shack in Centralia railroad yards, and was present when Archie Jones, switchman, declared that he had attended a meeting in Elks Hall on the night of October 20, that at that meeting a committee was formed to get the names of all I. W. W. members in Centralia, so that they could be rounded up; that Jones was appointed to serve on that committee, but refused, whereupon F. B. Hubbard, lumber magnate, who had instigated the movement to drive the I. W. W. out of town, got up and told Jones he was yellow.

**12. PETER McCARTIN,** entered U. S. Army as volunteer on April 9, 1917. Disabled veteran. Honorably discharged. On November 8, 1919, he was in Spokane, Washington, jobless, and with the soles of his shoes worn through. Had only 25 cents; stepped into Nims' Cafe on Main street to spend it. Saw an army captain sitting at a table. The captain hailed him. Talked about army service. Finally asked McCartin to go to Centralia and march on Armistice Day; explained that "We're going to raise hell down there—going to run the Wobblies out and make America safe for the boys. I've got a big car outside and I'll take you down and pay all your expenses." But McCartin refused to go, saying he thought it was a poor idea to hide behind the American flag and the uniform when such work was done.

In a recent letter to the General Defense Committee, Mrs. Eugene Barnett complains that not enough emphasis has been placed upon the fact that her husband took no part in the defense of the I. W. W. hall in Centralia. This point was made clear in many news stories during and since the trial, and in the pamphlets "Was It Murder?" and "Eight Men Buried Alive." But it is worth repeating that two witnesses, Mr. and Mrs. John McAllister, proprietors of the Roderick hotel, took oath that he was in the lobby of that hotel all during the rioting and was unarmed.

The jury's first verdict found Barnett guilty and John Lamb guilty of "third degree murder," and the other five guilty of second degree murder. But inasmuch as no such crime as murder in the third degree was defined in the statutes, the judge sent the jurors out to reconsider; and presently they returned, finding all seven men guilty of murder in the second degree. This verdict was a direct contradiction of the conspiracy-to-murder charge, since second degree murder means **unpremeditated** murder, and if there was no premeditation there couldn't have been any conspiracy.




# What Freedom Means to Us

By PETRUS

**Hardly any of us believe that the prison gates will swing open for our fellow workers simply because a small group of the toilers in this land lay down their tools for a few days or weeks. But no one who has closely studied industrial conditions in the United States doubts that by repeated attacks on the industrial field we will succeed in gaining liberty for our men in prison as well as for ourselves. We do not fool ourselves by imagining that we possess more strength than we really have. We know that numerically we are only a pitifully small minority of the American working class and that many millions must be added to our numbers before we become the commanding factor in the social life of America and the world. But we also know that, being aware of our actual strength and using this power wisely, we can still accomplish much and only through action can we gain that greater strength we need.**

**Few of us really comprehend the greatness of the task before us. Most of us are generally apt to look upon the I. W. W. as a labor union pure and simple whose main function is to secure a better existence for the toiling masses under the present form of society. And perhaps it is well that such is the case. If we neglected our everyday struggle and concentrated on our ultimate aim—the abolishment of the wage system—there is danger that we should become nothing but a lot of speculating philosophers and lose the great strength our practical activity on the job gives us. Nevertheless, in order to understand somewhat the gigantic task before us and the responsibility resting upon each and every one of our members if we are to live up to the principles and ideals embodied in our Preamble, it might be well at least to make an attempt to sketch out broadly the work before us. This is so much the more important as, if understood correctly, it can not but stimulate our activity on the job.**

There are two main factors to note in the world labor movement of today. The first is, "That we stand at the beginning of a world-wide revolution, the greatest yet experienced by mankind." The second, "That only through Revolutionary Industrial Unionism can Labor accomplish its emancipation."

Many revolutions have shaken the world in historic times and probably as many, or more, before the art of writing existed to record the facts. We have seen the exploitation of the toiling masses change form many times since the day when the gens or the tribes owned the necessities of life in common. This time is referred to as primitive communism. Chattel slavery prevailed for at least a thousand years, during which time the builders of society, the manual laborers, were chained to the fields and even the mental progress of these generations was dependent almost entirely upon slave labor.

Through tireless struggles, strikes and revolts, the rebels of that time finally succeeded in gaining some small amount of freedom. Chattel slavery

was abolished and on its ruins grew up the feudal system under which the slave of yesterday at least grined that much that he was considered a human being.

Feudalism, under which the toiler, the serf, was half slave and half free, gave way to the capitalist system of this era, under which the worker is entirely a slave and entirely a free man; slave in so far as he is absolutely compelled to find a master who is willing to buy his laboring power; free in so far as he can refuse to sell his laboring power and become either a beggar, a thief, or starve to death.

During all these centuries, at least three thousand years, and during all the various forms of society that have existed, one principle has governed them all; the principle of private ownership of the means of production. All the revolutions that have taken place, yes, even included the late Russian Revolution, have proven themselves to be nothing but a change of form in the process of exploitation; a new set of rulers applying a more efficient form of carrying on production and establishing a form of government corresponding to this new mode of production and allowing for a more rational method of exploitation. To end this age-long process of slavery in one form or another, to secure the earth and all the means of production for its users, the workers, is the task before us, and through industrial unionism as taught by the Industrial Workers of the World we can do it and through that method alone.

### Industry Shakes Government

Governments have always shaped themselves according to existing economic and industrial conditions. The slave, whether chattel slave, serf slave, or wage slave, has never concerned himself with the government except in so far as it has had a direct bearing upon his material welfare. And the ruling class has never governed for any other reason, either. Even today, although we have had centuries of lectures, writings and campaigning in politics, one never notices a worker whose first interest is in regard to the government. When you hear a workingman inquire about a state or a city, be it even Barbaric California, you don't begin to answer him with a lot of information as to the state laws, the city ordinances or the personality of the officials. On the contrary, you begin to tell him about the jobs available, the opportunity to secure employment, the wages paid, and the cost of living, and that is exactly what he wants to know. Yes, even the many millions of toilers from foreign countries who have entered the United States came here not on account of the liberties presumed to exist here, but because "wages are high and employment easily obtainable." The foreigners' "Statue of Liberty" is built in their imagination on this side of the Castle Garden of New York and based upon "high wages, plenty of jobs." To ninety-nine per cent of the immigrants the Declaration of Independence is as strange as a Latin mass and it is almost as unknown to the native born wage slave also.

The industrial form of government which the I. W. W. predicts and advocates will come whether we want it or not. In fact it is almost here already. American financiers through the Standard Oil and the French and United States governments and the British financiers through the Royal Dutch Shell Oil Company and the British government are playing world politics in oil, dividing up nations and enacting laws for millions of people living thousands of miles distant. When the boards of directors of the Standard Oil, the Shell Company, the steel trust, the beef trust, etc., meet and decide to make a 10 per cent cut in wages for their employes they govern people under every flag on the face of the globe. They compel millions of people in Asia Minor, Mexico, China, Europe and the United States to sink down to a lower standard of living. When the Big Five packers in Chicago advance the price of meat a few cents they levy a tax upon every man, woman and child in the whole civilized world. And the governments stand helpless because the governments are their governments, organized for the specific purpose of facilitating an expedient and rational form of exploitation. When the sugar trust of the United States manipulates the price of sugar so as to place it out of reach of the working people the government has no other remedy to offer than boycott. **Boycott the necessities of life! Good God! Our masters are forcing such boycotts on us every day and have done so for ages.**

### Efficiency of Exploitation

But industrial form of government is one thing; "The Commonwealth of Toil" another. The former comes to us as a natural product due to development on the industrial field, the changing mode of production, while the latter must be won by the workers through their organized power. And because our real government, that power which rules and dictates to us, is industrial in its nature although yet to some extent camouflaged under the name of politics, Industrial Unionism naturally appears. Although the government changes form, becomes industrial instead of political, that does not signify that exploitation ceases. On the contrary, the only reason why the political government of Washington is giving way to the industrial government of Wall Street is because the latter is a more efficient form of exploitation. Just as chattel slavery had to give way to feudalism and feudalism to wage slavery for economic reasons and no others, so must today's political governments, handicapped as they are by the many imaginary national boundary lines, give way to the industrial government of the World Trust and World Financiers. Unless we organize ourselves sufficiently strongly to take possession of the trust, become the rulers in this new form of society, we will enter into a worse slavery than we have endured under our present form of society, because industrial government is a far more efficient form of exploitation.

The strike which began on April 26, 1923, is significant because it is probably the first strike in

(Continued on Page 37)

# Mission Soup



By
JAMES A. MacDONALD

**In view of the universality of that incomparable bourgeois first aid—soup—it is a stinging rebuke to society's rulers that they have allowed all the soupy years to save them without even thinking of recording their debt to that matchless solvent of social ills—strong H2-O and flesh or vegetable flavoring. At last the crusade for tardily expiating this ingratitude has started, and the thought, even as all material products, comes from the workers.**

JUST a moment while I scratch myself reminiscent ly. Now to guard the reader. The subject of this article is not mission soap but soup. A great mistake can be made by not noticing small things. The "U" is of the utmost importance, because there does not seem to be any such thing as mission soap, while mission soup is a great social institution, the value of which is not sufficiently recognized. Soap may be valuable as a civilizer, but now that we are civilized, what we need is more soup, not soap.

The value of mission soup to society is not appreciated at the present time. Writers have neglected it, poets have passed it by. Yet the proud edifice of our civilization, the palladium of our liberties, the noble culture which mankind has achieved, the high dignity of our houses of prostitution, of our bread lines, and all our other blessed institutions would not long endure were it not for the lubrication of mission soup. Even the machinery of so perfect a system as capitalism must be oiled to keep running, and mission soup furnishes the all important grease.

Writers and poets have been recreant to their duties. As the result our society is not sufficiently aware of the debt of gratitude it owes to the great master mind who first designed mission soup as the cure for unemployment, who first mixed a great deal of weak religion with a small number of cabbages, small quantities of flour and vast volumes of water as a solution for all the evils of our present inequalities, for all the crimes and vices which afflict humanity. Writers and poets have dealt with the civilizing influences of bombs, poison gases and explosives. This is now generally recognized by our leaders of thought. But they have forgotten that peace also has its victories, its heroes and benefactors. Then why not alongside the killers shown in inartistic marble in our city square a monument to

that great hero who first recognized in soup the cure for all social ills? Society will never have recognized its really great benefactors until there is such a monument. There is a crying need for such a monument. I have ambitions that this article should lead to such a great reform, that our present society be not accused of partiality and ingratitude. I hope our government, our civic organizations, our K. K. K.'s and other upholders and leaders of human thought will cooperate and help to point the way to a recognition of soup as one of the underlying forces that make for a continuation of things as they are in this best of all worlds.

I am certain that the monuments to the great soup benefactors of humanity would have been erected long ago were it not for difficulties that lay in the way. The material that would be suitably used in such monuments had not been thought of.

Soup was in no way the fitting material. It was so thin that it got cowardly and ran when an endeavor was made to make a monument out of it. Then there was the objection—a great one—that it caused such a stench that it would nauseate our patrician lords and lordesses, dukes and duchesses, and pukes and pukesses. Even antiseptic would be of no avail, and of course all smells should be kept in the working class sections where they belong. Soup was out of the question as a material for the monument.

### Stale Bread Symbolism

But I claim as an original discovery the finding of the proper material. I am not claiming a monument, although as the politician would say, "I leave this matter in the hands of my fellow citizens." The material is stale bread, which will always suggest mission soup, just as coffee an' suggests doughnuts. This material is symbolic, and symbolism has a great appeal. Here is a material with the hardness of marble, that could be moulded into the required shape under extreme hydraulic pressure. Those who are continually taking the joy out of life might object that there are so many hungry that they would eat the monument. They do not know the tensile strain which this material is able to withstand. One cannot deny that hunger exists—our noble civilization could not endure without it—but eating such a monument would be out of the question. Some might endeavor such an act of vandalism but they would leave their teeth in the monument, and the enamel of the human teeth is extremely hard and durable. Here is an advantage. After the city fathers had arranged with the city grandmothers to treat the monument with pepsodent (advertisement not paid for) and for a daily brushing of its teeth, it would glisten in the sunlight to prove to the world that our present social system is not so ungrateful to those who perpetuate it.

Another great advantage would be that those subversive forces in our present society which are ungrateful for what has been done for them, would not be in a position to attack our great and noble system, without being accused of insanity. For instance, in most of the cities there are cenotaphs in honor of those who gave their lives to make the world as safe for democracy as it is at the present time. In spite of the honors that have been paid them, I have heard radical ex-soldiers of the great war say that they had asked for bread and been given a stone. Such carping critics, who would rather eat than have democracy, would be silenced if alongside their stone there would be a monument of bread in the city square. The way to deal with such ingrates is as they have been dealt with in the past, make them think they are getting something, but give them nothing. We might even have walks and fences around the monument made of doughnuts and snails, such as one occasionally finds at missions. Here is a method of getting more teeth for decorative purposes. So many persons have teeth who have no need for them. When this is done, with a monument in honor of the dead in the war that ended war, and another monument of bread for the inventor of soup, every city square would be an argument against discontent, and open the eyes of those who are blinded by radicalism to the wonders of the present system.

### The Great Soup Civilization

The great social reform in which all the hundred percenters, the great modern crusaders in night gowns, and the various fraternities should cooperate would have been carried through long ago and the monuments would now decorate the square of every city on this continent were it not that they do not know the social value of soup and the need for the monument which it is the purpose of this article to emphasize. They live in another world, and either they should be brought to the mission, and the soup lines, or the missions and the soup lines should be brought to them.

If our politicians, our great capitalists, our fraternal organizations to continue our noble system, would patronize the missions for one week, and learn the value of soup, they would recognize the need for the reform and monument I advocate. It is true that their wives might object—the clothes I wore in my study for the preservation of the present system, are still in the woodshed, and I had a narrow escape from having to sleep there myself. But great social reforms demand sacrifices. I believe that all those who give lip-and-mouth service to our present order, should be willing to give their hides to a sane social advancement, especialy as it is necessary to the preservation of our glorious democracy and liberties. My experiences are given because it may lead a sufficient number of the preservers of things as they are to follow in my footsteps. What is a kick from an outraged stomach, or a few vermin, or a dental bill in comparison with the perpetuation of our great system—"the grandest in all the history of the world"?

The continuation of the present system must be the work of the beneficiaries of the present system. I know all of us object to work, but we must do our duty. The rulers of society must lead in the glorification of charity—we must be willing to make sac-

rifices. It must not be left to the workers; if soup s not made a topic of eulogy, and monuments are ot built to it, the workers might decide to destroy the present system so they could eat. I call the rulers of the world to a great crusade not to ennoble charity, not to increase charity, but to make it seem noble and to make the rabble think they are eating when they are merely irrigating their stomachs. He who does not follow is recreant to his trust, a foe to society.

### How I Missed the War

When through one of those researches which I am continually making of the present system, I discovered that three hundred or more were being given what we are pleased to call **refreshments** because the word is less vulgar than **meal**, at the city mission in Vancouver, I said, here is our present system functioning nobly. I had missed the world war because a beneficent government would not permit me to be a spectator—many capitalists were in the same position. They were anxious to wipe Germany off the map, but the government needed them at home so much that they could not go, although of course that was their wish. I was denied seeing a war for democracy, but I decided that I would not miss seeing that democracy, which had been won, in operation. I was billed to speak on Freedom, but secured a substitute that I might see freedom in operation.

It is proper that one should dress fittingly on great occasions. I put on clothing which had been furnished to me by the great government of the United States for distinguished service in the face of the enemy, at the same time that I was given a certificate with a great seal on it showing six years' service for democracy, signed by no less than the great president of the United States who was later vanquished in a conflict with a crab. I decided that I would leave my medals at home, although there is one of them to which I am extremely partial, which shows three mystic letters representing human liberty over a world. But I did not wish to be conspicuous. For one night at least I was to be part of the greatest army in America, and the most necessary to our present system, the army of the unemployed.

I arrived at the mission at eight, and found it packed, which shows the wonderful pulling power of religion on certain of the unemployed. They were singing "Where is my wandering boy tonight?", a song of which I did not approve because it puts bad thoughts into the minds of men, of why those boys were wandering—thoughts that might lead to radicalism. Then there were other songs. Songs which could be thoroughly approved for there was lots of blood in them, as was fitting, considering that those present were part of an army of eight million on this continent—an army that society must keep satisfied with soup, or it is doomed.

### Instructing the Almighty

Then a man on the rostrum got up and told God how he should run the world, and the things that he had been remiss in attending to, and things that he had evidently forgotten, or did not know, as the man in the mission had been too busy to tell him about them. Evidently God had to be told a great many things and the world would go to wreck and ruin if the man with his eyes closed had not told God about them, and what should be done in the emergency. He talked loud, because it was not a private conversation and his voice had to reach such a long way, and long, because he had so many instructions to give God. In fact, there was a wailing reproof in his voice when he told God of other things that were wrong in the world, but he did not suggest remedies for them. This is to be approved. It would not do to tell God that the I. W. W. had the cure for them, with others listening to the man on the rostrum give God orders. Then when he had told God everything that could not wait for a private conversation, and when I expected him to ask God for a raise in wages as one of his secret service, he stopped.

But the refreshments were further delayed. This was a good idea, because the longer they were postponed the more those present would appreciate them. There were more songs.

### Singing for Soup

During the prayer I kept my eyes partly open to what was happening. I saw a man immediately in front of me, who was looking at me as if he thought he knew me, but was not certain. He had been attending some of my speeches on freedom and democracy and of course I knew him. A few weeks before he had told me that he could take care of himself, that no organization was necessary for him, and I wondered what he was doing here, unless he was here as a man of money, seeing how well charity served his purpose of deadening the bodies and stultifying the brains of those who could not get along without organization, and who yet had none. He could not be there for the "refreshments." He did not look prosperous, his cheeks were lined, in his face and in his eyes was the look that comes of low wages and low living. But then one can hide a million dollars in his vest pocket, but not a patch on the seat of his trousers. When he got up to sing "Nearer my God to Thee," I saw that he did not have the patch. But I also saw that he needed the patch and soap for the portions of skin that were visible. I could see that and more. Wonderful is the deceit which our system is able to use on the workers to avoid organization, but our system justifies the lies that have to be told to maintain it, for here was a worker and his lack of organization was bringing him rapidly nearer to God. I do not think that he was long for this world.

Then a newspaper man, the speaker for the evening, got up. He writes a column in one of the Vancouver papers. It is not a very brilliant column, but the spirit behind it is good—he wants to continue the present system. I am sure that he would approve one of my advocated monuments for Vancouver. The man beside me whispered to the man next to him, "I hope he does not talk too long." I hoped this also, and that his subject would be the ethics of Christianity as applied to the newspaper

(Continued on Page 30)

# Sudan Cotton

By MAURICE BARYE

**The story of fibrous industries fills more than one chapter in the book of history, and their economic interpretation explains many of the workings of national and world diplomacy. The writer of the accompanying article has sketched the significance of Sudanese events that are prominent in world relations.**

SIR LEE STACK, the Sudan's Governor General and Commander-in-Chief of Egypt's army, was assassinated last November in the Egyptian capital. His friend, Lord Allenby, British High Commissioner in Egypt, immediately issued an ultimatum worded quite insultingly to the Egyptian Government demanding, among other things, a reparation of £500,000 and evacuation of the Sudan by Egyptian troops.

This action was pursued regardless of Anglo-Egyptian treaties by which the Sudan was governed jointly. Allenby's conduct violated the condominium by which both Egyptian and British flags flew over Khartum's citadel, and not only British ascendency in the Sudan has been confirmed but British governmental monopoly.

Students of imperialism are not astounded by this succession of tragedies from the murder of a foreign ruler, admittedly benevolent, to the baring of the Lion's fangs. That is a way of imperialism. We should rather be amazed were the conditions of the condominium adhered to by the stronger party to the compact. To properly analyze Egypt's present situation one must look with fixed attention to a statement of Allenby's ultimatum fraught with profound meaning to the Nile country. This provision is that henceforth the Gezira district, formerly limited to 300,000 feddans (acres) under irrigation, shall be thrown open to unlimited watering by its owners, the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Ltd. Just what does this portend?

The Gezira district is a vast tract of land in the Sudan just below Khartum between the White and Blue Niles. Its soil depends upon the Nile's diverted waters for cultivation, as the rainfall which is eight inches at Alexandria, and only one inch at Cairo dwindles to practically nothing in Upper Egypt, where the Gezira is located. While this aridity compels irrigation projects, it is specially desirable to cotton production as rainfall on the open bolls is bad for the plants. With irrigation all watering is willed by man and he can avoid this deleterious effect. Not only the Gezira is supported by the Nile waters but the very life of Egypt, its long, narrow agricultural area from Khartum clear to the rich alluvial delta lands where the great mother of Egypt fans in many directions but loses itself at last on the broad bosom of the Mediterranean.




GEZIRA: WORLD'S LARGEST SINGLE COTTON RAISING ENTERPRISE

**Control of the Nile nearer its sources means control of Egypt. It means the life or death of its agricultural population.** When the Egyptian Government insisted that not over 300,000 feddans of the Gezira should be irrigated its insistence was based on nothing less than the will of a people to live. In the Gezira a syndicate of immense resources has been operating for many years. It is composed of British cotton capitalists who are intent upon supplying Lancashire with the cotton that now nets American speculators approximately $5,000,000 a week. The British company has erected a vast dam to store Nile waters and use as wanted in the cultivation of 500,000 acres in cotton. So titanic an undertaking dwarfs the largest single cotton growing enterprise of the States, which is said to have been 15,000 acres.

This Plantations Syndicate was waiting for a pretext to set aside limitations of irrigation acreage and Stack's assassination furnished it. With alacrity Allenby heard his master's voice and tore up the treaty with its restrictions on the unfolding of syndicate desire.



PICKING COTTON ON SOUTHERN PLANTATION IN AMERICA

Amalgamation of wealth is shown here in startling contrast on the field of agriculture. One company has pooled its resources to develop cotton growing on a scale of half a million acres, while ninety per cent of Egyptian landowners have each five or fewer acres in cotton and fifty per cent of these possess less than one acre.

**Importance of Cotton**

If I were asked what single product of agriculture contributed most powerfully to shape American history I should say cotton. In the United States about three-fifths of the world's cotton crop is raised. Cotton production in this country early made negro slavery profitable and this was intensified by the invention of Whitney's cotton gin. When the cotton gin was invented the civil war was made inevitable. But there is no space just now to expatiate on that statement.

Let me note here the climatic and soil conditions favorable to the growth of cotton. Extensive production is found only in regions having a frostless season of 200 days or more. Ninety-five per cent of the world's crop is grown south of the 37th parallel of latitude, and the greatest yields per acre are taken in the fertile alluvial delta lands of the Mississippi, Colorado and Nile rivers.

The Gezira has the necessary frostless season, being just south of the 16th parallel, and irrigation will go a long way towards making up its lack of the other characteristic of high yield lands. In the last twenty-five years cotton crops have more than doubled not only in the United States and India, which ranks second with about thirteen per cent of the world's crop, but also in Egypt. The action of the Plantations Syndicate shows the most determined purpose of augmenting its importance in the cotton industry no matter what becomes of the small planters of Egypt. By such gigantic production it intends to make a vigorous start to change a world cotton situation which finds the United States exporting over ten million bales annually against the combined cotton export of Egypt and India which is less than four million.

Cotton is grown in many countries other than those mentioned. China and Russian Turkestan produce some, but export practically none. Brazil, Peru, Mexico and Asiatic Turkey also grow some. South America and Africa have vast areas climatically adapted to cotton production but the difficulties of obtaining labor and of transporting the product have been felt to be almost insuperable obstacles in a number of sites, while in others, such as Brazil, the development has not been extensive for these reasons. It was on the labor problem itself that much thought was expended by the supercapitalists of Gezira. However they are now assured that sufficient Egyptian wage slaves will be drafted, in addition to which they can count on the exploitation of members of the Fellata, Hansa and other tribes of Nigeria to raise all the cotton required.

**Egypt's Effect on U. S. Production**

This will have its bearing on the United States labor market. Increase of production by the labor of culturally backward peoples in this world commodity is not going to react favorably on the wage relation in the States. With juvenile labor widely exploited in America this Sudanese cotton project threatens to reduce the prevailing standards of wages still further, and this certainly accounts for some part of the agitation against the establishment of an amendment to the American Constitution to prohibit employment of children in gainful occupations.

Whether the cotton comes from Egypt or America is of no concern to the mill slaves of Lancashire—their continued exploitation is assured. If their status changes in any way it is not to be expected beneficially where their masters grasp greater power in their increased wealth. The result from such concentration is always a more servile rank for the workers. There is a greater disparity between the unified resources of the employers and the incoherent, non-revolutionary and divided strata of the working class.

It is to the capitalist class that we must look for our organizational technique. At every point



COTTON MILL CHILD SLAVES OF SOUTHERN UNITED STATES

members of this class set the pace and sharply define the process. Where they are busy with consolidation of forces we should watch for our hints. If a single unit of corporate wealth manifests the desirability of a 500,000-acre agricultural project and demonstrates its superiority over development by many parties in the same territory, the workers have no chance whatever to advance with anything short of the industrial organization of all employes of the dominant entity.

I wish to make a few remarks about that queer court of appeals, the League of Nations. To this absurd body Egyptian nationalists and the Egyptian Government are directed in the Sudanese exigency for redress. Progressive persons and their journals in different countries see in the League a suitable arbitrator for the dispute. Anyone understanding society's economic nature and the logical expansion of business empire must smile at this simplicity. Not so deep a penetration is needed to simply catalog instances of imperialist aggression against weaker states just as sovereign as Egypt ever was on paper.

Have these gentle souls forgotten the American Marines in Mexico? The same efficient conquerors of custom houses in Nicaragua and Haiti? The French troops in the Ruhr? The Italians in Corfu? Do they suppose that the interests of Egypt's teeming cotton growing population along the Nile with their endless one-to-five acre holdings are going to win against the wishes of the syndicate that owns the Gezira and operates on a 500,000-acre scale? The League of Nations is supposed to be morally efficacious, but the only morality capitalist governments know is force. If the Egyptians had the force to kick the British out they would do it. The British have the strength to stay there and do as they jolly well please, and they're doing it. We may deplore this as much as we wish, the facts remain. It is a law of life and capitalism is a living, growing thing. What the lion wants he takes if he can. Small fish find graveyards in the entrails of large fish.

### Intelligence In the Making

By some queer twist of reasoning well meaning liberals impute to intelligence a mysterious power over the determination of questions rising out of business conquest and imperialism, but there is nothing mysterious about it at all. The intelligence is there, all right, and it acts properly, always on the side of the strong against the weak. Sentimental theorizing will not stand up in opposition to this statement when we consider what intelligence really is. It is not a thing apart and independent of the material facts of existence, but is closely bound to them and has its rise in them. Man has gained his superiority over the lower animals because he uses tools and has articulate speech. The use of tools and the use of speech develop together, and an interesting psychological consideration in this connection is observable in the English language. Out of its



ONE OF THE TIRED SLAVES IN A LANCASHIRE COTTON MILL

six hundred thousand words half of them are technical and scientific terms, and that is largely saying technical because scientific research and discovery are more connected with industrial development than any other.

The bourgeoisie use their intelligence to dominate society just as man has employed it to domesticate tractable lower animals and exterminate or isolate the fiercer species not proving amenable to subjugation. This goes on in the class struggle where every country has its executions of those who refuse to be docile and contented in a subject state, and where prisons immure human souls that dare to point a way to freedom.

Egypt's wage slaves in the Gezira, Lancashire's mill slaves and those on the land and in the mills of America are domesticated burden-beasts. Every interest of their lives conflicts sharply with those of the class that enslaves them. Together these workers have common necessities and a common destiny, if they but realized it. What they lack is a common purpose, the class will to be free, to rise from this universal slavery to the commanding position of emancipated creators. To do this they must use their intelligence, banding together just as their masters band together. They must solidify their numbers and throw themselves into their great fight against functioning longer in debasing domestication to any ruling class.

Leagues of Nations and World Courts have no inherent force to compel obedience. Should the League dissatisfy any of its sovereign members when the latter are engaged in the state art of colonial penetration or foreign assimilation, the Power threatens to withdraw from the League. So what can the poor League do? It can hold its tongue and its member states, which is precisely what it does.

Nothing can drive out the despoilers of the people but the people themselves, whether it be in Egypt, Ireland, India, America or anywhere else, and when I say the people I mean the working people, the people who produce the wealth of nations and all the good things of the world. It is going to take very effective industrial organization to throw off the yoke of slavery but this organization builded to the needed size will be one so great, so overwhelming that nothing can ever destroy it.

### Freedom A World Goal

The way to power for the bourgeoisie is by the concentration of its resources; the way to power for the proletariat is also by the massing of its energies and the unity of its purpose. The ruling class has power now. We want power. There is, however, a parting of the ways: the ruling class of this era and all the ages that have receded in the dust and shadows of the past have sought power and used it to subjugate a majority of the human race. The working class seeks power to make an end of class distinctions, class privileges, class hatreds and class conflicts by embracing the entire race in the industrial process on terms of industrial communism.

Until we have the necessary organized power weak states will fall before strong ones, and the workers must bow in slavery over all the wide world to the capitalists of the nations and of the world. Egyptian nationalists stir their countrymen by saying that fifty centuries call out from the past for them to be a free nation. Yet that past spent the brawn and blood of millions of slaves to build its pyramids and to make the glories of the Pharoahs. Today British Pharoahs are enthroned on a wealth beside which that of the ancient kings is as nothing. Today these rulers of cotton enslave the workers and threaten the existence of the agricultural population not directly in their employ.

It is the way of imperialism. Not fifty centuries, but all the past and the more potent voice of present day necessity call upon the workers of Egypt, of Europe, of America and of the world to strike the great blow for freedom, and shake from their limbs the shackles of slavery forever.

# Longview—An Experiment

By BOOMER

**SIXTY miles west of Portland, Oregon, on the north side of the Columbia river, where all was semi-waste land five years ago, today stands the feudal city of Longview. Approximately three thousand persons reside there.**

**The little city is complete, there being two banks, several real estate offices, hotels, restaurants and mercantile establishments. A section of some two hundred modern little cottages serves as place of abode for those fortunate enough to command wages sufficient to live like human beings. There is also a boarding house for employees of the Long-Bell Lumber Company. It is almost like a miracle, the change from semi-waste land to a modern little city in such a short time. Labor power has wrought this change; labor power applied to the tools of construction. And labor did this because of economic determinism.**

Lumber is a commodity necessary to civilization. Without lumber, construction would stop. At least, until man discovered something else to take its place.

The Long-Bell Company made a fortune manufacturing lumber in the South; or rather, they made a fortune from the sale of lumber manufactured in the South. Their timber exhausted, to continue in the lumber business it was necessary for them to seek another locality. Hence they hired labor which was eager to sell that most essential commodity, and cleared land, graded streets, built houses, and erected a large sawmill. Their mill site was chosen with an eye to facilitating the shipping of lumber both by rail and water. Competition is so keen in the lumber industry today that for a company to remain in business, the labor cost of production must be reduced to a minimum, in order to pay satisfactory dividends to the nonproducing stockholders. And so, because of these things, Longview came into existence.

In 1620 when the white men came to America and began to erect shelters from the timber of the forests, it was a very laborious process. All the work was performed with the aid of hand tools. The combined labor of a dozen men could not produce as much building material from the forests in a month as a dozen men today working with improved machinery can produce in an hour. **The mill at Longview has a quarter-million feet of cutting capacity in eight hours; from the time the log leaves the cutting pond until it comes onto the sorting chains as lumber, less than a dozen men operate the machines** that have transformed it into lumber. There are many more workers employed than a dozen, but the greatest number are occupied at the work of sorting, storing and converting the rough lumber into a complete finished product such as our forefathers never dreamed of.

The Long-Bell plant has a yard storage capacity of over a hundred million board feet of lumber. They have a log cutting pond covering twenty-five

acres, and a log storage pond of one hundred and twenty-five acres. In addition there is a railroad yard capable of holding seven hundred cars loaded with logs, or lumber. As they operate their own logging camps, and the railroad over which the logs are hauled (the railroad being thirty-two miles long), this gives them a complete storage capacity, if needed, that is practically unlimited. **This means that the Long-Bell Company can operate their mills and logging camp during industrial depressions when labor is cheap and store their products until the price assures them a large profit before selling.** Long-Bell did not spend millions building their mill and the adjoining city because they wished to improve the state of Washington; they did it because there is money in producing lumber and selling it—if modern machinery is used. There is also money in running their own town. They can completely regulate the social and political life of the company-owned lumber barony.

### Economic Significance

Those who control the industrial life of a given community also control the social and political life of that community, and as Gary controls the social and political life of the company-owned town of Gary, Indiana, so does the Long-Bell Company control the social and political life of Longview, Washington.

To secure a job at Longview the applicant must fill out a personal record blank, about twice the size of this magazine page. The birthplace, age and nationality of the applicant come first. Then follow about sixty-two more questions; and none of them have anything to do with the applicant's ability to handle the job he is applying for. **"Do you belong to a labor union?"** appears three times on the application blank. **"If so, what union?"** appears, to be followed with "Have you ever held office in a labor union? Name office."

To answer these questions "Yes" means that the applicant does not get on Long-Bell's payroll. All of the various companies doing business at Longview are owned and controlled by Long-Bell. The Columbia Mercantile Company, conducting a large department store, is only a different way of spelling Long-Bell. The Portland, Longview and Northern Railroad is of course Long-Bell. The daily paper, "Longview News," is their propaganda sheet. Employees are earnestly requested to support "Our Paper," and on the time statement blanks is put very conveniently "Subscription to Longview News."

With a hand-picked population there is not much chance of any social affairs being held in honor of anyone not in accord with the policy of exploitation advocated by Long-Bell. A reception given in honor of Gene Debs, La Follette, or anyone even proposing reforms, would not be permitted; and for a theatrical company to put on a play like Shaw's "Major Barbara" is an impossibility.

The Long-Bell Company with its immense capital is attempting the impossible—it is attempting to kill an idea. Newcomers are spied upon, mail is censored, **more than one newspaper goes into the place all company-owned postmasters have at hand.** This is not hearsay; it is a demonstrated fact. Even school teachers are governed by the company, being compelled to sign contracts giving the school board the right to dismiss any of the teachers WITHOUT CAUSE. As most of the school board members are employees of Long-Bell, or in business with the consent of Long-Bell, the result is obvious. When Long-Bell speaks they act. They are bound by the chain of economic serfdom, whether they know it or not. **Even the sheriff of the county goes to Long-Bell for his orders. As a result gambling is running wide open in the town of Kelso, which adjoins Longview.** Of course the other vices are there, too. The sheriff's deputies can't see the games running, although any newcomer can't dodge them; but the "law and order" gang knows when another exponent of a new social order hits town.

### The Experiment

Long-Bell is the first company to institute industrial feudalism in the Northwest; while there are plenty of company towns, yet there are none where the operating company completely owns the town.

The cottages visitors see at Longview are not occupied by the average paid sawmill workers. They are occupied by the families of boss-men, office managers, department superintendents, and business men. **West of Longview, close to the Cowlitz river, is shanty town.**

Here live the families of the married employees. Perhaps the pictured advertisement of Longview, its modern little cottages, its paved streets, and other comforts, was the lure, but the cottages were all occupied before the mill turned a wheel. The children living in shanty town ask, "Why don't we live in a nice town too?" They are thinking, and that is the first step. Why can't they live in nice houses too?

In spite of their owned newspaper, in spite of their controlled schools, in spite of their espionage, the workers employed by the Long-Bell Company are questioning the economic system of today. As feudalism gave way to capitalism, so will capitalism be forced to give way to another system.

Long-Bell with its company-owned town is influenced by economic determinism. No man, nor combinations of men, can stop evolution. When the workers in sufficient numbers begin to ask the question, "Why can't we live in nice houses?" the dawn of the new day will be at hand, and Long-Bell's experiment at Longview to perpetuate capitalism will be proved a failure. The duty of the workers is to prepare for that day, and the more earnest is the preparation so much the sooner will the day dawn.

# The Sonnets of M. C. S.

Reviewed by ROBERT GRAYSON

TO sign a literary production with initials may mark the happy discretion, timidity, of a novice in letters, or the absence or curbing of egoistic impulses. After reading some of the work that is signed not only with full names, but impressively weighted with titles as well, one often thinks that great assurance and small gifts are not strangers.

It would be hard, however, to say this of one whose work has merit and whose advertising is assured by an enterprising husband. M. C. S. has not chosen to act in the simple role of cook and chambermaid to an artistic pamphleteer, as wives of such celebrities often do, and for very good reasons. Mrs. Sinclair has struck out on her own, and has at least successfully breasted the currents of magazine journalism by getting paid for a number of poems, some thoughtful, some rebellious, others musical and several lacking these adjectives of commendation. But why she tried sonnets, whose difficulties of construction can not be dwelled upon here, is suggested in her own words when she expresses a naive faith concerning qualifications for poets. She says that: "Anybody with a good mind can be a poet—anybody who is willing to take the time to put words together into patterns."

Don't take that too literally! Years ago I flattered myself about having this poetic mind, but the stuff sweated out of it was queer. Floyd Dell saved me by criticizing one of my gems as "too profound for publication." Still, for herself M. C. S. has gone fairly well to a successful proof of her contention, as may be judged from the following lines that have an appeal to us not so much for their rhyme as for their reason.

### WAR FOR DEMOCRACY

**You did not mention patience yesterday,**
**But called for men of might to fling the Hun**
**Into eternity! The deed was done—**
**But not till men had learned to hate and slay.**
**No sweet and patient word had power to move**
**The Hun to reason, who knew naught but Might.**
**No sacred thing had meaning in his sight—**
**And so, death to him! Waste no breath on love!**

**But now, you masters, hard and blind as those**
**Whom you called Huns, are full of harsh surprise**
**That we who call you Huns should dare propose**
**A war of your own kind. Well, we advise**
**No further patience with a heedless foe—**
**Get off our backs, or else to hell you go!**

There is still room for another which should hold our attention because we are all deeply interested in our



### DAILY BREAD

**I match my will to live against the will**
**Of the entire community of men—**
**For every man conspires against me when**
**He must compete with me for bread. The swill**
**Is none the cleaner for its shallow crust**
**Of evolution's pastry, nor can be**
**Until the mind of every man is free.**
**Who trusts his loaf to swine shall feed on dust.**

**Cannot the bread be set apart from shame—**
**A sacred, true communion beyond trade?**
**Toss all other things into the game—**
**Compete for fame, for love, for gems, for jade—**
**But leave each man enough of bread to live,**
**So that at last his soul may dare to give.**

That, to my mind, is her best. A number of these sonnets have been collected and printed by her husband, and I suppose the only way you can get them all is to come to terms with this hard-fisted person who is offering the little volume as a premium to those who buy his new book, MAMMONART. As he didn't send this latest work along, I can not say anything about its worth. Yet, if the sonnets are a fair advertising sample as to standards, the literary goods to come should be worth while.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

**In the March Industrial Pioneer Robert Grayson will review two great works—G. Bernard Shaw's latest drama, "Saint Joan," and Robert Herrick's latest novel, "Waste."**

**These reviews have added interest in that Grayson weighs not only their literary and dramatic merit but their sociological value as well. The opinions of an industrial revolutionist on these prominent productions are sure to be worthy of attention.**

# EDITORIALS

## SILENT CAL SPEAKS

THE dumbbell who is otherwise known as the First Citizen of this country has sent his message to congress, in which Pollyanna phraseology is once more served up piping hot. Someone wisely said that the man who has just eaten his dinner thinks the whole world has a bellyful, and we are reminded of this by the hypocrisy and conceit blended in the following glorious paragraph from our erstwhile mute campaigner:

"It is gratifying to report that the progress of industry, the enormous increase in individual productivity through labor-saving devices, and the high rate of wages have all combined to furnish our people in general with such an abundance not only of the necessaries but of the conveniences of life that we are by a natural evolution solving our problems of economic and social justice."

Touching upon this ingenious solution of social and economic problems by natural evolution, which seems largely deduced from alleged prevalence of high wages, we wish to say that advertisements for workers are scarce and the wages offered are typified in these reprinted below from a capitalist morning paper:

"Wanted—Laborers; none but first class excavators considered; wages, 40c an hour."

"Wanted—Man to drive ash wagon; $2.75 a day; ten hours."

"Wanted—Experienced shipping clerk; willing to work; $75 a month."

You can find such advertisements at random in the help wanted columns of any metropolitan newspaper. The United States Department of Labor has compiled statistics of living costs over a period including last year in which, basing 1913 costs at 100, those prevailing in 1924 were 152, with the important item of rent far in excess of the average rise.

Examination of general wages will show that no such corresponding rise has taken place, which simply discloses that the workers have suffered a reduction of living standards, and had we nothing more than the president's words to inspirit us we should feel considerable trepidation about this jolly natural evolution going to usher in a millennium of justice.

Parenthetically, it should be noted that problems of social and economic justice are exclusively **ours**. Mr. Coolidge has no such matters pressing for solution, and like the rest of his kind, he is intensely desirous that no solution be reached because he knows such liquefaction will forever dissolve those dominating attributes reserved for his class.

While the president indulges in cant to nourish those who hang on to his homilies like dogfish at the mouth of a sewer, we continue to forward a workable program to cut the Gordian knot of labor's exploitation. There is nothing fatalistic about this program. It embodies neither presidential hallucinations nor comforting illusions of workers idly waiting for the revolution.

We recognize that industrial organization on the part of economic dictators holds us in subjection, guaranteeing luxury to parasites and misery to workers, and it is going to take industrial unionism to lift us from the welter of poverty. This job leaves nothing to fatalism, but demands unremitting, conscious activity that is not to be deflected by any agency, of which there are a numerous assortment, the one in the mantle of Wall Street's choice mannequin being typical.

## SYMBOLS OF REVOLUTION

OUR cover design for this issue is an exceptionally fine expression of artistic symbolism. Its efficacy depends on what force it owns to provoke thought, raise hope and impel action. Commercial evaluations, concerned with its advertising worth, are conditioned on its appeal to the eye, and may be the one or the other, intellectual magnetism or emotional attraction, or perhaps a little of both.

We think the artist's personifications of three great ideals a pleasing technique to serve the purposes of propaganda. Ideals is said deliberately, knowing that some may not be willing to concede that our educational and organizational influence is still very largely idealistic. But it is, in the sense that every Wobbly sees in our limited numbers, and consequent lack of effect, a promise, a purpose, a framework, of an education for workers so widespread and sound that is is readily transmuted into action through industrial organization so universal and revolutionary that all obstacles must fall before its onrush as surely and swiftly as the leaves of autumn before the sweep of the winds.

The personification of Education holds aloft a torch, not to conflagrate a physical world and bring ruin as our enemies are so fond of reiterating, but to kindle a glow of thought in the worker's mind by which he will awaken to his social position of degrading slavery and realize his true worth. Education is given a central position because knowledge of his class position will show him the need of a power to overcome his bonds, the form this power must assume to succeed, and the objective when this power has been set in motion.

Organization is represented by a military figure. Needless to say we don't believe that organization can be accomplished by methods of a 15th Century Amazon with a broadsword. But the symbol is one of strength: determination founded on conscious purpose. We have a conscious purpose that is going ahead by a determination unsurpassed in history. Her shield is a strong defense to fend off

(Continued on Page 36)

# Chappo

By RICHARD HARRISON.

PART I

I ALWAYS liked Chappo, from the first time I set eyes on him, coming down a desert trail to the highroad, with the strides of a man who has walked much but who seems to be able to keep going to the ends of the earth. He was a wiry, little fellow, brown as the hills of Sonora in the summer twilight, and with the softest eyes you ever saw.

It turned out that he was on his way to the Victory Mine to rustle for a job, and so was I. Lucky for me, too, because I was green while Chappo was an old timer. We waited on the porch of the timekeeper's office until the mine foreman came along—about twenty of us, Americans, Mexicans and a few Apaches. So far have the formerly irrepressible followers of Geronimo fallen!

After a while the foreman slouched across the road from the shaft, and we were given a careful inspection with his gimlet eyes. Then he pointed to the lucky ones with a quick:

"You!" and "You!" and "You!"

Chappo and I made it, and were told to report for the graveyard shift that night, so we hiked back to camp and separated.

Seems like a long time since that first ride in the big bus that carried about forty miners each trip from camp to mine. It is only a few years, though. Twisting through the hills in the warm air of that Arizona night, with cigarette smoke and bits of conversation softly floating back from the seats ahead, while away up in dark sky shone a billion stars, red and green and blue. Some folks think that stars don't sport these colors, but out on the desert's the place to watch them change like the facets of a diamond turning in the sunlight.

Only a few short years since then, but I'll remember that mine sump if I live to be a thousand. Between the two of us I'll admit that I didn't know what the shift boss was talking about when he said: "Go down and muck in the sump." That sump has me stumped, but Chappo stepped on my foot and drew me near the cage. Pretty soon it popped up out of the dark, unloaded its human freight, and we packed in. Down, down in the dark . . . Lights of the levels flashing by. Stops to discharge miners at their stations, and when I was beginning to wonder if that sump was next door to hell we stopped and piled off—four of us, Chappo, two others and I.

Through experience I defined what a sump was. All night we mucked in water up to our chests, dumping the ore into a bucket. When this was filled one of us would pull the cable and a donkey engine hauled it out. No chill in that warm water, and a funny incident to relieve the monotony. I forgot to take my can of carbide from my hip pocket and when the water got to it I felt a sharp stinging pain. Centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas! The others looked at me in amazement. Then I recalled that blamed carbide and pulled out the steaming can to the great glee of my partners in the soup—sump.

Once the shift boss stuck his head through a hole in the roof and demanded:

"What the hell's the matter with the muck?"

Discreet silence.

He repeated the query, and we the silence, whereupon authority's head disappeared, and we kept on our leisurely course.

As time passed I liked Chappo better. When a fellow is green it's a nervous business, that mining, and he showed me lots of tricks to save my skin and my brawn. Like when we were mucking from a stope to the one-ton cars on the little track. We filled the cars and trammed them out to the station. I started to muck off the mine floor. Ore is hard stuff to deal with, anyhow. Not like chat, or sand, or shale, or even gumbo—all that stuff takes the shovel. Ore fights it and you win only by pushing for all that's in you. But off the rough ground! Don't try it. Chappo watched me, his dark eyes brilliant with mirth in the yellow light of our little lamps.

"What the hell you laughing at?" I wanted to know.

"Me no laugh, pardner," he lied soothingly. "Only muck off rock too hard. Too damn hard. We get some lagging, heh?"

Off we went down the drift to get the laggings. Rats scurried out of the way. Back to the stope to lay the floor, and then what a difference! Now the muck fell on the boards and the work seemed easy by comparison. Things like that made me like that little Mex.

As the days passed I learned a little of his personal history. He had fought at his father's side with the revolting peons, who have a way of rising periodically and who keep the rulers of Mexico wondering just when to expect these blows against oppression. The land hung to their necks like a chain, heavier and heavier as years passed. Chappo's father fell in the fighting. The boy had turned his back on slave agriculture to accept slave industry.

Time passed.

Chappo and I still together, gasping in a hot hole. What a sweatbox was that Victory! Sweat dropping from my eyebrows, running down my legs in rivulets, oozing from my heavy boots. Hot stuff! I squeezed the valve to the last notch trying for more air, when already it was rushing out of the hose with a roar.

Donovan came along after lunch. He was the push and he proved it by immediately reversing the valve-gate until the air issued feebly, with a low, hissing sound. Air costs money in mines. After that

he took our report and swung down the track. We took five, watching his grotesque, jerking shadow retreat on rocky walls and roof. Now the light was far off and Chappo sprang at the valve. Each energetic twist was punctuated by the most expressive of explosive oaths. Then he stood before the onrush of air and I was treated to a beautiful flow of epithets specially coined in his liquid tongue for drivers. Not that I savvy Espanol, but anyone could have understood wrath like that. Donovan was only trying to save the company a little expense. With chins and noses dripping sweat we cared a lot about expense!

Another night—it is always night in the mines, and when your lamp blows out from the shots you learn what dark really means. We were in a bad place, ups and downs and crawling to a raise that followed a vein. Wiggletail and plugger busy drilling holes. Then I brought powder in and we tamped six sticks into each hole. Six sticks and a fuse. These we spit and started out. Chappo waited to see me leave first. He put himself between me and the shots. Just a little thing, that, but it showed what he was like.

Then one night we helped to get the rocks off the bodies of two miners who had been timbering in a raise entrance when the whole thing caved in. That was the hardest work we ever did, I'm sure. It affected Chappo even more than it did me.

To make matters worse for him his brother-in-law was killed right after this with four other machine men sinking a shaft. Something went wrong with the cable that was used to lift them up after they had set off their fuses. The law called for two such chains for emergencies; if one failed, the other could be used. But chains, too, cost money and mine superintendents are judged efficient in proportion to their ability to curtail expenses. In this case the extra chain existed but it was at the blacksmith shop for repairs. The four men spit their fuses and signaled the engineer. He tried to lift them but something stuck somewhere. When they found the bodies the palms of one man's hands were burned as though he had attempted to climb up the cable and had been jerked back, sliding down with the concussion of the explosion.

Chappo did what he could for his widowed sister, but she had five children and they were having a hard struggle.

"It never rains but it pours," is a quaint way the poor have of saying that hardships do not come singly. We were laid off one day. Existence would now be harder for Chappo with his sister and her brood.

After that he avoided me. When I saw him he seemed restless, and I told him that perhaps the mines would open again soon. Soon. Every day and many times five children crowded up to the table for food in his sister's little shack.



## PART II

It is a lazy afternoon for the clerks in the Gil[illegible] River Bank, for all that an adding machine brea[illegible] the stillness. A dragon fly is droning on the warm air. The clerks are watching the clock. Two minutes to three. At three the shades are to be drawn, then their undisturbed work is to begin.

A man rides up on a bay horse. He rides well and stops before the bank. Quite usual. He hitches his horse and enters the bank. He is small but he means business. The kind banks do not solicit. With two very earnest looking guns he backs cashier and clerks into a corner while he swiftly sweeps some twenty thousand dollars into a bag. He backs out and they hear his horse pounding the road like mad. Then the bank employees rush out and shoot wildly up the street. But he is gone for the foothills.

A posse is recruited and all the blood-thirsty guardians of law and order volunteer. Out to the hills to search for a little, swarthy man with a white shirt, and twenty thousand dollars. Up Red Gulch they thunder and into the hills. Hue and cry everywhere, a man hunt is on!

Towards night his horse is shot. Now these brave hunters cheer and press on. One has a sudden thought and swerves from the trail to cut across the hills red with eternal manzanita in the gathering gloom. This hunter has a keen nose; his eyes are like the eagle's. He is a bird of prey, for all this daring in the name of law. Law. Bosh! He is out for blood, to boost his own stock with his fellows. Seeing a form dart behind a huge rock this Texan comes on slowly, inexorably.

"Don't come near!" rings out from behind the rock. A hand and arm appear. The hunter raises his gun to shoot.

Crack!

His gun falls; his fingers are mangled.

"You son of a bitch!" he cries in agony.

"Don't come near. I can hit you. I don't want hurt you".

One is behind a rock, armed, but not wanting to kill. The other makes a bold silhouette against the evening sky, murder in his heart, withal an easy target.

They call forth and back. Then others ride up. They have heard the shot, and found the scent. It is blood. Twenty thousand dollars is all they are charged to retrieve. All. But they will have more. So much more.

The bandit is surrounded. He has fired but one shot. Then he surrenders. Too easy, that, and the hunters make the darkening hills echo with their shots and cries. The bandit falls. They see him prostrate. The shots crack out. When one empties his gun he reloads and starts over again. They draw nearer the form on the ground. How it bleeds! They want to see it bleed, these broad-shouldered he-men. The hunt is over, the quarry is down.

Strangely, no shots struck his head. The slight,

limp, bleeding corpse is thrown across a horse, and this cavalcade rides back. I was in camp when they came, but I looked away when I saw the dripping body. I went down the street.

Soon the curious are permitted to view the corpse in the undertaker's place. Identification is their pretext. But they, too, like blood, like to prowl as ghouls. The hue and the cry that sickened O. Henry was not exhausted by the posse on the dark, blood-soaked hills, where the manzanita flames. The camp is alive with its whole population turned sightseers; morbid throngs push their way in.

Gossip drifts to me. A Texan of the posse has been treated by a surgeon. His fingers were so badly shot up that amputation of three digits was made necessary. His story of the bandit is everywhere; how the fugitive hit his mark, and said he did not want to hurt him. How he fell and was killed for his mercy.

A good shot, anyhow. Just then a young woman in black came up to me. I recognized Chappo's sister, the widow.

She had been pretty. Now she looked tired and very nervous. Had I seen Chappo? No. Well, he had been very quiet for several days. That morning he had called for his brown shirt. He had been wearing it for a week and it was in the pile of wash. Chappo wanted it whether it was clean or not. But she had ironed him a nice, white shirt and she told him to put it on. For some reason he did not want that white shirt. She seemed hurt, and he put it on to please her. After that he had given her some money, and told her to wait for more. She had been unable to elicit further explanation from him and he had gone out just after lunch. Would I please look for him?

A horrible thought came to mind.

"Go home," I said, "and wait."

Then I went along the street to the undertaker's window where I took my place in line.

One glance at the quiet face and I recognized Chappo, calm in death, his soft, dark eyes closed forever. The shirt that had been so white in the morning was red with the deep red of his own blood. I turned away.



# The Social Forces

By JOHN CANNAVAN

## CHAPTER V

THE trend toward centralization was marked by the bringing together of a number of establishments, engaged in producing the same commodities, under one head, and directing their operation from one center. Later this central form drew under its control other plants in contributing and dependent industries, thus gaining increased influence and power.

The superiority of this higher development over the preceding forms was manifold. It had an advantage over them in competition for the market because it was in position to lower the cost of production to a point ruinous to them. Its plants could run in competition with their establishments, and would likewise run in competition with one another. The competition between its own plants would redound materially to its benefit. The most productive of its plants would set a standard for all the others. The larger opportunities it afforded for its capable employees would act as a spur to drive its managers and their staffs to the capacity limit of the establishments entrusted to their management. Moreover, the contiguous industries supplying the raw material to the original undertaking at one end, and what was formerly the finished product, as raw material for other processes, made it a giant in comparison with its former status.

### Strength of Large Capital

An invention, in one of its shops, would be available to all of them, while its competitors would be deprived of it. Again, the competition between its own plants would enable it to develop the best in each and apply it to all. Besides a comparison would enable it to determine what plants were least profitable, and if it was deemed advisable, these could be shut down without interfering with its ability to hold its share of the market.

In every way, the higher property form was prepared to command a higher tribute from its working force than was its weaker competitor. This was not because it was greedier, but because its means for so doing were more ample and more highly developed. No experience was lost to it because it had established a network through which experience could not escape. And every experience that turns to the advantage of capitalist property, proves a disadvantage to the wage labor it employs. When its plants enter into competition with one another, and, in the madness of such hysteria, we have seen shifts in the same plant compete with each other in a reckless frenzy of production, the management become slave drivers. Where they do not meet with a united show of resistance, industrial life for the working forces becomes a veritable hell.

### Insecurity For Workers

Uncertainty for the workers becomes more and more certain. Speed-up systems are developed and the unorganized workers stand in awe of the thing that encompasses, shadows and embitters their lives. The worker is dominated by fear. He is conscious of his inability to cope with this monstrous thing that eats up his life and denies him opportunity to realize the ambitions with which he faced life at the outset. There is the continual grind and denial, or unemployment with still greater denial and hardship. He is between the devil of exacting toil and poor recompense, and the deep sea of misery. He has not collective vision. His view is personal. He is an individualist, and every individualist is more or less of a fatalist. The consciousness is with him of job insecurity; of a world in which an ever-increasing number of wage earners must each attach him or herself to one of a constantly diminishing number of jobs, and he is neither speculative, imaginative nor adventurous. "Right", "liberty" and "freedom" appeal to him in a conventional way. He approves these sentiments when uttered by "proper" persons, on appropriate occasions, but, given expression by his fellow workers, they are "dangerous" and "radical" terms, which betoken a desire to change a system that taps him dry of energy, deadening limb and brain, until he is too tired to think; and which permits him nothing to enjoy, even if it left him the capacity for enjoyment.

A change! To him a change could only mean some relief from drudgery, some leisure to enjoy, some opportunity to develop culture, some knowledge to acquire, a touch of humanism to relieve the sordid wretchedness of a life that is darkened with the gloom of insecurity, and peopled with the gaunt spectres of want and hunger. Such is the conservative workman, who shouts himself hoarse, from habit, on the Fourth of July, and begs his keep, or a job, on Thanksgiving Day. Ignorant, helpless, slavish, wretched, and withal contented in his wretchedness! Is he hopeless?

The centralization of industry he has met with the division and dispersion of the forces of labor—his own forces. Where necessity dictated strength, he has painstakingly developed weakness. Industrial evolution found him a poor scholar, dull to impression and superlatively reactionary.

### Labor Organization Slow

As early as 1814 his fellows were warning him in stentorian tones of the division and sub-division of labor in industry and of the trend, then already marked, toward simplification of industrial processes. The farsighted among the workers urged organization, but always an influence, that was not a labor influence, interfered to prevent the building up of an effective combination. It matters not whether that influence was exerted consciously to defeat organization or that defeat was unintentional. What does matter is that every undertaking, to bring about this end, failed to accomplish its purpose. The interest

of the capitalist class has been served and that of the working class has been neglected, until, at the present time, the position of the working class is as precarious, if not more so, than at any previous time since the advent of capitalism. There has never been a time in previous labor history when the obstacles were as formidable as those that confront those who now undertake to bring about the unity of the working class.

### Craft Unionism Defined

Chief among these obstacles is the craft union system, which we shall attempt to analyze. The craft union system is a scheme whereby it is aimed to perpetuate each union as a separate economic entity, functioning independently, governed only by its own laws, claiming, as its undisputed and indisputable right, jurisdiction over organized workmen performing specific operations in industry. The lines of jurisdiction are rigidly established in organized employments. This form of organization is predicated upon the possession of skill, and has not proved equal to the needs of the workers, even when competition among the employers was keen. Since the rise of large contracting firms in the building industry, where this form of unionism has achieved its greatest measure of success, there has been little or no progress made by the workers. What has been secured by the building trades is only a fraction of what was possible.

### Living Standards The Test

In the larger industries, the craft unions had been unable to maintain organization even after what is now only a comparatively backward stage of centralization had been reached. They have failed to gain a foothold in large industries or to influence them. No corporation, of even proportionately smaller magnitude and power than those of the present day, has ever been compelled to surrender to the craft union system. It will be pointed out that the basic eight-hour day was forced upon railroad employers by this system in 1917, and legalized by the Adamson Act. But it is well to remember also that **the Big Four Brotherhoods arranged to act as a unit,** if their demands were not conceded. The advances gained in wages, hours and conditions under favoring circumstances, which accrued as well to unorganized bodies of workmen, and, sometimes, even in greater measure than to the members of craft unions in the organized employments, **are to be regarded as achievements of these unions, only insofar as they have mustered power enough to retain them.** Now scan the list, and count the number of those that have been successful in so doing.

Yet inability to do this is a confession of inability to maintain the parity between wages and living expenses—powerlessness to uphold the established standard of living. When a system of unionism cannot prevent retrogression to bygone standards, and the relinquishment of established working standards, it is not of advantage to the workers who depend upon it. It is a disadvantage.

### Union Fakirs Serve Bosses

When after the world war, the capitalists launched an aggressive campaign, with the avowed intention of deflating wages and restoring old hours and conditions in industry, how did the craft unions meet the issue? The employing interests made no attempt to conceal the purpose or the scope of their campaign—it was nationwide and undiscriminating. It was an attack upon the working class, organized and unorganized. Its aim was to lower the standard of living of the entire working class of the United States. It was resented by the workers—the unorganized had no means of defense, for which responsiblity lies largely with the craft union system, as we shall show later, and the craft-organized workmen found their organizations inadequate and incompetent. For the first time, many of them, and these altogether too few, discovered that they had no national labor movement which would or could unite them for resistance. Even the international unions permitted their members to be attacked piecemeal and deprived of the conditions they had imagined secure.

In every instance of which we have knowledge, the machinery of the international unions was used to discourage resistance to the employers and they put as much restraint as they dared upon the discontent of the rank and file. The result was disastrous. Such resistance as was offered was initiated by rank and file members of the craft unions and was generally unsupported by those who should have encouraged resistance and arranged for it upon a national scale. The workers were not only beaten; it is not overstating the case to pronounce the opinion that they were betrayed into defeat. The open shop drive is only the most recent of many defeats.

(TO BE CONTINUED)




"COOL WITH COOLIDGE"

# Mission Soup

(Continued from Page 17)

game. But just when the audience were in high expectancy that he would hook them up with the soup, he announced his subject, "Hooking up with the Almighty." I could give the speech until I went to sleep.

### A Prayer Answered

Then when this talk was over and he told of how God had got him a job at one dollar a day, there was more singing, and further instructions were again given to the Almighty. It was again a one-sided conversation, but I felt before the end of it that God must have felt:

"You presumptuous worms, you. I have given you a world and look at what you have made of it. You murder millions with wars and other millions with hunger. You can't even make decent soup and yet you spend hours telling me how to run the world. If I had not long ago become disgusted with the world and with you, I should create another bug to replace you, and hand the world over to it, and abolish man, the crowning failure of my creative work. You want men hungry that they may worship me. Away with you and a worship bought with soup! You are not creating men but hypocrites, forcing men through hunger to lie to you, and to try to lie to me. One man facing the world clear-eyed and unafraid is worth a million such. Oh, for men instead of things that would crawl on their bellies through life, and even try to whine their ways into Heaven!"

After the prayers there was more singing. Then the refreshments were announced. A two-hour grace calls for a good meal, was the general feeling. Those present were told that they should go downstairs without crowding, and that after the refreshments were served they would be permitted to sleep on the floor of the basement, but they must be careful not to go outside or the officers would get them and put them into jail for being hungry and without a place to sleep.

### A Full Belly Is Insidious

After the monument is erected to the great benefactor of humanity, the first concocter of soup, the next reform should be a mission for judges, lawmakers, officers and the general public, for they evidently do not understand the necessity of hunger to our glorious system, that it is a part of the palladium of our liberties, and that anyone who interferes with hunger is sapping the manhood of the nation, destroying one of the fundamentals of democracy, resting as it does on starvation, and the government ownership of social necessities such as jails and penitentiaries. But this reform must wait. The monument is an immediate need.

When the refreshments were announced everyone got up. There was a rush for the door leading to the basement. I finally got into the line. I passed through an iron door that brought back memories, and down the stairs of sighs. I found my right hand going instinctively to the right side of my body. I would warn crusaders who would follow me not to resist this characteristic movement—it is not a meaningless gesture—it is the high sign of mission fraternalism. When in the soup line do as the soup line does, is a good motto. It is not ethical for the crusader to saturate himself with oil of cedar before going to a mission. Someone might mistake the smell of it for that of the soup, and be incited to cannibalism. Our glorious civilization will bring back that institution without such aids.

The man beside me answered my signal, and said: "That's all right, partner; turn him over. He is one of the missionaries. He has one of the ten commandments on his back, and they operate in groups of ten." But he would not turn over. He also wanted his refreshments, and was persistent.

### All Comes to Him Who Wants

Finally we got to the bottom of the stair. Those who were with me were expressing sorrow that they had not been at the head of the line. Those who came first got more soup. The head of the mission yelled to an assistant: "How many more are there?" The assistant answered: "I cannot see the end of them." The ration was decreased. I found a soup cup in my left hand which was not employed. Then I had to exhume the right to take a slice of bread, and an apple. This was a delicacy for that one night, because it was Sunday.

I have been asked by the uninitiated if I ate the soup. One does not eat mission soup; he drinks it, if he can. I have tasted worse. I had seventy-four days of typhoid fever and castor oil once. But I did not eat the bread. I have one hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of bridges in my mouth—I do not mean worth, that is what the dentist charged—and I did not think eating that bread would have a sociological value of over one hundred dollars. I would have made the sacrifice, were it merely a matter of money, being Scotch-Canadian a little thing like that would not deter me, but I know that great crimes have small beginnings, and I did not want to get a criminal habit. It would be too dangerous in Vancouver where the streets are paved with wooden blocks, because there are so many of them. I did not want to be arrested for eating the pavements.

When I left, the unemployed, or the part of them that will patronize missions—a small percentage—were squirming on the concrete pavement, which was their bed. There were thousands of beds vacant in Vancouver that night. In the mission itself there were many vacant beds, little cubbyholes that are rented, but while the mission officials had advised God to bring them to Heaven, and to furnish them with all the comforts of the streets of gold, the bread of life, and the waters of life—more bread

and water—the mission officials thought they were too disreputable to sleep in mission beds. It suggested to my mind that perhaps St. Peter and the angels may feel the same antipathy to lousing up the premises that the mission officials have when they are not telling God what to do.

### How to Appreciate Missions

But the missions are noble institutions. They throw such a bright light on the wonders, the magnificence, the grandeur of our institutions. They also brighten many passages of the Bible for the workers. For instance, there is the man who has been a skeptic, who refuses to believe in the miracles. He does not believe that Christ fed five thousand with three loaves and five small fishes until he is brought within the beneficent influences of a mission. Then he knows that this was not of necessity a miracle. He knows that any properly equipped mission could feed five thousand with three loaves and five fishes: they would make soup of them, and feed five thousand easily if the city water works could stand the strain.

I wonder whether if Christ came back again to be crucified, he would recognize the two hours of grace and the soup which they serve as the thing for which he died twenty centuries ago at the behest of the orthodox church of his day, and under the sentence of the organized government of his age. I wondered if he would remain inside that basement, or if the carpenter of Nazareth who had not where to lay his head, would have ventured outside, and been arrested and jailed for vagrancy. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me." If he meant it, then the provision of the missions, weak religion and weak soup, and a contempt too great to be given a bed in a mission cubbyhole is what the missions are offering to Christ, this is their tribute to their avowed master. This is our Christian civilization.

But this is by the way. The present system must be maintained. Its democracy and industrial freedom are sacred. Society does not know the great social service that is performed for it by its soup houses. They must know. The monuments I have advocated must be erected on every city square, and a civilization based on soup must have its monument to the benefactor who first conceived this great social cure for a sick society and a hungry world. Our civilization may not be Christian, but it must be grateful. Ingratitude is the greatest of crimes. WE MUST BUILD THAT MONUMENT.

# Hard Coal Outlaws

By INDUSTRIAL PIONEER CORRESPONDENT

**IT'S cold and bleak in the anthracite counties of northeastern Pennsylvania, where 12,000 miners went on strike last November. There is no fun in striking there in the hard wintertime. But men do not go on strike for the fun of it very often. They strike because they have to fight, and bear the sufferings of the fight, if the yoke on their necks is to be lighter in the future.**

**That's the way Sam Pace put it a few days before cowardly assassins stretched him out with 14 steel jacketed bullets one night early this year. Pace didn't quit his job in the Ewen Colliery near Pittston because he was looking for a thrill.**

"We have to fight," he told a friend, "or things will get worse".

Sam Pace was a quiet, stocky young fellow, with a wife and three children. He was secretary of the Ewen Colliery local of Pennsylvania-Hillside coal company and a member of the local union's grievance committee. When the walkout occurred he became a member of the general grievance committee for the ten striking locals of the Pennsylvania-Hillside workers.

He was a very active striker and could be counted on in a pinch. That's the kind of fellow gunmen mark down. He was always on hand. At every meeting of the strikers' committee he was on hand, there in St. Aloysius' hall in Pittston. But he didn't have much to say there. Pace was not a loquacious fellow. He talked only when talking had to be done. One speech he made in the Underwood Colliery local at Throop was considered to be the cause of his slaying. I'll tell about this as I heard it from miners who were there.

### Stool Pigeons Call Meeting

The Underwood Colliery is several miles out from Scranton and perhaps 20 miles from Pittston, where Pace lived. But the little distance didn't bother him. There was work for a class conscious man at Underwood. The company stool pigeons had called a meeting quietly. They had buzzed the word around that there was to be a union meeting at the local's hall. It was a fake call, of course, but about 125 miners, or ten percent of the total employed at this mine, were deceived or wanted to be deceived, and attended. Pace got wind of the scheme, to get a back-to-work vote through the meeting, something for the newspapers to emblazon in their headlines.

The meeting came to order, with a stool pigeon in the chair. The brothers were told that the Pennsylvania Hillside Company was very kind and fair and would remedy their grievances no doubt. They were told that they were very very foolish to defy their own international union. Just go back to work and your grievances will be fixed up, was the word.

Pace is usually slow of speech but the words came fast as he took the floor and exposed the trick. The stool pigeons tried to shout him down but he was not the kind that could be downed readily. He told the men their only hope was in fighting, that the company had refused to redress grievances, even after the official conciliation board had decided against it. He told them that the district officials and the international union had broken promises before: two strikers had been called off on the district president's promise to have the grievances adjusted and the grievances were not adjusted. Now the men must keep up the fight until they win.

Pace left, taking a group of men with him. A back-to-work resolution was jammed through those that remained but it was robbed of its punch. The opposition was angry. They showed it as Pace left. **Six state policemen stationed outside the hall seized Pace. You have heard of the Pennsylvania constabulary, the "cossacks" of ill fame. They held the striker and frisked him and then let him go with ill grace, threatening him if he should ever come back that way.** But Pace got out and went before the real men of the Underwood local. There was another meeting in the hall with 800 men present and a unanimous vote to keep up the fight. The newspapers played up the story of the stool pigeon back-to-work resolution and ran company officials' stories that 450 men were working again, but these lies didn't go over with the local men. The strikers had pickets on the job and the total number of scabs was only 26, with few coal diggers among them.

### Union Striker Murdered

**Soon after, one dark night, Sam Pace was riddled with bullets as he was coming home to his little cottage on the outskirts of Pittston.** Who killed him? The police are supposed to be making an investigation but it is a safe bet that no one will ever be put on trial for the murder. How different it would be if a coal operator had been slain?

Last reports are that another striker has been slain.

It's an "outlaw" strike the Pennsylvania-Hillside miners are having. District President Rinaldo Cappellini and his executive board refused to recognize it. International President John L. Lewis sent a commission of five old U. M. W. of A. machine men and they reported against the strikers. So the charters of ten locals were taken away and their funds tied up.

You see the strike was called during the term of a time agreement. The Pennsylvania-Hillside company had broken this agreement in several places, the strikers claimed, but the U. M. W. of A. hierarchy is disposed to be tolerant towards such infractions. What it will not tolerate is a rank and file strike.

District President Cappellini admits that the men have some real grievances but he argues for regular and constitutional methods of adjusting them. It was not long ago that Cappellini was the arch outlaw striker of them all. In fact until shortly before his election as district president two years ago Cappellini was the foe of conservative officialdom in the entire anthracite field. Four years ago he was the most talked of figure in an unofficial strike of 20,000 men. But something happened to Cappellini. Anyhow, he has changed his tactics and now condemns unauthorized strikes and argues for constitutional methods.

### Conciliation Machinery Worthless

The strikers have tried the conciliation machinery Cappellini talks of and without success, as far as concerns the ten-months'-old grievances for which they have been striking. W. W. Iglis, chairman of the conciliation board, the machinery representing labor and capital set up in the anthracite fields, has decided against the company in several cases but Manager Morris goes his own sweet way without making any alterations.

Cappellini has been belittling some of the grievances, though admitting others. **But they can't be belittled to the miners who see their bi-weekly pay envelope reduced in consequence.** The grievances relate to working conditions. The miners work under the piece work system—that is, most of them do—and bad working conditions mean bad wages.

For instance, if the men get cheap powder for the price of good powder, and they have to use more of it, thus spending a larger percentage of their money for powder, their pay is actually reduced. That is one thing that has happened.

Again if men, paid by the ton for the coal they dig, are put on rock tunnelling for a long period of time at a low day wage, with the result that the bi-weekly envelope shows a big drop, that is another serious matter to the head of a household of hungry mouths. And that is another grievance that crops up. What makes it harder to bear is that the company will promise these men that they will make it up for them later on by giving them high paying work in the coal—and then, when the tunnelling is done, lay them off.

Laying off of men without consent of the union is a fundamental grievance. In the Ewen Colliery, where Sam Pace worked, 120 men had been laid off when a particular mining job was over. The union is supposed under the agreement to have something to say about such things but the union was not consulted. The grievance committee demanded that the men be given other jobs. The company was shown that the idle men could be absorbed if the company would take three men into a working place instead of two. And the conciliation board, the regular "constitutional" machinery, decided that the com-

pany must comply. General Manager Morris paid no attention. To hell with the agreement.

**General Strike Sentiment Strong**

The Pennsylvania-Hillside miners are not the only ones with grievances. There are 48,000 other miners in District 1 of the United Mine Workers and a total of about 150,000 in the entire anthracite field. The 48,000 are divided up among several companies and their troubles are very similar to those of the Pennsylvania-Hillside men. A general unofficial strike of the entire district seemed on the point of breaking out at the end of the year. It was halted by representatives of the strikers themselves, while an appeal was made to the district officials for a special convention. They are not getting the convention.

The opportunity for a vastly bigger rank-and-file strike may have been lost but it is significant that the rank and file has developed an unofficial organization that can function. This organization consists of the united grievance committees of the respective locals. The grievance committees of the ten striking locals constitute a strikers' committee and the grievance committee of all the locals of the district, representing 60,000 workers, recently held a conference at which they discussed what action should be taken. District President Cappellini opposed this conference but could not stop it.

**This rank-and-file movement may gain or not gain but it is a very important phenomenon which readers of Industrial Pioneer should watch.** The outhlaw anthracite strike may end in out and out defeat or the strikers may go back on promises that are made, perhaps to be broken. Or again the strike may spread before the next issue of the Industrial Pioneer is out. **The writer of this is not a prophet, but he regards the movement now going on in the hard coal fields as something that every class conscious worker should watch keenly. Those strikers are our fellow workers and we are theirs.**

* * *

Sam Pace is buried. So have been many other victims of the bullet and the rope in the hard coal fields from the days of the Molly McGuires down. But he will not be forgotten by those who knew him and his work as an earnest union fighter against oppression.



# An Appeal

By HAL BROMMELS.

Life is too brief to utter blund'rous words—
One misplaced word can wreck a mortal mind,
One evil hint can end a bright career—
We should be prudent when we judge, and kind.

We should inspire, cheer, encourage, help
Brothers who struggle Freedom's rocky way.
We disagree, at times, and then call names;
Our enemy, he laughs—and holds the sway.

Brothers unite, go hide the ancient grudge;
Dig under earth the groundless hate you bear.
We shall achieve the goal we all aspire
When we have learned to treat each other fair.



This is the field where 2,300 workers were camped in pup tents on the Durst ranch in 1913. Note outhouses.

# Wheatland

## The Bloody Hop Field

By ED DELANEY

**California's Criminal Syndicalism bill, which became a legal stain in 1919, had its foul roots in the soil of oppression for many years. Persecution of our members in that state by both legal and extra-legal means under the statutory sanction and its moral approbation has been so bitterly concentrated that too little thought is given to the long line of brutalities preparing the way for such a law. In this historical resume is vividly pictured just one scene of the long tragedy enacted there. Read this story and help in the struggle of the California Defense to liberate Fellow Worker Herman Suhr, who was sentenced for life and has been imprisoned for eleven years at Folsom for his loyalty to the working class.**

**THE announcement made recently by the Califonia Branch of the General Defense Committee that it is attempting to secure a pardon for Fellow Worker Herman Suhr, now in Folsom Prison serving a life sentence, recalls the Wheatland hop fields strike and the subsequent murder trial in which Herman Suhr and Richard Ford were convicted. The Defense Committee states that it has secured signatures of seven out of the eight surviving jurors who convicted these two men. Judge McDaniels who sentenced them, and Attorney Carlin, the special prosecutor who acted for the state in the case, refused to sign a petition asking for a pardon for Suhr. They refuse in spite of the fact that the men were innocent. This may seem somewhat incongruous to one not familiar with the causes leading up to the riot and the trial itself. To relate those incidents is now in order.**

The industrial depression of 1913 is one that will live long in the memory of the workers. It was the old story of overproduction (really underconsumption) which necessarily resulted in a large army of unemployed, drifting from place to place pursuing the necessaries of life—food, clothing and shelter. Daily, one could see hundreds, yes, thousands of workers trudging along the county roads of California seeking employment. Their bodies were so emaciated that they seemed like skeletons; eyes bulging from sockets like marbles fixed in their skulls. Their skin was dry and parched from a merciless sun that sent thermometers up to 120 degrees. Their clothing was pieced together from old rags and burlap. It partly covered them, but here and there reddened skin showed through. When economic conditions are like that one can readily understand why the workers toiled for a bare subsistence when fortunate enough to obtain the jobs so many needed.

There were some 2300 such workers—men, women and children—speaking 27 different tongues, gathered together on the Durst ranch, which is adjacent to the village of Wheatland, California. These workers were picking hops. Conditions under which they were forced to live were such that the lowest of mammals would have rebelled.

Picture a field of 600 acres dotted with small pup tents wedged one against another, and at their ends old irrigation ditches filled with reeking garbage. To the north stands a huge barn. At its side, extending half the width of the field is thrown a manure pile, which sends up its stenching fumes while millions of flies and gnats swarm over it. At long intervals old wooden pumps are located. Around each can be seen mud puddles, the mud seeping down between the warped planking which covers the wells. Off at a distance of seventy-five or a hundred feet stands an open toilet. The floor of this within a ten-foot radius on all sides is covered with human dung. Five such toilets exist, and their filthy condition is due to the appalling

fact that they are the only such receptacles for the entire population of 2300 workers. Being in close proximity to the wells whose water is used for all purposes, one cannot guard very well against the danger of typhoid and other contagious diseases contracted by drinking impure water and bathing in it.

With that ugly picture in mind, visualize these 2300 human beings bustling around in the early morning preparing for their day's toil. In front of each lavatory a long line of these unfortunates await their turn. Men, women and children all using the same toilets, forced to throw all modesty to the four winds and frequently to use the open fields. After snatching a hasty breakfast they rush to the adjoining hop fields to put in fourteen or sixteen hours at hard labor in a pitiful attempt to eke out this sub-swinish existence.

They are paid at the rate of fifty cents for a hundred pounds of hops picked. Their picking must be done very carefully to avoid getting leaves and grasses in with the hops as their employer demands that they be absolutely clean or else they shall be docked so much a hundred pounds. Women are struggling with the tall hop vines as no high pole men are employed. The heat is intense and no drinking water is at hand. If they want a drink of water they are obliged to walk back a mile to the wells. It is true that lemonade is sold on the fields, and this keeps the water off because a cousin of the employers has the "lemonade concession" and an order was issued to stop the menace to profits of free water. The lemonade sells at five cents a glass. The "lemonade" is made of acid that is so strong that drinking it causes sickness. Did I say no water was allowed to be brought to the fields? Well, not exactly, as the lemonade wagon carried some water but the workers could not get any of it to drink unless they first purchased lemonade.

That, in brief, is a very truthful and conservative picture of what those workers were forced to put up with. Finally one ex-member of the I. W. W., Richard Ford, came along and talked to these workers. He explained to them the power of industrial organization. A meeting was held on August 3, 1913, and it was decided that they would ask Durst for better conditions or else strike for them. Durst asked for an hour to consider, which time was granted by the workers. Then they assembled around a platform in Wheatland to await his reply. **Durst called up the sheriff and prosecuting attorney in Marysville. This was how he was using the hour. The official appealed to responded with two cars loaded with armed men.**

**Upon driving up where the strikers were assembled the officers opened fire on the crowd, which resulted in the death of four men, two officers, District Attorney Ed Manwell and Deputy Sheriff Reardon, and two hop pickers, an unknown Porto Rican and an unknown Englishman.**

Later Richard Ford and Herman Suhr were indicted on the charge of murder. Another complaint was lodged against Walter Bagan and William Beck. On January 31, 1914, the jury acquitted Bagan and Beck and convicted Ford and Suhr of murder in the second degree. On February 5th Judge McDaniels sentenced the men to life imprisonment.

The evidence which was submitted during the trial absolutely vindicated these two men. But justice was not what was wanted. Marysville wanted blood, and not being able to intimidate the jurors to the extent that would bring in the death penalty, they took the next best thing to satisfy their vengeful desires—life for two innocent men in an earthly hell!

**On the witness stand Durst, the owner of the hop ranch, testified that there were only eight toilets for all these 2300 people.** He further testified that he would not allow the workers to buy food from outside stores, forcing them to buy food in his own store. He admitted that he owned an interest in the lemonade wagon which robbed the workers in his fields. Others testified that the women and children were forced to wait in line at the toilets, sometimes for a quarter of an hour; that the irrigation ditches which ran between the tent rows were filled with refuse and that they were foul places in which diseases might breed. Durst provided no place for garbage to be dumped. Dysentery was common and typhoid fever also developed as a result of these vile conditions.

### Deputy Sheriff Starts Riot

Witnesses also testified as to the riot itself. It was proven that when the two cars drove up and after Sheriff Voss had ordered the crowd to disperse that **Deputy Sheriff Reardon clubbed his way through the crowd and raised his gun to fire at Ford.** Then a Swedish girl leaped at Reardon and he turned his gun on the girl, but the unknown Porto Rican interceded, grappling with Reardon, and tearing the gun from his hands he shot Reardon dead, then fired at Manwell, killing him as well. Sheriff Dakens fired a charge of buckshot at the Porto Rican, killing him instantly. There were but few shots fired after that. When the smoke had cleared away the unknown English lad was dead, making the fourth to be killed.

Ford and Suhr were indicted shortly after this. The hop pickers had scattered in every direction and no others but Beck and Bagan were apprehended. Detectives were employed and placed in the cells with Ford and Suhr. They tried in every conceivable way to force the men to incriminate themselves. Dictaphones were used to take down every word that the men spoke. They were forced to remain awake and driven nearly insane by their brutal treatment.

Witnesses for the defense were coerced; one committed suicide, and another attempted to destroy himself. A small boy was kidnaped and held for

weeks. The newspapers carried scathing denunciations of the men and of the I. W. W. These were wild, hair-raising stories that were not true and never could have been proved. But these stories found their way into the hands of the jurymen. This was a case where no one was arrested for attempting to intimidate the jurors.

**The two officers who had been killed were natives of Marysville. Judge McDaniels and all the jurors were personal friends of them, as was E. S. Manwell, the assistant prosecutor, who was also the son of the dead district attorney.** It is obvious that a change of venue was very necessary to prevent prejudice from foredooming the defendants. But this was denied. Marysville wanted blood and knew that the men would be freed if the case was tried before another judge and a strange jury.

Another queer feature of the case was that Marysville knew hours, yes days, before the trial was over that two of the men were to be convicted and two acquitted. It could be heard on all sides and it was true.

### Getting the Verdict

Attorney Carlin in making his argument to the jury stated: **"I knew Ed. Manwell, I taught him when he was a child. I taught the lovely girl who became his wife. Many of you knew him. The blood of Ed. Manwell calls from the ground for vengeance."** He clung to that theme through his entire argument, dismissing entirely the points in evidence. It was his remarks that caused the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty which placed two men in prison, even though they knew that the men were innocent.

As a result of that verdict two men have since been confined in Folsom Prison. For nearly eleven years they have been buried behind those high, cold gray walls of the Fruit Growers' Association's catacomb on the banks of the American River. They are there today while you read this, paying with their lives the penalty that a corrupt judiciary has imposed. They are immured that the hop growers' profits might not be decreased, and that the same hop growers might go on enslaving workers for all time to come. They are paying that penalty because the ruling class of this nation fears the power of organization on the part of the workers, and knows only one way to allay their fears and gnawing conscience—persecution.

Comes now the California Defense Office with this petition signed by the jurors themselves admitting that the men were innocent. Another petition will be circulated among the people at large asking for their signatures. In the end this will all be taken to the Governor of California and a request made that he grant Herman Suhr a pardon. We cannot predict what the outcome will be. But should this fail to free our imprisoned fellow worker then the matter will lie in your hands—the powerful hands of labor.

Will you pick it up and force the masters of this state to free him by using your economic power? Or will you cast it to the winds in the same apathetic way that labor has cast the freedom of other members of the working class in the past?

NOTE: We have been informed that Richard Ford is seeking a parole independently.—Editor.

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## SYMBOLS OF REVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 24)

the enemy's blows and darts and to enable her to advance. It stands for our scientific unionism by which we expect to repulse attack and with whose protection we can carry all before us to the victory.

What is the victory? The last is a smiling friend of all mankind, offering the fruits of common effort to a common humanity. This is the victory for which we struggle: that all men may live on a better plane of effort and leisure; that one small non-producing class may not have the power to bind another immense producing class in wage slavery; that industrial justice may be brought into the world and on its foundations industrial communism be raised.

A very dangerous symbolism, indeed, to enthrone education, lifting it on high like a beacon light to dispel the gloom of ignorance and demand that the workers embrace it or remain slaves forever. An unpardonable symbolism to show this advancing form, Organization, grim with intent and invincible in its choice of weapons, the weapons of solidarity and courage born of the light of intelligence. An upsetting vision, that woman with an abundance of life's good things for every man, woman and child in the world. So upsetting to those who feast while others starve, who wear soft raiment and revel in luxuries while those who do the world's work are in shoddy and drink to the dregs the bitterness of poverty.

Plenty for all the race depends on the freedom of the working class. Slowly, but with a sure tread that is disconcerting to the parasites of capitalism, the working class is fighting its way to freedom. Do not doubt it. Look to the prisons and the tortures by which a dying economic oligarchy desperately strives to stop the advance. This plan of industrial unionism for proletarian emancipation is here to stay and to grow in spite of the dungeon, the rope, the chair, the firing squad. It is leavening the world with the spirit of industrial freedom and does not stop because courts persecute and mobs murder its exponents.

Let us, then, go forward with a will, educating the working class with renewed vigor and building up our industrial unions as never before. On them depends whether or not the future is to be slave or free, and if we are to be thrust ever lower in the mire of poverty and subjection. Educate, organize and conquer! Then we shall be free. Then begins the true civilization of man.

# What Freedom Means to Us

(Continued from page 14)

American history in which the revolutionary aspect entirely overshadowed the immediate demands for improvements in our living conditions which were attached to it. **Demand number one, "Release of all Class War Prisoners," became practically the only demand.** And, knowingly or unknowingly, it is very logical that this should have been the case. With that demand won all the others and a lot more would have fallen to our lot like ripe apples falling from the tree.

The liberation of our fellow workers in prison can be brought about together with our own liberation, or at least a far greater amount of liberty and social comfort than we enjoy at present. The question is not only to get our fellow workers out of prison but also to secure sufficient guarantee that they and we may voice our opinions unmolested and carry on our organization work. It is far more our right to existence as a revolutionary industrial union that is at stake than the liberation of our fellow workers in prison. Were it merely the question of securing their release they could all be out among us if they would promise to cease their organization activity, and none of us would need to jeopardize our small amount of liberty if we would only be good, contented slaves.

But our fellow workers in prison know that such conditional release as is offered them by a Palmer or a Daugherty or by the California Parole Board is no release, no freedom to them. Nothing less than the same right to speak, to write and to organize which they exercised before their imprisonment will satisfy them. To accept the humiliating release offered them by the authorities would only mean that they, at the best, would only have to exchange the federal prison for a state prison or one state institution for another, as none of them have conceded one iota of their revolutionary ideals which brought them into prison and all insist upon voicing their opinions as they see fit.

### The Struggle's Real Meaning

And even should they accept such release—which they never will—what would that mean to us? Would not the same forces which brought them behind prison walls on account of their principles also land each and every one of us there if we displayed manhood enough to voice our opinions as they did? Surely it would. So, unless we can, through our organized might, force the prison doors open, we have gained nothing, neither their liberty nor ours. In the last analysis it is not a fight for the liberation of the Class War Prisoners—it is a fight for our own liberation.

It is well for us to remember this, that it is our own liberation that is at stake. Never for a moment let us wrap ourselves up in some kind of a martyr's gloria thinking that we are sacrificing something for our fellow workers in prison. We have nothing to sacrifice for them but our slavery; they are the ones who are sacrificing their very lives for us and we can never, never repay them. The greatest service we can render them is to open the prison gates for them, and that we can do only when we are strong enough to force at least very great concessions from our masters for ourselves, and at the same time feel secure that we don't have to fill their places in the prison cells. And this alone should be well worth fighting for and richly repay us for our efforts.

So, it should be clear to all of us that our demand, "Release of all Class War Prisoners," is in reality the only demand worth while fighting for, and that its realization means far more concessions to us than we have enumerated along with it. This demand has a real revolutionary aspect because it directly challenges our masters' right and our masters' power to govern our expressions and to determine our conduct as to our organizations. And on the day we can muster sufficient strength to successfully combat our masters in this respect, on that day the eight-hour day, uncensored mail, clean bedding and housing facilities, etc., are ours without even asking for them.

This the master class knows very well, and therefore resists with all its might the release of our fellow workers from prison. It requires an enormous amount of organization work on our part, of propaganda, and of education among the unorganized before we will succeed, but the task is by no means hopeless and, what is more, it must be done. And while we are concentrating on this work we build up our organization. Organization work and defense work are really the same thing. The distinction is only imaginary. The only defense we have and will ever get is our organization and all defense activity that does not tend to develop our organization is no defense work at all.

### Why Not Try This?

We have engaged upon a propaganda of a universal boycott of all American-made goods, and California products especially. What effect will such a propaganda and such a boycott have on our organization? If this boycott is to be effective,—and we can and must make it effective—it requires that each and every one of us "ignorant" foreigners in our organization write at least one letter a week to some of our relatives and friends back in the old country and explain to them the boycott and the reason for it. But how are we going to explain this action without giving the details of the persecution sustained by us and also explaining the nature of our organization in order to show our innocence and that the victims in prison should be released? So we will send about a million letters across the seas explaining what the I. W. W. is and so we will receive a million answers with further inquiries, and by the time our boycott is fully developed we will have a million new members in other countries.

Or let us take some particular product upon which we specialize, for an example, say the mov-

ing picture industry. In order to make our action intelligible to them we must show how the silent drama has degenerated to nothing but prostituted capitalistic propaganda instead of what it should be, art. We must show them how the works of such a genius as Ibsen, for instance, such a defiant, rebellious spirit, have been torn to pieces and made over so as to suit the purpose of the very forces which Ibsen attacked. And we must show them the terrible conditions, the starvation and misery under which the workers in this industry live, and last but not least, we must show up the degenerate mental calibre and the surprisingly great ignorance manifested among the stars and heroes and the great producers of this kind of so-called artistry.

And this again brings us another step forward. It shows us that the I. W. W. is something more than a Labor Union. It brings home to us that we are an organic social force, that we are the New Society who must rely upon ourselves to develop our own art, our own literature, and to form and shape our own social life. And with this added understanding of our organization comes a still keener sense of responsibility and still more enthusiasm for our cause.

Is there anyone who thinks that such international solidarity as a world-wide boycott of one country's product really is will be used for this occasion only? Certainly not. The same weapon that can be used now to assist workers in America can and will be used repeatedly the world over, and from such unified universal action to the real International Industrial Union as taught by the I. W. W. is but one little step. So even our fellow workers in foreign countries, by rallying to our call for a boycott, are, in the last analysis, only taking another step forward towards their own emancipation and furthering that international organization which alone can make us free.

As the class war increases in intensity so also is the patriotic feeling played up among the unreflecting masses. The United States is a country where practically all nationalities are to be found, and the master class is very anxious to keep the national antagonisms between workers alive. In so far as they are successful in this respect they are also successful in keeping us divided. To bring about unity and a feeling of fellowship among all the toilers is one of our tasks, and by far not the smallest one.

### The Real Division of Toilers

So far as the producers are concerned, there are only two nationalities; the class conscious, intelligent workers and the ignorant, slave-minded workers. These two nationalities are the only ones who play any part in the production of commodities. The parasites are of no concern whatsoever on the field of production; all they do is to see that both the nations are kept fighting each other so as to enable them, the parasites, to steal the product of their toil.

As yet the ignorant and slave-minded nation is numerically far superior to the nation of class conscious, intelligent workers. This condition must be radically changed before we can succeed in establishing our "Commonwealth of Toil". We have in this country at least 25 million unorganized workers, the great majority of whom have no conception even of the kind of society we are living under, far less of anything new or better. There are seven million colored workers, most of them illiterate and ignorant and all of them unorganized. There are millions of white laborers equally unfortunate in this respect, living under conditions far worse than we endure. All these millions of slaves are a burden on our back and the greatest obstacle on our road to freedom.

Many fellow workers are inclined to believe that to secure for our organization the skilled workers or the ones holding more important positions in the leading industries, such as engineers, mechanics, etc., is far more vital than to secure those uncultivated, downtrodden people; that one member of the former group is equal to several of the latter. I am inclined to believe that we miscalculate in this respect, and that they are equally important at least. We must remember that whatever standard of living we enjoy, can only be determined by a comparison with those who compose the lowest strata of society. Our so very much praised and glorified civilization is in fact resting upon the slum element, the pariahs. Only when these elements succeed in elevating themselves does society as a whole rise to a higher level. By organizing these elements we are gaining control of the very foundation of modern society.

In modern industry there are very few indeed who cannot easily be replaced should they withhold their service from their masters. The sources from which our masters recruit the new elements with which to replace their rebellious slaves is from these underfed and uneducated masses. So long as our standard of living is in any way superior to theirs there is always the fear that they will enter into our places should a vacancy appear. And a strike causes just such a vacancy. And can we blame them for wanting all the good things in life they can possibly get? Or can we blame them for using such tactics when they don't know anything better? Hardly. It is rather fortunate to note that they aspire to something more and better in life than they have even if they try to secure it through strikebreaking tactics. It shows us that the desire is there and all we have to do is to show them how to gain their ends and gain them permanently and honorably.

### Favorable Factors

Before we can feel secure in what little we have already gained and hope to gain some more, we must manage to educate and to organize these unorganized masses. The task might seem almost impossible but it is really not so great as it looks. The boss will help us a lot. At the same time he does all in his power to prevent us from entering into their domains, he ships thousands of them into the industries where we are employed, as he hopes to weaken our strength. That gives us a chance to develop organizers among them. At the same time it lessens the congestion on the labor

market in their home territory and makes the remaining forces more willing to listen to our propaganda and to take steps towards improving their own conditions.

The question before us is really to assimilate with us all forces participating in industry. The program of the I. W. W. is not a program of securing ruling power for a few; it is a program of assimilation of all. We are not bent upon getting control over the means of production only in order to rule and govern a mass of subjugated people. We intend to secure the means of production for all the people. We don't simply want a change from the subjugated class to the ruling class; we want to abolish classes. For that reason the slogan, "Put the boss in overalls" is the most beautiful slogan of all. If the "Overalls" are the uniform of the producer, the useful member in society, then it should be the highest honor to don that uniform.

It is very vital that we grasp this clearly, that our object is to abolish classes by means of absorbing all members in society for useful and productive pursuits. That explains why we in the I. W. W. must "all be leaders". Only when men are able to lead and direct their own destiny can leadership and a ruling class be abolished permanently. On that account we must train and educate ourselves sufficiently to be fit members of such a society. But, furthermore, with the immensely great task before us it is necessary that each and every one of our members be so trained and educated that he can lead a group of uneducated and unorganized slaves towards that form of society we are about to establish. It is true that mere membership in the I. W. W. does not qualify for leadership. But that member who does not aspire to be a leader in this respect is no good. His aim and constant endeavor should be to educate and to train himself so as to fill this function in one capacity or another. It must be remembered that all of us are good for something and in that particular line for which we are most adapted we must try to be the best, the leader, be it even in what is considered the least important task.

**What A New Society Requires**

It is obvious that the gigantic task before us requires great means by which to be brought about. And these means, or tools, we must develop ourselves, the ones used by our enemy cannot be useful for us. We must develop our own press, our own literature, speakers, propaganda mediums, moral code, philosophy, in fact, everything mental and physical that constitutes a society. Again we see how the I. W. W. is a distinct form of society in itself, growing up from already existing conditions. For that reason we must, in particular, increase our press and our publications many times as they are the strongest weapons in our offensive, and we must cultivate libraries and meetings and discussions among the toiling masses for their education. A large daily press, permanent meeting halls, libraries and study courses should be established as fast as we possibly can.

I have dealt with the subject in such a broad manner and with such a wide scope merely because I hope thereby to impress upon our members in particular and all thinking workers in general the immensely great responsibility resting upon us. This is not merely a fight for a little shorter working day or a few more crumbs from our master's table or for the privilege of our fellow workers in prison to walk out to the same drudgery under which we suffer. This is a struggle that makes history; a struggle upon whose success or failure countless millions of toilers and many future generations' happiness and liberty depend. This is a fight not to be taken frivolously but seriously, indeed. And if we do seriously consider our moves and our every action there is no doubt as to our victory in a near future.

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# Frigid California

ONE plague after another has been the lot of California, romantically called God's country by people too dull to know what an insult it is to any self-respecting deity to be credited with suzerainty over a demesne alternately reeking with hoof and mouth disease, typhoid and smallpox epidemics and the bubonic scourge, to say nothing of its blackest curse, the criminal syndicalism statute.

Obstreperous real estate sharks have held up the Earthquake State's balmy winter climate to entice buyers from afar, concealing, of course, its summertime heat records. Their advertisements might have seemed very tempting to many last week when Easterners experienced the first cold wave of the winter. But not so alluring was this legendary Golden State seen in the light of fact and not through the smoked glasses of land speculation propaganda. The entire state was gripped by freezing weather, including even such southernmost points as San Diego and the Imperial Valley.

Following is a clipping from a Chicago daily:

**And In Los Angeles**

LOS ANGELES, Calif., Dec. 27.—(Special.) —So many orange growers in the Los Angeles county hinterland have been burning smudge pots to protect their fruit from temperatures ranging from 27 above down to 19 during the last three nights and days that the resultant pall of oily black smoke today tied up shipping in Los Angeles harbor.

If this sort of thing keeps up pious folks will be calling California not God's country but God's curse. It is beyond the power of the workers, perhaps, to restore the old climate, but fully within their ability to wipe out the plagues, because these plagues breed in the filth of poverty. Let the workers organize and sweep this pestilence into the sea along with the medieval torture of union men that continues to disgrace California.

# Literary and Artistic Contest

## Substantial Prizes for the Best Manuscript and for the Best Cartoon

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER and INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY have combined to offer a prize of $75 for the best piece of literature submitted, and a prize of $50 for the best cartoon submitted. April 15, 1925, is the date for closing the contest, when all manuscripts and drawings must be in the hands of the manager of the two publications.

The best article or fiction work and the best cartoon will be published in the May Day editions of both publications. The other material submitted in the contest is to become the property of the I. W. W. press, to be published either in English or translation by the various editors at their discretion.

All material submitted for the contest should be sent unsigned, but with some identifying mark, to the manager of the Industrial Pioneer and Industrial Solidarity, and should be marked "For Solidarity-Pioneer Contest." A separate letter should be mailed at the same time as the manuscript or drawing and should contain the identifying mark inside a sealed envelope on the outside of which is written the contestant's name and address. When the judges have announced their decision these envelopes will be opened. The contest is open to both members of the I. W. W. and non-members.

Several prominent writers and artists are under consideration as judges. Their names will be announced soon, and the men chosen to pass on the merits of the articles, stories and cartoons will be such as to leave no doubt as to their competency and fairness.

Nothing sent in competition for these prizes shall advocate parliamentarianism, religion, class collaboration, co-operative projects, or utopian colonization schemes. Such articles or cartoons will not be considered for the prize.

Manuscripts for the literary prize may be fiction or non-fiction, but not poetry, and must not exceed 5,000 words.

Fiction should embrace some phase of the workers' lives involving the class struggle. Non-fiction may deal with the whole or any part of the field of labor and industry—including organization, history, present tendencies, and future possibilities. The articles may be either general and theoretical or as highly specialized as the author may desire.

Cartoons may be drawn in any medium, but must be dead black on dead white. This does not mean the exclusion of shadings or the use of Chinese white, but it does bar the use of colored inks or crayons. These cartoons should tell the story by means of the drawing and should require little or no lettering on them to make them intelligible.

Cartoons should be of a general propaganda nature and not illustrative of current events, as it may be some time before they are actually printed.

# Criticism of Samuel Gompers' Creed

(Continued from page 5.)

**agement. It proposes that the employees shall have the right to organize and to deal with the employer through selected representatives as to wages and working conditions. . . There is no belief held in trades unions that their members shall control the plant or usurp the rights of the owners.**

There you have it, a yellow that endures, fit credo for any whey-faced bootlicker, and the whine by which he wanted to placate the Open Shoppers. It had been a bad year for Sam. After the steel strike of 1919 the industrial peace council met in which the bosses were represented. Sam's crowd were on hand, and others presented themselves to stand for that fetish known as the Public. When the war-profits-fattened bosses refused to agree even to Sam's mild collective bargaining sugar-teat the old fellow got angry and told the body that such refusal placed them in the same category with the I. W. W. because, he warned them, the I. W. W. Preamble starts out with the words "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common." Sam's cry was like this in substance: "After all I've done for you, you've turned me down. You won't even agree that the workers and bosses have collective bargaining in common, so you're proving that the Wobs are right!"

### Betrayal of Steel Strike

Poor Gompers! He never forgot his masters. But he should have known better, because in 1912 he wrote about the implacable enmity of the steel trust, and did nothing to strengthen the steel slaves' chances against this growing monster. What happened in 1919 was inevitable. The workers put up a splendid battle but were foredoomed to failure when 24 separate unions, greedy for per capita taxes and jealous of jurisdiction, pretended to seriously oppose the trust. William Z. Foster has given us a record of this contest in which he repeatedly illustrates the attitude of these autonomous craft headquarters when confronted by the natural tendency of the strikers to join forces in industrial phalanx. The union leaders smashed the strike into which they had hypocritically entered with donations of $100 from each treasury, or a total of $2,400 with which to launch a fight against the billions of Emperor Steel! All the more significant when we consider how much importance they attach to funds for relief purposes.

Gompers was willing to concede anything if only the capitalists would embrace collective bargaining and insure a numerous progeny in contractual relations. Of the latter he had this to say in 1916:

**These industrial contracts between workers and employers are the mile-stones of industrial progress.**

To secure these mile-stones Sam would hang mill-stones around the slave's neck. He early learned the value of psychologizing his followers into the habit of associating all antagonists with bombs and firebrands. At the Nashville convention in 1897 he advocated evolution's unruffling sway, and opposed revolution's disturbing surge. In 1916 he named among "predatory forces that menace the welfare of wage-earners," extremes of which

**Their highest fringe contains the irreconcilable impossibilists who think that nothing but revolution and destruction can right the wrongs of the workers.**

### Helping The Inquisition

Going into the war spirit with a will he and his machine became the most vicious of stoolpigeons, betraying to the authorities any of their own members or other workers who expressed a broader vision of working class destiny than kissing the boss' foot to beg a wretched existence. These authorities, as usual, slavishly served the needs of industrial oligarchy. The Gompers cabal pledged this pernicious support in the name of patriotism, promising to assist the professional spies of capitalism in every way possible. So far did they go in furtherance of this treacherous alliance that A. Mitchell Palmer, wartime United States Attorney General, who made an ass of himself in his "Red Raids," publicly thanked Gompers twice for "the aid rendered the Department of Justice in rounding up the I. W. W. organizers and militants." We are reminded again that "Patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels."

Gompers was active in the formation of the National Civic Federation, of which he was vice-president and August Belmont, who died the same day, was president, an organization founded to prove that master and slave should be friends, that the exploited should respect and love his robber and that strikes are anathema. A list of the society's prime movers in relief against a background of their industrial activities would be startling, but Sam was quite at home. This labor Perseus did not confront Medusa to slay her but to enter into affectionate alliance and guarantee the runty race of spineless robots she wanted.

### Boosting The Right of Bosses

His greatness of heart wherever the employers' welfare was concerned is revealed in the touching simplicity of the following extract from an address before the National Civic Federation in New York City, which was so well seconded by the gang at Washington that it was published in the official organ of the American Federation, February, 1902. Sam said:

**In our industrial system of society I would not have the rights of an employer toyed with nor flagrantly violated. . . . There is in our time, if not a harmony of interests . . . yet certainly a community of interests.**

It was on such occasions as these that the wily Sam displayed a subtle sense of personal adaptation, and the man whose oratorical thunder was sometimes worthy of a Marat, a Danton or the fiery Heine whom he professed to admire, remembered to act like the Romans when in Rome. But, after all, hobnobbing with N. C. F. representatives was not so foreign to his natural tendency, since both his salary and other emoluments had long since raised him out of the mire of the working class, and his distinctly personal interests shorn of organizational contacts were bourgeois. When a union official receives a salary anywhere from five to twenty-five times the income of the average member he is supposed to represent, he has been placed in the ruling class. His pay enables him to live in a home of his own, superior to the homes in which workers dwell; he fattens on a different fare; he may have a servant to assist or relieve his wife in the household; his clothing is better; he has money in the bank, and in time makes investments—in short, he has become a petit bourgeois. Such an economic environment makes him quite contented with the good old world as it is, and it is very natural that he should staunchly support its social bulwarks.

When Gompers had won his spurs as a faithful lackey of the rulers he was repeatedly invited to address gatherings of bankers and industrial magnates. Chambers of commerce were glad to hear him, so they wined him and dined him and he said what they wanted him to say, purporting to be the voice of several million union workers. In Boston he was banqueted by the officials of the building trades union and the contractors on January 7, 1920, at which festive moment he again stressed the feasibility of cordial relations between boss and worker. This banquet was a celebration of the amicable termination of an industrial dispute between building workers and their employers. This is mentioned because such gatherings were typical. The following night he spoke, by invitation, to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and was careful to say:

**The American labor movement is not at war with society. It seeks to overthrow nothing.**

### Says Law-Breaking Got Results

Presently we intend to discuss the rewards of this constant anxiety, but before going into that matter it is interesting to hear one who so vociferously disapproved of direct action relating an outstanding instance of its successful application. For years and years he had been cautioning the workers to remain strictly within the law, conveniently forgetting, or perhaps regretting, his disobedience to Justice Wright who, in 1908, sentenced him to a year in jail for contempt, although this sentence was later set aside by the United States Supreme Court. This was in the Bucks Stove and Range Company case. Judicial facility to meet employers' needs has been frequently manifested, and how would Gompers counsel in such an exigency as that forced by the Anderson injunction tying up the funds of the Mine Workers' Union to prevent relief from being given striking coal miners? Union officials can either break the law by disbursing relief or break the strik by keeping the law.

When Gompers appeared before the Senate Com mittee on Education and Labor, January 3, 1919, he delivered himself of this opinion on compulsory arbitration in Colorado and how it was received by certain workers:

**A little more than a year and a half ago, in spite of the law, the workmen, failing to secure redress at the hands of the commission or the board, simply struck.**

**They violated the law. They were lawbreakers. But they quit work and got quicker action at the hands of the employers who have recognized since then the proper standards and conditions that should prevail and should have prevailed for a long time previously.**

### Contradicts Himself

Last year the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision invalidating the minimum wage law for women, which recalls his testimony on the same subject before the Industrial Relations Commission in New York City in 1914, where he said:

**In my judgment the proposal to establish by law a minimum wage for women, though well meant, is a curb upon the rights, the natural development, and the opportunity for development, of the women employed in the industries of our country.**

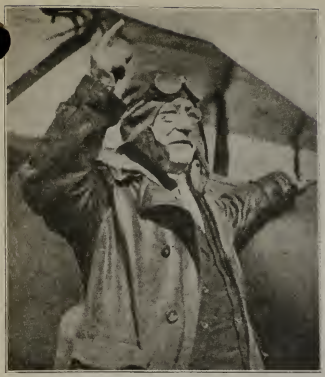
Was Sam afraid that such legislation would deprive him of a talking point, which would in turn decrease the numbers of women organized to attain and maintain wage levels thus effecting a diminution of per capita tax? The rest of his talk is sheer poppycock—all that about her natural development, her opportunities and rights. Gompers well understood that while there is little chance for any natural, healthful development of man in American industries, there is still less for woman, who is biologically more unsuited to its peculiar exactions. He suggests having thought somewhat along these lines when he gave a Senate commission this testimony in 1904:

**Our opponents talk of men losing their individuality when they join a labor organization. That is absurd. As soon as a workman enters a modern industrial plant he has lost his individuality. . . He is simply one cog in the great wheel of industry. He is one atom in the great aggregate of employees who furnish the finished product.**

With which we entirely agree, pointing out that it was even more pertinent ten years later when he blathered about natural development. Such an unfolding of any human being must have first consideration of the individual as an individual. How then are cogs and atoms to develop, as Gompers intimates?

### The Cat Let Out of the Bag

At El Paso last November he made a most significant remark, which explains why craft unions are continued with all their archaic regalia, separate sets of officers, duplication of function, district par-



"Pie in The Sky"? Sam went to a labor convention in an airplane and here he is about to start on the flight.

celing, and their contract policy by which has been lost every important strike they have waged in the last few years. He said:

**Office in the labor movement now offers opportunity for something in addition to service—it offers opportunity for the self-seeker who sees an instrumentality for personal advancement both in the economic and political field.**

Office in his "movement" never meant anything else, but there is one further remark that he made which is worth quoting. After the A. F. of L. convention at El Paso he went to Mexico City to attend the inauguration of President Calles. The new Mexican president gave a banquet in Gompers' honor, although feasting laborites while the great masses suffer hunger confers not honor but dishonor. However, Gompers, so soon to leave off all feasting forever, sang his swan song in this note at that moment:

**Radicalism, so far as the future is concerned, is dead. Now is the time to bury it. Reconstruction alone can save the world from the terrible consequences of a future world war. Labor and capital must understand one another in mutual interest in the coming generations.**

### Lifelong Service to Greed

What fidelity to corporate wealth! No wonder that his death was mourned by this country's Teapot Dome president, by bankers and business men, by all who thrive on the exploitation of the working people that Gompers, more than any other man, endeavored to keep from class cohesion which is the only basis upon which they can ever build their freedom. Other men have driven their spasmodic thrusts to preserve the class unconsciousness which enslaves American workers; Gompers' whole long life was dedicated to the task.

He praised the workers for turning "a deaf ear to all the chimerical schemes advocated by would-be social revolucionists," and lauded them for "steadily persevering in their efforts to alleviate their sufferings little by little, as their power of mutual helpfulness gradually increased with time."

Little by little, indeed! And what are the facts surrouncing this painfully slow alleviation, he alleged to be in process? The greatest sum total of material wealth ever massed in history belongs to a small, ruthless industrial and financial autocracy which has been steadily increasing its possessions and rendering the workers' position more wretched, insecure and helpless. The American Federation of Labor has never made any real effort to reach the great majority of these workers, while it sorted lone trades in the pigeonholes of ineffectiveness and damned every attempt of the workers to advance not from a caste position but from a class foundation.

### Reward of Conservatism

The results of such treacherous partitioning are to be seen on all sides. In the main there are about ten unorganized workers to every one in a union; in the trade unions themselves we find single crafts opposing industrial unity of capital while other crafts under the same management continue to serve this capital. Where an industrial union form obtains, as in the United Mine Workers of America, district divisions, in lieu of craft distinctions, lead to working class defeat. Strikes are called by districts and settled by districts, and the miners, with other workers, find themselves worse off as the years pass.

Gompers opportunism instead of inculcating freer thoughts and making his followers more manly and womanly, as he boasted, robbed them of the power to think freely and stifled the natural manhood and womanhood they owned, for how can a legitimate claim to these virtues be made when they accept wage slavery as eternal and right? What is manhood unless it is the free stature of men bound by no shackles? What is womanhood unless it is equally unfettered? And why should the producers of all the world's wealth permit a parasitic minority to possess their creations?

Based upon a social lie this misguided "expediency" cannot do other than breed disastrous error. The I. W. W. truth that there is nothing in common between master and slave is hard swallowing for those who wish to bask in the smiles of rulers, just as it will be a bitter medicine for the employing class whenever the workers shape their course on a knowledge of this opposition of interests.

Relatively, the working class is poorer now than at any other time in history, sharing in a smaller percentage of wealth than any previous subject class. Chattel slaves were sure of nourishment, a roof, covering for their limbs; what security belongs to the millions of unemployed wage slaves of this day? Can anyone expect that they are going to

gain security by meekness; by dividing their numbers while the common enemies unite forces and mass capital under centralized direction? These are questions that workers must consider and finally answer.

If the A. F. of L. could not tolerate working class solidarity within America its nationalist isolation is a corollary to be expected, and while its leaders vermiculated to the satisfaction of big business here, their refusal to come out of their shell and see the working class of the world was equally pleasant to international finance. Gompers' color-blind eyes made even yellow Amsterdam seem too red to have anything to do with.

In biographies of this man which are sure to follow, sentiment and romance will play their major part, but we have felt uninterested in his domestic life because we are concerned only with him as an embodiment of the spirit of his organization, and the non-affiliated extensions of that spirit. Biographers will tell how he first saw the light of day in 1850 and that he became a cigarmaker in America, where he was brought by his parents when a small boy. They will relate his love of music, poetry, flowers and little children—that last always makes a decided hit, the great man of worldly affairs forgetting all else to lift up a smiling child and kiss its pudgy cheek. You will learn—if you read the biographers—of Sam's happy family life, and of his devotion to his friends; of his innate kindness with all associates. Well no harm in saying those good things for a man with so many indictments against his memory. In this place we have not joined the panegyrists, but neither have we swung in the other direction, delicacy of feeling, for example, preventing us from giving Gompers' real reason for opposing prohibition, a phobia quite as pronounced in him as it is in H. L. Mencken. Let romance have its fling, but not here.

We have often been chided because our revolutionary program moves so slowly, but if that of craft union




hand-to-mouth opportunism, requiring only a modicum of intelligence and a minimum of cou age has accomplished so little of its task durir the past fifty-four years of its existence, it is hardly consistent to ask for a speedy achievement of a purpose that demands a broader understanding of life and sufficient backbone to fight for a world for its workers.

The open shop drive and unemployment have both made a mark upon Federation membership, a steady decline in numbers being reported since 1920 when the convention report gave 4,078,740 for that year against 3,906,528 for 1921, 3,195,635 for 1922 and 2,926,468 for 1923, a loss of 1,152,272 members in the period. It was estimated that 60,000 more dropped out last year. Apparently, this does not greatly worry its officialdom, their sinecures still being secure, and the successor to Gompers, William Green, treasurer of the Mine Workers, says he intends continuing the fossilized policy. Green has been in the Ohio legislature as a standpatter, so he is thoroughly qualified.

There is a "spirit of righteousness" in nearly all of these craft union leaders that was overwhelming in Gompers. Five years ago he appeared before the Boston Chamber of Commerce. Mellowed by good fellowship and other things, he excogitated with the deep feeling such an occasion warranted:

**It has been my pleasure to work with the American labor movement all my life from my young boyhood up to this hour, and I can recall with the greatest satisfaction its consistent, progressive, liberty-loving, patriotic course. When I shall have done my work, whatever it may be, if the world will remember me for five minutes after I am gone and say "He tried to be of service to his fellows in life" I shall be content.**

Wherefore he was so remembered long enough for them to lay his dead body in Sleepy Hollow where rest the ashes of various of the fellows he tried to serve, not the least of whom was a donor of libraries and the author of the Homestead Massacre.

**BARTER OF FLESH, by Mary Hope, a colorful scene in the lives of a little Italian family harnessed to our drab machine dictatorship is a story that you'll remember.**

**CIVILIZATION IN EASTERN KENTUCKY, by Alonzo Walters, is a gripping word picture of the effects of coal operations on the populace of a picturesque region. It will hold your interest.**

**INDUSTRIAL PIONEER for MARCH will carry these and other excellent features. Send in your subscription!**

# What Ails California?

By ROBERT WHITAKER

II

**IT is easy enough to rave about California,—or to rail at her. There has been much of the former, deliberately promoted by the swarms of realty sharks who have fattened on the suckers they have attracted to these waters, and on a host of others who could hardly be described as suckers, but whose cravings for a comfortable climate have proven the opportunity of the land and home exploiters here. The annals of this particular form of modern piracy as they have been written in innumerable tragedies of disappointment and disaster in California there is no space here to emphasize or detail.**

**That there should be some swing toward the dispraise of California now is not to be reckoned strange. The note of criticism is by no means new. Back in the Fifties of the last century, when California was in the first flush of its world reputation, that curious American author, Hinton Rowan Helper, the author of a book on his native southland almost as famous and as fiercely acclaimed and hated as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," published a volume on California entitled, "The Land of Gold," which "knocked" the Golden State worse than anything that has been written since. The book seems to have had little effect, and is almost forgotten now, as is the author, despite his later sensational success with "The Impending Crisis of the South," referred to above. The California State Library in Sacramento has a copy of it, but elsewhere I have never laid my eyes on it, though it makes interesting reading now. Helper traveled quite extensively in California and thought it about the most unpromising state in the Union from the viewpoint of permanent development and population. He had none of the gift of sarcasm that Mencken has, nor did he deal with the "moronism" of the people here, that term having neither form nor standing then. But California survived his attack as it seems likely to survive the criticisms of our day.**

The raving and the railing, either for or against California, are apt to be more superficial than studious. And even when studied criticism of the state is applied it is likely to deal with detail, incident and statistics rather than with the fundamental issues which are involved in the development of this great western commonwealth. There are not many Californians, and there are few Americans outside of California, who understand why California is what it is today, or the directions in which the main currents of social evolution are moving here. The failure to understand California is part of our general failure to understand the America of the present age.

Two quite simple, or at least quite undeniable facts, are the keys to real understanding of the California of our time. The first is the fact that California is the Empire State of the Pacific side of the United States. The second is the fact that this is the twentieth century, and in particular it is the first half of that century. What the second half of the century may have to say, or even the second quarter of the first half, it is perhaps too soon for us to tell. But the **where** and **when** of California are as important to the understanding of the state as it is just now, as these two items are to the understanding of United States' history as a whole. California is **what** she is today because she is **where** she is. California is **what** she is today because she is **when** she is.

Just now it is quite the vogue to explain California, I know, by the size of the mid-western migration here. There is force in the dramatization of Los Angeles as the other end of the road which begins at Gopher Prairie, the western terminus of "Main Street." Sixty and seventy thousand people can be gotten together at an Iowa picnic, or a Minnesota doings. One of my radical friends, usually refers to Aimee Semple McPherson's great "Angelus Temple" as "Moronia Temple." The town itself might well be dubbed "Moron City." Probably nowhere in America is there so large an aggregation of people who represent so little of intellectual and artistic and creative life as do the people of Los Angeles. A casual view of the faces of the crowd here is appalling for the vacuousness which prevails. And this, which manifests itself visibly in the facial vistas of the street, is confirmed by a study of the schools, the churches, the courts and the club life here. **Standardized mediocrity is enthroned in stolid sovereignty here.**

But that is only to say that Los Angeles represents the America which has emphatically come to pass in the imperializing process which has been going on in the United States so swiftly during the last thirty years. That process did not originate in the Pacific, and its strength is not here. But the Pacific is the field in which it has its most obvious exhibit and where its crises are likely to develop and be fought out. The Hawaiian Islands which we took over in 1898 are in the Pacific. The Philippines, in whose waters Admiral Dewey won the first notable sea battle of our American Imperialism, are farther yet into the Pacific. Here is Guam, and here is our Samoan naval outpost. And the Panama Canal itself was built for the sake of giving the United States the greatest foothold of all for the mastery of the Pacific. The American Empire, though it may have its financial capital on Wall Street, and though Pennsylvania may continue to be the "keystone" of its economic arch, is going to be, as it is already, prominently and peculiarly the empire and the epoch of the Pacific.

California, moron as it is in vast masses of its population, whether from the mid-west or elsewhere, is beginning to sense this situation, and the signifi-

cance of it to the Golden State. **Nowhere is there more effective and intelligent organization of the forces of imperialism than on the Pacific Coast.** From Seattle to San Diego the men of Big Business are keenly conscious of the fact that "the star of empire," having swung as far westward as it could, is moving toward what we have long known as "the Far East," which is actually the Far West for us. Asia is the field of most promising exploitation now. And Japan is the most formidable power standing between us and the looting of the vast natural resources and the immeasurable masses of cheap labor yonder beyond the setting sun. Our international policy in California, and our industrial policy at home, are both dominated more and more by this rising vision of Pacific power.

The thing that ails California is the itch for empire. Empire eastward, in the United States, she could hardly expect to seize as against Chicago and New York, and the rest of Atlantic America. But empire westward, toward the islands of the Pacific and the great Asiatic mainland, is manifestly hers, if she can lead the United States in a policy of domination and exploitation there. And this she is doing at a rate which few Americans either inside or outside of California realize unless they are in on the game.

### Why They Hate the I. W. W.

Far apart as may seem to be the ruthless warfare of the patrio-maniacs and the politicians on the Pacific Coast, especially here in California, against the Industrial Workers of the World at home, and against the Japanese abroad, they are manifestations of the same motive power and the same mood. Back of them both is the grasp for empire. The I. W. W. are in the way of this economic imperialism at home. The Japanese are in the way of the same imperialism abroad. And California is the leader in the aggressiveness of the whole imperialistic swing. That swing will tolerate nothing that interferes with the building up of sea mastery, shipping from port to port, inter-state and trans-Pacific commerce.

It will be said that anti-Asiatic feeling manifested itself in California long before the rise of our Pacific power, or the dream of it, in the Chinese sand lot riots of nearly half a century ago. True. But the movement was industrial then, the timidity of labor against Asiatic competition. That fear, surviving yet, is being played upon now to strengthen the present movement against the Japanese. But the anti-Japanese movement is not original with labor. It is much higher up in its beginnings and inspiration. Neither is the fear of the I. W. W. on that has its rootage with the common people. **Popular prejudice against the I .W. W. is press-made, and manufactured for the Chambers of Commerce and their kind. San Pedro is the port of Los Angeles, the key to a Pacific sovereignty for this city and all Southern California. When the I. W. W. touch the shipping, at either San Francisco or San Pedro, they are touching the apple of the capitalist eye in California.** Both Japanese and I. W. W. are stirrers up of trouble in the back country, it is true, in the orchards and vineyards of the big interior valleys. But this would, in itself, have spent its force, as the Chinese agitation did, if there had not been tied up with it a threat to this Pacific imperialism which is growing apace in recent years. California is out to be the king pin in the United States domination of the great western ocean and the vast eastern or western world that lies beyond it. And woe to labor folks who get in the way of this program at home, or the Asiatic nation that seeks to step between us and sovereignty across the seas.

### California's Vengeful Ferocity

Explanations of California's reaction to the I. W. W. on the basis of mental or moral inferiorities or peculiarities are beside the mark, however plausible may be the massing of incidents which seem to confirm them. California folks are after all much as other people are, neither better nor worse, as the country goes. But the California of today is growing not only in population and wealth, it is growing in imperial consciousness and organization. And it is this situation, far more serious than the passing hysteria of war, or the ebullitions of personal and mob violence which we have to meet. The epidemic of world dominion which is sweeping all America manifests itself here in vengeful ferocity toward the common labor folks who have been rallied under the standards of the I. W. W., the migratory workers who are themselves at the farthest remove from imperial moods and ambitions, and manifests itself also in an increasing arrogance and insolence toward the one nation across the sea which seems most likely to interfere with our program there. And beyond this, though there is no space to discuss the matter here, it will be found that our rock-ribbed opposition to Russia is rooted in the same ambition of America to dominate the ancient eastern world in its new movement toward the epoch of the machine.

**THE MARCH PIONEER will present another of Robert Whitaker's valuable articles, "Labor and the American Empire." You must be sure to read the masterly work of this scholarly historian who interprets current and past events in the light of their world-wide economic significance. Dr. Whitaker writes from California where he is editing the Civil Liberties Union journal called "The Open Forum," and is also active in the field work against gagging freedom of speech and press.**

# The Work People's College

## WHERE INDUSTRIAL UNIONISTS ARE EFFICIENTLY EDUCATED

By KRISTEN SVANUM

**IF you followed the advice "mail that coupon to-day" for some time ago;—if you are sitting up nights cudgeling your brains over mail-order courses teaching how to become a "big executive", if you are lying awake nights building air castles on that foundation and muttering in your sleep: "Here is another fifty dollars, Grace, I am making real money now"—In short, if you think that your main chance in life consists in making an attempt to rise out of your class, this article is not very likely to interest you.**

**If, on the other hand, you have arrived at the conclusion that individual attempts by you to improve your economic conditions have only an infinitesimal chance for success, and that the only sure way of improving your conditions is through organized effort together with other members of your class, an article on The Work People's College cannot fail to interest you.**

As most readers of the Industrial Pioncer have arrived at the second conclusion, there is no need of proving the correctness of it here.

The Work People's College is no technical institution. It does not turn out stenographers, bookkeepers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, mechanics, or any other professionals or tradesmen. Its purpose is to give its students knowledge of the structure, aims, methods and philosophy of the I. W. W. and make them able to become more powerful factors in the class struggle.

The majority of the students are members of the I. W. W. and nobody comes there for any other purpose than that mentioned above. The classes are arranged for the purpose and can roughly be divided into three groups: social sciences, organization work and elementary subjects.

Under the heading of social sciences come economics, sociology, and history of the United States. The importance of a clear understanding and knowledge of these three subjects can hardly be overestimated from the organization point of view.

### Curriculum Can't Be Beaten

When you are trying to convince a worker that the I. W. W. is the only organization that has got a practical program worth while, it is not enough to answer his objections by telling him that he is wrong. Such a procedure will usually only irritate him and make him determined not to be convinced, and in that way make it much harder for you.

If you do not know anything about economics, it very difficult for you to answer even such old and exploded objections as: "What is the use of organizing? If we get higher wages they—the capitalists —will only raise the prices and we shall be no better off". Or, "The high wages caused high prices, that is the reason why we have got a panic now. The only way to get better times is by getting prices down to normal again, and that can't be done without cutting wages". If you are well grounded in Marxian economics, such objections are only grist to your mill. If you are not, chances are that either you or the worker you are trying to convince will lose patience.

Besides freeing you from disadvantages of that kind, to judge intelligently on any industrial problem, it is necessary to have more than a superficial knowledge of the material basis of society, and the only way of aquiring that is through the study of economics.

The average worker has got a vague idea that human institutions have changed, but he often believes that they are no longer subject to such change. A study of sociology will pretty soon explode such beliefs. After having traced the changes of society from primitive communism, through chattel slavery and serfdom, to wage slavery, it is rather easy to see that forces are existing to-day that are going to do away with wage slavery, and to sec that these forces are economic and can only be given full play when united in an economic organization—in a union of the working class.

The course in history of the United States is giving special application to the principles arrived at in sociology. At the end of the course the origin of the I. W. W. is described, showing how it grew out of American conditions, and how it has become the natural fighting organization of the American working class.

Under the heading of organization work, three classes are conducted: organization bookkeeping, organization work proper, and industrial survey.

The course in organization bookkeeping covers the field from filling out a job delegate report to keeping the books in the general office; explaining such things as duties of auditing committees, preparing financial statements, etc.

In organization work proper the functions of job delegates, traveling delegates, G. O. C. members and secretaries are described. Parliamentary procedure is taught with special reference to I. W. W. customs and rules at job meetings, branch meetings, committee meetings, conventions, conferences, etc. In the same class the I. W. W. preamble and constitution are analyzed, and many organization and administration problems are examined.

The course in industrial survey is teaching the students how to use statistical handbooks, tables,

etc., to compare results gained through them with their own and their fellow worker's observations on the job, and in that way produce a clear picture of general conditions prevailing in the industry in question.

The elementary subjects cover English and mathematics and are like most other subjects graded, so that the students can study in groups where all have approximately the same knowledge of the subject and the same capacity for studying it.

The advanced grades in the English classes are studying public speaking and labor journalism, not for the purpose of developing into professional soap-boxers and writers, but so that they will be able to give an intelligent account of their ideas, whether it be on the platform or in print.

### Costs and Accommodations

The students are living in the college that can house 65 of them. At the present every room is filled; but as arrangements have been made to furnish rooms in the neighboring houses the college is able to accommodate 200 students. The charge is in either case $39.00 a month for tuition, room and board.

In addition to the regular classes two open forums are conducted every week, where subjects of interest to the labor movement in general and the I. W. W. in particular are discussed. One of the students starts the discussion with an opening speech limited to 40 minutes. After he has answered questions from the audience for 30 minutes, the floor is thrown open for discussion for another 30 minutes, and the speaker has 20 minutes for rebuttal.

Saturday and Sunday there are no classes; these days give the student an opportunity to rest up or, if he so prefers, to study in his room. Every Friday night there is a business meeting where the affairs of the college are decided.

Friday night there is a dance in the college. Besides that, the students have this year already had two entertainments, both of them very successful. The students do not need to go outside the college for recreation or to have any big expenditures for that purpose.

There are a gymnasium and shower baths in the college, and all the implements that are supposed to be connected with a gymnasium. The college is located at Spirit Lake. If you want to go skating, a couple of minutes' walk will bring you to the skating rink. In that way the students are able to take care of their health with a minimum expenditure of time and energy. It goes without saying that where 70 Wobblies are together the time is passing fast, too fast.

The term starts November 15 and ends April 15. Most of the students arrive and depart on these two dates. Only a few who have to leave—on account of financial circumstances—do not stay the full term. The seven months between April and November enable many of the students to raise the necessary winter stake and to return term after term and in that way gain a solid and systematic education.

### Students Make Better I. W. W.'s.

The value of the college to the I. W. W. can hardly be exaggerated. Every student is, after he leaves the college, much better equipped to do "his bit" in the class struggle, than he was before. Quite a few of the students went, when they left the college, right to California. One of them, John Bruns, is in St. Quentin now and will, like all of the class war prisoners, be glad to receive letters from his fellow workers on the outside.

Many other students have made a good record after leaving college. Some as G. O. C. members, others as traveling delegates, and nearly all the rest of them as job delegates. And all of them agree that their studies at the college have been a great advantage for them in the organization work and educational activities that they have helped to carry on.

At the rate the attendance is increasing it will soon be necessary to increase the number of teachers. For that reason the college intends to conduct special classes for teachers next term, besides a special summer course for teachers either this year or next year. The college will then be able to turn out its own force of instructors, and whenever a college would be opened up in another locality, it would have at its disposition instructors especially trained for that kind of work.

**Members of the I. W. W. should bear in mind that whatever their previous education is, there will always be courses adapted for them at the college, from the most elementary school subjects to the most advanced studies in economics and sociology. Make up your mind now to attend college next year, and you will easily have the necessary funds—$200.00—by November 15. If you do so, you will not regret it.**

# What Have You Done to Double the Circulation of The Industrial Pioneer?

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Are YOU ONE of the Fellow Workers who are Helping?

***We are Going to Make 1925 the Banner Year of Our Press!***

***Read Over These Cash Prizes and GET BUSY***

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**Contest ends Feb. 1, 1925. To the Sub-Agents Turning In the Highest Number of Subscriptions Over 150 an Additional Prize of $25.00 Will Be Paid.**

In case of a tie for the highest number of subscriptions among one or more contestants, each one will receive the prize of $25.00.

Only subscriptions accompanied by payment will be credited to Sub-Agents. Sub-Agents will not be credited with subs from books that are carried by other agents.

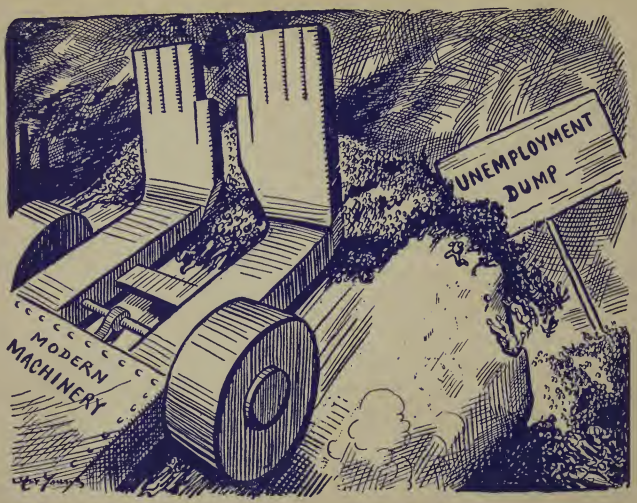
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Six months subs count one-half. Three months subs count one quarter.

## SEND IN FOR YOUR SUB BOOK AND GET BUSY

Printed by Printing and Publishing Workers' Industrial Union No. 450, I. W. W.




## *Unemployment and the Machine*

MILLIONS of workers are out of work. They tramp from one factory to another, from mine to mine and from town to town looking for jobs which are not to be had.

Why are these millions jobless? There are other millions besides themselves who are in dire need of the food, clothing and shelter that are produced by the labor of the working class. But the factories are closed, or running with only a part of their equipment and labor complement.

Why is this condition present?

In his new pamphlet—Unemployment and the Machine—J. A. MacDonald has handled the problem in a very superior manner, and one that is clear and trenchant. All who have read the manuscript are agreed that it is the best work of its kind thus far contributed to I. W. W. literature.

We expect it to be well received especially at a time when the workers' minds are compelled to think of unemployment by their widespread and personal experience with it. Therefore, this pamphlet, which is now running serially in INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY, is to be put in the field in February.

Every worker should read it. Every branch and member should place their orders at once and accompany the orders with cash wherever possible in order to facilitate the work of publication.

The price is to be 10 cents a single copy, with a 40 per cent discount for orders of ten or more.

Send your orders in now to your Industrial Union Headquarters or to P. J. Welinder, General Secretary-Treasurer, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

March 1925

# The Industrial Pioneer



An Illustrated Labor Magazine

Price 20¢

Revolution in the Marine Industry

Will U. S. Fight Japan or England?

Making Slaves in Eastern Kentucky

Labor and the American Empire

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

THE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNIVERSITY LABEL

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

# Seamen of the World Unite!



# EDITORIALS

## SOLIDARITY ON THE SEAS

WHEN this magazine comes to your hands our fellow workers of the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 510 will be convening in New Orleans, to which Gulf port they have invited the unions of seamen of the western hemisphere. The purpose of the International Conference is to promote greater solidarity among the toilers of the sea and on the wharves. Solidarity of this kind means an increased effectiveness of their activities for common advancement. It means that encroachments by the international shipping masters will be resisted not only by the seamen of this country, but by those of all countries shipping between North and South America, and by the seamen of the world when necessary.

Approaching the seamen of Latin-American countries first is a sound policy. No structure is built at once, but must be raised little by little, brick by brick, and 510 shows constructive wisdom in seeking the solidarity of all workers of this hemisphere engaged in the marine transport industry. When they have learned to support one another at all times, especially in strikes, a firm basis will have been laid for the unity of all workers in this industry throughout the world.

Recent revolutionary labor-displacing inventions for ship propulsion demand powerful organization of seamen for self-preservation, whose first aim must be the shortening of working hours. 510's organization work, just as all organization work, will advance with surer strides, will win the support of a widening number of wage slaves, and hold this support in proportion to the examples we can show them of success due to our plan of action, than merely by propounding theories. It is, therefore, an encouraging sign, this international conference, from which great activities are possible for the upbuilding of this strategically important industrial union.

## STEINMETZ

LAST year Charles P. Steinmetz died. He was a scientist of rare ability, being employed by the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y., where he acted as Chief Consulting Engineer. He established an enviable record in the field of electrical engineering by his numerous discoveries and inventions.

Being a great engineer, Steinmetz understood, as do many less gifted men in this field, that, with all its vaunted efficiency, capitalism is excessively wasteful. Not merely in war times when the premium is upon organized destruction, but through the interims of so-called peace. Bourgeois propaganda emphasizes the waste of strikes. Men like Ford and Gary are shocked by the waste of labor turnover. Competent engineers have estimated that combined strikes, lockouts and labor turnover can not be charged with more than ten per cent of the waste of industry. The great waste is with ordinary capitalist management of the productive machinery.

Steinmetz was also a sociologist, and a revolutionary, knowing that the world's wealth, produced by the mind and strength of workers and technicians is owned and controlled by a plundering, useless, parasitic minority at the expense of its toiling creators. He scoffed at the theory of genius like this, "Any young man can do as well as I have done if he is given the right opportunity".

Steinmetz knew that capitalism denies opportunity to the great mass of the human race. He was a socialist. He supported the I. W. W. press because our goal of working class emancipation was his own goal. Now a memorial has been endowed to him by the company that employed him. It is in the form of permanent scholarships for four students at Union College.

The memorial may seem worthy to the exploiting General Electric Company, because capitalism now secures all advantages from inventions. We have a more basic, social, and incomparably greater educational program, driving straight for working class freedom. The future is for an emancipated human race, a vivid, happy, wholesome, just and great society, where inventions must redound to the common welfare. Such is to be another kind of memorial to all social protestants who have died and lived for a better, a freer world.

## COMMENDABLE PARTIALITY

THE Greer College of Automotive Engineering, Chicago, recently issued a form letter advertising the kinds of human merchandise it is able to supply. This choice paragraph appears therein:

"We have quite a number of handicapped students placed in our school by the United States Veterans Bureau and the Illinois Vocational Bureau —many of them are willing to work for small wages and their meals."

These "handicappel students" are part of the human wreckage that did not stay on Flanders Fields to fatten trench rats. These men, willing to work for the barest subsistence, are some of the boys who were sent with cheers and glory to make Morgan and his kind safe.

However, this sort of favoritism by the good automotive school is commendable, as some of the wrecks may find these low-paid jobs. Our disabled veterans are not being entirely neglected, and it reminds one of the bounteous ruling of the Police Prefect of Paris, who says injured French veterans of the late difference with Wilhelm are not to be apprehended for begging in the streets.

# THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by JOHN A. GAHAN

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# Revolution in the Marine Industry

By T. P. SULLIVAN



The Leviathan: World's Largest Ship 59,956 Gross Tonnage.

WHILE glancing through the pages of a large metropolitan daily, my attention was arrested by an article under the heading of "News of the Mercantile Marine." The article in question was a description of a large ocean liner that had sailed from the Port of New York with its cargo of human parasites who were going abroad for their periodical visit to the shrines of debauchery and mammon in the gay capitals of Continental Europe. The "Astorbilts" and many of their stripe were present when this huge ocean greyhound left its moorings and turned its nose towards the open sea. The slaves in the stoke hole were not mentioned by this reporter in his article and neither were the rest of the crew, as they were unimportant, and who would think of associating the name of a common fireman or sailor with that of an "Astorbilt"?

Times have changed in the means and methods of production and distribution, but still slavery exists, even in our so-called "advanced" civilization, with its machine process and labor-saving devices, which react to the comfort and security of a few who perform no useful function in society and reap the material gain of the brains of genius and initiative, while on the other hand the toilers who make this wonderful, and almost seemingly impossible progress possible are ground down still further with every new invention and improvement, through the lack of organization on the industrial field.

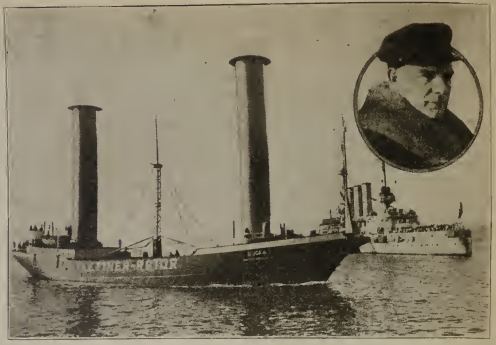
### Wind and Wood to Steam and Steel

From the time when the first savage burned out the inside of a tree into a canoe to the beginning of the century of the Industrial Revolution, water transportation had developed the wooden ship, depending on the winds and tides, weathering the storms of Tierra del Fuego and the Cape of Good Hope, instead of stopping the trans-oceanic voyages around the great southern continents through the short-cuts of Panama and Suez. Then, less than a hundred years ago, the hand of LABOR, armed with the machine, took hold of this means of transportation. Now ocean greyhounds, under the tireless urge of steam, electricity, gasoline or petroleum, carry passengers and crew into the teeth of the wind, while from their squat stacks belches smoke in victorious defiance of the elements on all the seas of the world.

**A new invention has lately been perfected that threatens to do away with all artificial propulsion, and is known as the Flettner Rotor Sails, named after the inventor, a German, by the name of Anton Flettner, who took his idea from the aerial field, on the positive and negative pressure that forces a plane to descend and ascend.** In order to understand the principle upon which the Flettner Motor Sail acts it is necessary briefly to describe the Flettner aeroplane rudder and the Flettner ship's rudder.

Both of these were the incentives to the development of the new Flettner rotor sail which has aroused the curiosity and interest of seafaring men the world over.

The action which takes place when a body is either subject to stream lines, or moves through these, is probably as much unknown as the causes of electricity. When an aeroplane speeds through the air, it was formerly believed that the air pressure created against the lower surface of the plane forced the plane upwards. Investigations however have proven that the negative pressure existing on the upper side of the plane had just as much to do with the lifting of the mass as the positive pressure on the lower side. In other words, it was assumed that the lifting capacity of a plane depended just as much on the negative pressure as on the positive one. A plane is really sucked upward more than forced by the air pressure below.



Sails Like Giant Stacks, and Anton Flettner (insert) The Inventor.

The size and capacity of aeroplanes have increased in the last few years, and the steering of these "Giants of the Clouds" has become more difficult. This was the chief incentive toward the development of the Flettner rudder. The inventor conceived the idea of utilizing the difference in pressure to steer the plane, instead of forcing the rudder against the air current he attached a small fin or auxiliary rudder, to the rudder on the after-edge. This auxiliary, when forced against the air current, creates a positive pressure on one side and a negative pressure on the other side. In brief, Flettner steered the rudder itself and the rudder steered the plane.

### Aerodynamics Suggests Invention

After the war the idea of utilizing the difference in pressure for steering aeroplanes was carried out on ship rudders. A considerable amount of energy has to be developed in overcoming the pressure against the rudder in order to steer large ocean-going steamers, and this is the cause of outfitting large ships with expensive steering engines, developing in some cases one hundred horse-power or more. By fitting an auxiliary rudder in the after edge of the main rudder, Flettner obtained the same results in water as in air. **The area of the auxiliary rudder is about one-twelfth that of the main.** It is obvious that the power required for operating the former is a minimum compared with that which is used when turning the latter. **Flettner's auxiliary rudder may therefore be operated by hand on ships up to eight thousand tonnage.**

Anton Flettner was experimenting, using the idea of his auxiliary rudder in connection with the sails. In other words, he looked at the sail as a body moving through stream lines, and nothing would, therefore, be more natural than operating sails, for instance, metal sails, by means of this pressure difference, and thereby eliminate a considerable amount of the running rigging as well as making the handling easier and simpler. It was while investigating the possibility for such a sail ship that Flettner conceived this idea—the rotor sail.

The following law has been recognized in both aerodynamics and hydrodynamics: wherever a body is moving through stream lines, be it the bow of a dirigible, an aeroplane plane, a turbine blade or a rudder, a section is formed where the positive pressure goes over into the negative pressure. Or, to put it this way: a section which disturbs the path of stream lines and absorbs a considerable amount of energy. This law is called the "Magnus Law," not to be confused with Magnus low in thermo-electricity.

The above explanation of the "Magnus Law" is somewhat complicated and must not be taken as being scientifically and technically correct, but, nevertheless, it illustrates the conception involved when explaining the rotor sail, and also the ordinary one. We know that the latter is placed at an angle with respect to the direction of the wind, so as to obtain the greatest possible pressure through the contraction of the stream lines. The disturbance, however, created by the sail in the direction of the path of the air, could only be prevented by making the sail rotable. Flettner did this. In order to eliminate every energy absorbing section caused by the negative and positive pressure, he realized that it was necessary to transfer the sail into a rotating body. It was easy to prevent this resistance by

simply "revolving it out" or in other words removing the obstruction. The component of the wind forces will then be at 90 degrees to the direction of this, and it is this component which affects the driving power of the Flettner sailless ship.

The Flettner sailless ship has two funnel-like masts about sixty feet high and nine feet in diameter, smooth and built up of steel sheets. **The power developed by these masts is said to be fifteen times as great as that which would be obtained from a sail of the same height and width, equivalent to the diameter. The results obtained with the rotor ship Buckau of Kiel, Germany, have been the cause of several prominent shipowners placing contracts for installation of this new sail on auxiliary vessels. The Hamburg-American Line has ordered ten vessels to be so equipped.**

### Will Reduce Cost of Operation

It is obvious that driving power like this will reduce the cost of operation considerably and also cut the amount of labor needed at present to man ships, in some cases up to sixty per cent, and it is very much possible that the near future will see the rotor-sail-driven ship invading the trade routes where trade winds are favorable and economy of vital importance. It is a well known fact that it took the Diesel-engine-driven ship to compete with the sail ship in the trade with Australia, but if the future holds what it promises, auxiliary rotor sail ships will possibly dominate the long trade routes in time to come.

It must be borne in mind that the Flettner rotor sails are revolved by means of a small auxiliary engine and not by the wind. It is the action of the wind on the revolving cylinder which is translated into energy movement for the vessel. The two rotor sails each being sixty feet high by nine feet in diameter, constitute an energy development surface equivalent to that which would be afforded by a sailing vessel having 8100 square feet of canvas stretched on its masts. The Flettner rotor masts extend through the deck to the keel of the vessel where they are properly secured by bearings.

**When this ship is perfected to the extent intended seamen will be as scarce aboard it as broncho-busters on the high seas.** It is less than one hundred years ago since the first steamship crossed the Atlantic, yet today ocean warehouses ply the channels of trade, equipped with all the labor-saving accessories of steam, electricity and hydraulics, undreamed of one hundred years ago. Lighthouses of concrete flash their beacons while machines tell them their location as unerringly as the landsman can tell where he is by the street signs. **Recently ships have sailed around the world with no helmsman at the wheel.** Steering these ships was one mightier than any quartermaster, with hands that are tireless and eyes that are unblinking—electricity. Sailors call this new machine the "Metal Mike," the fading phantom—a stern reality, it takes the place of human hand and




brain—but it could well be named "Industrial Revolution."

One hundred years ago ships were made of wood. "Iron does not float" was the popular conception in those days. Now ships are of iron and steel, with a consequent decrease of weight for their tonnage of one-third. At the present time the United States is planning a number of ships much larger than any that have ever appeared on the ocean. **Those ships are to have a capacity of 70,000 tons, with a speed of thirty knots. They will leave New York on Wednesday and arrive in Southampton, England, on Monday. They will be built like palatial hotels, with a bath in each stateroom. There will be suites with two bedrooms, a sitting room, dining room, a private veranda, two bathrooms and two trunkrooms. The specifications of the crews' quarters are not made known, but one who is familiar with the sea knows that the more space and comfort allotted to the parasites who occupy these suites, the less there is for the crew. In fact, on the ships like the S. S. America, one hundred members of the crew are crowded together in the same space as one of the parasites who happens to occupy a suite on this ship.**

One hundred years ago man crept and crawled on the face of the earth, and ventured on the waters not as master but as the servant of the elements. Now he speeds over the face of the earth and dominates the ocean. The birds have been forced to grant him the supremacy of the air; the fishes the supremacy of the waters, yet it was only a hundred years ago that the school board of a little town in Ohio was asked for the use of the schoolhouse to debate the question as to whether railroads and telegraphs were necessary —both of which as yet had existed only in the realm of thought.

The same ignorance and skepticism that existed a hundred years ago still exists and there are many

(Continued on page 19.)

# America's Triumphant Slavery

By JOHN A. GAHAN

**ON the opposite page is reprinted an advertisement that at this date in our blessed era of unrestricted bourgeois light may seem unique. My assurance is given that there was nothing extraordinary about its original appearance in the year of grace 1855 and the thriving commonwealth of Tennessee. It refers to a firm whose honorable trade was in the commodity of black human work beasts. But America did not always draw a color line in the bartering of slaves.**

**Indeed, the white resident today who belongs to the Kiwanis, and whose wife is in the social swim, should be a trifle wary about pluming himself on his strain from the free loins of the dominant Nordic, if his ancestors also lived on these bounteous shores. It is commonly known that chattel slavery of blacks prevailed extensively in the South until the Civil War. It is not commonly known that white slavery flourished until long after the United States had occupied its high position among the nations, and much credence had been given to its self-styled claim to being "The land of the free, and the home of the brave." White indentured servants, held for sale, received quite as humiliating, dehumanizing treatment as blacks bartered as chattels.**

There is many a pushing, piggish, proud Rotarian, with all the cheap snobbery of the parvenu, whose lineage runs straight back to such enslaved whites chained by their necks in rows, driven from town to town for exhibition, lodged worse than ill-kept swine in the pristine hospitality of American jails, and sold at auction from the block. That's how the country got its start. We don't think such a genealogical tree anything to be ashamed of, but the hundred-percenter probably would.

### Populating America

It happened this way: some of these whites were sold into service for periods of seven or more years on the assumption that their service was legitimate recompense for the cost of their passage from Europe. Others were convicts who elected to be exiled in bondage in preference to continued incarceration or death. How easy it was to become a convict in those days may be judged from the fact that 18th Century England held 168 crimes punishable by death. In this light one sees that being a convict at that time need not carry, from this distance, the moral stigma usually inflicted upon present day convicts. In due course we shall see what prompted such severity in English penal law. At this juncture let us consider the European background leading up to America's discovery, and the industrial system established in the earlier settlements.

Too often are we disposed to attempt interpretation of historical movements and events with an horizon that is restricted. History cannot be understood except by regarding the world as a unit in which every great religious, social, political and industrial activity is reflected to its remotest corners. Those who explain history by the presence of great men would impress us with the idea that Columbus was burning with scientific thirst, and that his noble, impersonal idealism is responsible for the discovery of America! The concept is very romantic, but such teachers leave the student to learn elsewhere why Ericson's explorations along the Atlantic coast of upper North America five centuries earlier resulted in no European settlement.

Columbus did have a scientific spirit. His life as a sailor stimulated his excellent mind to geographical speculation, not uninfluenced by watching the stars upon which, just before his time, seamen relied. The mariner's compass was invented and they dared to venture farther out to sea. Still, Columbus' speculations were not rare, though admittedly unusual, nor were they peculiar to his age, learned men having pondered over the mysteries for centuries. Six hundred years before Christ Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher, held that the earth was a sphere, and theorized concerning its astronomical relations. Copernicus, a Prussian contemporary of the great Italian discoverer, published similar opinions, which were contrary to those of the church. However, he issued his work so late in life that he was permitted to die in bed.

Galileo came to the scene later on, popularizing the same notions, which, owing to their inevitable conflict with biblical mythology (the story of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still), got him into trouble from which he extricated a whole skin by repenting in genuflection at the feet of a Pope: "I abjure, hate and detest the heresy of the motion of the earth." Bruno, too, persisted in treading this hot trail of reawakening science, arriving at the stake in 1600 for his "heresy."

Columbus was more adventurous than abstract, avoiding heterodox heliocentric connotations, sticking to his geography, and capitalizing the forces in his favor. Yet even what he said about the rotundity of the earth would have been dangerous a century earlier, but circumstances were with the intrepid Italian. Europe's imperialist kings, and an ascending mercantile class **needed** what he promised—a new way to India, from whose riches they had been cut off when the Crescent of Moslam rose above St. Sofia at Constantinople in 1453.

Instead of burning him they tolerated his seven-years pilgrimage from court to court seeking financial and political patronage for the westward venture across an unknown, uncharted sea. Having just completed the Moorish expulsion in January, 1492, Spain was on the crest of enthusiastic frenzy. Columbus did not fail. He won his opportunity by dangling alluring tales of the greater monarchical glory to be gained by his voyage.

A word about his personal thrift and foresight is not amiss. He was not so thoroughly scientific as to neglect making provision for his own share of whatever material wealth resulted, and he diligently wrought to insure a happy outcome by sending back to Spain in 1494 five hundred Indians to be sold as slaves and "converted," suggesting that the money derived should be used to buy cattle needed in the development of the islands he had inadvertently discovered, which were called Hispaniola. Bickerings engendered on the score of title to the spoils eventually landed him in prison, where he died.

Peopling of the new world was divided mainly into two groups — avaricious adventurers speaking Romance languages, Spanish, Portuguese and French on the one hand, and Anglo-Saxon refugees and term-bound laborers on the other. With those of the former group we are at first interested.

Spaniards enslaved great numbers of aborigines in South America and the West Indies, the civilization destroyed in the former being culturally superior to that of the conquerors. History unfolds a terrible indictment against these christianizing conquistadors who, wherever they ventured, were ambidextrous with sword and crucifix, carrying their Dominicans and Jesuits with them to save the Indians' souls while their bodies were damned in murderous slavery. In the West Indian gold mines and sugar fields the superior race had prospered so well that by 1520—only 28 years after Columbus landed at San Salvador—the Indians had been decimated as if by a pestilence, which would have been more mercifully swift, and to continue this happy, golden era negroes were imported.




Columbus lived in the Age of Discovery. America was found as part of the world process of discovery. Prince Henry the Navigator had his own ships sailing along the African coast on the Atlantic. In 1442 one of his captains exchanged some Moorish prisoners for a number of black slaves and some gold. The traffic spread and was well established when need for slaves became great after the West Indian natives had been wiped out.

Other voyages that attempted to reach India around Cape Good Hope chanced upon other sources of slave supply. North of the equator, Western Africa extends much farther west than the coast south of the equator, and here is situated the Gulf of Guinea, whose waters wash the Gold Coast and the Slave Coast. De Gama thought he had reached a passage eastward to India in this gulf, not knowing the great length and extent of the Dark Continent. The versatility of these explorers is wonderful to contemplate. They would not return empty handed. They took slaves. India was so far off anyhow, and trading in blacks a lucrative profession.

Ships from Spain, Holland, Portugal, England and France thereafter forgot all about India and stopped along this promising coast, and later at Madagascar, to load their holds with black freight. By the time France got well into the game the West Indies had a slave population of over a million. French St. Domingo had half a million slaves in 1791, with a ruling population of 30,000 whites.

English royalists fleeing from the Cromwellian Revolution of 1641 had set up in the slave business as planters in the Barbadoes. They prospered and required territorial expansion. England warred on Spain in 1655, affording these gentlemen the patriotic opportunity to assist in the capture of Jamaica, where they spread their system. John Colleton, a Barbadian, and some followers had been given a charter by the English king many years before—1633—to found a settlement in Carolina on the continent. This was put into execution in 1670 when Charleston was founded. Slavery was advancing. Let us now observe Virginia, which had preceded Carolina in foundation.

When Virginia was founded **plantation** meant what **colony** now means. The London Company owned the Jamestown settlement. But a more intimate connection inhered between company and settlement than is now signified between mother country and colony. To illustrate: the company owned the land and the equipment. It held property rights to the labor of all settlers sent over by it. It supplied taskmasters, and provided food and clothing for the workers from its own magazine. Therefore, it owned the product. The plantation was of purely industrial character rather than of the political nature of the colony.

### Virginia Buys Black Slaves

In 1620 three important events took place in Jamestown. The London Company's charter was dissolved, to begin with. The settlement had grown out of the company's hands, and the population was divided between wealthy planters and their bondsmen, and poor whites. But one day the sails of a ship were seen nearing the settlement. This was not an everyday occurrence, to be sure, but it did not arouse very great excitement. The ship was a Dutch slaver. It unloaded its blacks and auctioned them off to eager purchasers. With all its harsh laws England was not supplying the planters with enough white slave labor, and the enterprising Dutchmen came to their aid. This was the first time that black slaves had been brought to continental North America and sold. To make life rosy all around, another ship arrived with a cargo of white women who were also auctioned off to the prurient buyers of wives. The English damsels each netted their sellers from 120 to 160 pounds of tobacco, which was legal tender there, and was worth about three shillings a pound.

Ten years afterwards clearings on the York, Rappahannock and Potomac rivers furnished another impetus to tobacco cultivation. In the meantime large planters were monopolizing the tidewater peninsulas. Better system and large scale marketing made this result inevitable. The small holders, poor whites, were crushed out. But there was still the untrod wilderness to which they emigrated with emancipated redemptioners to find an existence. The land was new and fresh, and the ingress bore important consequences, among the most immediate being that the pioneers served as a "buffer" between hostile Indians and the rich planters.

We know that the condition of the white slaves was extremely onerous because so many of them ran off, braving the forest, the natives and the risk of possible capture, which meant torture. Newspapers carried, side by side, as time passed, advertisements of fugitive whites and blacks. Descriptions of these frequently mentioned scars caused by scourgings and brands seared into the flesh, just as cattle ranchers mark their stock for identification.

With the swallowing up of small holdings by large plantations ground was being laid for an institution destined to grip the colonies and hold sway over the United States for the first half century of its Union, and then to mightily shake this Union. The farmer of small means had long ago found what his Southern fellow agriculturist had yet to learn—that it was more suitable to his interest to hire intermittent wage labor than to hold slaves or long-term bonded laborers. That accounts for the "moral repugnance" against slavery which spread in the North. That, and the advancing bourgeoisie. Before attacking this problem more fully, we can profitably view the development of chattel slavery in the South.

It was found in 1694 that Carolina's marshy lowlands favored extensive rice cultivation. The planters spent most of the money gained from rice on new slaves to grow a still greater crop, thus adding to their wealth on a progressively expanding scale. It reminds one of the modern capitalist using profits extracted from wage laborers to increase his operations by employing an ever-growing force of wage slaves, thereby steadily multiplying his wealth and the power it confers.

Indigo became a staple product in Carolina in 1745, doubling the resources of the planters and intensifying the slave system. Virginia was still going along on the importance of tobacco, and likewise Maryland. In the latter colonies at this time average plantations employed from five to ten workers, some of whom might be white redemptioners. Carolina had an average per plantation of thirty, nearly all of them being slaves.

### The Effect of the Cotton Gin

Five years later Georgia began to clamor for more slaves to produce rice and indigo, and Sea-island cotton was introduced there in 1786. It seemed that many forces conspired to fasten the prehensile claws of the slave system in the land, but no one at this time could have forseen the tremendous stimulus it received when a few years later upland cotton became "King" as a result of the labor-saving invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney in 1793.

New lands were feverishly sought, often violently taken, and large scale slavery pushed westward through Carolina and the Georgia Piedmont until it had dominion of the South as far west as Texas and to the north as far as the southeastern end of Kentucky. A year later, 1794, planters in Louisiana added another product to the list profitably raised by slaves—sugar cane.

(Continued on page 31.)

# Labor and the American Empire

By ROBERT WHITAKER

**It has been our pleasure and good fortune on many occasions to have gained the keen and scholarly support, both in press and on the lecture platform, of Dr. Whitaker in the movement of working class education along industrial union lines. He should write a book—no one could do it better—called "An Outline of American Labor History". At this time he is beginning for INDUSTRIAL PIONEER a consideration of the workers of America in relation to the country's growth and its present imperialism.**

**NOT one workingman in a thousand in these United States of ours understands the part which labor has played, and has not played, in American history. If he thinks of the matter at all he passes over without knowledge and understanding the phases where labor has had most to do with the making of America, or our part of America, and he attaches an importance and success to certain modern manifestations of labor's activities far beyond what is their due.**

**In general, writers on American labor history will tell you that labor took no active part in the shaping of our national affairs until the second or third decade of the nineteenth century, at which time labor organizations in the great city-centers of the east began to make themselves felt. Out of this early labor movement, we are told, came the Common School system of the United States, to which labor points with a pride which is in sorry contrast with the manner in which the common schools have become the bulwarks in our day of the oppression and exploitation of labor. The other chapters of labor's story, as it is commonly told, have to do with the rise of the Knights of Labor, the climax of their struggle with the ruthless might of the Steel Trust, the passing of this more militant form of labor organization, with the contemporary development of the American Federation of Labor, and later of The Industrial Workers of the World. These are the outlines of Labor's History in the United States, as it is conventionally set forth. And on the whole it is a very pitiful story, and gives but a poor impression of the actual part which the workingman has had in making the United States what it is today. The picture is altogether too contracted in size, and its foreground, in the details of the doings of the last century, is too highly colored and altogether too flattering to those who have been leaders in it.**

The real story of American labor is not the story of leaders at all, but of an innumerable company of " millions who, humble and nameless, the straight hard pathway plod," and who to this day, both individually and collectively, remain practically "unhonored and unsung." American labor history in its larger aspects has little or nothing to do with the organized labor movement. It begins centuries before that movement was dreamed of, and it concerns even yet the whole body of labor more than it concerns any particular leadership or organization.

### How the Country Changed Hands

Four times within the past five hundred years the ownership of the lands which are now included within the main body of our national area, known as the United States of America, has changed hands. The ownership was with the Red Man five centuries ago, and had been with him for dozens, scores, and perhaps hundreds of centuries before. The major part of the country which we call ours now passed then into the hands of the Latin powers of Europe, Spain and France. From them it was wrested by the English, who were originally in possession of very small holdings on the Atlantic Coast. From the English it was taken by the people of the colonies themselves, mainly of English stock, but from this time calling themselves rather arrogantly and exclusively the Americans. And then came a struggle among these as to which portion of them was to control the country, those who lived in the chattel-slave belt of the Southern states, or those who occupied the Eastern, Northern, and Western sections of the land. The South lost the reins of power, and the country has been governed ever since in fact from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, in alliance with the West.

Now in every one of these instances power has passed from one group to the other **on industrial lines.** The Red Man lost America to the White Man, not because of inferior cranial capacity, natural brain power; not because he lacked the makings of moral character, but **because circumstances were against him in the development of industrial technique.** He was just as good a fighter as the white man, but he was behind him in the knowledge and the use of tools. The reasons for this industrial belatedness cannot be more than hinted at here. In part the reasons were climatic, because the New World had no such favorable natural environment for primitive man as the Old World could show. In part the reasons had to do with the lack of domesticated and domesticable animals here. The ox and the cow, the horse, the sheep, the hog, the camel and the ass were missing, and these have had much to do with the making of civilization. A third factor in the backwardness of America during the regime of the red man was the lack of the great cereals,

wheat, and oats, and rye, and barley, and rice. The American aboriginal never got to going on the lines of that industrial ascendancy which Asia and Europe achieved because he was in want of the necessary natural and animal assistance. But the fact to be stressed here is that **it was his failure as a workingman which lost him the control of America.** Had he known tools he would have known sovereignty, of which he could not have been dispossessed as he was.

### Workers Built America

The same in substance is true of the failure of the Spanish and the French to hold their own in America, as against the English. The Latin races came as conquerors, as adventurers, as trappers, traders, missionaries. Their records compare favorably with any, on the side of heroism, self-sacrifice, devotion. But the English who came, and prevailed against them, were **workingmen.** They were farmers and artisans. Why this was so there is no space here to tell. But it was so, and English success in holding the land was **industrial success.**

So also in the case of the colonists, it was the workers who had made the land who took the land. They took it for their masters in America as against their masters in England, but nevertheless it was the triumph of an **industrial order on this side of the sea,** as against an **industrial order on the other side of the sea.**

And it was so with the struggle between the Northern States and the Southern States. The Civil War was not, as many people imagine, a great philanthropic upheaval on behalf of the black man. The North cared very little more for the black man, if any, than did the South. It was a struggle between **two types of labor,** as to which of them was to rule in America, and **the more advanced type, industrially, won.** The common people, black or white, got little advantage out of it, but none the less they were the makers both of the South and the North, and it was they, not just on the field of battle, but far more in the field of labor, who decided the issue.

Before ever there was thought of organized labor in America the empire of America passed from the Red Man to the White Man because the White Man was the better **industrial** man. And while the organization of labor in its own defense even on the most moderate lines still slept in the womb of the future the Spaniard and the Frenchman in America lost the empire of that which is now the United States to the Englishman, because the Englishman was the better equipped and the more effective **industrial** man. So did the English governing class lose the empire of their own colonies here a little later because **industrial strength** was on the side of the colonists instead of on the side of the absentee lords of England, that is **industrial possession** here. It was a triumph of labor again. And finally it was a triumph of the workingman of the North against the workingman of the South that determined the making of modern America. **Always the empire of America has inclined to the side where the industrial emphasis was at its highest and best.**

And all this happened, let me repeat, before there was a labor union of any kind here, or **anywhere else in the world. All history is labor history.** It has been written as if kings and lords, and priests and monks, and scholars and politicians were the makers of world history. But they have been mainly **mere figure-heads for what was going on in the industrial field.** They have held their own, or lost it, as they have been able to hold the advantage at the point of industrial equipment and product. **The real makers of history have been the tool-makers and the tool-users, that is, the workingmen and the working women of the earth.**

And this has been peculiarly emphasized in the story of America. It was not kings who came here. Neither did the priests who came here hold their own, however bravely they wrought, except as they were backed by a more effective body of labor than backed the men of other nations. It was the common people of Europe and Asia and Africa who came here, and who transformed this country into what it is today. Unorganized labor, uneducated labor, unconscious labor one might almost say, it was sheer labor, the industry and skill of the workingman that won America. And they who hold it today hold it by the gift of the industrial machine.

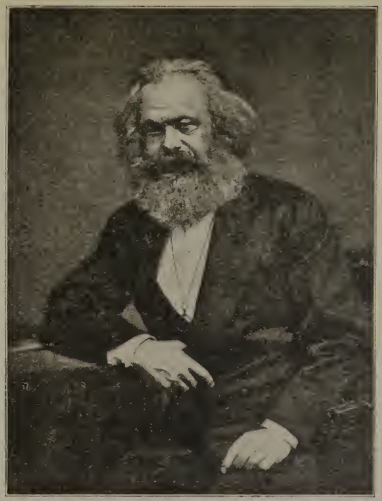
For greater by far than the so-called American Revolution, by which labor here changed English masters for American masters, bigger than the French Revolution and all the other political revolutions of the last one hundred and fifty years, was the INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, which has so utterly transformed LABOR POWER in the last century. The United States has grown to its present size mainly in the last dozen decades, since the nineteenth century began. We had then been two hundred years hanging on the fringes of the Atlantic, and living by the bounty of Europe. We were **five million** or less then, and we are more than a **hundred million** now. Why? Are we so much better thinkers than were our fathers of two centuries, or three centuries ago? Are we better characters? Certainly not twenty-fold abler or better than they were, **but more than twenty-fold as efficient with tools.** The Nineteenth Century was for us the IMPERIAL CENTURY **because it was the century in which the workingman increased his** power over nature more than in all the centuries of the past, **the industrial age of all the ages that have ever been.**

And what is the workingman, the American workingman going to do about it today?

(TO BE CONTINUED)



# Our Revolutionary Position



By

FORREST EDWARDS

**A Resume of The Basic Conflicts Of Sociological Opinions From the Ancient Plato to the Moderns. Lester F. Ward and Karl Marx.**

**THE tendency to obscure the class struggle by accepting a philosophy which, at the very most, reflects the interests of the small shopkeepers and professional men—in a word, the middle class —is everywhere apparent. The minds of many well meaning revolutionists have drifted into the middle class channels of thought. They dish out middle class ideology in lieu of working class propaganda, while, at the same time, they are maintaining a revolutionary pose. This sort of misinformation on the part of the so-called revolutionists can lead only to confusion in the revolutionary movement. Much of the internal strife in that movement can be traced to the fact that so many conscientious workers do not fully grasp the revolutionary point of view.**

**In proof of the foregoing remarks, your attention will be called to several well known philosophers, who, the writer thinks, stand out in the world's history as men whose contributions to education are unique: Plato, Aristotle, Roger Bacon, Marx, Buckle and Ward. Their names appear in the order in which they wrote. We should consider each of them from the standpoint of what they thought should be done in order that this world might be a better place in which to live. The writer will present what he believes to be a fair outline of the theories of each. No attempt will be made to go fully into detail in any case. Just a brief sketch, quoted from memory, and in the writer's own language.**

Plato thought that there was something very much wrong with the way the world was run in his time. He saw the wars of conquest, the blundering statesmen and the effects of a cruel social system. He observed the people's ignorance, both in public life and out of it. He said that the way to solve social problems was to begin by building educational institutions. He would have the state promote a system of education that would make it possible for everyone to develop intellectually to the limits of his capacity.

Briefly, his scheme was founded upon the proposition that there were intellectual differences, which under no system could make all men intellectually equal, and, of course, he saw the mental disparities about him. So he proposed that each person should be given the opportunity to attend school, and after completing the elementary grades he should be permitted to enter college. He thought that after a scholar had been given this opportunity and failed to pass the examinations that he should then be required to take up some industrial occupation suitable to his degree of intelligence and capabilities.

He argued that those succeeding in passing their examinations should be promoted to a university of a higher learning still. He realized that many would

fail to pass the examinations and thereby be dropped from the roll of students. He declared that those who did pass the examinations should in turn be permitted to continue their studies until they had mastered all that the most learned professors were able to teach them. After completing their education these few who had run the gauntlet, who had been sifted out of the great masses, should then devote their time to public affairs. They should officer the various departments of state and rule by virtue of intellectual fitness.

In this way Plato struggled hard to prove by argument that which experience had proven impossible. It was his opinon that the social problems could be solved and the people benefited by virtue of being governed by intelligence rather than by ignorance and political intrigue. This scheme of things is what is known as Plato's intellectual oligarchy.

### Philosophy Still Young

Although his scheme presents a glowing picture of what he thinks the world ought to be, yet it does not take into account the fact that even in his own day the class struggle was a bitter and ancient reality. By virtue of his method of proving things by argument, rather than by placing his reliance upon experience, he completely divorced himself from the reality of the economic division in society and hence, although the social division was everywhere apparent he observed it as a matter of necessity. He knew nothing about economic science, for that branch of learning remained for the future. However, had Plato observed the economic division in society, he could have avoided his absurd conclusion. He would have been able to account for the social division, then existing, on the basis of economic division.

In the days of Plato the city of Athens contained a population of about one hundred and sixty thousand people and only thirty thousand souls. Those who dirtied their hands with labor had no souls. Slavery then as now formed the basis of the social system. Plato founded his Republic on slavery because he saw in slavery a divine institution. In this "civilized" age there are plenty of men of "authority" who are always ready to defend wage slavery on the same grounds. In fact there is no other defense for it.

Not pretending to review in detail the writings of the ancients, a task to which the writer does not feel equal, we can arrive at an understanding by searching out a few points which seem to have direct bearing on the theme. It is understood, of course that in the days of Plato, 444 B. C., and those of Aristotle, about 345 B. C., the scientific age had not yet begun. Many philosophers were yet to be born, to be educated, to write, to speak and to be burned at the stake before the old barbarian superstitions and methods were to be overcome and subdued by experimental science. The stake, the dungeon and the dagger have always been the most convincing proof of the correctness of the ideas that ruled the old world, just as the tar-and-feather party, the lynching bee and the federal prison are the chief supports upon which the ruling class of our own day depend both for proof of their theories and how much the people are really benefited by the kind services of these rulers.

Aristotle, who was a close friend and associate of Plato, had some notions about how the world ought to be run. While he resisted the communistic tendencies of Plato's Republic, he, like his friend and teacher, thought that the proper form of government was one by a wise aristocracy in which neither wealth nor numbers should be allowed to determine anything. That, so he believed, was the panacea for the social questions, and the best guarantee for exact justice. Like Plato he also believed that slavery must form the basis of the social system of any age. He defended slavery on the grounds that it was perfectly natural and in strict accordance with the divine will. Moreover, he proved by argument that it was right to make war upon, and reduce to slavery those races who were evidently intended by nature to be slaves. But just how any system of slavery, whether it be the chattel slavery of old, or the wage slavery of the 20th Century, can be reconciled to that word "justice" is hard, at least for a wage slave, to understand.

But Aristotle was very much opposed to Plato's notions about the emancipation of women, arguing that women were just simply "stunted men" fixed by nature in a position of inferiority. Our liberal and socialist friends of this day may, and do, draw on both Plato and Aristotle for much of their philosophy, but on this feminist point they take sides with Plato.

Before we leave the ancient, dead philosophers behind it should be stated that **both of these men used the deductive method of reasoning** which requires that the mind proceed from some universal proposition, i. e. it assumes some such universal concept as God to be a fact and that other things, such as slavery, are in accordance with the divine will. That was the old way of reasoning, but in our own day there are plenty of these Aristotelian fossils instructing the students in the universities.

### Inductive Reasoning Proclaimed

In the 13th Century Roger Bacon appeared on the world's stage, and he set out to change this method of reasoning that had so long held sway. He said the method of proving things by argument could not prove anything, in fact. Further: that while argument was no doubt necessary to the work of the scientist, it could never be more than just an aid to him. **Experience** was, according to this profound thinker, the only way by which men could arrive at "exact truth." **So he set in motion the experimental method, or in other words the inductive method.** He refused to accept anything as a proven fact simply because some scientific dabbler or philosophic windbag said so.

This determined mental attitude by which he refused to accept the old, and therefore "true", claims of men in authority caused him to find himself in due

time safely locked up in prison. But since the prison experiences of Roger Bacon, the whole system of philosophy has changed. In fact, the claim is made that the age of science dates from Roger Bacon in the middle of the 13th Century.

We must not dwell longer on matters so remote in the history of mankind. It will be much better if the remainder of our space is devoted to the 19th and 20th Centuries. Therefore let us look to the historian Thomas Buckle who wrote the "History of Civilization in England". Buckle was a fellow who had to struggle very hard for his education, most of which he acquired outside of schools and universities. He said that the way to write history was to describe the history of a nation's intellectual development. Buckle was a contemporary of Karl Marx, and Marx had a somewhat different notion about writing history, saying that **the way in which to faithfully record history was to show the history of the economic development of the nation.** On this basis he undertook to supply the key that would enable one to understand why people act as they do, and why nations pursue certain courses in their relations to the other nations. But Marx did not stop with merely considering the nation's economic development; he said that we must study the material conditions which include the economic development. Therefore, his key to history is known as the materialistic conception of history.

Buckle declared that human progress was due not to moral agencies, which are stationary, and which balance one another in such a manner that their influence is unfelt over a long period, but to intellectual activity which has been constantly varying and advancing. The actions of individuals are greatly affected by their moral feelings and passions, but these being antagonistic to the emotions and passions of other individuals are balanced by them, so that their effect is in the great average of human affairs nowhere to be seen, and the total actions of mankind, considered as a whole, are left to be regulated by the total knowledge of which mankind is possessed.

### The Class Struggle

That is all very well, but suppose we consider something else that he said, something which forms one of the principles of his history. It is especially interesting to one who keeps in mind that at the same time, and in another country, Marx was working out the formula known to all radicals as the materialistic conception of history. Marx was a communist or socialist and Buckle was not. Buckle said that climate, soil, food and the aspect of nature are the primary causes of intellectual progress—the first three indirectly through the accumulation and distribution of thought, the imagination being stimulated and the understanding subdued when the phenomena of the eternal world are sublime and terrible, the understanding being emboldened and the imagination curbed when these phenomena are small and feeble.

At first thought one would say: "I do not see where there can be any material difference between the Marxian theory and that of Buckle." Yet, if we observe closely in the reading of Buckle's work we are bound to see in Buckle just as we see in Lester F. Ward, great writers as they were, an absence of perception of the class struggle. Marx discovered and embraced it, but these others let it pass them unnoticed, the only struggle that they were able to discern in society being a sort of intellectual struggle.

Many of our modern radicals, pretending to accept Marxism, actually take for their text books such works as "Dynamic Sociology" by Ward, and "The History of Civilization," by Buckle. Then again, it is difficult to notice any material difference in the "intellectual oligarchy" of Plato and Aristotle and that of Ward, and the one to which we may be justified in assuming that Buckle would have subscribed himself.

Intellectual oligarchies are no solution to the economic problem of today any more than they were in the days of Plato. Both of the great works of Ward and Buckle are well worth reading but one must bear in mind the fact that after all they have not offered any new remedies or panacea for social questions. **One must keep in mind the thought that revolutionary philosophy does not emanate from the kind of men who are quite sure that the wage system is all right.** We have altogether too many spokesmen for the revolutionary movement advocating Ward and Buckle, rather than Marx and Engels.

### Marx's Contribution To History

The greatest contribution to history ever made by one man was the materialist conception of Marx. To explain it we quote the language of Frederick Engels in the introduction to the Communist Manifesto where he says:

"In every historical epoch the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which it is built up, and from which alone can be explained the political and intellectual history of that epoch; that consequently the whole history of mankind (since the dissolution of primitive tribal society holding land in common ownership) has been a history of class struggles, a contest between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes; that the history of these struggles forms a series of evolution in which, nowadays, a stage has been reached where the exploited and oppressed class—the proletariat—can not attain its emancipation from the sway of the exploiting and ruling class—the bourgeoisie—without at the same time, and once and for all, emancipating society at large from all exploitation, oppression, class distinctions and class struggles."

The space of time between the writing of Plato's Republic and that of the unfinished manuscripts of Marx is a long one when measured by the lifetime of one of us, but when considered in relation to the existence of mankind on this old planet it is

(Continued on Page 42)



The Harbor at Buenos Aires Where the Shanghaiers Plied their Trade Until the M. T. W. Broke It Up.

# How the M. T. W. Laid Bricks in Buenos Aires

By AUSSIE

**THE year 1919 was a black year for the shanghaiers and shipping masters in the ports of the Argentine Republic. A strike of tugboatmen tied up the p ort following "Bloody Week" in Buenos Aires, and that was not settled until all the back pay—due for the time lost while on strike—was paid, and the matter over which the strike arose adjusted to the satisfaction of the men. Hundreds of ships were tied up in port—in fact, you could walk from one side of Docks 2 and 3 to the other across steamers and windjammers lying abreast of each other. On top of this came the formation of the Marine Transport Workers' Union, which almost in a night put an end to the Shanghaiers' era, and compelled skippers to get their men from the Union Hall. The Shanghaiers were quite a resourceful crowd, for there was hardly anything that they would not try once. They tried in the beginning to buy the Union—a novel idea—but, as I said before, they would try anything once. There had been a Union (?) once before that had a short life and a lucrative one for everyone except the seamen.**

Then they tried coercion—and that failing, flapdoodle. They tried forming a "Scandinavian" Union, which died in its birthpangs in the grimy saloon of the "Cape Denmark" in Calle Veintecinco de Mayo. That was a weird union—but often these gentry had rather novel ideas on unions and their functions, if any. The secretary, a grass-eating young Norwegian mate, lasted until someone met him one dark night and unfortunately dropped a brick on his head. The M. T. W. shipped him afterwards—with a hard-case M. T. W. crew.

Down in the Boca, in the boarding house district where the Union was established, became very dangerous country for Big Pete Bengtson, Stockholm Charley and the pot-bellied gentleman from the Cafe Denmark who varied shanghai-ing with procuring. They usually went through in fast automobiles. Business went right down to zero. The skippers had to come to the Union Hall, otherwise the dock workers laid off, the tugboatmen ignored them, the "carreteros" neglected to bring any loads along—and, worst of all, their men on board just wouldn't get out of their bunks. So old time skippers belly-ached and cussed and blew off their heads in the Salisbury Bar about the Union—and then three days before their ships were loaded, trotted along to Calle Gabota and got the men from the Union to make up their crew.

The sharks had Indignation Meetings in the various uptown bars, started to drink coffee and beer, sold their cars, some of them even gave up the peroxide blondes in the Cafe Maipu and took a street car to the Races. For grafting days were over, and robbing seamen of a month's advance, and charging the ships and companies for their services in getting crews was all gone.

But at the end of 1919 an event happened. A Finnish barque—a three-master—the "Loch Linnhe"—wandered into Ibicuy, away up the Rio Plata. Now she was a no-good hooker and her crew kissed their hands to her and beat it for Buenos Aires. At Ibicuy the port-workers had no organization, in fact, about two ships or so a year are all that come in there. For once the shipping masters got a job—the combined forces were put to work finding a batch of 17 scabs to man the scow. They could not get them around the boarding houses, as no boarding house keeper dare let his men go to a non-union ship, but they picked up a bunch of riff raff—God help that mutt-headed Finlander skipper— and they were signed on, and in due course the Noah's Ark and her menagerie beat it for far and away. The Union had no power to stop her.

So that night—it was Saturday—the United Association of Shanghaiers celebrated the portentous event in Kruse's Bar at the "Green Corner," (the corner of Pedro Mendoza and Almirante Brown). That is right opposite the big transporter bridge—and a "bombero" (fire) station. The gentlemen were jubilant. They had shipped a crew—although God knows how far fees went among such a crowd. But maybe they thought that good days were about

to dawn again. So they drank and sang and cheered. And they filled their glasses with curacoa, champagne and schnapps.

The news travels quick around the Boca. The shanghaiers were drunk, singing, hilarious. Something novel for a bunch who could previously have easily qualified for the undertaker's business. A delegate passes along, pauses for a moment, gathers the news and makes hot-foot for the Union Hall.

The secretary heard the news and Ginger Irish Paddy—Oh! the janitor speedily located the delegates and called up the forces from the various hoarding houses. Result: in ten minutes about 70 marine workers, mostly Scandinavians and sailing-ship men. We had a bricked-up copper boiler at the back of the hall—and a wrecking party started in preparing ammunition. Each warrior must have had about 6 half-bricks packed in his overalls. The expeditionary force started cautiously—not to alarm the enemy unnecessarily. They dribbled in fours and fives down the various streets to converge at the "Green Corner" at 8:15 prompt.

Meantime, the booze-fighters were drinking malediction to the Union.

Then like a flash a small army percolated through the nearby side streets and with a yell raced across the street and bang! went a volley of bricks. The heroes of two minutes before sprang for the lavatory—a small and unsavory place—not meant for more than one of them, at the best of times. The Union Army, however, was unwieldly, one party got inside, while a larger party was outside alternately throwing bricks and marble tables and chairs through the space occupied a few seconds before by plate glass. The detachment inside busied itself dragging the now thoroughly sober and frightened shanghaiers out and beating them up, and throwing out the marble tables into the street, again to be returned by the brothers outside. With a crash a large sideboard carrying several hundred pesos' worth of fancy liquors was toppled over. The fun was fast and furious while it lasted. Mr. Pete Frederikson—6 feet in height and with the brain capacity of a South Dock skeeter and a throat like the hippo at the Bronx Zoo, was down on his knees protesting his innocence. Mr. Bengtson, with the celerity of a juggler, had caught three bricks and a broken stein with his head. He was all in, the booze already having acidulated in his stomach.

And then Argentine law—and order arrived! It arrived rather apologetically. A dozen very fat "Bomberos" had waddled across from the fire station, while a few stray "agentes" from Commisario 24 hurried in with their pickle forks. The war was over practically. The Bar of Señor Kruse was wrecked, and then re-wrecked several times—by experts. Bricks were everywhere. One of the attacking force, a Swiss mate, had a tiff with an "agente." He took the latter's pickle fork and broke it over his knee. The fat "bomberos" made several captures—and when the war was over, eleven were arrested.

The police invited the shanghaiers to present complaints, but these gentlemen, probably fearing more retribution, declined to present themselves. However, the eleven were taken to Swinagar Carcel and charged with most everything that was provided by the Penal Code of the Divinely founded Republic of Argentina. While the boys were accumulating a variety of animal companions—for which Argentine prisons have a special reputation—the Union was seeing somebody who had to see somebody who had to hand something to somebody—and so on.

And on a certain day the eleven lined up before the gentleman who dishes out Justice.

"You men have committed a heinous crime. You have assaulted citizens, destroyed property, violated our hospitality—blah, blah and more blah blah (a la Nicholas Murray Butler)—but I understand that there was justification for your action, that the men whom you attacked had insulted your calling and called you foul names. Under the circumstances I am going to deal very leniently with you, and release you on your words that you will behave yourselves in our great country. But I warn you very sternly that should you come before me again that I will give you not less than twenty years of forced labor in the Federal Penitentiary at Ushuaia."

And that evening the old copper at the Union Hall was at work boiling up shirts and underwear to enable eleven to go about their business without any special gymnastics.

And a chastened bunch of bad men kept still tongues in their teeth and kept out of public bars and generally acted like Salvation Army lassies under the strict eye of the Staff Sergeant-Major.

"AUSSIE" PROMISES AN ARTICLE ON THE M.T.W. FOR THE

April Industrial Pioneer

**Subscribe At Once!** **We Are Going Ahead!**

# San Quentin

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

A lowering pile of whitish gray
Looking with bleak eyes on the bay,
And Tamalpais looking down on it;
A kitchen garden by the shore
And flowers at each cottage door,
Some benches by the road on which to sit.

Such is San Quentin from the roadway seen,
Immortalized by men
Railroaded to the "pen;"
A modern hell-hole framed in emerald green,
Behind whose frowning walls a hundred men
Suffer and starve because they **dare** be men!

Such is San Quentin that you see—
**California's Statue to Liberty!**





# Coal Civilization in Eastern Kentucky

By ALONZO WALTERS

**This article faithfully depicts conditions of coal mining in an important district. It concerns itself chiefly with wages and sanitation, company stores and county governmental corruption in the interests of the coal operators. We are promised another article by the same writer on the pseudo-organizational work of the U. M. W. of A. there. Read this and look to next month's Pioneer for an expose of the president appointed in District 30 by John M. Lewis. You will then see what kind of organization is really needed to win for the miners the common necessaries of life, of which they are now largely deprived.**

DOWN in the heart of the Cumberland mountains, on the banks of the Kentucky river, less than 70 miles from the Virginia line, lies a little mining town of about eight thousand inhabitants. This town is called Hazard. It is in Kentucky and rises in the center of what is known as the Hazard Coal Field. Other mining towns and hundreds of mining "camps" dot the valley of the Kentucky along a distance of 45 miles to the north and 58 miles to the south of Hazard. Thousands of wage slaves toil in the mines that have been opened up in that region since the first railroad line, a branch of the L. & N., was run into that region in 1912, and live with their families in the filthy camps.

Fifteen years ago Hazard had a population of less than one thousand. Fifteen years ago none of the hundreds of mining camps now to be found in the district were there. Fifteen years ago the railroad extended into that region no farther than Jackson, Kentucky, 45 miles north of Hazard. As late as then wage slavery did not exist there. The people—all natives—lived their lives, happy and content in their own quiet, simple way. Their only industries, or occupations, worth speaking of were tilling their small mountain farms for a living which, simple and rude though it would probably seem to most of us, quite satisfied all their tastes and demands,—this, and making the best moonshine liquor that ever kissed the lips of men. For pastime they hunted the small game that abounded in the hillside woodlands, or fished from the Kentucky river or some of the numerous creeks that are its tributaries. The young folks now and then went to "bean shellings," "apple cuttings," or old fashioned country "parties," and the old folks on Sundays went to "preachings." Occasionally, when some of them wanted a little excitement, a feud was started in which some two or more leading families of a community or locality proceeded to kill each other off. They knew nothing of the vices, crimes, filth, labor hells and other blessings of modern civilization, and modern civilization had not yet heard of them, or, at least, was not yet interested in them.

Then suddenly it was discovered that these mountains contained three very rich layers of coal, extending the entire length of that portion of the Kentucky valley, which traverses the mountain region. Then it was that modern civilization, or modern capitalism, which is the same thing, began to develop a very lively interest in this benighted section and its primitive people, and decided to bring to it and them all the above mentioned blessings and many others.

Now let us take a brief glimpse at this region, the Hazard Coal Field, as it has since come to be known. It would be hard to find a more deplorable, a more abominable form of slavery anywhere in the world, or in any age of history than the system of wage slavery that now exists there. Because of the fact that this region is just now in the infancy of its industrial development, and coal mining its only important industry in which wage slaves can find employment, thousands of workers are absolutely at the mercy of the coal barons. They are dependent upon them for jobs; they live in their houses, and they trade at their stores. Hence, it follows that when one of them has incurred the ill-will of his master for any reason he is thrown out with his family upon the road; his credit is cut off, and he is blacklisted throughout the entire district, so that it is impossible for him to get a job without leaving the whole coal field.

### Sample of "Prosperity"

**The coal miners in that field have had three wage cuts within the past year.** At present, local loaders are being paid 40 to 50 cents per "ton" of 3,000 pounds or more for digging coal in mines where the average thickness of the coal seam is about 40 inches. In addition to mining the coal, they must remove a streak of "jack rock" which varies from eight to eighteen inches in thickness, and all overhead slate, for which labor in most mines of the Hazard field nothing is paid. **Out of this meager**



This Is Where the Mine Superintendent Lives.



This Is A Typical "Home" of a Coal-Mine Slave.

**wage they must buy from the coal companies all their tools and working material, such as carbide, lamps, blasting powder, fuse, shooting paper, etc.**

One coal miner, at Blackey, Kentucky, told me a few days ago that for eleven days' work for the Bertha Coal Company his total earnings were only $22. Day wages range from $2 to $4.50 a day, the latter figure being the wage to the most highly skilled and extremely dangerous and responsible jobs.

While on a two-week visit to the Hazard Coal Field, in addition to gathering a lot of other data, I compiled a number of tables showing the prices which miners must pay for the barest necessaries of life in the company stores where they are forced to trade. The following, which is a table of prices charged by the Hazard-Blue Grass Coal Corporation, will serve as a typical illustration:

| | |
|---|---|
| Light overalls, per suit | $5.00 |
| Light work shirts, each | 1.00 |
| Canvas gloves, per pair | .50 to .75 |
| Flour (24-pound sack) | 1.50 |
| Salt bacon, per pound | .30 |
| Breakfast bacon, per pound | .75 |
| Ham, per pound | .50 |
| Beans, per pound | .10 |
| Butter, per pound | .80 |

Independent stores located near some of the mining camps sell the same articles from 20 to 40 per cent cheaper, but most of the miners are always in debt to the company stores.

Now just a word about health and sanitation in the mining camps of the Hazard Coal Field. The outhouses, or toilets, little wooden shacks built usually within 30 or 40 feet of the dwelling houses of the miners, are allowed to go uncleaned for months, or when cleaned the refuse is buried in the ground nearby. Water in the wells and springs which supply families of coal miners is, of course, full of deadly disease germs.

### Fixing it for the Doctors

In some cases several families have to use the same toilet. In one camp which I visited while on my recent trip, three families were using the same toilet and those in two of the houses using it were obliged to apply to the family acting as custodian of the key with which the toilet was locked. Epidemics of such diseases as typhoid are common in these mining camps.

The miners are completely at the mercy of the company doctors, who receive their salaries from monthly deductions from miners' pay envelopes. No matter how incompetent and insolent these doctors are the miners have to put up with them. One coal miner who called an independent doctor was severely reprimanded by the mine superintendent, and threatened with discharge if such a thing occurred again. The company doctor, being called again to see the little child, was angry and refused to go. **The baby died the following morning.** The father was in such desperate financial straits, due to the shamefully low wages he had been receiving, that he was unable to pay for burial expenses and had to appeal to the charity of his neighbors. A wooden

coffin was made by a friend, and burial clothes were bought with donations made by neighbors.

Although these company doctors receive handsome regular salaries from the miners, they never lose an opportunity to charge extra for treating a case when they can get away with it. Their charge for an obstetric case is $25. The little son of an Italian coal miner was bitten by a mad dog last summer. His father was compelled to pay for the medicine used in the hydrophobia treatment. This cost him $23, and the doctor charged him $2 a shot for administering the treatment. Foreigners, who are most ignorant of the customs of the locality, and negroes, are quite naturally the easiest and most common victims of these scoundrels.

**Official Corruption of District**

The post office in a mining camp is located in one end of the company store, and the postmaster in every case is a store or office clerk of the coal company. This enables the bosses to keep a tab on the kind of mail their slaves are receiving and sending out from time to time. In this manner knowledge is gained by the coal companies whether any of it comes from or goes to undesirable parties.

The coal companies of the Hazard Coal Field have one of the most thorough and efficient systems of thuggery that was ever planned and devised. One or more deputy sheriffs are stationed in every camp, and these deputies are in every case cutthroats and murderers of the vilest and most abominable type. Judging from the kind of material always appointed deputy sheriffs in this region, a man is not eligible for such a position until he has killed some people. The tamest and gentlest deputy I know of there is a man by the name of Collins, at Blackey. This fellow has never yet killed **any white man.**

The high sheriff of Perry county, of which Hazard is the county seat, is the son-in-law of J. C. Campbell, principal owner of the Campbell Coal Company. Campbell served one term as judge of Perry county, and is now the representative of that district in the state legislature of Kentucky.

The present circuit judge of that judicial district, a man by the name of Rufus Roberts, complained to all his friends at the time of his election in November, 1921, that he was head over heels in debt. Within the first two months of the railway shopmen's strike he built a magnificent residence in the little town of Hazard costing more than $30,000.

The last sheriff of Perry county boasted openly that he cleaned up $50,000 in his four-year term, on a salary of about $2,500 per annum. Some saving!

**Third Party Out of Luck Here**

The elections in mining camps are always held in a company building, with an election board made up of coal company officials and office clerks. Although Kentucky has a secret ballot law the coal miner who votes must vote his ballot openly and in the presence of this picked election board.

Such is the present condition of the wage slaves who inhabit the winding, mountain valley of the north and middle forks of the Kentucky river; a region that only a few short years ago was one of the most beautiful, picturesque, poetic and romantic areas of the world; a region inhabited by a people who knew nothing of the indescribably and unspeakably sickening and deplorable conditions that have, within the short space of less than a decade and a half, been brought to that territory by the blighting hand of twentieth century "civilizing capitalism." As I think of the trend of events of the last few years in that region the following couplet from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" comes forcibly to my mind:

"Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay!"

## REVOLUTION IN THE MARINE INDUSTRY

(Continued from page 5.)

who still believe, "That iron does not float." They are a menace to the process of social evolution, many, unconsciously. Although we have seen the revolution of the means of production and distribution we have yet to see the social revolution that is inevitable and will come whether we like it or not. It is for this reason that the I. W. W. says, "Organize the industries and prepare for the doom of capitalism." **When I hear a seaman say that the seafaring men cannot be organized strongly enough to be a power, I think of the popular conception of a hundred years ago, "Iron does not float," and know that it will be a very short time hence when seamen will control the seas and there will be a union in the marine industry whose word will be law and it will be parading under the banner of the I. W. W. Freedom of the Seas will then be a reality, not for the master class, but for the seamen who toil upon the ships of all nations.**

### The following was wirelessed from the Rotor Sail Ship on its initial voyage:

ON BOARD THE ROTORSHIP BUCKAU, in Kiel Canal, Feb. 13.—With both huge rotors whirling at a speed of 105 revolutions a minute, this strangest of ships is clearing through the canal, seaward bound, at better than nine miles an hour.

Before Capt. Callsen twisted the tiny hand wheels on the bridge which started the fore and aft rotors whirling, our auxiliary engine was giving us only seven miles an hour. With the rotors our speed increased to nine and a third miles an hour.

Since we left Kiel at 7 this morning our passage through the famous old Kaiser Wilhelm Canal has been literally a sensation. The countryside gathered from miles around and cheered. Crews of vessels in the waterway massed against their rails and stared suspiciously at the revolving cylinders, **which some shipping experts say may ultimately put thousands of sailors out of work.**

A brisk southwest wind is causing us to list to starboard like a yacht with widespread canvas. If the weather holds good we are certain of a successful North Sea passage.



# Barter of Flesh

By
MARY HOPE

BACK of the railroad tracks, the packinghouse windows looked with the slit eyes of an ogre upon the dirty sunshine where the smell of skulls and bones and guts made an odoriferous paradise for multitudes of flies. The houses of the workers appeared to be made out of burnt wood, now dank and murky. The curtains were coffee-colored, stringy and only in a few places were they lit up with the glow of a bright flower. The caretakers of flowers were mostly plump women who watered red geraniums with milk bottles and who fed their hopes with the easy and laughing food of youth. Here and there, half-ripe tomatoes nestled on someone's windowsill, looking red-eyed upon the clothesline full of creamy things sprawling in the wind like madmen in nightshirts.

In one of these houses, a little boy was washing his feet in the kitchen sink. Spurred on by the vociferous accents of his mother's language, he had cleared the sink of soup plates and proceeded to wash little Maria. His own brown toes proclaimed the generosity of seven days dust and the rite of bathing them was one of the facts of Saturday night. The other facts were pay-envelope for Mrs. Pellegreni and a rest-pause for her husband, a golden Sunday to stretch and yawn indecently, to teach the children a few tricks and to beat them affectionately. Pellegreni was an operator of a Breaker machine which scrambled two-pound cuts of hog into sausage-meat with the precision of an old virile man carefully masticating his food. It was so slow and easy that a second or an inch of non-vigilance meant a bloody tribute of flesh.

The little cleaner of feet was Genesio who performed his labors with twitching palate, for on the stove the flapping ears of egg-plants sizzled in tomato sauce and garlic; some unknown portions deliciously throttled the barbarous scent of the packinghouse and little Maria was contentedly sucking the tough skin of a hen's foot, boiled and unmanicured.

When Mrs. Pellegreni heard her husband's footsteps, the steaming table was coquettishly topped off with red-rimmed spaghetti and distant food-cousins elaborated with similar sauces. God's blood fresh plucked from the vine shadowed little hills of pudding with yellow caps and black olive-eyes, and already the little Pellegrenis had their dishes cocked in the crook of their elbows and with high, pliant fingers slid the spaghetti down their throats. Genesio, with clean feet, ran to meet his father.

"Papa, Papa, a bundle of cheese, some apples, some striped candy," said his fingers, prying into the wrappings in his father's arm.

But Pellegreni, with awkward carelessness, had sent Genesio sprawling to the floor. He was a big man with red cheeks rising high above the silken blackness of his moustache, and strength that would seem primeval were it not for the quiet intelligence shining out of his eyes and the softening effect of his voice which contained all the music potency of his race. He had sent Genesio sprawling to the floor in good natured fun, greeted his wife and wiped the tomato juice from little Maria's cheeks with his kisses. It was when he sat down to eat that Mrs. Pellegreni sprang forth in quivering horror and seized him. At the very end of his arm, where the hand should be, there was no hand. This morning it had held a lunch pail, but now a stump was wrapped in surgeon's cloth, a white bandage as clean as a hound's tooth!

"Mio Dio, mio Dio," Mrs. Pellegreni's words tumbled together in anguish. "What has happened to us, what has happened to us?"

He told his story bravely, "Who was to tell? That machine don't go fast, just up and down. Pete sent over a cart of meat and before it is all on the board, what happens? My hand, it is all dripping blood and everyone comes running. The foreman starts to swear and there I was all out and in the hospital all day and make them mad that I am strong enough to come home tonight. . . . Quiet,

quiet, cara mia . . . Think of poor Mrs. Gebrinsky, whose husband threw himself into a boiling vat of soap and she with six children, while I have only lost a hand, just a hand."

He continued with brave restraint, "Some American men come in and talk to me next week, everything will be fixed. A good sum, you will see."

Between the wails of the younger children and the wide-eyed admiration of Genesio inspecting his father's handless arm. Pellegreni comforted his wife and laid plans for the future—a generous picture for the peace of his wife's soul . . . Perhaps a little shop of their own with a red and green front and their name painted in large letters on it. It would be out in the country free of the packing-house smell, with lily-ponds and lakes for the children to wash their feet and only green branches to hide the sun.

But Mrs. Pellegreni's thoughts raced like mad horses over a cliff. The food on the table wriggled in mockery, red-mouthed and laughing, and only the infant Gesu gazed in blissful silence from the pale rim of a gas-haloed picture. Who was to tell? That hand was snapped off as sudden as a stretched thread, bitten off as though the machine had a will of its own and a demon's power. In a flash, the machine had retaliated after years of obedience, depriving its master of his hand and sending him an exile from the work in which he spent most of his life. It was a fleshly barter demanding a human hand and giving a marvelous twist to their life-paths from the squalid, barbaric packinghouses to fresh fields and wild winds, a free proprietorship of a little store and a return to the sweet, old ways of those across the sea . . . God is good . . . God is very good . . .

But when the horror of his lost hand and the glamour of his moneyed compensation had disappeared, Pellegreni discovered that he would only receive one-half of the agreed sum of money. This was quickly swallowed in the preparation of their business enterprise and its subsequent failure . . . and a little later, Pellegreni was seen walking the plank to the Packinghouse Employment office looking for work assisting the unloading of carts of chopped pig's meat for the filling of sausage skins.

Occasionally, Pellegreni wonders about his hand. On one thousand American tables, a minute portion of his hand had steamed mutely. The diners had not known that human flesh was shredded within the peppered rolls of sausage before them, and which their chaste palates received without a protest. Sometimes Pellegreni thinks of this and he laughs.

# The Origin of God

By PASQUALE RUSSO

**THE idea of God is a figment of the human brain This idea was not conjured up among a civilized people, acquainted with the laws of nature, but among savages. They, poor victims of ignorance, worshipped the sun, moon, winds, rivers, animals and trees as gods.**

**These gods were made into idols, conjured up and worshipped in savage ignorance. The idea of a divine rule of the universe originated in the fertile brain of savages during primitive times. Of this origin, the average Christian is woefully ignorant, but the less they know about the beginning of their murderous and bloody deity, the more intense is their adherence and devotion.**

"The Christian concept of a god—the god as a patron of the sick, the god as a spinner of cobwebs, the god as a spirit—is one of the most corrupt concepts that has ever been set up in this world; it probably touches low watermark in the ebbing evolution of the god type. God degenerated into the contradiction of life. Instead of being its transfiguration and eternal. Yea! In him war is declared on life, on nature, on the will to live! God becomes the formula of every slander upon the 'here and now,' and for every lie about the beyond! In him nothingness is deified, and the will to nothingness is made holy." (From The Anti-Christ by F. W. Nietzsche, P. 67).

It is now known that God is a myth, and the average well-informed and intelligent man places no faith in the concept. He reasons that if this world of ours is ruled by a God if infinite wisdom and power, surely it would be a place of happiness instead of sorrow. The world, as we know it, is beset with the scourges of crime, poverty and exploitation. This in itself suffices to disprove the existence of a God.

Further proof of our thesis is submitted in the following: In the year 1620 the first cargo of slaves was sold to the tobacco planters of Jamestown, Virginia. These poor, innocent negroes were kidnaped from their homeland, Africa, by pious Christians and brought to this country in order that wealthy Americans could exploit them. This was, manifestly, an atrocious crime, and since God is reputed to be a lover of mercy and justice, why did he not make his power felt by thwarting its consummation?

### No Freedom For Blacks

Passing to the second stage of our story, and referring to statistics, we find that nearly three million slaves were brought to the American colonies between the years 1620 and 1775. In the year 1776 a great change was consummated. After years of agitation for freedom, men of trade and wealth (planters and merchants) joined hands in

the common cause of freeing themselves from English despotism. Washington, Morris, Hamilton and Hancock were land speculators and their hatred of England was derived from this fact; in short, the mother country imposed restrictions upon their business. The revolt against England being successful, the freedom thus obtained was not for negroes. Since some men were to be freed, why didn't God include the negroes?

In 1863, Lincoln, under military necessity issued the emancipation proclamation, freeing the slaves —on paper only. Famous as this document has become, it in nowise helped the negroes. From that time till today the persecution of the negroes has not ceased. Over four thousands negroes have been lynched by so-called good Christians, and in no instance has God, in any manner, intervened in the atrocities. Why doesn't God stop this mob violence? The average negro has the reputation of being a good Christian. After a hard day's work he sings and prays and is a regular attendant at church, all to glorify God. When the mob puts the rope around his neck, he calls on God for help, but God disdains to answer. Why? Simply because there is no God to answer.

It is disgraceful that Christians should lynch a helpless negro. According to the Christian theory, the negro was created by the same God that made the white man. Some there are who will deny this, however, both negro and white adore and pray to the same God. In addition, a Christian God has for 1924 years augmented the miseries of the earth with cunning and slavery. Therefore, no reasoning man should worship an imaginary God, who according to the bible, kills with pleasure.

"The conception of a God who kills, murders, and damns forever creates a brood of human imitators who will execute his bloodiest decrees. The Doctrine of the Atonement is alone responsible for the many thousands of innocent martyrs to the tortures and flames of the Inquisition. Demolish the conception of a blood sacrifice as a legal necessity in God's government, and you at once shatter the gates of a revengeful hell and raze the walls of a selfish heaven." (From The Doom, P. 59).

To us moderns, at least, reason should be our god. Above this there should be no greater. Why is it men are not willing to confess their ignorance of God? To a rational creature this appears to be a species of dishonesty. In the last analysis, there is not a human being on the planet that knows aught of God. There exists no proof that God has either written or spoken a word, and if there be any such who have a first-hand knowledge of God, why should he not speak and make his facts known? True, there is a pretended knowledge and faith in God, but the pretenders are usually so ignorant their opinions and judgments are without value. As to positive knowledge of God, not a single human being can state where God is or what kind of an animal he may be. As for the authorship of the Christian bible, it evidently was written by ordinary and average men and contains, so far as one can judge, not a particle of divine wisdom.

### Nature No Respecter of Man

To everyone the manifestations of the world are a mystery. Even the wisest of us knows not the meaning of life, its growth and decay; we are surrounded by phenomena we cannot comprehend. To ascribe the world's existence to God solves no problem; it only enlarges it, because the world's **creation** is more complicated than its mere **existence.**

In the sweep of the earth around its orbit there is without doubt some law, but man's welfare is no part of it. In the comings and goings of the seasons there may be some objective, but as for consideration of their welfare, spiders have the same rating as men.

In examining Nature we find no traces of God. We all admire the forces that bring the sunshine, the snow and rain, yet imposes no punishment of hell. Nature is direct and honest; there is nothing religious about her. "Nature exists independently of all philosophy. It is the foundation upon which we, ourselves, products of Nature, are built. Outside man and Nature, nothing exists, and the higher beings which our religious phantasies have created are only the fantastic reflection of our own individuality." (Frederick Engels).

The earth, according to astronomy, revolves on its axis, traveling about 25,000 miles a day, and in a year 558 millions of miles on its circuit about the sun. Thus the earth moves, controlled by two natural forces, centrifugal and gravitational, if science is to be believed. From this we conclude the universe in space is a boundless infinite, without beginning or end.

The beautiful sky is a product of natural forces, and under its dominion lurks no damnation in the blossoming of the rose or the pricking of the brier. Nature's manifestations can be depended upon; there is no deception in them.

God, as such, was not given us by nature. He is but the creature of man's imaginings, thus the whole history of God is false. To the degree that earnest investigators have been able to determine, there is no God in nature. Such a being is not to be discerned in the sky, the sun, the moon: the stars, though far from us, manifest no divinity, and it is useless to look into the depths of the ocean. If there be a God, he is unknown to man and with some confidence we may now say that nature, and not an imaginary God, is the great queen of the universe.



# I Can't Help Snickering

By W. A.

## STARTLING MURDERS REVEALED

The editor of the **Nation's Business,** organ of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, prefers startling charges against the American lords of industry anent the deaths of Woodrow Wilson and Warren Gamaliel Harding. Instead of the demise of the former being caused by softening of the brain and of the latter being killed by too greedy attention to the delicate parts of hard shelled crabs this noted journalist adduces the following: "We murdered our former president Woodrow Wilson by our unjust criticism and again we broke the heart of the other late lamented President Harding by a similar process and then gave him five carloads of flowers to show how much we loved him."

## BROADENING EFFECTS OF TRAVEL

That secret society of lumbermen known as the HOO HOO Club of St. Louis was given inside information about the lives of the people of China and Japan according to a recent pronouncement of the **American Lumberman,** leading exponent of the principles of HOO HOO in these United States. E. C. Robinson, president of the E. C. Robinson Lumber Company, divulged the secrets of the Orient to the assembled go-getters. The estimable lumber journal reports that, "while it was a delightful trip, Mr. Robinson said that he came home more than ever impressed with the fact that there is no place like America."

## STARTLING DISCLOSURE OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION

**The Annalist,** authoritaive financial journal of New York City, published weekly by the New York Times, views the tendencies of the national ruling class with some alarm. It says, "Already here we can see our wealthy classes possessed of several residences in different states and parts of states, and securing sporting rights and other agreeable amenities in large quantities; in the intervals they travel for amusement or to supervise their interests in foreign lands."

## OPTIMISTIC VIEWPOINT AS OBSERVED IN FLORIDA

The **Dearborn Independent,** chief organ of the anti-Jewish movement in America, discloses a revival of the ancient spirit of the Medes and Persians in the land of resorts, swamps and citrus fruit. It says: "By a vote of six to one, Florida recently adopted a constitutional amendment forever prohibiting the levying of inheritance or income taxes."

## NEW ICONOCLASM AMONG BUILDERS

**The American Contractor,** prominent journal of the construction industry, in speaking of the advantage of attending conventions inadvertently indicates that a spirit of iconoclasm is affecting the masters' gyppos. It says, "You get to meet contractors from all over the United States, and every man acts just exactly as he wants to act. If there happens to be one contractor in the bunch who wants to wear pearl gray spats, he wears pearl gray spats."

A leading editorial in the same issue of this respectable journal refers to even more dangerous tendencies amongst building enterpreneurs. The editor says, "Arthur S. Bent, in an address a year ago to the Associated General Contractors, let fall a concept of the contractor that is good to think of. He said, 'Let's look him over a bit before we consider whether he is really needed!' "

And this Arthur Bent, we believe, comes from California where such thoughts are not considered nice.

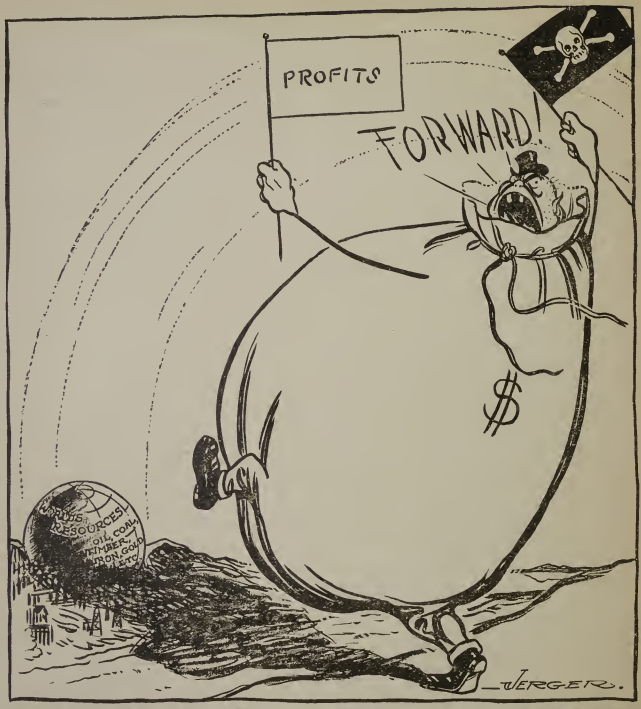
## LOGIC IS ARRAYED IN FAVOR OF CHILD LABOR

The National Association of Manufacturers through its organ **Service to Industry,** sums up the following points in opposition to the proposed Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which would place some hindrances in the way of exploiting children in industry: "If we wanted to be tomcattish, we would say that many of those who are loudest in their fanatical advocacy of the proposition to nationalize the tenderest portion of the country's human life have no children of their own and probably don't want any. Rather than assume the individual responsibilities attached to the bringing into the world and into maturity children of their own, they prefer to assist Congress in rearing those of others. But we will not say that because it would be so unkindly true—and bare truth is shocking to the modesty of modern Americans when they see it coming towards them."

## EXPERT WHISTLES AT ECONOMIC WASTE

Amazing disclosure as to the reasons why miners and railroad workers can't produce still more profits for the coupon clippers is indicated in an article in **American Industries,** a national magazine for manufacturers, Egbert Douglas, eminent engineer, states, "The steam transportation companies realize the possibilities of electrification, but the cost of the change is so terrific that with present earnings, on most roads, the change is out of the question on account of money matters.

"We will, therefore, have to remain contented with our steam locomotives with their ten per cent efficiency, or less, and provide them with about thirty per cent of our coal, and whistle at the waste of ninety per cent of it."





U.S.


ENGLAND


FRANCE


JAPAN

**CARTOON CUT-OUTS FOR GROWNUPS. A simple, efficient and timely method of keeping in touch with the swag-hunting activities of imperialists.**

**Directions: Cut out flag representing nation most ZEALOUS in "promoting the welfare of a backward race," "pacifying a country for the good of its people," etc.—and paste same over space marked "profits".**

# Economic Background of 5-5-3

By K. HIROTA

**WAR clouds are hovering, and the storm is bound to be unleashed to break furiously over the world ere long, if we are to believe the lessons of experience and the evidence of our senses. Although the last great spree left in its wake a world filled with disease and wreckage, and the nations are still staggering beneath an insoluble burden of almost incalculable debt piled up to expedite the carnage and ruin, we observe assiduous preparations by the world's greatest powers for another titanic contest.**

**This next war will see bonds of alliance shifted, but into whatever international blocs governments divide for the slaughter, it is workers who will fight the battles, spill their blood and guts, lose their health, reason, limbs and lives to satisfy imperialistic ambitions of the ruling classes of rival governments.**

Contrary to popular domestic belief, manufactured by the brass check press, the Washington Disarmament Conference was not a meeting to stop warfare, but an American "pacifist" brake on the jingo current sweeping to embattled realization **too soon** to suit the purposes of United States imperialism. It was the masterful voice of the new Americanism demanding that England understand its second fiddle position, that it forever renounce its ancient title, "Mistress of the Seas," and that the existing **relative** naval strength be preserved for ten years, in which time the United States will have manned its vessels and properly trained its sailors.

A plan was agreed upon between England, the United States, Japan and France establishing a ratio for the first two states named of five each, and for the other two of three each. It applied to battleships, battle cruisers and airplane carriers. As France cannot dare to oppose the United States, owing to the economic whip America holds, France is not racing on the battleship program but is appropriating great sums for the building of airplanes. Hence the agreement is usually spoken of as the **5-5-3 Ratio,** meaning that England and America are to be equal in naval strength, and that Japan is not to have more than sixty per cent of the armed sea power of her foremost rivals.

Certain American ships were scrapped after the conference in order to come within the limitations, but jingo newspapers are now raising the cry that the United States ships are not up to the proper requirements permitted by the ratio. They contend that the gun elevation on these warships is lower than that maintained on British types. Some of these elevation experts claim that the low elevation, which reduces the distance at which a projectile can be fired, diminishes the American position so that the ratio is really 5-4-3.

### Jingo Initiative Prominent

For months a debate, led by Fred A. Britten, Illinois congressman, for the jingoes, has been raging in the House over this matter. Outwardly, Coolidge opposes the appropriations vote needed to raise the gun elevation, on the policy of "economy". Actually, he is being directed by the economic masters of the more dominant faction of American imperialism, which has a long, careful scheme to put into operation which the "hot-heads", the too-eager plunderers like Britten's crowd, would interfere with. The cool heads do not intend to permit any naval disadvantages to be suffered by this country, and they are building **fast cruisers, submarines and auxiliary war ships** at a great rate.

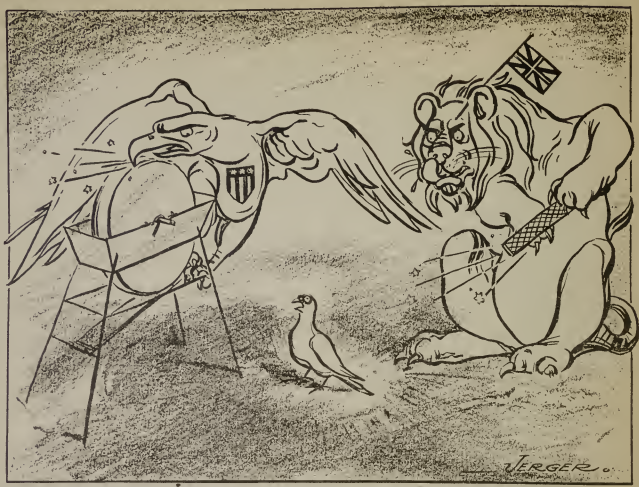
Britain has called for a conference of the **white** peoples of the Pacific "to promote a better economic, commercial and political understanding and to prepare for the common defense against encroachment of the yellow race". That is his language. He says Japan is openly preparing for war, and his faction resent the attitude of various Japanese newspapers which objected to American fleet maneuvers in the vicinity of the Hawaiian Islands.

It is impossible to understand this game of empire by considering isolated nations. Such examination will reveal the brush strokes, and is important, but one must regard the dominant powers of the world to command a really informing perspective, remembering that, however viciously states snap and tear for the spoils of working-class-extracted surplus value, the world is an economic unit. In such manner let us without too remote allusions consider the roots of the existing situation.

### Imperialist Strategy Sketched

The world war gave to the United States an opportunity to increase the relative strength of her navy, which she seized and improved on so thoroughly that she reached the maritime strength of England. But England needed American aid. England was seeing her great warships going to the bottom of the German submarine-infested seas. America, as a protecting ally, crept up and attained equal sea power with proud Britain. Both these governments were allies of Japan, but the Tokyo government saw how much England had to handle and took advantage of this pre-occupation to fasten itself on China, in which vast country lie such immense, **virgin fields of iron and coal she needs so greatly.** Tsarist Russia before the Russian-Japanese war leased to Japan the important Liau-Tung Peninsula, and the territory became Japan's by virtue of her victory in that war some twenty years ago. Japanese imperialism, the will to expansion of the Japanese capitalists, was on the road to power.

Great Britain had its key positions to the Far East economic situation in possession of the two




strongholds, Hong Kong and Singapore. Germany lost its footing in China, and French capital advanced its influence there.

The United States made war on Spain in 1898 as a pretext to increase its oceanic possessions, and accepted the support of the Filipinos, who looked naively upon America as a traditional liberator, only to find that this government wanted Spain out of the islands, not to secure Philippine independence, but to establish its own rule over the Philippine Islands. The newly acquired territory was rich in raw materials, **which are still only ten per cent developed,** and the islands are so strategically placed on the bosom of the Pacific that they are regarded as the crossroads to the rich Far East. **This archipelago is close to the Chinese mainland, and Manila Bay is of outstanding naval value.**

### Rule By the Dollar

American capital has been pouring into China for the exploitation of its tempting resources. Hawaii was annexed as part of the program in much the same manner as the Philippines, and the Panama Canal was rushed to completion to insure American's imperialistic advantages on the Pacific. In China Japan was the outstanding rival of the United States by the end of the world war, having seized the province of Man-Tung with its great port, Tsin-Tao. It was required by the red-white-and-blue empire-makers that Japan be isolated in the Far East. So the United States made treaties with England to this effect. **These two powers are obliged to hide their fangs from one another yet awhile.**

American's strength in world relations can be gauged by her ultimatum to England practically forbidding further fortification of that Far East Gibraltor, Singapore. The Anglo-Japanese treaty in reference to China was smashed by the 1921 Washington Conference. Thus the United States has demonstrated its statecraft in a commendable manner.

Wars have been going on in China for some time, dating from several months **after** the Harding conference adjourned. In these hostilities in North China, General Wu Pei Fu is doing the bidding of the Anglo-Dollarica alliance, and Chang-Tso-Lin is the general acting for the Japanese. In 1923 the United States grew bold and drove out the Japanese-selected president, Li-Yuan-Hung, in whose stead this government set up Tsao-Kun. So far only Chinese workers are bleeding for this imperialism. Will American and English workers be drawn into the maelstrom?

### Economic Strength of United States

This brings us to a consideration of relations between this country and England. America's economic supremacy may be quickly and strong-

ly shown by a few figures. The United States produce of the total world production in various important commodities the following percentages: Wheat, 25 per cent; oats, 35 per cent; corn, 75 per cent; coal, 50 per cent; pig iron, 60 per cent; brass, 60 per cent; steel, 60 per cent; zinc, 47 per cent. The United States own 36 per cent of the railroad mileage of the world, and her commercial fleet, built almost entirely during the world war, totals 25 per cent of the world's ship tonnage. It owns and **uses** 84 per cent of the world's automobiles; it has only 14 per cent of the gold production, **but has scooped into its vaults 44.2 per cent of the world's gold reserve.** The United States has also a national income two and one-half times as great as the **combined** national incomes of France, Germany, Japan and England!

With so strong a balance of trade power based on this ownership, it is politic for England to dance to Yankee music, and to go along with America in opposition to the Japanese designs in China. But to think that the United States is going to abandon her march for world domination after Japan is disposed of, when her finance capital imperialists have felt the pride and power of their victorious position is absurd. Especially so, when we recall that it is not yet thirty years since American capitalists definitely set about for colonial, foreign expansion, and the advance has steadily accelerated until 1924, when it fairly leaped into the first position commercially, as a result of the war. It is likewise unthinkable that England, with its ancient training in diplomatic intrigue, and with its fortified bases in colonies scattered over the world, is likely to permit too great prominence, too much American imperial power to be developed without challenging it by force of arms.

The fortifications of Britain's colonies are strong, but the peoples of these colonies are almost **en masse** demanding national independence, or dreaming about it. To turn these demands and dreams of Hindus, Egyptians, Irishmen and others into her favor, the United States will appear again as a liberator, just as she appeared in Cuba, Hawaii, Panama and the Philippines.

There is the crux of the matter, so far as the capitalists of all these ruthless, greedy, vulpine governments are concerned. The congressional squabble is not between an imperialist group on one hand and a non-imperialist pack on the other, but between those who want the **penetration** and **assimilation** to be **hurried**, and those who have learned to be patiently potent like predatory beasts **lying steeled and in waiting.** These are the eagles that conveniently metamorphose themselves into doves **pro tempore**, and the tigers that quietly stalk with claws retracted, seeming as gentle as house cats. Americans are said to be impulsive. Britten is of this kind. But the backers of Calvin Ignoramus are trying to control the voracious appetites as British statesmen have so often succeeded in doing. Hughes is of this type.

### When Japan Is Whipped, What?

However, the world seems to be on the verge of a war between this country and Japan. If so, with the stage set as it is at present, England must assist America. If France can extricate herself in any way from America she may assist Japan. Should such a war materialize, it is almost certain to result in Anglo-American victory. Then looms up another war to decide the relative roles of the United States and Great Britain. Any war involving either England, Japan, France or the United States is sure to embroil the whole world.

There is a possibility that England may not wait for the American triumph over Japan in blood, but seek to bring its own great difference with America to an issue. At no time has the world scene been so ominous since 1914, and the conflagration that may soon burst into flame will be more devastating than the horrible tragedy that began in August of that year.

### War's Meaning to Humanity

Success or defeat for imperialist powers means the same thing to the working class. In the fighting it means that workers must wallow in trench and latrine, run their bayonets into the guts of their fellow workers of the other side, with whom they have no quarrel but an identical economic, social and fraternal interest. It means syphilis, tuberculosis, cholera, typhus, influenza for combatants and civilians alike. It means broken homes, stunted children, ruined women, starvation, an agony of suspense and a frightful misery for the working class.

For the capitalist masters it means greater wealth, power, luxury, security, dissipation. It means for the rich class aggrandizement of more riches, and addition to its numbers, as witness 23,000 new millionnaires in this country from the pickings of the world war.

War means the destruction of all that is good in man, and the triumph of all that is most evil in him. It means cripples, lunatics, broken hearts and gentlest cherished hopes scattered forever. It means the abrogation of what little liberty of expression and collective spirit is in the workers' possession. It means tyranny, espionage, graft, lynching, local venom and race hatred on a limitless scale. It sets a judiciary over the liberties of real men and women who dare to protest in the name of humanity and working class solidarity, flinging them into dungeons to rot away their lives. War truly looses **"a red wind of hate upon us,"** and **"weaves the threads of life into a tassel to deck a sabre-hilt."**

War in inevitable unless one tremendous force learns to act concertedly against it. **This is the force of international working class solidarity. This is the force which the I. W. W. strives to upbuild. Between one- and two-thirds of the world's commodities are produced by the speeded wage slaves of**

**the United States.** Here, then, is our great field for action. This is where we must bend our greatest efforts for industrial organization. If we can line up the slaves of America, the slaves of the world will follow. There was never a greater impending crisis for the subject class of any historical epoch. There has never been a more promising, more glorious future for any working class than the one that we can usher upon the emancipated world if we unite in the industries and fight together on the economic field.

China is a trough for the imperialistic hogs, because they want its raw materials; they want to build their factory system there, just as they have built it over the world in the short space of two centuries. Surplus value robbed from the labor of workers in America, England, France, Germany, Japan and all other capitalist countries compels commercial expansion, forces bourgeois rivalries for markets. Stop the expropriation and wars will neither be fomented nor fought. Industrial organization alone of all proletarian weapons can squeeze the last dime from holy profits and thereby destroy indsutrial slavery.

If you are a wage worker get into the Industrial Workers of the World where you belong. Help in the fight for industrial freedom. Do something for yourself, your loved ones, your class. It is your own choice. Our masters are on the high road to empire. Empire means unequalled degradation for the workers. Join the I. W. W. We need you; you need us if you are workers. Together we can strike our mighty sledge-hammer blows at the bars and walls of economic slavery, and win to industrial freedom.

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# The Damned I. W. W.

By COVINGTON AMI

**WE HEAR much nowadays about the errors, the faults and failures of the I. W. W., but seldom do the critics carry their logic to its logical conclusion. Nearly always they deal in half truths or else suppress the fundamental facts on which the I. W. W. differs from all other labor organizations. They build a straw man and then proceed triumphantly to destroy the "Boogum," thus proving themselves eternally right and the I. W. W. everlastingly wrong.**

**If it is a capitalist writer who is on the job, then the organization is one vast "conspiracy" of "criminal syndicalists," "saboteurs" and "violence worshippers" bent on overthrowing at the cost of "chaos" and "anarchy" the gentle, non-violent, peace-loving and super-efficient capitalist class.**

If a craft union bunk-shooter is at work, then the I. W. W. is all the capitalist pencil-pusher says it is, plus the charge that the "I. W. W. wants to destroy the craft unions and wreck the labor movement."

If a socialist spieler is pounding the typewriter, then the I. W. W. will most probably be charged with "intending to commit blasphemy against the State," or else with infidelity to the "Holy Ballot Box," or something equally foolish and impossible.

If it is a communist intellectual doing the dressing down, then, "the I. W. W. is drawing all the militants out of the A. F. of L.," and, by refusing "to bore from within," "turning the entire labor movement over to the Gompers bureaucracy." Also it, the I. W. W., "has learned nothing from or since the World War began." Especially it has not learned that the true way to "capture the powers of the State" is with the "Holy Bullet" instead of with the "Sacred Ballot." True, most of the communists have themselves only recently learned this remarkable way of changing Old Orders in New Worlds overnight; but, be that as it may, the I. W. W. is all wrong and they, of course, are all right. Besides, did not the I. W. W. insolently refuse to "disband," and that when it was peremptorily ordered to do so from both Washington and Moscow? It did. Therefore it surely deserves the excommunication it has received at the hands of the capitalists, the craftists, the socialists and the communists; for, is not the majority always right and the minority always wrong? Give us a rest.

### I. W. W. Not Syndicalist

Answering the capitalists, the I. W. W. is **not** a "syndicalist" organization, "criminal" or otherwise, and the capitalists, especially the industrial capitalists, **know it is not.**

They know as well as we do that the I. W. W. idea is sound to the core. For they know as well as we do that industrial unionism is an attempt on the part of the workers to organize each industry and all industries on a **co-operative** base, out of which will come a government of, by and for the workers—an Industrial Democracy, if you please.

That the capitalists have learned the value of this fundamental I. W. W. idea of economic organization as opposed to the political idea, is clearly shown, not only by their bitter persecution of the I. W. W. militants, but by the "horizontal trusts" being rapidly builded up by capitalist "wizards" like Henry Ford in the United States and the late Hugo Stinnes in Germany.

These "horizontal trusts" are nothing more nor less than the I. W. W. idea of organizing industry from the raw materials to the final market, and they are sweeping their competitors, whether capitalist or craftist out of their way as chaff is swept before a cyclone. They have not only made the little business men their humble retainers and kicked the

craft unions out of their plants, but they have also subordinated the State to their will and are destined soon to be lords of banking and agriculture as well as of industry.

In other words, in the "horizontal trust," the capitalists have stolen the I. W. W. idea of economic organization, applied it solely to their own benefit and, after committing the theft, have striven to "outlaw" the I. W. W. in the minds of the masses, in order that the masses of the people may be led to believe, now as of old, that the autocrats are their friends while the democrats are "blasphemers of God," "enemies of Caesar," and a danger to society." So it ever was and is.

### Who Calls Us "Outlaws"?

So it has come to pass that, though their ideas are stolen and used against the masses, the I. W. W. is today "outlawed," and, not only by the idea-thieves, but by craftists, communists and socialists, as well. For what is it, this everlasting cry of "dual unionism" raised against the I. W. W. by the craft union, socialist, and communist leaders, but a proscribing, an "outlawing" of the I. W. W.?

It is easy to understand the action of the capitalists, for they KNOW and FEAR the power of an INDUSTRIALLY ORGANIZED working class. It is also easy to understand the attitude of the craft union leaders, for the industrial union is to the craft union what the trust is to little business, and the little business leaders of labor love their little power too dearly to surrender it without a fight, even for the welfare of the workers. It is, further, easy to understand the gyrations of the socialist leaders, for to the great, great majority of them the "Law of Economic Determinism" has become a sort of kismet which will yet, somehow or other, save Man from himself and, in the meanwhile, nothing should be done to scare it off the job, lest "political democracy" be also lost and with it the honors and emoluments to politicians for "regulating the trusts" and "saving the people from Wall Street." But it is not so easy to understand the tactics of the communist leaders. They are for "boring from within" the capitalist unions but against "boring from within" the capitalist political parties—against "dual unionism" and decentralization but for staying in the A. F. of L., which is "dual unionism" gone to seed and decentralization run mad.

### Communist "Achievements"

All that I can see that they have up to date accomplished in the United States, which is where we live and with which we must, therefore, be most concerned, is to do to the I. W. W. what they so freely charge the I. W. W. with doing to the A. F. of L.—withdraw the militants from it without in any way strengthening the militant groups in the A. F. of L. and Railway Brotherhoods, while at the same time they have divided the militants forced out of the old unions so that today both groups are practically impotent to accomplish anything really worth while.

By raising the cry of "dual unionism" they have played directly, not only into the hands of the "barons of labor" who govern the trade unions, but have unconsciously aided the capitalist class in disrupting the I. W. W., for this cry tends to make even the unorganized workers believe that the I. W. W. is "trying to disrupt the labor movement," a thing the craft union oligarchs have ceaselessly tried to impress on the minds of the masses, both organized and unorganized.

Now, it is clear to all who really know the history of the American labor movement that the I. W. W. is not and never was a "dual union" as opposed to the A. F. of L. For the history of the American movement will show that wherever the American workers have attempted spontaneously to organize they have always sought to build **industrial** unions and not craft unions. Historically, it is the craft union that is the "dual union" and the "foreign importation," and not the industrial union. It was the A. F. of L. that "scabbed" the Knights of Labor, the American Railway Union, and the Western Federation of Miners out of existence. And this the A. F. of L. did because its leaders **did not wish to see the semi-skilled and unskilled workers organized,** believing that the organization of the semi-skilled and unskilled would end their petty special privileges as an "aristocracy of labor."

### A. F. of L. Caste, not Class Unionism

The history of craft unionism will, I think, fully bear out this charge that the craft union leaders did not wish to see the unorganized millions organized; and, not only this, but that it has been their unbroken policy to prevent them from organizing as long as it was in their power to do so. Wherever they have seemingly allowed such organization, history will show that, in every instance, they have sought to keep the semi-skilled and unskilled in an inferior position to the crafts—they have sought to keep them "helpers" forever—to organize a "caste" and not a "class unionism." This policy has, of course, prevented the working **class** from organizing, for in this policy the craft union machine has had the able assistance of the capitalists and plutocrats.

Nothing has stood in the way of the craft union leaders—they have gagged at nothing in their determination to prevent the unorganized from organizing in the only way they, the unorganized, can really and effectively organize, that is to say, into industrial unions. All this is history, and it proves that the craft union leaders have steadily pursued a policy of preventing the unorganized from organizing. The I. W. W. is not the only union the barons of labor have "damned" as "outlaw," as I call the outraged membership of the Railway Yardmen's Association to bear witness.

Yet it is these leaders that the communists render aid and comfort to when they raise the false cry of "dual unionism" against the I. W. W. It is to a "Job Trust" and not to the unorganized masses

that they demand that we turn for the power with which to build a new and higher order of society. It is in vain, for no stream can rise higher than its source, and now, as of old, figs cannot be gathered from thistles.

Nor is this all. The craft union, like all other little business, is a decaying and dying institution. Within the vast industrialism that has swept over the United States in the past few decades, it has become an economic ghost—a thing incapable of incarnation into effective social action. It can neither be "amalgamated" nor "revolutionized," for the social body that gave it birth died beyond hope of resurrection when the plutocracy won the elections of 1896.

### Tomorrow is for Live Ones

The future does not belong to the dead but to the living, and, socially speaking, the hope of the future is, as far as the working class is concerned, not in the ossified minds of the so-called skilled craftsmen, but in the unorganized millions—in the new **machine-using** proletariat, and not in the **tool-toting** craftsmen.

This machine-using proletariat is the coming master of the world, and, whether we like it or not, it will yet make the world in its own image; for, once organized, and it will yet surely organize, there is no earthly power that can resist it.

Out of this new machine-using proletariat the New Society will come. Inch by inch and by leaps and bounds, it will conquer its way to power. For it will till the farms, delve the mines, make the weapons, control all transportation, and, finally, through sheer massed weight **at the point of production,** if by no other power, govern the world and all that is in it.

The New World will be of its making. No minority will, for long, be able to impose its will upon it. Its world will be builded from the ground up, and that world will be an **industrial world.** Its government will be made in its own image—an Industrial Democracy. It will not be a "Soviet State," especially here in these United States, but an Industrial Co-operative Commonwealth—an Economic Society based foursquare on the interests of the **income makers** as against the **income takers.** Everywhere it will seek for "direct action," communal self-government and individual happiness, as against the present indirect, over-centralized, robot-breeding civilization.

### Why I. W. W. is Hated

It is because these things are even now foreshadowed in its Preamble and form of organization that the I. W. W. is so bitterly hated by the autocrats of industry, the aristocrats of labor, and the dictators of the state. They one and all recognize in it the beginning of the end of the last great slavery—the slavery of Man to the Caesars of Usury.

It is for these reasons, among others, that I think the communists are totally wrong in their tactics toward the I. W. W. and other labor organization in the United States. For here, unlike in Russia, the agrarian workers have become, like their city brothers, bondsmen of the "labor-saving machine," and their only hope of economic freedom and social emancipation lies in their developing the power through industrial organization to control absolutely the machines, the use of which determines the standard of living they now have and can hope to aspire to.

To do this, absolutely to control for themselves the machines on which their standard of living depends, the workers will yet be forced to turn to the plan of organization offered to them by the I. W. W.; for, as capitalism now stands in the United States especially, it is the only scientific plan of organization that is before the workers. They have no second choice. They organize industrially and scientifically, or they surrender themselves and their children to be peons and tenants forever.

The I. W. W., being composed of human beings, has its faults; it has made its blunders; but, in its eighteen years of strenuous history, it has nothing to be really ashamed of. In that brief space of time it has carried the message of SOLIDARITY through all the seven seas and to the six continents of the earth. Often and often it has brought the light of hope to men and women the great and wise had proclaimed beyond the hope of salvation, awakened them from their inertia and despair, and led them, naked-handed, in many an epic struggle to regain their lost right to be classed as human beings instead of the mere beasts of burden to which capitalism had condemned them.

### Appeal to the Young

No organization that ever rose on American soil has done so much for the "outlawed" in so brief a space of time, and no organization now in sight has more to offer the workers and farmers of the world, if our young men and women will put their shoulders to the wheel and, remembering, not only the failures of the organization but also the triumphs of its glorious history, press forward in the old spirit of "One for All and All for Each," than has "The Damned I. W. W."

It is up to you, the young men and women of labor, to say whether slavery or freedom shall triumph on this continent and throughout the world, for the veterans cannot lead the vanguard forever. Therefore, be not too harsh in your judgments of the rebel trail-blazers of yesterday, but, like them, join the militant minority and do the best you can to carry the crimson banner of labor yet a little further forward from where they fell. So, wave by wave, vanguard following vanguard, shall the final victory come and the toilers at last be free in industrial democracy.

# America's Triumphant Slavery

(Continued from page 8.)

It will be noted that by this time the American Revolution had been fought, English ties severed, and the internal struggle between semi-feudal aristocracy and industrial mercantilism had begun in deadly earnest. For decades this contest of nascent northern capitalism based on wage labor against ancient southern landlordism rooted in chattel slavery blazed high. The fires of this internecine competition of master classes lusting for absolute power were drowned at last by blood spilled in civil war, and industrial capitalist supremacy was decisively established over the smoking ruins of a broken, proud, reactionary South.

If you do not think this literally true, verify it with the accounts of Sherman's victorious march to the sea through Georgia, whereby he broke the backbone of the Confederacy. Read also the cruel story of Reconstruction by which a corrupt slavocracy was bled white and every last shred of power ripped from its humiliated form. If we examine slavery's intimate workings we can better understand why the system passed away; why its beneficiaries were beaten in the conflict they waged so long and with such seemingly unbeatable advantages.

Upstart, reckless, incipient slave owners, too eager for quick returns on their black chattels, often drove them to speedy death. In time it was carefully calculated that to task negroes at a pace conducive to longevity was more economical. Wherefore we see them evincing a most paternal solicitude for their human property. On the larger and more important plantations the prestige and whims of the owners demanded that they be absent from home a large part of the year. In some cases these owners had various estates, sometimes widely separated. In either event it became necessary to rely upon overseers, whose cruelty and irritability might react unfavorably on the master's property. To injure seriously or to kill a $2,000 negro in an excess of punitive zeal could not be allowed. So the overseers were obliged to sign contracts with the owners, and observe the rules laid down by these masters.

Richard Corbin, Esq., indited a letter of instructions to his agent, James Semple, for the management of his Virginia plantation, dated January 1, 1759, from which the following excerpts are taken. (We have not changed the style of these quotations except to underscore certain parts.):

1st. The care of negroes is the first thing to be recommended; that you give me timely notice of their wants that they may be provided with all necessaries. . . . The Breeding wenches more particularly you must instruct the overseers to be Kind and Indulgent to, and not force them when with Child upon any service or hardship that will be injurious to them and that they have every necessary when in that condition that is needful for them . . . ."

They viewed the matter without sentiment, just as a farmer might instruct a farm hand against the calving of a valuable cow. Nowadays the inestimable boons of capitalist culture shield our working class mothers from comparison to lower animals, and they are privileged to remain at their drudgery until confinement and to return to it as soon as they have sufficient strength to stand on their feet.

In the rules governing the rice estate of P. C. Weston in South Carolina nearly a century later the same solicitude attends the slave mother. I quote this paragraph:

"Lying-in women are to be attended by the midwife as long as is necessary, and by a woman put to nurse them for a fortnight. They will remain at the negro houses for 4 weeks, and then work 2 weeks on the highland. In some cases, however, it is necessary to allow them to lie up longer. The health of many women has been entirely ruined by want of care in this particular."

Charles Manigault, Esq., made a contract with S. F. Clark, his overseer, in 1853, relating to the management of his estate in Chatham county, Georgia. From it I have taken this:

". . . . I will devote all my experience and exertions to attend to all Mr. Manigault's interests and Plantation concerns according to his wishes and instructions and as most conducive to his interest and to the comfort and welfare of his Negroes. I will treat them all with kindness and consideration in sickness and health."

At the risk of causing the mouths of hungry unemployed readers to water and making them envious of their black brothers of the earlier day I have copied the following from instructions by Alexander Telfair, of Savannah, Georgia, to the overseer of his plantation near Augusta, dated June 11, 1832:

"1. The allowance for every grown Negro however old and good for nothing, and every young one that works in the field is a peck of corn each week, and a pint of salt, and a piece of meat, not exceeding fourteen pounds, per month.

"2. No Negro to have more than fifty lashes inflicted for any offense, no matter how great the crime.

"3. The suckling children, and all other small ones who do not work in the fields, draw a half allowance of corn and salt.

"12. All visiting between this place and the one in Georgia is forbidden, except with Tickets from the respective overseers, and that but very seldom. There are none who have husbands or wives over there and no connexions of that kind are allowed to be formed.

"22. The Negroes measures for Shoes to be sent down with the name written on each, by my Raft hands, or any other certain conveyance, to me, early in October. All draw shoes except the children, and those that nurse them."

Not over fifty lashes for any crime! How they spared their property! Now our wage slaves are beaten to death in chain gangs, and pompous judges send innocent men and women to prison for long

terms for promulgating ideas obnoxious to the owners of this republican robbers' roost. Why, even the slave's moral conduct was guarded against temptation, while we have so immensely advanced that there is a prostitute on every other corner in certain districts of our cities.

Nursing of children did not mean only babies in arms. The children were valuable stock to be carefully protected. In summertime, when miasmas crept sickeningly over the lowlands, the pickaninnies were sent to healthier uplands. Today we have our unnatural, pauperizing, fresh-air funds to send a few children of our growing slum proletariat to the country for a week or two: "country" places that are often malarial districts!

These rules of planters gave rise to laws by which certain colonies outlined the treatment of slaves in detail. As this legislation had the planters' sanction, often being their own composition, it was enforced. Quite different was the situation in 1757 when legislation was attempted that did not carry their approval, as is indicated in the following complaint of one who really deplored the moral effect of the system:

". . . . Our Assembly, foreseeing the ill consequences of importing such numbers of slaves among us, hath often attempted to lay a duty upon them which would amount to a prohibition, such as ten or twenty pounds a head, **but no Governor dare pass such a law, having instructions to the contrary from the Board of Trade at home.**"

Economic dictatorship over political bodies in this country has had directing power in every important instance. But what destroyed chattel slavery? In the Harding campaign his lieutenants dared to say that the Republican Party was conceived in moral repugnance of chattel slavery. An ampler lie was never uttered, as will presently become clear. Now let us show exactly what did wipe out the black slave regime, and what forces rose in its stead as the controlling power of the Federal Government, incidentally producing the party to which the present presidential incumbent subscribes.

The Northern colonies in pre-revolutionary times had found slavery unprofitable. Small farms, on each of which a few individuals usually worked, rather than extensive tracts under cultivation and employing many hands, were the rule. But do not imagine for a moment that to own such a little holding meant security. The small farmer then was just about as shamefully and thoroughly exploited by the "big fellows" as he is now. Still, most of the labor was rural, the cities being small and not numerous. To these cities were drawn the merchant class that engaged in shipping and shipbuilding, ordinary trade, and then became manufacturers. Here, too, were artisans and mechanics.

As fast as the merchants developed an industry to a point that made it a dangerous or threatening competitor to the English manufacturers, the latter quickly caused Parliament and King to forbid the manufacture of the commodity in the colonies. A long succession of such prohibitions really fomented the rebellion that became a revolution. The colonial manufacturers, who were frequently land and slave owners, as well, wanted their own parliament, and freedom to engage in the trade of their manufactures.

When the revolution was fought slavery did not present so promising a future as commerce and manufacture. Therefore the English attack on the latter mustered the united colonies to an opposition that seemed based on common interest. The dual character of ownership by many of the richest men in the South, such as the Virginian, Robert Carter, who owned 60,000 acres and 600 slaves in addition to iron foundries and grain mills, rallied them to support the war.

Their independence gained, these aristocrats and autocrats, Washington, Randolph, Adams, Jefferson, Hancock and the other wealthy "fathers," might have eventually, through their heirs, developed a manufacturing system without the seeds of division and civil war, had not the cotton gin pushed the slave regime into the predominant position. After that the fight resolved itself into one to a finish, with capitalism of the North spreading to the great West and the slavocracy of the South pushing its way to the great Southwest. To gain territory, the former ruthlessly drove the Indians to the sea and fought a second war with England for its life in commerce, while the South instigated the Mexican- War in its greed for land.

Despite the impetus to cotton production, wage slavery was always present in the South, and the Southerners tried to compete with the textile manufacturers of New England. Chattel slaves were used in Southern cotton mills in 1828, and J. S. Buckingham in his "Slave States of America" said this in a discussion of the cotton mills at Athens, Georgia, where chattel and wage slaves were working side by side:

". . . . There is no difficulty among them on account of color, the white girls working in the same room and at the same loom with the black girls; and boys of each color, as well as men and women, working without apparent repugnance or objection . . . The negroes here are found to be quite as easily taught to perform all the regular duties of spinners and weavers as the whites, **and are just as tractable when taught; but their labor is dearer than that of the whites,** for while the free boys receive about $7 (7 dollars) a month, out of which they find themselves, the slaves are paid the same wages (which is handed over to their owners) and the mill-owner has to feed them all in addition; **so that the free labor is cheaper to him than the slave,** and the hope expressed by the proprietor to me was that progressive increase of white population by immigration would enable him to employ wholly free labor, which, to him, would be more advantageous."

That is the flower of lucidity. It would be difficult to say in fewer words or plainer language why chattel slavery was doomed to extinction; why it must be superseded by the more economical wage slavery. Such thoughts and statements were very

common as time went on. The dominant elements of their respective Northern and Southern productive modes each were contending for the country, and that was why such bitterness marked the debates at Washington whenever a state asked admission to the Union. Naturally each side wanted its own way, and as the capitalists advanced, the slave aristocracy found it more difficult to have new states admitted as slave.

Capitalist philosophy was penetrating the South. Charles Lyell, an English writer, had this to say after a visit in 1849:

"After calculating the interest of the money laid out in the purchase of slaves, and the price of their food, a lawyer undertook to show me that a negro cost less than an English servant; **but, as two blacks do the work of only one white, it is a mere delusion to imagine that their labor is not dearer.**"

He also wrote this:

"That slave labor is more expensive than free, is an opinion which is certainly gaining ground in the higher parts of Alabama, and is now professed openly by some Northerners who have settled there. One of them said to me: **'Half the population of the State is employed in seeing that the other half does its work and those who work accomplish half of what they might under a better system.'** 'We can not', said another, 'raise capital enough for a new cotton factory because all our savings go to buy negroes, or, as has lately happened, **to feed them when the crop is deficient.'** A white bricklayer had lately gone from Tuscaloosa to serve an apprenticeship in his trade at Boston. He had been earning 2 1-2 dollars a day there, by laying 3000 bricks daily. A Southern planter, who had previously been exceedingly boastful and proud of the strength of one of his negroes (who could, in fact, carry a much greater weight than this same white bricklayer), was at first incredulous when he heard of this feat, for his pattern slave could not lay more than 1000 bricks a day."

When the worker's food, clothing and shelter depended on his ability to get a job, and the continuance of this job for any length of time depended on his diligence, then did the quintessence of slave systems manifest its peculiarly desirable affinity with the thousands of new machines that were constantly being invented.

But the haughty aristocrats of a reactionary South, wedded to the old ways, jealous of innovation, and hating the bourgeois competition that threatened them and whose political expression was winning control of the Federal Government, refused to see their destiny or to embrace the weapons they knew were too skillfully wielded by their adversaries. Helper wrote a book showing in calm, statistical language just why the old chattel regime must perish. His books were burned by the slavocracy. Yet they did infinitely more to arouse intelligent opinion on the subject, and to enthuse Northern capital to go into the backward country, thus hastening the decline of slave power, than all the exaggerated propaganda sentimentalism of Miss Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The long struggle that led to guerrilla warfare in Kansas, and violence in other states, was nearing a climax. In 1853 a slave owner declared:

"I am satisfied too, that our slaves are better off, as they are, than the majority of your free laboring classes at the North. . . . They certainly are better off than the English agricultural laborers or, I believe, those of any other Christian country. Free labor might be more profitable to us. I am inclined to think it would be. **The slaves are excessively careless and wasteful, and, in various ways—which, without you lived among them you could hardly be made to understand—subject us to very annoying losses.**"

Chief Justice Teaney of the United States Supreme Court, who rendered the famous pro-slavery decision in the Dred Scott case, was a Maryland slaveholder. The decision was made in the Buchanan administration, which immediately preceded the election of Lincoln. The slave power was making a last desperate stand before opening hostilities in military warfare. Lincoln's party was that of the winning capitalism that was sweeping all before it on its triumphant westward course. **It was dedicated to the new slavery in the wages form.** It did not hold chattel slavery in reprobation for humanitarian reasons, and "The Great Emancipator" told Congress that he would sign a law if they passed it, making slavery a permanent institution in the territory where it existed. In a letter to Horace Greeley, dated August 22, 1862, Lincoln said:

**". . . . My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery.**

**"If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could have it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. . . . .** I have here stated my purpose according to my view of **official** duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed **personal** wish that all men everywhere could be free."

So much for the "moral repugnance" of the new political dominant to the institution of slavery. The wage slave scheme was far more profitable to the exploiters than the chattel slave method, and the system that will rob the greatest number of workers in the most thoroughgoing manner is the one the dear boss will swear by. He swore by it in those days, and shed crocodile tears for the poor black chattels who did not enjoy the glorious freedom of the Northern white wage slave and the poor white trash in the South.

Immigration has been mentioned above in a quotation as a factor upon which pro-capitalist residents in the South depended to whip the slavocracy out of existence. Many Irishmen came to the States in the middle of the last century. They proved to be better producers for their employers

than the proudest buck nigger that ever was elevated to the post of "driver," or worked himself to death in the fields. In 1865 an employer in Dixie "eulogizes" the sons of Erin in these glowing terms:

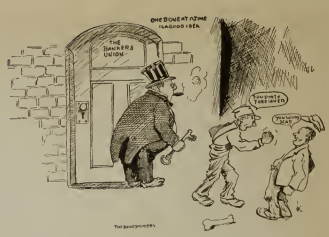
"The Irish labor in ditches and banking is so superior to that done by the very best negro men, that I made use of it as far as my means would allow. . . . The Irishman works with a shovel (and long bent handle) and wheelbarrow. The foreman loads each barrow as wheeled to him over a board, each man in line pushes forward his wheelbarrow, carrying a load of huge weight; reaching his destination, the load is immediately discharged, and the wheelbarrow is drawn empty behind the man. **There is no talking, as with negroes, no trifling, but the work goes on rapidly and in a serious manner."**

We often indicate the remarkable concentration of industrialized capitalism, with single firms employing thousands and tens of thousands of wage slaves. These huge corporate monsters were strikingly foreshadowed long ago. In 1791 Peabody, an American shipowner, employed 7000 seamen who took his vessels to all ports of the world. The Peabodys and Carters, Girards and Astors were the American pioneers of the greatest system of exploitation that has ever existed. Foundation of the American Government gave them unlimited scope to develop and to exploit the richest territory in the world by applying producers to the land and industries of this vast area and then properly squeezing from these workers everything created above the level of a miserable sustenance.

Merchant capital became industrial capital, and the present dominant form of bourgeois evolution is finance capital, with banking firms so grouped that they direct the employment not of wage slaves by ten thousands but by millions. Upon them depend the crusts and rags and hovels of these immense armies of workers. To them has been drawn, octopus-like, half of the gold resources of the world, and upon their interest the people must either wallow in slavery or rot in war. The peace of nations is in their keeping. At present America is steeling herself for the greatest strides on the bloody path of empire that have ever been made.

Today black chattel slavery is only a memory. The negro was given that freedom enjoyed by his brother—freedom to hunt his food, clothing and shelter; to besiege factory gates in desperate want of the precious job, imploring the protection of the new wage master, and to feel through all his miserable days the pinch of poverty and the torment of insecurity.

The ante-bellum observer described with vivid strokes how black boys and girls, and white boys and girls, as well as the men and women of the two races worked "together without apparent repugnance or objection." Capitalist necessity promoted this harmony, just as it engenders race prejudice and race wars when these suit its purpose. There




is no negro problem in America, no race problem. Neither is there a sex problem. But there is the all-pervading problem of slavery. Not the old, inefficient, paternalistic kind that held three million blacks when at its pinnacle, but the modern piecework, hurry-up, bonus-crazy, systematized wage slavery that enthralls a working class of 27,000,000 victims and their dependents in the United States alone.

Against this vilest of slaveries white and black, brown and yellow workers, men and women and children, irrespective of the gods they worship and the creeds they profess, have a common, class conflict. Against their common enemy, the universal and unified bourgeoisie, whose soul is in a ledger and whose heartbeats are the clicks of tickers and cash registers; whose pitiless, frigid, inhumane driving force is summed up in the motto they fling in our teeth, "There is no sentiment in business"; against these robbers of the vast wealth our labors produce, a united and universal working class, solidified in industrial formation, must throw its conscious, revolutionary strength. There is no place so lacking working class organization as America; no land more sorely needs it.

President Buchanan assumed that slavery was a national institution with the right to exist anywhere in the Union, and that a slave owner "might legally call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill." A very few years passed, and chattel slavery was no more.

Today the bankers and industrialists call the roll of their wage slaves on Bunker Hill, Elk Hill, Capitol Hill, Teapot, Dome, or wherever they please. The slave roll has increased, the new slavery is more efficient. Its exponents are proud and arrogant. They do not know that they have built on sands that lie in the pathway of evolution's inexorable stream.

Our task is to line up our fellow wage slaves on the jobs, make them our organized fellow workers, and together perform our great part of the proletarian mission of ridding the world of its plundering parasites and all forms of slavery forever.



These Old Men, Who Are First To Be Discharged, Are Shown Here Seeking Charity

# Discharged

By

BOOMER

THE night shift had just gone to work in "the glory hole" at Copco, when the shift boss told them to leave their shovels down below and come up on top.

There was one of the workers who climbed up on top of the bank hesitatingly; he knew what was coming, sack carrying. He was an old man, not so much because of his years, which were but fifty-two, but because of hardships and the privation he had suffered. He dreaded the carrying of the sacks filled with dirt; they were too heavy for his feeble strength.

He could get along all right shoveling, but he could not "stall" on the sack carrying; the eyes of the boss were too sharp for that, and he was a driver, Big Dan was. A good fellow in town or on the road, but a driver on the job. That was the reason Big Dan always got bossing jobs.

The old man had to climb up and take his turn carrying sacks. The first two trips were made all right; a young fellow pulled up a sack lighter than the others each trip, and said, "Take this one, Fellow Worker, it is lighter for you."

The old man did not know why he was called "Fellow Worker," but as long as he could get light sacks to carry, he could stick on the job.

Then Dan put the young fellow placing the sacks in the bulk head, and the next trip the old man got a heavy sack. He walked very slowly with his load. It was just all that he could carry. Then he stumbled. For a moment the tired old fellow hoped that Dan did not see the stumble, but he did.

The old man reached the place to which they were carrying the sacks and placed his load on the pile; he was out of breath and weak, but he knew he must stick with it; there were a few more sacks to carry and then they would be mucking again. He could hold his own mucking, and he must stay on this job. It was hard for a man with white hair and stooped shoulders to get a job these days. Now, there was a time when he used to do station work, that he could outwork many a man larger than he was. "Ah, well, them days were gone," and he heaved a sigh.

But Dan cut short his remininscence by tapping him on the shoulder and jerking his thumb towards the camp, "Go get it, Old Timer, you are only in the way out here." And as he climbed up the steep trail up to camp it kept ringing in his head, **"only in the way."** He had heard that many times of late, the bootlegger had told him that down in Sacramento, after the few dollars he had earned, haying, were spent.

The next morning he got his check and as he was leaving camp he met Dan. This Dan he had fed many times. He asked Dan why he was canned. Dan looked serious; then pulled a ten-dollar bill from his pocket. "Here, Old Timer, I am your friend, but on the job I am a boss, and to be a boss one has to forget friendship. I didn't can you, Old Timer, it is the system of exploitation; I was merely the mouthpiece.

"Take this ten-spot, it will help in the jungles, and remember a man can't let friendship interfere on the job. Any time that I can't get more work out of a crew than someone else, I lose out. Why, right here on this job are a dozen trying to get the job I have."

The old man took the bill, and placed it in a tobacco sack with the check, and then started on the eighteen-mile hike to the railroad. He kept wondering on the way, about what Dan had said. Dan had talked almost like the paper he read one night in the jungles at Sissons.

It was evening when the old man reached Hornbrook, a little town on the S. P. in northern California. He was tired, as he did not have any food, but went right down to the jungles to lie down and rest. There were quite a bunch in the jungles, some "cooking up," some washing, one or two lying on the dead grass, sleeping, and a few reading.

Most of them were of a clean-cut type, and there wasn't a single sign of booze, or "canned heat" of any kind; they all appeared to be sober.

The old man selected a place, spread out his blanket, removed his shoes, and lay down to rest. After a time he began to grow hungry, and was thinking of going up town to get something to "cook up."

It was when he put his shoes on and stood up that a tall slender fellow called to him to "come over and have a can of coffee." To be invited to have a can of coffee, according to the etiquette of the jungles, means to have a share of whatever there is. The old man thought the slim fellow meant someone else. He was not used to being invited to eat with others in the jungles.

But when the invitation was repeated then he knew it was he that was being invited, and with a "Don't mind if I do," he joined the group gathered around the "feed."

There were six and he made the seventh who consumed fried sausage, scrambled eggs, potatoes fried with onions and drank excellent coffee with canned milk and sugar.

True, the old man had been in the jungles many times, but it was always after he had been on a drunk and was broke, and all there had been to eat were the odds and ends begged or stolen. This was the first time he had ever been in the jungles where there was plenty.

He drank the coffee gratefully and consumed the food ravenously, all the while wondering why he had been invited.

The conversation of the others was all about organization, and soon he learned that they were all I. W. W.s. In times past he had always kept away from the jungles where there were I. W. W.s, because they were such bad actors. He had been afraid of them.

The bootleggers had told him some terrible stories of the things the I. W. W.s did to men they met who didn't have a card. But this bunch "sure treated him white."

After the "feed" two of the men washed the cans and cleaned up the jungles.

The slim fellow rolled and lit a cigarette, then handed his can of tobacco to the old man bidding him fill up the old pipe, which he did. Slim then asked him which way he was headed, and before the old man realized it they were sitting on the ground talking as though they had known each other for years. The old man was telling him things he had not spoken of for years: of the girl he had won for a wife when a young man; of the money he had made at station work; of the home they had built in 'Frisco; of the laughing blue-eyed baby, and the joy he knew when he returned with a good stake; then of the 'Frisco earthquake and how he had lost it all, home, wife, baby, everything, even the insurance money he had been beaten out of.

He didn't know why he told this man his pitiful story. Perhaps it was because of the understanding smile; anyway, he felt better after telling it. Then he told him of Dan discharging him. That seemed to be the worst of all. The rich company spent millions up there, and Dan would not let him stay. Surely they could afford the few dollars his pay would amount to, even if he couldn't do much work.

"Yes, Old Timer, it looks that way, but business is not done like that; you stay on the job only as long as your labor is profitable, and the speed of a crew of workers depends on all being able to hit the ball. Then, too, you say that you don't belong to any union," Slim spoke slowly and kindly. "Well, you consider yourself beaten, and so you are. You are not an old man, but you are standing all alone in an age of combinations. If you become a member of the I. W. W., there is the organized strength of thousands put behind you, while you add the strength of one. You have an ideal in life, it makes you young again, it will take the place of the wife and baby you lost, those that you used to enjoy working for. Here, stay here a day or so and rest up; we all have a few dollars made fighting forest fires, and I will give you literature to read; then if you want to join, Mickey over there," and Slim pointed towards the delegate, "will fix you up."

Slim rose to his feet, smiled again and said, "I'll get you something to read, Fellow Worker," and walked over to a packsack and after rummaging in it for awhile returned with a book, **What Is The I. W. W.?** and left him to read, and the old man read, and in the peace and quiet there he learned many things. The big thing though, the old man had discovered, was that there were places where he was wanted. He learned that no matter how old or feeble one of the workers becomes, he is welcome wherever members of the I. W. W. are to be found. He felt the surge of strength, the blood went racing through his veins; his shoulders lost much of the stoop, and after reading, resting and eating in the jungles, he felt as good as any man. He had also learned how to conserve his strength, and was astonished to find how long a few dollars lasted when he was with a bunch of fellow workers and kept away from the bootleggers.

A week later Big Dan received a letter up at the power job at Copco which read:

"Dear Dan:—I thank you for discharging me. I met some real men in the jungles at Hornbrook, and they started in to educate me.

"I have not blowed my money in for booze as I used to, and I realize that the bootleggers used to lie to me about the I. W. W. Dan, I know now that you were not to blame for canning me. I read 'The Economic Interpretation of the Job' and it showed me the fix you were in.

"So the only thing to do is educate and organize so as to change the system.

"I am yours for
Revolutionary Industrial Unionism which makes a man young again.

OLD-TIMER."

# Shaw's Saint Joan

By ROBERT GRAYSON.

CAUCHON (conciliatory, dropping his polemical tone): My lord, we shall not defeat The Maid if we strike against one another. I know well that there is a Will to Power in the world. I know that while it lasts there will be a struggle between the emperor and the Pope, between the dukes and the political cardinals, between the barons and the kings. The devil divides us and governs. I see you are no friend to the Church: you are an earl first and last, as I am a churchman first and last. But can we not sink our differences in the face of a common enemy? I see now what is in your mind is not that this girl has never once mentioned The Church, and thinks only of God and herself, but that she has never once mentioned the peerage and thinks only of the king and herself.

WARWICK. Quite so. These two ideas of hers are the same idea at bottom. It goes deep, my lord. It is the protest of the individual soul against the interference of priest or peer between the private man and his God. I should call it Protestantism if I had to find a name for it.

CAUCHON (look hard at him) You understand it wonderfully well, my lord. Scratch an Englishman and find a Protestant.

WARWICK (playing the pink of courtesy) I think you are not entirely void of sympathy with The Maid's secular heresy, my lord. I leave you to find a name for it.

CAUCHON. You mistake me, my lord. I have no sympathy with her political presumptions. But as a priest I have gained a knowledge of the minds of the common people; and there you will find yet another most dangerous idea. I can express it only by such phrases as France for the French, England for the English, Italy for the Italians, Spain for the Spanish, and so forth. It is sometimes so narrow and bitter in country folk that it surprises me that this country girl can rise above the idea of her village for its villagers. But she can. She does. When she threatens to drive the English from the soil of France she is undoubtedly thinking of the whole extent of country in which French is spoken. To her the French-speaking people are what the Holy Scriptures describe as a nation. Call this side of her heresy Nationalism if you will: I can find no better name for it. I can only tell you that it is essentially anti-Catholic and anti-Christian; for the Catholic Church knows only one realm, and that is the realm of Christ's kingdom. Divide that kingdom into nations, and you dethrone Christ, and who will stand between our throats and the sword? The world will perish in a welter of war.

WARWICK. Well, if you will burn the Protestant, I will burn the Nationalist, though perhaps I shall not carry Messire John with me there. England for the English will appeal to him.

CHAPLAIN. Certainly England for English goes without saying: it is a simple law of nature. But this woman denies to England her legitimate conquests, given her by God because of her peculiar fitness to rule over less civilized races for their own good. I do not understand what your lordships mean by Protestant and Nationalist: you are too learned and subtle for a poor clerk like myself. But I know as a matter of plain common sense that the woman is a rebel; and that is enough for me. She rebels against Nature by wearing man's clothes and fighting. She rebels against The Church by usurping the divine authority of the Pope. She rebels against



God by her damnable league with Satan and his evil spirits against our army. And all these rebellions are only excuses for her great rebellion against England. That is not to be endured. Let her perish. Let her not infect the whole flock. It is expedient that one woman die for the people.

WARWICK (rising) My lord: we seem to be agreed.

CAUCHON (rising also, but in protest) I will not imperil my soul. I will uphold the justice of The Church. I will strive to the utmost for this woman's salvation.

WARWICK. I am sorry for the poor girl. I hate these severities. I will spare her if I can.

THE CHAPLAIN (implacably) I would burn her with my own hands.

CAUCHON (blessing him) Sancta Simplicitas!

The scene is the first in the third act and shows the tent of the English commander, Richard de Beauchamp the Earl Warwick, in his camp on French soil after the successive defeats his armies have suffered at Orleans. Jargeau, Meung, Beaugency and Patay.

Peter Cauchon, the influential and cunning Bishop of Beauvais, visits the camp to discuss the peril of feudal and ecclesiastical positions at the hands of the conquering mystic, Joan of Arc, who is wanted by both earl and bishop for the purpose of stopping her activities and destroying her importance.

The chaplain, John de Stogumber, is attached to the English camp and readily, though very crudely, lends himself to the designs of his intellectual and worldly superiors.

### Joan Is Captured

So presently Joan was captured by the Burgundians during an unsuccessful sortie at Compeigne, and sold to the English for sixteen thousand pounds. The dialogue is presented because it places the reader in possession of the insight, forethought and motives of the forces making the tragedy.

Nationalism was rising by the process of viewing the king as the head of the state—the king with real executive powers, and not a caparisoned imbecile topped with a crown for show purposes only. In France Charles was only a Dauphin, and he did not have even the trappings or the coronet. To give him a crown and power meant a diminution of the real strength of the nobles, the feudal lords. It signified elimination of the titled middleman who wielded actual power.

Thus Joan, who wrought so valiantly over the weak spirit of the cowardly, bullied Charles, to make him rise to kingly ambition and evince the commanding qualities of a king in reality, was guilty of a political heresy in the reckoning of the shrewd Warwick who knew whence his power came, and whither it was doomed if once the people embraced a will to nationalism by which th nobles faded before the greater glory of a governmental concept embodied by one man—the monarch.

Cauchon viewed her transgressions against authority in a different way, not caring about the fate of secular nobles so long as the church and its political prelates suffered no loss of prestige. Both of these men, peer and priest, understood Joan's significance better than she herself could possibly have understood it. She was brainy, but illiterate. She was in her teens, and not given to introspection except when her powerful imagination (nourished through childhood's plastic years on stories by travelers and soldiers who stopped at her father's rather comfortable home in Domremy), seemed to hear divine voices. She was in the fight herself, heart and mind devoted fanatically to a mission for whose achievement she regarded herself heavenly appointed. With these native and occupational hindrances she could not command the social and spiritual perspectives that the earl and the bishop saw. They knew what her success meant to both the political and sacerdotal status quo of 1429.

### Her Greatest "Crime"

Cauchon opposed her spiritual heresy, being mindful of the fact that a religious system permitting the individual to approach his supernatural concepts without the imposed guidance of a churchman at every step is not specially conductive to the healthy estate of the priestly caste, nor to a perpetuation of its domination.

I think that Shaw has done a splendid piece of work in his drama if he has in no other way contributed to education than by so faultlessly and understandingly showing the meaning, by use of the popular dramatic vehicle, of the nation's rise, its consequence to feudal nobles, and also the historic roots of conscience' freedom which flowered in the Reformation. My kind words press swiftly. Shaw's portrait of The Maid is quite sympathetic, not gushing like Mark Twain's and without being grossly false and distorted as was that done by Voltaire. His preface to the book displays his grasp of the story, and his conception of the churchman's attitude in the 15th Century is psychologically true and whole.

There is an opinion quite common that the priest necessarily disbelieved the credo and ceremonials that he so forcefully insisted upon others accepting out of whole cloth, in that time under pain of everlasting fagots ablaze, with an occasional mundane scorching in the kiln of object lesson—that tangible memento mori, the stake. Such a view of the clergyman is erroneous. No one has better illustrated my contention than Veblen who points out that the priests of any religion, taking them by and large, believe in the hocus pocus they exemplify. What made Torquemada a holy terror was his intense and narrow faith. It made him atrociously vengeful. More mercy is always possible in the skeptic than in the zealot. If this were not true we should be spared many brutalities, but we should also view a world without its clerical martyrs. Such self-conviction cherished by performer and ordained lends greater vigor to the constancy of theological propagation, and color to the rewards and punishments—especially to the latter. Cauchon did not believe Joan a witch, and said so. That was a vulgar opinion and concerned with the moment. He regarded her as a heresiarch, and correctly. For heresy she was tried and found guilty. The bishop was perfectly sincere and he saw both the moment and the future.

### Joan's Weakness and Strength

When Joan first felt the imminence of her danger she recanted. That was quite natural and womanly. Who would not shrink from the flames except the mad flagellant? Naively, she expected to be delivered from the English and liberated. But her judges had prepared against this anticipated renunciation. Tried at Rouen before a joint ecclesiastical court at whose head sat the Bishop of Beauvais, and the Inquisitor, John Lemaitre, of the Dominican order, she was in a trap from which there was no escape. When she made her mark on the abjuration the sentence was pronounced.

THE INQUISITOR: Because thou hast sinned most presumptuously against God and the Holy Church, and that thou mayest repent thy errors in solitary contemplation, and be shielded from all temptation to return to them, we, for the good of thy soul, and for a penance that may wipe out thy sins and bring thee finally unspotted to the throne of grace, do condemn thee to eat the bread of sorrow and drink the water of affliction to the end of thy earthly days in perpetual imprisonment.

JOAN (rising in consternation and terrible anger): Am I not then to be set free?

LADVENU (a priest who tried to save her; the one, in fact, who persuaded her to recant) (mildly

shocked): Set free, child, after such wickedness as yours! What are you dreaming of?

JOAN: Give me that writing. (She rushes to the tables, snatches up the paper, and tears it into fragments): Light your fire: do you think I dread it as much as the life of a rat in a hole? My voices were right.

LADVENU: Joan! Joan!

JOAN: Yes; they told me you were fools (the word gives great offense), and that I was not to listen to your fine words nor trust to your charity. You promised me my life; but you lied. (Indignant exclamations). You think that life is nothing but not being stone dead. It is not the bread and water I fear; I can live on bread: when have I asked for more? It is no hardship to drink water if the water be clean. Bread has no sorrow for me, and water no affliction. But to shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers; to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe foul damp darkness, and keep from me everything that brings me back to the love of God when your wickedness and foolishness tempt me to hate Him: all this is worse than the furnace in the Bible that was heated seven times. I could do without my warhorse; I could drag about in a skirt; I could let the banners and the trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me and leave me behind as they leave the other women, if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the healthy frost, and the blessed blessed church bells that send my angel voices floating to me on the wind. But without these things I cannot live; and by your wanting to take them away from me, or from any human creature, I know that your council is of the devil, and that mine is of God.

That finished Joan. She was nineteen. They pronounced her a relapsed heretic, cut her from the church tree, and Warwick got the incorrigible branch that he wanted. She was burned in the public square at Rouen and all the people went out to see her die.

### Too Many Retouched Characters

I have so far considered the drama in the light of its historic exactness and psychological truth. Enough of the action has been given to show the forceful beauty of Shaw's greatness. Consideration of several weaknesses follows: Sitting through three and one-half hours of the play I felt dissatisfied, not because of its length—it is all most interesting—but perhaps simply because we expect so much from Shaw. In spite of the nonsense of Brassbound, Candida and Back to Methuselah we still look hopefully for the perfection displayed by some of his other dramas. I felt that he is becoming very religious and that we should not feel surprised if another Anglicized Irishman, who so early and stoutly proclaimed his atheism, has swung into the fashionable stride and joined the mystics.

Then, too, Shaw is so glib, writing has become so facile for him that he follows lines of least resistance and jerks old characters from his well-stocked closet, dusts them off a bit, and struts them across the stage as brand new creations. It still rakes in the shekels, but we recognize them anyhow by their demeanor and speech. Warwick bears a striking resemblance to Burgoyne in the "Devil's Disciple," where the latter "with utmost suavity" apologizes to the rebel he is about to hang, pleading "political necessity" and disowning personal animosity.

In the epilogue to Saint Joan, where she appears as a vision and the characters of the play are dragged from bed, the distance and the grave to hail the exonerated maid and make their farewell speeches, Warwick, who was so earnest and brisk about seeing her body dispatched, says pleasantly to her spirit: "The burning was purely political. There was no personal feeling against you, I assure you." To which Joan replies, "I bear no malice, my lord." Most saintly! Warwich then continued: "Just so. Very kind of you to meet me in that way: a touch of true breeding. But I insist on apologizing very amply. (Which is proper since Joan was so amply reduced to a cinder). The truth is, these political necessities sometimes turn out to be political mistakes; and this one was a veritable howler; for your spirit conquered us, madam, in spite of our faggots. History will remember me for your sake, though the incidents of the connection were perhaps a little unfortunate."

Even Joan has a Shavian prototype, Lady Cicely, the positive woman in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," who, like The Maid, has power over the wills of men and treats them in much the same fashion. The same play gives us Brassbound himself as a forerunner to the Squire Robert de Baudricourt, while Drinkwater is a true figure of the steward in Saint Joan.

"Caesar and Cleopatra" furnishes the youthful Ptolemy who is like the puerile Dauphin, and Chaplain de Stogumber has the earmarks of Brittanus in his heavy plodding without humor, in direct faith in his leader, even though concealed, and in his British predisposition to be exact, narrow and rude at the same moment. Both characters are hopelessly unable to attain the subtle heights of their commanders' thinking.

### Methuselah Technique Repeated

These are a few examples, but there are others that any reader of Shaw will discover upon examination. The epilogue is a technique employed to glorify a martyr at the expense of her contemporaries and the institution which both condemned, cleared and canonized Joan. It is fair, because she was ahead of her age and a greater character than those who surrounded her. But it harks back to the cry of the eternal martyr and presupposes a new redemption of mankind by the triumph of saints when all men are saints. Bringing central characters back into an epilogue is too close a repetition to the tiresome folly "Back to Methuselah," in which Shaw ends that book by presenting the Serpent, Cain, Eve, Adam and Lilith (a spirit of the endless and omniscient), who appear in the order named, say their little trite or enigmatical speeches and vanish.

When Saint Joan nears its last curtain, and the book the last page, A Gentleman of 1920 enters

to announce that Rome has at last made Joan a saint. But none of her contemporaries want the agitator back. When she speaks about being permitted to return, this Gentleman says that that is an eventuality not contemplated by Rome to which he must return for further orders. It is very keen satire and well placed. Then all leave Joan, one by one, and

> The last remaining rays of light gather into a white radiance descending on Joan. The hour continues to strike.
>
> JOAN: O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?

**Last Impressions**

After that you feel as though you had been tricked into a church, a very pretty church, too. But if you want freedom and fellowship in life you cannot echo poor Joan, because you don't believe that the earth will be revivified by saints, but cleansed of its social parasites by very human men and women. By men and women lacking that moral impeccability that is said to win halos, but surely possessed of sufficient vision, method and strength to make the earth fit for humanity in economic equality.

The play is well acted, but to do Shaw justice one must read the book with its ample, lucid preface in which he explains so much that remains inexplicable in the drama. I shall conclude by quoting the author concerning the trial. He says: "Joan got a far fairer trial from the Church and the Inquisition than any prisoner of her type and in her situation gets nowadays in any official secular court; and the decision was according to law." Which isn't saying much for modern courts, but is undeniably true.

**SAINT JOAN, by G. Bernard Shaw. Published by Brentano's, New York City. Price, $2.25.**

# Waste

(A Book Review.)

THIS is a brilliant novel following the development of a thinker's life, and flooding light on the social forces to which he was inextricably bound, for all that he strove heroically to make his own life. Jarvis Thornton's career, from an unhappy, impoverished boyhood to its final disillusionment in comparative affluence at fifty, shows step by step the effect of environment engulfing, embittering, stunning, absorbing and destroying the individual.

Throughout the story we feel the fullness of Thornton's antipathy to established gainless ruts, and his revulsion as an engineer, architect and artist to the stupid, permeating squalor of life, one immense, shoddy class rushing from hovels to work places and back to hovels again, a soddening treadmill, and another smaller class bustling about in pursuit of the most propitious chance to rob these slaves and do a very thorough job of it. Out of this vortex issues no peace but that of the grave; life is stultifying, and where there is beauty it withers at the blighting touch of a dirty, capitalist civilization, while within the confines there is room for no tranquillity nor for the happy expression of life. There is only a great deal of room for an endless suppression of the poor and lots of smokestacks at one end, and a bloated gentility at the other debased by appetites.

**Denounces the War**

The war is castigated in a way that could hardly be improved upon by the most ardently eloquent anti-militarist. Thornton's son, just an ignorant bourgeois lad who does not really know his father (nor, indeed, does the father know his son) because the boy has been packed from one school to another by his woefully stupid mother in an effort to make a "gentleman" of him, is killed in the war. Like other boys, unable to feel the seriousness and tragedy of war, he itches to "get into the scrap," and this desire gratified, he speedily falls before the foe.

Thus the father observes the waste of life so near to his own heart, a very part of himself, but sadly separated from him always by an ambitious mother unsympathetic to the husband she uses solely for support. The man sees warm youth, eager and inexperienced, believing the lies of patriotism, sacrificed; sees the guns chewing these boys up by millions and leaving them to the rats that fatten to repletion on the wastes of no-man's land. For into this inferno Jarvis Thornton had gone prior to America's war declaration. Then he believed the monstrous lie that war purifies. At last he understands that the horrible technique of destruction serves no good end, chastises no too-proud souls, but drains them of their faith and mercy, and leaves them stark and shrivelled. So he quits, and when his friends finally discover his abhorrence to the war they say nothing, secretly regarding him as a bit "yellow." These acquaintances know war by story only.

**The Surprise Speech**

Before he is known as more than a visitor who has served in the conflict, he is invited to a luncheon at a club in a fashionable "Hun-hating" summer colony on the coast of Maine, where he lives. To honor him he is surprised by being asked to speak on the war. Unable to evade, he makes a speech, a part of which was:

"A few months ago I was lunching with a gathering very much like this, in Rome, a party of English, French, and Italian friends—I was the only Amer-

ican. The talk turned on art, and some of the younger men, civilians, connected with the diplomatic service and the various propaganda services, began to depreciate German artistic and intellectual achievements. 'There never has been a great German painter,' one young man declared. Then a French officer at my side spoke up. He was wounded in the thigh and his hand still trembled from trench malaria—he had fought from the opening of the war, though his age, his high civilian rank, exempted him from military service. 'I hate,' said my friend in a voice that still vibrates in my soul, 'I hate to hear a great people traduced—how about Albrecht Dürer?' and there was no more silly talk about the despicable Huns at that luncheon. . . . "

This took them by surprise and they eyed him angrily. A gold cross dangling over a bishop's rotund belly, an admiral's pretended indifference and the hateful glare of a bitter old money-bags squaw roused his anger, and he said, dividing his gaze between the cross and the knitting needles of the acrimonious "lady":

"Over there under the whine of the guns they can think of something better than fabled atrocities and rapes, but here, on our peaceful, beautiful coast you spend your time swapping idle yarns that a child of twelve years old ought to know to be lies. Spend your time knitting sweaters and socks and dropping a curse in every stitch. You, you women," he said, pointing across the table at the Bishop's cross, but apparently at the thin lady with the sneering lips and the fat lady with the gaping mouth, "you women whom one might expect as the vessels of life to be more interested in preserving youth and manhood from another slaughter like this, some of you mothers, with sons already gone or going or likely to go into the hell of the trenches—you women in whose wombs the life of the race lies, to be preserved for something better than war, you sit and bloody-mouthed mumble your curses and miserable tales, while you knit and 'help win the war' by adding to the fearful river of hate that must some day be quenched."

He had one approving listener, an old college professor, who said on the way home from this luncheon which forthwith "broke up":

"No use, my boy, no use at all; they want to hate, suppressed emotions and all that; read the psychology books. They feel good when they hate: it makes 'em religious! Look at the clergy in the war! By God, just look at the Bishops of the Church, damn 'em!"

Thornton was reported by the admiral and watched thenceforth. His social position saved him, and also the fact that he had no positive program, and entered no organization. In fact, the book stresses the necessity of self-reliance of the individual, and its chief character fights throughout life for escape from the gregariousness of the herd, and of institutions. One gathers that he leans toward philosophic anarchism.

The author's style is fine, his analyses are searching as far as he probes, and the effects of an interesting life wasted in the social mechanism repay the reader's attention. The Wobblies are mentioned sketchily, and not understandingly, and the Department of Justice is neatly "panned," while the Intelligence Bureau is referred to as a "mad-house."

Love plays its part, but there is not even a hint at pornography, and the Sumners cannot condemn the manner in which it weaves through the pages. The emphasis throughout is upon social squalor dirtying life, thwarting the best outcome of affection, and stifling a cry for beauty in the world. Robert Herrick is doing good work among a liberal class who must be given the truth in carefully measured doses generously mixed with individualistic soft soap. There are many books, you know, that we think excellent which the progressives and pink tea dilettanti refuse to read at all. One has to sneak up on them. At all events, there is a wealth of meat and beauty in this fine sociological novel that will satisfy.

By ROBERT GRAYSON

**WASTE, by Robert Herrick, published by Harcourt Brace and Co., 393 Madison Ave., New York City. Price, $2.00**

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## THE THIRD DEGREE

By VERA MÖLLER

**(The Vision which may have come to Bob Medford in "Gertie")**

They've bound me to the bars, arms, trunk and limbs,
A harpy sits and watches in my cell,
And still he asks the question: "Will you sign?"
And still my white lips answer: "Go to hell!"

The straps! The straps! I try to shift my weight,
To ease each aching muscle, 'tis in vain;
They hold me tight as in a mighty vise,
While still more terrible becomes the pain
Until hot pincers seem to tear my back—
The harpy looks up grinning and says: "Well,
'Tis a fine day. You'd best give in, my lad."
But still I shriek in answer: "Go to hell!"
And still the leaden hours drag slowly on,
While inch by inch my body seems to die;
A nightmare numbness creeps from limb to limb,
Until my numbed brain questions, "Is it I?"

They touch my flesh with lighted cigarettes;
They try to mock me with the sight of food—
They can not hurt me, I am not the man
Whom they have bound there, let them take his blood.

For I am wandering out in space and see
A land where Justice is no empty name
And men are free, and gone, forever gone,
Are lust and greed and cruelty and shame.
I know that while I hung upon the bars
The light of dawn was struggling through the gloom,
That in the sweat of anguish and of blood
Wrung out of victims tyrants wrote their doom.

And then—I fall, and feel a stabbing pain,
For something tripped me up, a branch or vine.
They slap my face, "Here! None of that, my lad!
There'll be no sleep for you until you sign."

# Our Revolutionary Position

(Continued from page 13.)

only another day. Economic development seems a slow process to the human observer, but when we consider the great changes that have taken place in the economic and social relations of mankind during the last three thousand years and compare them with the progress made in the hundred thousand years prior thereto, then human progress does not seem so sluggish. Again, if we look with care we are compelled to admit that more progress has been made in every avenue of human activity in the last two hundred years than was made in any five thousand years before. It would, it seems, be quite reasonable to say that science has progressed more during the past twenty-five years than in any two-hundred-year period preceding.

Consider the matter of writing history, for example. It is admitted that very little was done in this line before the fifteenth century. H. G. Wells, among others, complains of the disgusting condition in which the records of history have been kept. Buckle uses up several pages on this subject. So it is not at all surprising that no great historian has in writing history employed the formula of Marx.

### Experimental Science

It was my intention to use much space in criticizing Ward's "Dynamic Sociology," but already the manuscript has grown to such proportions that it will be impossible to do more than remark, in passing, that Ward saw in education alone the panacea of the social question. His indictment of both government and religion, and the clearness with which he proves his case, namely, that they are a bar, rather than an aid, to progress, is sure to win the admiration of the radically inclined worker. But, after all, when we recall that Ward found no real fault with the wages system, and that as a consequence, he did not recognize the class struggle and the class slavery arising therefrom, one is compelled to ask the question of socialists, communists, and some wobblies: "How do you reconcile the philosophy of Ward, Buckle, Aristotle and Plato with proletarian philosophy?" And it is fair to add: "You complain of the confusion in the revolutionary movement. What else can you expect? The conflict between the old ideas and the new is very much alive among those who profess to champion the new."

Since the days when Roger Bacon looked out from behind the prison bars and told the world that all the old philosophers were wrong, and that the road to progress was by experimental science, great progress has been made in every field of human endeavor. But the progress of science, and therefore of industry, during the last fifty years has been wonderful. We have now reached the stage in industrial production where real advances may easily be seen by each generation.

Modern industry has grouped and regrouped the workers in every line until now, two or ten thousand workers will enter an industrial establishment, do their bit, and at the end of each shift be replaced by an equal number of workers, who will continue working where the others left off. All this without any noticeable change in the whole mechanical process beyond the blowing of the whistle and the punching of the clock. Everything works in harmony, with mechanical precision. We might very easily say that the capitalist system has done more to lighten the burden of the man who toils than has any other system in history. Thus, while pointing to the wonderful achievements of capitalism, and the benefits that the people have derived from electricity, steel, steam, oil and concrete, we condemn the social organization which makes of these achievements instruments of torture, plunder and oppression. We can even go further. We can say that **we cannot conceive of any system more unjust, useless and cruel to rule the destinies of the people in the future than is the capitalist system.**

The capitalist system has developed rapidly. It has removed all of the old problems that seemed so perplexing to the old philosophers. The social question of today is new and was unknown to the long-whiskered philosophers of old. What does it matter to us what Plato, Aristotle, Jesus or any of the rest of them said? At most, whatever they said had to do with the conditions of their time. The social questions of today must be solved by modern philosophy and modern methods. We care more about what Steinmetz had to say on the social problem than we do about the opinions of Adam Smith or John S. Mill, or those held by any others living before our own time. Steinmetz lived amid the whirl of modern machinery and they did not.

### How to Solve Our Problems

The solution of the social problem can be found in the material conditions that now exist. The first thing in order is education, conducted on the basis of sound principles. Modern educational institutions give you an education which at most must be but a beginner's course. You are started out in life, but good care is taken that you are started out on the wrong road, and then, of course, they trust that you will follow that road so far that you will never believe that there is another road, perhaps not so well paved, but much shorter, and which, if followed, will lead you on to that condition of happiness for which all men hope, and which but few achieve. The things that one learns at school are never sufficient. One must add to that education after leaving school.

**The next thing in order is for the working class to organize according to the way that modern industry has grouped them in production.** That would be according to industry. Industrial unionism is the logical form of organization for the working class of today. The workers must, first of all, understand that their problems are industrial, and not

political in character. The economic division, so clearly evident to all workers in modern industry who work for wages, would seem to prove the necessity for a union sufficiently broad in scope as to include all who work for wages.

Conditions in each industry are slightly different, and so the union of the workers, in its internal structure, must be slightly different in order to meet the requirements of the workers in that industry. But the union in its main outlines, in its general structure, must be the same. It must be as broad as industry itself. In this respect the writer accepts "universalism," but in the same way and for the same reasons that he accepts it in its general application to the union, he rejects it when it is applied to the internal structure, the working program of the union, because it does not fit the conditions.

### Meaning of Industrial Unionism

Why must the workers organize industrially? The question might very well be answered in a few words, namely, to achieve their emancipation. Now, what do the workers desire to be emancipated from? They are now separated, freed from the product of their labor. In other words, they are exploited, robbed, plundered, "gypped" out of it by the instrumentality of the wages system. To secure a condition of happiness for which we are all fighting in our own way, the working class must organize industrially so that when the great crisis comes in the evolution of the capitalist system, the workers can free themselves from all exploitation—from the rule of capital.

The industrial union of the workers is essential not only as a means of resisting the employing class in its effort to reduce workers to a lower economic level now and while capitalism lasts, but it will be of special use in starting up production again after capitalism, for any reason, has come to the end of its career. The big problem with which the workers are confronted is not just simply stopping production, which is a simple matter, but to start it on a new basis.

That is the function of revolutionary industrial unionism. There is absolutely no doubt but that the road to freedom is industrial unionism. It may be argued that the workers are not yet ready to accept such a program. That objection, and it is a frequent one, is entirely aside from the issue. The only question that we workers are concerned with is whether or not the plan is sound. If so, then why not support it? If, on the other hand, you admit it is a sound program, but for the reason that the millions of workers are not yet ready to embrace it, you attempt to justify your stand in supporting some other program economically unsound, you are simply doing what you can to add to the confusion, to the already too confused mental state of your fellow workers.

If you popularize Plato or Ward rather than propagate the teachings of Marx and Engels, then your standing as a revolutionist is open to question. If you teach the middle class ideology of the eighteenth century rather than the proletarian philosophy of today, then at the very least and fairest estimate to you you are not only hopelessly confused, but at least a hundred and fifty years behind the times.


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# WOBBLES

## AFTER THAT, IT'S EASY!

Mike and Pat, who had gone to bed drunk, got up early one morning to catch a train. Mike went down the dark passageway of the hotel, feeling with his foot for the top step of the staircase. The elevator shaft door was open and he stepped down and fell ten stories. When Pat came along a few minutes later he reached the open elevator door, but was more cautious, and he called down: "Mike, is this the staircase?" "It is," said Mike, "but look out for that first step, it's a son-of-a-gun."

## READ FAST!

"Conditions in the U. S. A. is gettin' worser an' worser," observes a case-hardened pine-cat. "Why just the other day the boss came into the bunkhouse and cut the crew!—An' then I sees in a paper where the employers in the Spokane restaurants cut all the girls too! Gettin' so's a worker isn't safe nowheres."—**The Flying Doughnut.**

## THE INSPIRED WHALE

A minister was visiting some logging camps in an effort to save the lumberjacks' souls. He made a bad start by picking on a Wobbly. The dialogue that the camp listened to ran this way:

"Do I have to believe that old Bible?"

"Oh, yes, that is the Inspired Word."

"That Jonah-whale story, too?"

"Certainly, it is all part of our faith."

"But," went on the Wobbly, "a whale's throat is so small it can only swallow a small fish, and not a man. How about that?"

"Why, my good friend, since the Lord made all things, could he not have made a special whale to swallow Jonah?"

That settled the evangelism at that camp.

## A NECESSARY CHANGE

"Pardon me, Miss, but I gave you my order some twenty minutes ago, and—," began a meek looking customer.

"Well, what about it?" demanded Heloise, of the Rapid Fire Restaurant.

"Nun-nothing," he replied. "Except that I wish to make it an entreaty instead of an order."

## REALIZATION

Two of the unemployed many were passing a factory gate when the 12 o'clock whistle blew.

"Dinner time, Jack," said one.

"Yes, but it's just plain 12 o'clock for us," Jack replied.




## CLASSIFIED

John Farmer had quartered his harvest saviors in the barn. A Wobbly victim raised a protesting voice.

"You're kickin' all the time," said the farmer. "I used to sleep in barns lots o' times, an' I never kicked."

"That's nothing," rejoined the Wob. "Who ever heard of a jackass kicking against sleeping in a barn?"

## BROADCASTING

Mr. F. S. Yamamote, of 209 Ninth street, Milwaukee, Wis., unburdens himself as follows in Experience, for December:

"I know a man who is so dumb he thinks I. W. W. is a broadcasting station."

Your acquaintance is absolutely correct, Mr. Yamamote. You may rest assured that no one need hesitate in stating that the I. W. W. is the MOST POWERFUL broadcasting station in the world for sound logic, sound principles, and the most practical method of educating the wage workers yet outlined.

To all workers, whether your name is of a sweet potato-ish sound or not, let us say you are invited to send a postcard and TUNE IN for the best wising-up you ever received in the interest of all wage workers. Address I. W. W., 1001 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

# The Social Forces

By JOHN CANNAVAN

## CHAPTER VI

**"The trades unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry." —I. W. W. Preamble.**

WHEN the need of economic organization first was felt by the wage workers, those who were impressed by it were craftsmen, for, at that period, skilled workers constituted the working force in an establishment. These workers were competent to function in all the processes required for the production of special articles, from raw material to completion.

The industrial (and social) castes of "mechanic" and "laborer" were then well defined and accepted; and the mechanic caste refused to consider the unskilled workers as industrial or social equals.

That they were interdependent factors industrially and common victims of the same economic relationship, was not recognized. The craftsmen were, at that stage, the important industrial element, and the consciousness of this importance reflected itself in the attitude of superiority assumed toward the unskilled. Manufacturing, at that time, was deemed to begin with raw material and to end with the finished product. The raw material was only superficially recognized as the embodiment of prior labor, and the fact that the completed article had yet to be carried to its social destination was not yet realized to an extent which would bring to the craftsmen a sense of the interdependence of all working class elements. **There was no class conception.** As a result, the early unions were composed solely of craftsmen.

### Division of Workers

One of the effects of such organizations was to draw a line of demarcation between skilled and unskilled workers—to divide the working class. Moreover, these separate unions of skilled workers, in the different trades, made unity of the skilled workers impossible. The unskilled workers represented a large unorganized mass of individuals, while the skilled workers represented an element organized by groups, without coherence or a means of achieving it. Nevertheless, these unions, in a day of blind and unrestricted **competition** among the employers, **whose margins of capital were small,** were able to embarrass the individual employers, so that gains were made by the organized workmen.

It became evident to the employers that they must unitedly oppose these combinations of craftsmen, and we find that they did so **united.** The united opposition offered by the employers forced the craftsmen to form local, central labor bodies, and to invest these with economic authority to command obedience from the constituent craft unions. Skilled labor thus equipped itself with economic solidarity locally though the instances in which this evident purpose was carried out are few.

As the country developed, villages sprang up, to grow into towns and cities. These depended upon craftsmen, and the craft unions connected the workers in the old and new localities. It was natural for these craftsmen, believing, as they did, that their interests would be better served, to organize into national bodies. This they did.

### Weakness of Craft Union Position

As craftsmen they appeared to have served themselves well by so doing, but, in looking backward, we are enabled to see that, as a matter of fact, they weakened, instead of strengthening themselves, by bringing about the division which has made the **American section of the working class the weakest and most backward in the world,** industrially and socially. For while the standards here are higher than those in Britain, Germany and other capitalistically advanced countries, relatively, and as compared with social advancements, the workers of the United States are behind those of other lands.

The rise of national craft unions, when viewed from the working class standpoint, meant that whole bodies of workingmen were divided off, effectively separated from the other workers, while their industrial association continued. These organizations, while apparently conforming to the industrial arrangement, actually ran counter to it. Besides, these unions presented and fostered the conception that the workers so organized, were independent of other workers and sufficient to cope with all the industrial problems that might confront them; that questions arising in their employments were only craft questions in which the balance of the workers had neither share nor interest.

This posture emphasized a failure to recognize the interdependence of the working class elements by attempting to deny their association in production. These unions saw the wage relationship and did not see that it extended beyond the limits of the crafts and included the workers collectively, just as it did the employers of labor as a class. This flying in the face of fact has been productive of evil results for American labor.

For the craft unions, there is no class struggle and no class issue; neither is there class interest to advance. Occasionally, class feeling breaks through the artificial boundaries set by these unions and their memberships make common cause with some struggling unassociated group, only to be penalized or outlawed.

### Lack of Class Consciousness

These unorganized workers are, because of their craft unions, detached from every effort by other workers and prevent united action by the working class. The belief is carefully cultivated that the craft union membership have nothing in common with one another, or the working class. Based upon this misconception, it is not surprising that the craft unions have time and again wrecked every attempt

to form an economic movement upon a national scale for American labor. **When, eventually, the Knights of Labor promised the realization of such an organization, the American Federation of Labor, preserving craft division, was brought into being to do the Knights of Labor to death.**

The A. F. of L. is not a national instrument for American labor. It is the preventive of the organization of such an instrument. It knits the unions of which it is composed in a system that pits one set of workers in an industry against all other sets of workmen in the industry and carries this arrangement throughout industries where it commands any following. It keeps the working class at odds with itself and working at cross purposes. Moreover, it stands ready to combat any and every attempt to weld the workers into a solid force. It stands guard over the division that spells weakness and ineffectiveness for American labor.

Capitalist control of industry and society is predicated upon working class division. Only while division prevails in the ranks of the workers will the rule of capitalists endure. This division of the workers cannot be permanent. It will survive only while the conceptions that guide labor prevent the recognition of the class struggle by the workers. Once the working class reject these conceptions, the mastership of the bourgeoisie is at an end. The very earliest capitalist spokesmen have given utterance to this recognition long before Marx and Engels enunciated the theory of the class struggle. The capitalists, driven by fear of such outcome, have invoked the aid of every agency that might assist in delaying, if not preventing, this culmination. They have even created new agencies and used them as their interest demanded and need arose.

### The Tool of Capitalism

The modern American labor movement, as expressed by the A. F. of L. and railroad brotherhoods, presents itself as a device by which the capitalist idea of the wage relationship is inculcated in the minds of the worker, and preserves the division that delivers labor into the hands of its enemies. Division, as a result of the craft system, is organized and entrenched behind the misguided loyalty of working class ignorance and prejudice to old forms and customs. The forces that prevented the recognition of their class interest and the means of serving it, found in the craft system, which has dominated American labor for more than forty years, a satisfactory medium. Above all else, the A. F. of L., with its kindred unions, functions to keep the workers divided industrially, and, in so doing, it constitutes the greatest bulwark of the capitalist system.

**This organization, without body or substance, without economic jurisdiction or power, fraudulently pretends to be, and unfortunately is accepted as the national expression of American labor interest, while being really the national expression of the capitalist interest in relation to labor.** It was conceived by ignorance and seized by design. The national and international unions, prior to 1881, were inclined to favor only such a national labor arrangement as they could dominate, and which would not interfere with them in economic matters.

So, when the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada (A. F. of L.) was formed, representation was so distributed that control was vested in these national organizations. The courtesy of representation was accorded central bodies and state federations, but it was merely courtesy, for the representation allowed them is of a character which does not permit interference with the will of the national unions in their guidance of the affairs of organized labor. The C. L. U. and state federation delegates sit in the convention without being able to influence decisions in any degree whatever. Upon the Executive Council, which is the governing body, there sit only the heads of the international unions and the subordinate organizations have no representation whatever. It is theirs only to obey, not to suggest or question.

### Capitalist-Minded Labor Fakirs

The mentality that governs in the Executive Council* of the A. F. of L. is influenced by the associations into which the members of this official directorate are thrown. More "Labor" philosophy is imbibed from capitalist contact than from worker sources. The capitalist conception of union function, policy and usefulness guides the management of the craft union system; and, although the control of this movement manifests itself contrary to what the experiences of the organized workers warrant, and what they would approve, the system is so perfectly balanced that they bend to the dictation against their judgment and inclination. They do not realize that the A. F. of L. is anti-labor in conception, policy and action. Nor need they be expected to learn, until some agency, outside of the craft system, interprets the significance of events for them and supplies them with an organization which will enable them to break the bond that holds them in thrall to this system.

### Union Label's Real Meaning

**The "union label" provided the craft system with an invaluable asset, whereby the interest of the employer and that of the wage workers were made to appear identical.** This device had the effect of serving the employer and blinding the workers to the class nature of the struggle in which they were engaged.

To boost the sale of union label goods is to boost the business of the manufacturer who employs union labor. This leads to a belief that the union, to some extent anyway, is dependent upon the employer—an idea that tends to deprive the union of aggressiveness.

The idea underlying union label patronage is that it affords greater opportunity for employment to unionized workers, but the far more important

* **See "Historical Cathechism of American Unionism." Published by the I. W. W., 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Price 25c.**

fact is that by diverting union custom to goods so labelled, it confers advantage on the employers of union employes and fosters the belief that the interests of employer and employe are identical. The greater the demand for label products, the better chance particular groups have for employment. Therefore it is reasoned the more the boss sells the steadier the employes work. What is good for the boss is good for the worker. So runs the confusion arising from the label.

And, again, upon a product **only one of the processes may be unionized** but the **label of that group carries the impression that the whole of the labor embodied in it has been expended under union conditions or that the non-union workers do not count.** The label is thus made to blind the workers to the **class character** of production.

But the greatest service the union label renders the employing class lies in the cultivation of the idea that labor can act effectively to advance its interest at the **consuming** instead of at the **producing** end of a **commodity;** that action as buyers is more effective than action as workers; that the boycott carries greater assurance than concerted action in the working place. No greater service than fostering this perverted view of industry could be done for the capitalist class.

Under this conception organized workers will cheerfully assist in the production of a commodity which they will try to induce buyers not to purchase. Such is the contradictory "logic" of the A. F. of L. which deludes labor and comforts the employing class.

When the boycott at the counter is substituted for production prevention in the working place, the labor movement is facing backward. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure in labor matters as in other things.

### A. F. of L. Organizes Skill

The A. F. of L. system does not and cannot organize the most numerous and most powerful of all industrial elements—the unskilled workers. Where unskilled workers have been enrolled into its membership they, like all others, have been hopelessly divided.*

A labor movement to be worthy of its name and mission must function economically, and, instead of arraying its component unions against one another, must unite them to further the common cause of labor. To hold one set of workers upon the job while others are striking is to cancel the effect of the strikers, for production is not a craft process, **but a process that involves several sets of workers.** Those who remain upon a struck job assist the employer to defeat their striking fellows. Any movement that not only sanctions but provides for such procedure, cannot be regarded as a labor movement. With the A. F. of L. and the railroad brotherhood unions this is a definite and fixed policy. It is not something adopted occasionally for reasons of expediency, but a cardinal tenet of their industrial creed.

**The A. F. of L. itself is not an organization. It is only an influence which sponsors and sanctifies the crimes against labor in the name of labor.**

The international unions are the organized, continent-wide segregation of labor classifications from the rest of the working class. It is not out of place to repeat that these unions represent the organized dismemberment of the American working class. While they survive they will function to preserve that dismemberment. Labor's first duty is to rid itself of these handicaps to unity and progress. Whither are the A. F. of L. unions traveling? They have no goal toward which they are directing labor. They drift from day to day, and from one industrial situation to another with no set objective to attain and no definite labor principle by which the labor hosts may be guided. They accept as just and rightful the relationship against which they are an organized product. They have never yet, even in 1886, arrayed the organized workers for an attack upon the **relationship** that victimizes the wage workers.

### Why Bosses Fear the I. W. W.

While the craft system, A. F. of L. and the Big Four dominate the workers in industry and transportation, economic solidarity will be beyond the workers of America. Organized workers will continue to be set against organized workers. Economic division and weakness will prevail and the capitalist class will not even have a remote cause for fear. **The only danger they stand in dread of is that the workers will become possessed of the I. W. W. idea and break from the control of the capitalist labor lieutenants.**

One thing is certain that, until the craft system collapses, the workers of America will be held in thrall and made to serve the capitalist interest. This system cannot be modified to serve the proletarian interest. It must be destroyed.

The I. W. W. is the antithesis of the A. F. of L. It is based upon recognition of the class struggle, and class unity is its endeavor. It is an economic organization, international in scope, which confines itself to an economic sphere and function. **It has a definite objective—the replacement of capitalism by an industrialized society, the affairs of which will be administered by the workers. Labor will be social service, with the profit taint removed.**

The I. W. W. is a **labor union** in the truest and highest sense of the term. When its principles are understood by the workers, they will accept and apply them. Already in growing numbers they are responding to its appeal. Eventually through it, they will attain the position of which they are worthy and take into their hands the world and its affairs. Speed the day!

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH)

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* **See Historical Cathechism of American Unionism. I. W. W. Headquarters, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Price, 25c.**

# Press Week February 22 - 28

The Industrial Pioneer, according to anticipation, will be in the field toward the close of the seven days—February 22 to 28—dedicated to the increase of our publications sales. Press Week is a general, initial, and concerted drive by I. W. W. branches, I. W. W. members and friends. All interested in a powerful working class press must unite to wipe out our debt and extend the scope of our circulation.

The plan to increase bundle orders and subscriptions and to raise funds by holding entertainments throughout the whole I. W. W. movement is just the opening gun in a steady effort to upbuild the press. Get into the work and make it an unprecedented success. By sincere, united, intelligent action every member and every branch can accomplish great things for the plan, and put our greatest weapon on a sound, growing basis.

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# Literary and Artistic Contest

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER and INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY have combined to offer a prize of $75 for the best piece of literature submitted, and a prize of $50 for the best cartoon submitted. April 15, 1925, is the date for closing the contest, when all manuscripts and drawings must be in the hands of the manager of the two publications.

The best article or fiction work and the best cartoon will be published in the May Day editions of both publications. The other material submitted in the contest is to become the property of the I. W. W. press, to be published either in English or translation by the various editors at their discretion.

All material submitted for the contest should be sent unsigned, but with some identifying mark, to the manager of the Industrial Pioneer and Industrial Solidarity, and should be marked "For Solidarity-Pioneer Contest". A separate letter should be mailed at the same time as the manuscript or drawing and should contain the identifying mark inside a sealed envelope on the outside of which is written the contestant's name and address. When the judges have announced their decision these envelopes will be opened. The contest is open to both members of the I. W. W. and non-members.

Several prominent writers and artists are under consideration as judges. Their names will be announced soon, and the men chosen to pass on the merits of the articles, stories and cartoons will be such as to leave no doubt as to their competency and fairness.

Nothing sent in competition for these prizes shall advocate parliamentarism, religion, class collaboration, co-operative projects, or utopian colonization schemes. Such articles or cartoons will not be considered for the prize.

Manuscripts for the literary prize may be fiction or non-fiction, but not poetry, and must not exceed 5,000 words.

Fiction should embrace some phase of the workers' lives involving the class-struggle. Non-fiction may deal with the whole or any part of the field of labor and industry—including organization, history, present tendencies, and future possibilities. The articles may be either general and theoretical or as highly specialized as the author may desire.

Cartoons may be drawn in any medium, but must be dead black on dead white. This does not mean the exclusion of shadings or the use of Chinese white, but it does bar the use of colored inks or crayons. These cartoons should tell the story by means of the drawing and should require little or no lettering on them to make them intelligible.

Cartoons should be of a general propaganda nature and not illustrative of current events, as it may be some time before they are actually printed.

Printed by Printing and Publishing Workers' Industrial Union No. 450, I. W. W.

# *CALIFORNIA!*

## *Where Life Is Better?*

WHERE the Hoof and Mouth disease is contaminating all things grown in the "Earthquake State;" cattle to the extent of more than a million dollars in value have been slain in an effort to stamp out this dreadful malady, but new outbreaks are being reported.

YOUR health is endangered when you visit California because of the epidemic of typhus that is raging in several parts of the state and the dread Bubonic Plague which has killed untold numbers of people in Los Angeles. That unfortunate city is often under quarantine because of some dangerous disease.

A POLL TAX is to be levied on all persons in the state; no matter how much taxes you pay in your home state, you will be required to pay a Poll Tax in California.

TOURISTS will be required to pay Campfire Tax and a Permit costing one dollar will be required of every person using a camp fire.

A LARGE percentage of the population of this state live by one of the many forms of legal robbery practiced upon the unwary tourist by charging many times the ordinary price for the simple necessities of life.

ABOVE ALL: California has in its penitentiaries eighty-eight men whose only crime is that of attempting to organize their fellow workers in order to better protect their economic interests.

YOU can protest against the further incarceration of these men by boycotting all products grown or manufactured in the state of California.

FOR more information on this ill-famed state write to:
The California Branch

GENERAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE
Box 574, San Francisco, Cal.

# *TOURIST BEWARE!*

## *Stay Away From California!*

BOYCOTT CALIFORNIA PRODUCTS

April 1925

# The Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine

Price 20¢




## United States Steel

Is America a Nation of Crooks? A Startling Story of Our Crime Situation

Passing of a Building Trades Boss

Revolutionary Poetry

Was Morgan Wrong?

Working Class Fiction

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

# THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by JOHN A. GAHAN

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## Editorials

**AGGRESSIVENESS.**—The labor movement is one in which stagnation invites disaster. We cannot long remain inactive without experiencing the legal and extralegal violence perpetrated on our class because its apathy inspires the masters with courage. Labor history is replete with evidences that will support this contention. A most striking example was shown in the countless raids on radical halls, and on meetings during the war mania and even after the November, 1918 armistice. It was an exhilarating sport to go gunning for radicals in perfect safety, additionally rewarded by the badge of noble patriotic service. But this open season was suddenly closed at Centralia, Wash., where union workingmen defended their lives and their union hall against a uniformed mob serving the machinations of the murderous lumber trust. That was the high water mark for the American Legion and other "sports". That ended the bloody raids by mobs against militant workers. And that is why the whole working class, regardless of affiliations, owe the Centralia group now in Walla Walla prison their solidarity and eternal loyalty. How to show it is discussed later.

Decline in union membership signifies a growing retreat born of unemployment, and intensified by it. While this situation prevails the boss class has been heartened to push us a little lower than we were. Index figures of wages and commodity costs will show a decided reduction in the workers' standard of living. In the textile industry the absence of concerted organization drives has been rewarded by a ten per cent wage cut. The unorganized steel workers at Youngstown, Ohio, were cut in wages 2½ per cent, an opening wedge for more drastic reductions. In New York, iron workers struck against a wage reduction. These are instances of what is happening on the industrial field.

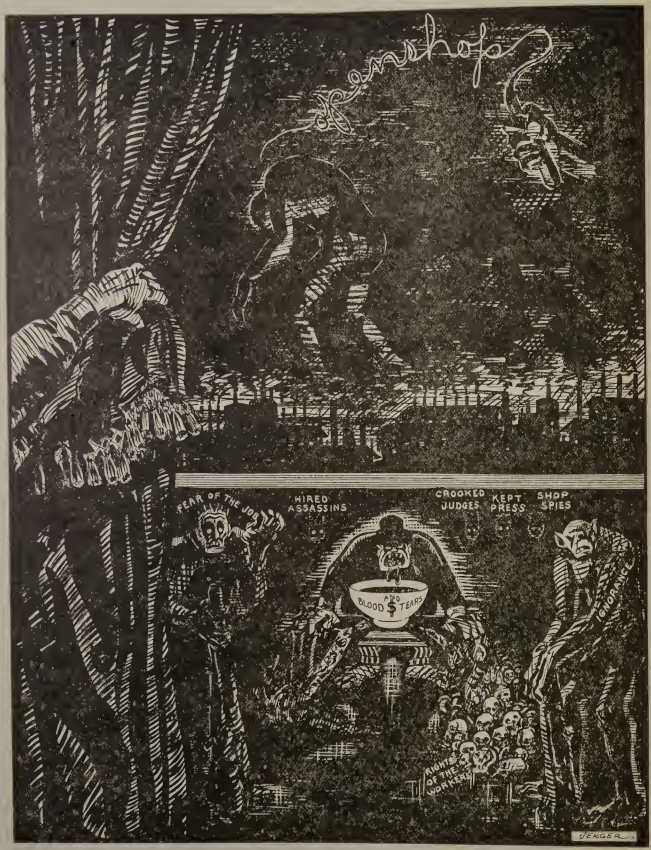
The political reflexion is not less striking. In California the Supreme Court recently rendered a decision making I. W. W. membership a crime, by sustaining the verdict of a trial court in the case against twenty-eight members. In Washington the State Supreme Court ruled that picketing theatres is illegal.

But the most violent of these labor-hating acts was the passing of a bill in Idaho making slowing down on the job a major crime, sabotage, if you please. Governor Moore signed this vicious law. On the interpretation of the law depends whether all workers in Idaho are criminals, because workers everywhere naturally, as members of an exploited, subject class, go slow on some jobs sometimes. It is a legal whip. All they have to do now is give the superintendents and foremen the real rawhides and the picture of Idaho civilization is complete.

Workers can gain nothing by standing still, and it is savagely apparent that they lose by inertia. The best defense in war is to attack. The best defense in class warfare is also to attack. Go forward! Organize the working class, and with economic direct action put your class where it should be, at the command of its own destinies, and the bosses where they belong, in overalls.

**BORING THROUGH.**—Memory need not be greatly taxed to recall the strenuous missionarying of Comrade Foster and his colleagues for the good of our working class souls, and their pocketbooks. We were solemnly advised to disperse because the I. W. W. had all the red blood, and the craft unions

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TRUTH PULLS ASIDE THE CURTAIN OF LIES AND REVEALS THE MONSTER

# United States Steel

By JOHN A. GAHAN

SAY steel to me and I do not think of what it has done for social progress, of its gifts to civilization. I think of battles. War. War where cold steel rips flesh, and white-hot fragments of bursting shells strike down the living, defile the murdered dead. War sending human heads bouncing on shell-scarred hills and plains. Booted bodiless legs hanging in the blood-red sun of dawn on splintered trees. Mass graves plowed, re-plowed, churned by whining steel. Such is one side of the mental picture. On the other, what? More battles in the prodigious industry that has sprung to towering stature like a ruthless, restless giant.

Steel and battles are synonyms to me. That may be inconsequential, impressionistic, vague, imaginative. But it is of the utmost consequence that for all the millions of robots who have, through successive generations, given their labor, their pain and blood; whose hopes have withered and despair been born out of a grimy, sweated, endless slavery in poverty's cesspool—I say it is of the greatest importance that they, too, have felt and do feel their toil and conflict as interchangeable terms, a oneness of class warfare not separable.



A GRAY-HAIRED EXCEPTION.
Speed Gets 'Em Now While They're Young

We do not suppose that this was the prevision of the inventors, Kelly and Bessemer, one in Kentucky, the other in Britain, who, independently, discovered the affinity of carbon and oxygen, thereby making heat units cheap and the development of the steel industry to gigantic proportions inevitable. They were pioneers and small capitalists, their business was not to estimate social effects, not to foresee the appalling total of misery that has been and still is the fate of steel workers. Destiny commanded that the world complete its industrial revolution and that a well-nigh omnipotent autocracy seize empire. It was not for the inventors to calculate or compass the vast arena of embattled steel slaves periodically flinging their lives and protests against the armed forces of the masters of steel. Their business was to profit by their discovery. Kelly was less shrewd than Bessemer, and the process of making steel is named after the latter, while for a long time in the early days this country imported steel from England, wrongly thinking the Kelly-made product inferior.

### Andrew Carnegie

Along with this early steel from Britain was imported a Scotch lad whose history was fated profoundly to influence the steel industry. Andrew Carnegie was a messenger boy who picked up the trade of telegraphy. By a happy stroke of audacity, which duplicated now would land the doer in jail, —dispatching independent orders—he won the patronage of Thomas A. Scott, general superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Scott made Carnegie his secretary. Those were the happy days of oil and railroad rebates, prefiguring the railroad melons and Teapot Domes of our own enlightened day. Andy made his first money in oil speculation. "He gave his note for a block of stock in one of the smaller Pennsylvania oil companies and then paid the note out of dividends received on the stock within a single year." His superior, Scott, was an insider, tipping Carnegie off on the best stocks to buy. The young man had no intention to let his race count for nothing, hoarding what he could, and planning to rise from a subordinate position to one of command.

### Essentially Parasitic

It has been said of him that he was a gambler in early experiments with steel production by the Bessemer process, but, like so many of his parasitic sort, he waited until others had beaten the trail, paved the way and found the goal. It was a sure thing when Andy made his first investment in the Iron City Forge Company, in 1864, securing one-sixth of the capital stock for $8,920. Scott and others were helping him, realizing his peculiar abilities, which when analyzed mean nothing more than the wits excessively and heartlessly to rob workers. Carnegie was their investment. With this favoritism he was able to form the Keystone Bridge Company. His profits from this enterprise paid for his stock in four years. The Pennsyl-

vania Railroad was giving him rates by which he beat smaller competitors. This canny Scot was on the way to power.

Then he met Henry C. Frick, a young man who made a flying start in the coke manufacturing business in Western Pennsylvania. Coke with iron ore and limestone are the three great constituents in steel manufacture. It wasn't long until Carnegie organized the firm of Carnegie, McCandless and Company. On top of this achievement he raised $700,000 to build the Edgar Thomson Works, near Pittsburgh. It should be noted that this plant was named after the Pennsylvania Railroad president at that time. Like Pharaohs and emperors, these industrial captains wanted their vainglory satisfied. Towns and factories were named after them. This was part of the game of good business—a sycophantic practice that still endures.

Acquisition of iron ore beds speedily followed. The ore was in the Lake Superior district. To bring it from that point involved transportation difficulties, and the steel masters established steamship and railroad lines. Rockefeller owned the great Mesaba Range ore fields at first, but Carnegie and his associates convinced John D. that it was a poor investment and he, more interested in oil, sold out at a moderate figure. Very soon the property was worth tens of millions to its new owners. The stroke made possible a reduction in ore prices which crushed weaker competitors. Carnegie's crowd quickly jumped in as bankruptcy stared these latter in the face and bought them out—cheap.

### Small Business Passes

The 'Eighties and 'Nineties saw a lot of this destruction of small business. Combination was the order of the era. Several examples of this are interesting. Interesting, too, appears the new plan of concentration. The American Sugar Refining Company and the American Tobacco Company were the models for others to emulate. "Instead of placing the control of acquired plants in the hands of 'trustees,' holding companies were formed, which acquired all or a majority of stocks in certain competing plants under one control, often by exchanging the stock of the holding company for the stock of the plant."

In the eight years from 1890-98 the combination of tobacco manufacturers in the American Tobacco Company increased its "capital" five times over, or in money from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty-five millions. Other combines were the Amalgamated Copper Company; the American Smelting & Refining Company, with a hundred millions and 100 plants; the fifty-million-dollar American Woolen Company, taking in a large number of New England mills; the American Car and Foundry Company; the American Hide and Leather Company, consolidating over twenty large manufacturers; and the International Paper Company, capitalized at fifty millions.

That so basic a manufacture as steel could remain outside this development is unthinkable. Yet, while the Federal Steel Company was incorporated in '98




**ECONOMIC REASONS FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CALUMET REGION**

**Black Areas—Heavy Coal Deposits; Cross-Patch Areas—Light Coal Deposits; Dotted Areas—Iron Ore**

as a holding company to acquire stock for the Illinois Steel Company, and other steel centralization progressed, Carnegie was inclined to put too much faith in his own individuality. He was one of the old-timers, and friction concerning combination into a more powerful and interlocked managerial directorate appeared. His partners, Frick and Phipps, chiefly the former, broke friendship with him on this score. Frick was always more far-seeing. He knew that independent companies, or even minority groups, were becoming obsolete in the new industrial alignment.

### The Fight for Control

The prime mover for absolute unity and control was the late J. Pierpont Morgan. This banker met Judge Elbert H. Gary, a corporation lawyer, and was convinced that Gary was the man to be made president of the monopoly yet on paper. Steel mills were being bought up, and the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern Railway was taken over. It operates in the Chicago-Gary district.

While Carnegie was holding out of the new Morgan combine, a ninety-million-dollar company was ushered on the scene by the John W. Gates crowd, combining many western plants, making barbed wire, nails and wire fencing, into the American Steel and Wire Company. Carnegie wanted to retire, but Frick did not. He was progressive.

"To his mind the days of one-man power were over; great enterprise in the future would be dominated and controlled by diverse interests; and even complete industries, if they hoped to live, would of necessity become allied with others. He believed that combination must take the place of competition."

Though Andy wanted to get out of a business he could not dominate, he angled with characteristic

cunning for his own price. William H. Moore, a Chicago capitalist of great organizing ability, was empowered to post a million dollar ninety-day option on Carnegie's share in the company bearing his name. The price was set at $157,950,000. A temporary panic prevented Moore's group from being able to raise the balance. Carnegie said nothing, did not extend the option a single day, and he was ahead of the game one easy million. But the Scotchman thought better of his holdings by the time a second offer was made, and he raised the price to 250 millions.

In 1897 he appointed Charles Schwab president of the Carnegie Steel Company. Schwab had made good as his secretary, manager and all-around slave driver. In addition to these virtues he was a forceful speaker. Carnegie still wanted to get out, but he wanted his price. To frighten his numerous rivals into making an effort to come to terms, he said he would fight all of them on their own ground. Accordingly, he prepared to enter the tube business against Morgan's National Tube Company, actually securing 5,000 acres at Conneaut on Lake Erie and letting contracts for building a 12-million-dollar tube plant.

Opposing Gates and his American Steel and Wire outfit he made ready in Pittsburgh to erect a large rod mill. Rockefeller had an ore fleet on the Great Lakes and Carnegie ordered a rival one to carry ore to his mills. He announced that he would have an ore-carrying railroad constructed between Lake Erie and the Pittsburgh mills. The old fellow even put surveyors at work to plan a railroad route between the mills and the Atlantic to fight the Pennsylvania Railroad. His profits in 1900 had been $40,000,000. His mills were producing one-fourth of all Bessemer steel in the country and half of the structural steel and armor plate. He was out of debt, had lower productive costs, thanks to vicious repression of his workers and the ability to grasp new inventions and methods.

### World's Largest Sale

Then Schwab was sent to persuade Morgan. They say he talked for eight hours. At last the banker-industrialist agreed to buy Carnegie out. But slaves produce wealth very fast, and by this time the price had jumped enormously. Carnegie and his associates received over $447,000,000 in stocks and bonds. It was the greatest sale in the world's history.



RAILROADING INSIDE THE PLANT



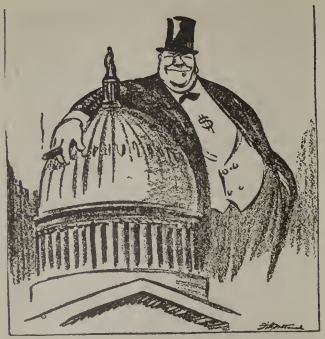
HOT MILL WORKER TAKING A BREATHING SPELL

Carnegie satisfied, he dropped the projects just outlined and things looked all right for Morgan. All right until he found that Gates and the other industrialists of Federal Steel except Gary did not want to let Carnegie "sandbag" them, so they raised their price on the sale and J. Pierpont was up against it to finance the monopoly purchase. He called into conference George W. Perkins, E. H. Gary, Marshall Field, Norman B. Ream, H. C. Frick and H. H. Rogers. The conference agreed that the Gates and Moore interests must be brought in, and that Standard Oil was the greatest menace owing to its ore deposits and ore fleet on the Lakes. At length Gates and Moore "came in," and Frick was commissioned to have a little talk with John D. Frick was a believer, as has been said before, in the community of interests idea. Other champions of this credo were Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Harriman of the Northern Pacific and Hill of the Great Northern.

Rockefeller heard Frick well and agreeably, selling for eighty millions in stock, and eight and one-half millions in cash for the ore-carrying steamers.

In this manner the United States Steel Corporation was organized in 1901 with a capitalization of $1,100,000,000, and a bonded debt of more than $300,000,000. The two greatest banking groups in

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# The Crime Situation In the U. S. A.

By HUBERT LANGEROCK

## Is America a Nation of Crooks?

**THOSE of us whose hair is beginning to turn gray have a distinct recollection that in their youth, the shouts of a newsboy peddling an extra with a crime spattered all over the front page, made people stop and take notice. Today, this is no longer the case. We are getting used to crime. It is becoming frequent enough to be rated commonplace. About ten thousand people were murdered in the United States during 1924.**

**This constitutes one more record in favor of this country. Verily, we have got the world beaten. Dr. Frederick Hoffman figures out that ten thousand murders means a rate of over 100 per million as against 4 per million for England and Wales. There are more hold-ups in Los Angeles in one month than in the whole of France in the course of one year.**

The Law Enforcement Committee of the American Bar Association reports that our criminal population during 1910 to 1920 increased 10 per cent faster than the general population. The prison population of England has decreased steadily since 1876. During 1921, in England and Wales, there were 63 murders. In the United States with three times that population, there were far more than one hundred times as many murders. In France, during 1919, there were 121 burglaries. In Louisville, Ky., there were 241, and in Chicago 1,862. France has forty million people.

### Cost of Crime in Dollars

If the life of the citizen alone were at stake, the master class would not pay much attention to this situation. It is quite well aware of the fact that it is the master class and that, as such, it is getting from the agencies of law and order more than an even share of protection. Mr. Morgan's secretary every evening notifies police headquarters of the movements of his boss for the following day and a special detail sees to it that the gentleman's motorcar will always find open traffic ahead; but what cop ever bothers whether John Smith who works uptown, on the graveyard shift, gets held up when he slinks back to his wife and kids on the lower East Side during the wee small hours?

But there is the element of cost to reckon with. Crime is one of our leading industries. Its yearly output is, in round figures, $10,000,000,000. Crime, not railroads, movies or automobiles, ranks second to agriculture in the industrial hierarchy of capitalistic America.

First, there is the direct cost. Forgeries netted $100,000,000 in 1924. The annual loss through embezzlement by trusted employes has increased five times since 1910 and is still increasing. E. A. St. John, president of the National Security Company, estimates the country's present loss, on that score, at one hundred to one hundred and a quarter million dollars a year.

In the Bankers' Monthly, Carl H. Getz made a study of the economic toll of crime based on the records of fidelity and insurance companies, police departments and business associations. Payments by insurance companies on burglary claims have increased tenfold in the last ten years. Payments on embezzlement insurance have increased sevenfold. Surety companies declare that burglars, bandits, thieves, forgers, bucket shop operators and con men mopped up $3,000,000,000 last year.

If the bootlegger billions could be counted and if political graft could even be remotely estimated, to say nothing of the earning of professional arsonists, the total would certainly lead the gross earnings of any industry save farming or manufactur-

ing, considered as a whole.

William R. Joyce, chairman of the National Surety Company, estimates that burglars get $225,000,000 annually; bandits $50,000,000; common thieves $150,000,000. He figures that embezzlers get away with $125,000,000 per year. Fraudulent bankrupts and credit swindlers rake off $100,000,000 a year. Merchants cash over one hundred million dollars' worth of bad checks per year, while forgers and raisers get them for twenty-five million dollars more. Stock and land frauds and confidence games are figured at two billion dollars per year while political graft is simply incalculable.

### Criminality A Vast Industry

Such figures give crime a volume comparable to industry. Only organization makes such a volume possible. The business must carry heavy overhead expenses. Lawyers must be engaged, politicians and other officials bribed and subsidized. The criminals have headquarters and branches of more or less extent. Fences, moonshiners, confidence men, and other of these gentry pay rent. There must be capital invested in equipment, such as automobiles, firearms and various commodities and tools. Doing such a vast business, crime must necessarily have a tremendous organization.

In figuring the total cost we must add the indirect cost of prevention and punishment to the sums obtained by the criminals.

So we have to take account of the indirect cost of courts, police, judges, court officers, probation officers, parole and pardon commissions and so on. For the city of New York alone, this represents an annual expense of over forty million dollars.

For the whole of the United States, those indirect expenses are equivalent to a per capita tax of three dollars per year upon every man, woman and child.

Next comes the keep of eighty thousand convicts whose cost of maintenance rises, in certain instances, as high as three dollars per day, with only six of our penal institutions self-supporting.

A criminal is generally a waster. As a matter of self-defense, he usually destroys beyond the possibility of further use that part of his plunder which he cannot immediately or easily remove.

The haul of the burglars, robbers and swindlers of this country would pay for the cost of building a Panama Canal every year.

### Who Pays The Costs?

Now the question arises, who pays for all this? The ultimate consumer? So it would seem, but what there is left of competition prevents many a capitalist from taking the cost of burglary out of his price to the consumer. Forgery, credit frauds, commercial bribery and confidence games are paid for by their immediate victims. Insurance against crime protects and is being taken out in increasing amounts, but the business men pay the premium and, although the latter is a general overhead expense, the trust magnates understand that, with all their control of prices, they would be able to keep for themselves a larger share of the surplus value squeezed from the workers if that particular item could be lowered, like their taxation, or entirely done away with through the efficiency of the repressive agencies of the state.

The purchasing power of the public must be assumed to be a more or less fixed quantity. If then, because of enormous stealing, the sellers of goods must add a fixed charge to the cost of every article sold, it stands to reason that the consumption will automatically decrease.

And right here is the spot where crime begins to hurt the master class.

Because of a crime wave, the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety underwriters has boosted the insurance rates in California's large cities. Rates for drug stores, amusement places, messengers and paymasters are doubled, churches will pay 60 per cent more and homes in Los Angeles County 50 per cent more.

At this juncture, the master class, hit in the pocket book, sits up and begins to take notice and commissions its hired specialists to try what it feels unable to do itself: ferret out the cause of the situation.

To this investigation I wish to bring an unsolicited contribution.

Not being a hundred per cent American, my outlook is international. I dare to go and look beyond the physical boundaries of the United States for facts that may throw some light upon our national problems.

So, I bring forward a statistically established fact, general all over Europe.

### Crime Festers and Erupts In Capitalism

Given two districts, one overwhelmingly respectful of law, order, religion and the capitalistic state, the other class conscious and manifesting its class consciousness through economic, co-operative and political organization of the workers with all the tactical mistakes and flounderings of a downtrodden class attempting to improve its condition; crimes in general and crimes against private property in particular will decrease in the latter and increase in the former; in other words, crime will decrease in exactly the same measure that revolutionary sentiment based upon class consciousness becomes more firmly and intelligently established.

To generalize: crime may be either habitual, hereditary, congenital or instinctive on the one hand or purely accidental, the result of momentarily present conditions on the other hand. The first kind of criminal predominates in Europe, the second kind in the United States.

The European criminal is generally a product of heredity and wants, before anything else, medical care. The American criminal is more a product of American economic conditions perverted by an illogical reaction.

Confronted with our present day social system, the average American, instead of reacting as a member of a class, which is the logical way under present-day technical conditions of production, reacts as an individual, takes chances, tries to imitate and, to use his own phrase, "attempts to get away with it."

From this fundamental attitude spring, as from a fountain head, all the special characteristics of American criminality. The four most essential are:

Ultra-individualism.

Youthfulness of the average criminal.

Simulated crime.

Police co-operation.

Let us briefly consider these features of American crime.

Under changed economic conditions, American capitalism is using the respect of the unthinking crowd for all things traditional in order to bolster up its own status by using the institutions of the period of settlement and economic individualism as a means of social restraint to prevent society from adjusting itself in its laws and institutions to the changes made mandatory by the rule of the machine process as the leading mode of production.

This attitude, although insincere and hypocritical in its purpose and method, carries within itself its own penalties. Some of the victims of such a propaganda are liable to believe it sincerely and to act upon their convictions.

The spirit of acquisitiveness, the desire to possess, leads, in its intensified form, to a contempt of all social guarantees. The majority of the native-born are sons of pioneers who have inherited, under changed technical and economic conditions, the ruthless contempt of the rights and feelings of others which went with the scramble for wealth during the economic stage of settlement and individual competition.

### One Murder Every Hour

Hence the contempt of human life inherent in American society, ten thousand murders a year, one each hour throughout the year and their number steadily increasing. Why should the majority of the American people be able to abhor crime when their church, press and movies are consistently and purposely glorifying the principle of individual competition even when it is sharpened by the use of all the inventions and devices of modern technology? Have we a right to wonder when those same people sitting as jurors are positively ingenious in thinking up excuses for one who takes another's life and if there has sprung up a doctrine which consider as insane every man who murders and claims to be insane or is able to pay enough to an expert to claim it for him?

As a nation, the American people condone crime because they have not reached a degree of social enlightenment where crime becomes anti-social. The situation is absolutely identical with that pointed out by the German psychologist who, commenting upon the results of the last presidential election, wrote this cryptic sentence: "the majority of the electorate has absolved the oil thieves because that same majority is, as far as mentality goes, composed of potential oil thieves."

The second outstanding trait of American criminality is the comparatively young age of the criminals.

The statistics for the nation show that the vast majority of the defendants in criminal cases are under the age of 20.

Mr. St. John, the president of the U. S. Surety Company, states that the records of this company show that at least 75 per cent of all crimes committed through burglary and robbery are the work of youths under 25 years of age. Moreover the facts in this case indicate that the age of criminals of this class is steadily decreasing. A most significant feature, said Mr. St. John, in the alarming increase of crime in this country in the last ten years, is the fact that it has been in financial crimes and not in crimes of violence.

Juvenile probation officers throughout the country are unanimous in the statement that the offenses committed by children are much graver than they used to be ten years ago.

Why all this crime and, especially, why are so many juveniles entering this anti-social field of predatory endeavor?

### Who Is To Be Blamed?

Many shallow thinkers blame the home and the parents.

They merely exhibit their lack of insight. The machine process, in taking industry out of the home to the factory, has destroyed the economic foundation of the family. Home discipline was, in the last analysis, and still is today in backward technical forms of production, such as family farming, not the result of an arbitrary moral discipline exercised by the head of the family but the logical outgrowth of the material necessities of home production.

When industry left the home, the home became merely a unit of consumption and no attempt to make the home and its training uphold a certain code of morality is possible if that moral code is in contradiction with the realities of economic life as it affects the members of the family individually and jointly. The fact that the church, acting on behalf of the master class, wishes the home to stand for a certain form of capitalistic morality will not make it so when that morality clashes with the economic interests of the family membership.

Parental parasitism is a secondary cause of juvenile crime. The parent who sends a child out into the street to peddle newspapers in order that it may help to make up the deficit of the family budget, deliberately exposes his offspring to surroundings where unsocial influences will work their nefarious influence with comparative facility. But even these circumstances do not explain the increase

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# The Mate of the "Cis"

By "AUSSIE"

WHEN the Marine Transport Workers' Union was organized in Buenos Aires in May, 1919, the matter of controlling the port zone was the most important point upon which the eventual success or failure of the new union would depend. To obtain this control it was necessary to put an end to the reign of the shanghaiers, and to compel the captains of ships to get their men directly from the Union Hall. Nothing but force would be likely to do this as the captains—for financial reasons—were always hand in hand with the Czars of the port, Stockholm Charley, Bengtson, Big Pete and Stannius, the bloated Dane from the Cafe in Calle 25 de Mayo.

The first thing to do was to prevent the men from going around the ships on their own, or from accepting jobs from shipping masters, and the second was the solidarity of the Argentine longshoremen, "carreteros" and tug boatmen, who immediately declared "black" any skipper who tried to kick over the traces. One or two lessons were sufficient in the early days of the Union, and once the precedent became established it was followed as a matter of course. Of course, few of the skippers liked the arrangement, but when they found that there was no other way, they cursed and blew, but turned up at the Union Hall and took their men, as they were called by the secretary at 2 p. m. each day.



A paid delegate patrolled each dock and visited each ship. Every skipper knew within one hour after his ship was tied up that if he was lacking any men he must have his full crew signed on the articles on union conditions three days before the loading was completed. Every marine worker on his arrival was also told of the rules of the port, and that while he might prefer his own union—in England, Norway or the United States—to the Marine Transport Workers, yet he could only ship again through the Union.

In July, 1919 forty sailing ships arrived from all corners of the earth within two or three weeks to load grain, linseed and other foodstuffs to hungry Europe. The Boca and Barracas were crowded with barques, full-rigged ships, barkentines, schooners and auxiliaries. A forest of masts, reminiscent of days long gone, lined the wharves from Dock One down to the turn of the Riachuelo—Finlanders, Yankees, Bluenosers, a couple of Spaniards, half a dozen long rusty limejuicers, but most of them of Norwegian registry—ships varying in capacity and age from the spotless cadet-training ship of the East Asiatic Company of Copenhagen, the lordly "Viking," to the seventy year old "Ellen," the oldest deep-water sailer, all rusty and battered from the storms of four generations, but still classed in "Lloyds".

And from them flowed a reservoir of men to join the Union—and to reship and carry its message to the ports of Europe and North America.

And in this argosy—an argosy which has already scattered itself on ocean floors and in harbor hulks — came the "Cis". The "Cis" was squat and bluff, and the Germans had made many fortunes from her capacious hull, before they sold her in war days to the Norwegians. When she tied up, several of her men went ashore, and her white haired skipper and his peculiar mate were told of rules and requirements. The skipper participated little in the affairs of his ship, leaving all the matters to his bull-headed "styrmand." The mate came from Christiansand and knowing—which is more than people do—that he **did** have peculiarities, he took good care to see that no Christiansand seamen should work on his ship. On the trip down from New York it appeared that an ordinary sailor from Christiansand got on board while the tugs were taking the "Cis" seawards. It was half an hour later before the mate discovered it—the ship was stopped, a boat was sent ashore with the youth from the mate's home town—who already had a month's wages in his jeans.

But try as he could, the mate's fame spread across the seven seas, and every Norse mate had his yarns to tell of the weird individual from Christiansand who drove the "Cis" through the scud and muck of the "Trades".

The "Cis" was loading fast and so Stavanger Charley the delegate visited the craft. "When are you coming to see about those men, mate?" he asked. "I dont think much about the Union, anyway, not this Buenos Aires Union. Maybe they'll give me someone from Christiansand!" was the answer of the mate.

"Well," says Charley, "we are always willing to be reasonable, if you are."

And so on the following day, the mate arrived at the Union Hall. But he was not alone. Behind him—like a tail behind a comet—came a procession of men, all of them members of the Union.

"Hello, secretary!", he shook hands, "I am the 'styrmand' of the 'Cis'. I want four A. Bs, three ordinaries, a sailmaker, a carpenter and a messboy."

"Fine," says the secretary. "We are just going to call the roll, and then you can see the men who are going with you."

"No, you don't have to call the roll," says the mate. "I have already got my men. They are here right now, all union men, and none of 'em from Christiansand."

The secretary said, "No, this Union doesn't work that way, mate." Then turning to the men who came in with the mate, "You men beat it, unless you want to be put on the boycott list. You know what the penalty is for hunting your own jobs and cheating your fellow unionists who have been ashore longer." Hanging their heads they went out of the hall.

The mate got red in the face. He was very angry. "I am going to take those men, and no one else." The secretary told him that things didn't work that way, that the man longest ashore was the man who had first option on the job.

The mate got more angry. "This is not a Union, and you can't bluff me. I'll show you who I am. You can't put any Christiansanders over on me."

And he hustled through the waiting crowd of seamen and as he got to the door, he turned around and raised his doubled fist, "And I'll see you in Hell before I'll take a man from this place".

"All right," shouted the secretary. "You'll see what you will see, mate."

Now the mate was angry, and when a mate like he was, got angry—well—he went to quench his thirst. He hied him into the Hamburger Bier Hall and shouted himself several beers with cross sections of "caña". And as he drank he became more indignant; he became red-hot. Soon the pent-up torrent broke loose and in good sea-language he began to call the Marine Transport Workers every name of a fornicated blue cow he could think of.

Soon a German port-worker came running to the Union Hall. He told how the mate of the "Cis" was using blistering language about the Union and expressing doubt whether any of the members were born in the bonds of holy wedlock.

The hall was still full of marine workers. The secretary got up on a form. "Fellow workers, the mate of the 'Cis' is at the Hamburger Bier Hall blowing off his head and cursing the Union. Fall in, quick march!"

The mate—like a politician at a meeting—had already gathered a crowd of beach-combers, longshoremen, and was talking in Norwegian and English alternately with a stein in his hand, from the veranda of the Bier Hall, when the Union Army came down the street.

Like a flash, he divined that the army was looking for him. He dropped the stein and hurdled the railing into the street. And then despite the mixture inside him, he put his legs to work. Like a greyhound he made down Pedro Mendoza towards the old "Cis". Behind him came the prize runners of the M. T. W., who were shouting—with laughter on their faces—for his blood.

He beat them to the ship and scorning the gangplank he leaped over the side. In a few moments he was in the chain locker which he speedily barred on the inside. In the meantime, the "Cis" was swarming with members of the Union who were setting up blood-curdling howls what they would do to the mate.

As night fell they went home, but the mate refusing even the knocks of the second mate—the skipper was ashore—stayed all night with the anchor chains and the antagonistic mixtures in his commissary department.

And with the dawn, he crept out and slithered into his bunk. And as the sun rose, and the crew went about their tasks and the longshoremen gathered by for the day's work, he jumped hundreds of ships with thousands of wild raving savages chasing him, just missing him. On and on, sweating, struggling and panting, on, on—would he ever get away from them?——

"Hey! hey! styrmand! Get up! Wake up!" and then just as he jumped off the mainmast into the harbor below—he opened his eyes and there with the second mate—was standing Stavanger Charlie, the delegate, spruce and clean.

"Hello, styrmand, you look pretty sick this morning. Now how about that crew you were thinking of getting from us?"

"Tell the secretary to select the men himself and send 'em on board tomorrow morning. I don't feel like going anywhere today."

And in due course the "Cis" sailed, the mate was chummy with the delegate—and there wasn't even one "hombre" from Christiansand.

Leastways 'cept the mate himself.

And the Norwegian mates now have another story about the mate of the "Cis", with more or less variations and frills.

# Stigmata

By MARY HOPE

HER black eyes were blood-shot and looked at the world with a calm weariness as though she had forgotten she was tired. Simplicity in its lowly but most beatific sense had sweetened the lines around the large mouth and given a delicacy to her black countenance which few perceived.

She jumbled her words mysteriously like pebbles in a dark closed bucket. Her toothless gums shone in broken pinkness against the brown color of her lips and it was difficult to understand her speech. She was the negress, Leda, bent over a pail of soapy water and her co-workers were an Irish cook and a waitress. The wind of her conversation always blew the same way, something of this breath, "If you love God with all your heart and soul, with all your strength and mind, then peace will enter your hearts . . . I save up my money to be a missionary down South, to bring Jesus to everyone . . . He is the Life and Strength . . ." And God seemed as obvious to her as the sky above her head or the greasy floor beneath her feet. She continued endlessly, weaving impending fantasies in her rich gestures, giving symptoms of an abandonment to the ecstasy of her faith and it was only a dirty floor to wash that eclipsed her anxious emotions.

The day passed with the usual onslaught of floors to scrub, a mountain of dishes to wash, the greasy scatterings of potato peelings and rubbish to efface from notice amid the clash of silver and the callous insistence of the watchful boss—a proteinaceous person easily identified with pork chops and mayonnaise. The Irish cook, no longer young, and over whose generous widths and growing years despairing mists were gathering to cloud the sun of her vitality, listened apathetically to the religious effusions of Leda, the negress. The gradual evaporation of the cook's strength which had once seemed so invincible and splendid was a miserable observation.

"Aye, Leda." The Irish cook's laughter was pathetically condensed with weariness. "Some day, we'll come ridin' past in limousines with our noses up and horses no more as we are now."

What incongruous humor in her ridiculous verbiage, "We'll get a rich man who will put us in a glass-cage and throw snow balls at us!"

Snatching a singular hour of absence from the proprietor's watchful economy, Leda sat on a soap box restfully and began to soak her calloused feet in hot water.

"Sore?" She splashed the water expressively. "It's like bones breaking through my skin." Despite the incomprehensible shuffling of her words, Leda conveyed to us a momentous symbol of Christ's visitation upon her and showed us, graved in the soles of her queerish dark feet, two cruciforms like cross ruts in a worn and weary road. "You see God remembers me and gives me crosses to bear even upon my feet."

So the misery of each day passed with the pseudo-alleviation of Leda's Christianity and the Irish cook's humor and brightened only by that intangible warmth of human contact and understanding of which they were not aware, and which was in its highest sense a spirit of solidarity woven from the sweat-soaked threads of a common despair. . . .

In her gaunt gestures, the simple twist of her prayer-spun lips, the stark attachment of her Christly passion, Leda needed no earthly salve, for her economic wounds were haloed with God's blessing and kissed by the saints . . . And the Irish cook's vision of an old money bag and the artifices of her humor played their part on behalf of the boss.

. . . Yet strange as it may seem, both Leda and the Irish cook, one with the full vitality of the newborn protestant magnifying her indignation, the other one with outrage flaming her tired body, marched out of the restaurant in a genuine spirit of rebellion—and gave the waitress a story to write.





CEREMONIAL DANCE OF IGORROTES

# Was Morgan Wrong?

By VERN SMITH

WHEN Lewis H. Morgan's book, **Ancient Society**, appeared in 1877, with its at that time startling theories of the evolution of material culture, and of the development of social, religious political and philosophical systems of mankind on the basis of the material advancement; and especially with its theories of the early group marriage and primitive family life which were so shocking to so many of the mid-Victorians, it was met with a storm of protest. Morgan himself answered his critics ably, but did not live to the end of the battle. The rising radical philosophers, scientists and historians took up the fight, and gradually won a world to grudging acknowledgment of Morgan's contribution.

The first words of Section I. of the Communist Manifesto of 1848 are: "The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles." To this, a later edition, edited by Engels, adds this note: "That is, all written history. In 1847, the pre-history of society, the social organization existing previous to recorded history, was all but unknown. Since then, Haxthausen discovered common ownership of land in Russia, Maurer proved it to be the social foundation from which all Teutonic races started in history, and by and by village communities were found to be, or to have been, the primitive form of society everywhere from India to Ireland. The inner organization of this primitive communistic society was laid bare in its typical form, by Morgan's crowning discovery of the true nature of the gens and its relation to the tribe. With the dissolution of these primeval communities society begins to be differentiated into separate and finally antagonistic classes. I have attempted to retrace this process of dissolution in **The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State.**"

**Evolution respects no dying social classes, and capitalists dare not admit of an endless social evolution. They wish to keep things as they are. Change is fatal to them. Morgan's anthropological theories, squaring with Marxism, make no exceptions for bourgeois convenience in socio-industrial development. Hence, Morgan must be discredited by the class now controlling the universities. Boas, Lowie and Goldenweiser have stepped forward to destroy Morgan. We leave it to our readers to judge how far they can succeed if Marxians go after the trio with the powerful weapons employed here by Fellow Worker Smith. However, the anthropologists are invited to reply.—Editor.**

### Engels' Debt to Morgan

Not only did Engels retrace this process, making of the first six chapters of the **Origin of the Family** a neat little summary of Morgan's work, with a certain amount of additional proof, but he wrote two new essays, the last two chapters of the book, on "The Gens Among Celts and Germans," and "The Rise of the State Among Germans," both in the same scientific vein of Morgan, but making a distinct addition to the material already on hand.

It would be absolutely impossible to tell of the vast number of Reds who found Morgan a handy club against conservative opponents, but we must mention Mary Marcy, Lida Parce, Ernest Untermann, Wm. Paul, August Bebel, Karl Liebknecht, and no one knows how many others, of all varieties and shades of revolutionary thought, there may be.

Paul La Fargue, the theoretician of the French Marxists, in his book, **The Evolution of Property**, frankly

draws on Morgan for most of the meat of his chapters on "Primitive Communism," and "Family or Consanguine Collectivism," making, indeed, lengthy quotations from **Ancient Society** and other books by the same author to prove his points.

Of course, after a time, others than those opposed to the present economic order were inclined to take cognizance of this hard thinking, unavoidable man from New York with the interpretations that were finally beginning to have a certain amount of the toleration that comes with familiarity, and we find that Professor Jenks (who is no Red) declares in his **History of Politics**, that **Ancient Society** will ultimately be recognized as one of the great scientific products of the nineteenth century. Prof. A. C. Haddon decided that "Morgan was undoubtedly the greatest sociologist of the past century." Naturally, this does not exhaust that list either.

So, we've all read Morgan, either at first or second hand. Let us, then, have another look at his world-famous system, in order to be fresh for the shock of a new criticism. I assure you, there is going to be a bitter ideological struggle, when the pluralistic anthropologists tear into him.

### Outline of Morgan's Theory

In addition to Morgan's essential theory that the family, social, religious and cultural organizations of man correspond to the material evolution of the race, he claims, furthermore, that the material evolution is based on certain inventions, each of which produced a tremendous change in the way of making a living, and therefore in all these other things. For the sake of convenience in reference, he divides cultural progress into arbitrary stages, each of which is marked off from those above and below it by some invention of considerable importance, but which is also colored by various other inventions, and has a definite content of social, family, and other sorts of organization, and possesses a certain amount and kind of knowledge, philosophy or science. Following is an outline of the Morgan classification, mostly from pages 9 to 12 of **Ancient Society:**

1. Lower Status of Savagery: From the infancy of the human race to the commencement of the next period. Man living in a restricted habitat on fruits, nuts, etc., and probably using language.

2. Middle Status of Savagery: From the acquisition of a fish subsistence and a knowledge of the use of fire, with mankind spreading over most of the earth's surface. Includes Australians and part of the Polynesians.

3. Upper Status of Savagery: Commenced with the invention of the bow and arrow, and ended with the invention of the art of pottery. Includes Athapascan tribes of Hudson's Bay country, Columbia River tribes, and some coast tribes of North and South America.

4. Lower Status of Barbarism: From the use of pottery to either the cultivation of maize and other plants with irrigation or the domestication of animals, other than the dog. Contains Indian tribes east of the Missouri River, and such European peoples as practiced the art of pottery without using field agriculture, or herding.

5. Middle Status of Barbarism: From animals or irrigation to smelting of iron. Includes tribes using bronze, adobe brick, or stone architecture. Includes most ancient Egyptians, many peoples of Europe and Asia as shown by archaeology, and the Pueblo, Aztec, Inca, Maya, etc., of America.

6. Upper Status of Barbarism: From iron to writing. Contains none of the American Indians, but many peoples of Asia, and all of Europe at one time, for example: Greeks of Homeric epoch, Latins before founding of Rome, Germans of the time of Caesar, etc.

7. Status of Civilization: Everything since barbarism. With this classification of material progress went a change in the forms of society. For instance, all society below the middle status of barbarism was organized non-politically, that is, fundamentally non-territorially, on the basis of blood relationship. Once the clan and the gens became established, in the middle status of savagery, they form the material out of which tribes and later confederacies of tribes are formed. The clan or gens is a group of blood relatives tracing descent from a common ancestor, female in the case of the clan, and male in the case of the gens. The distinction between them is a later refinement—Morgan uses the words interchangeably, but recognizes the difference between what he calls the "female gens," and the male gens. Gentes, or clans, may be organized into phratries, which are subdivisions of tribes, or former gentes, now subdivided into smaller gentes.

These are essentially democratic governments. There is no private property in land. Private property in such things begins with the cultivation of the soil in field agriculture which makes possible profitable slavery, and sequestration of the profits.

The gens and clan organization grow out of the sexual class organization,·of a type similar to that now possessed by the Australians (second period of savagery), who are in process of developing gentes and tribes from moieties.

### Private Ownership of Wives

Since the early social organization of man depends on blood relationship, Morgan made a special study of this, and through an ingenious course of reasoning, discovered relics in the language of the tribes of the upper status of savagery and the lower status of barbarism. He deduced the fact that these peoples, who lived in a pairing, semi-monogamous (Syndyasmian) family with easy divorce, had once had a form of group marriage. The gens acted as a restriction on marriage, even then, since it



Some Prehistoric Artist Drew This Musk Ox on a Cave Wall

was a general rule that none should marry inside their gens. But the terms of relationship showed that there had been, in the middle status of savagery, a family in which, when a person married one of a group of sisters and cousins, he found he had married all of them, and vice-versa, all his brothers and cousins were the husbands of his wife. This system Morgan found among tribes in Polynesia, and chose to call "Punaluan." But the Polynesians had another system of relationship terms, which showed that at one time, perhaps in the first status of savagery, they had considered to be married all men and women in each generation, including own brothers and sisters. It was Morgan's idea that the consanguine family might have been, but was not certainly preceded by a system of absolute promiscuity. He pointed to the gradual growth of restrictions, as cases of attempted strengthening of the race through a realization of the dangers of too close in-breeding, not a conscious invention, but just the survival of those tribes which for some more or less accidental reason began to practice the marriage class system and other restrictions.

The introduction of field agriculture or of pastoral life was, of course, the change that broke down the relatively happy time of democracy in government, tribal and not individual ownership of land, no exploitation of slaves, and no permanent, indissoluble marriage.

The fact that herds could be tended by slaves, and that the increase could be taken over, sequestered, and held by an individual, and that in field agriculture slaves could be worked in gangs, plowing and harvesting, and the product stored in the master's warehouse, made some men rich, and they proceeded to run things. Not only that, they wanted to give their riches to their children, and they wanted to be sure that these children were their very own, so they sequestered the women also, established private property in wives, and introduced the rigid, monogamous marriage, or the polygamous marriage with the harem in some form or another, and, of course, as a corollary, since this made women scarce, and chastity made some of them unapproachable, prostitution of the others came into existence on a larger and larger scale. Also class war developed, and empires, and the more primitive, nature religions gave way to elaborately ritualistic, pessimistic, and dualistic religions, suitable to hold in place a subject race, and comfort a still human class of exploiters.

### Facts Confirm Materialistic Conception

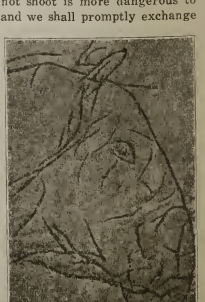
If all this is true, its usefulness in the defense of the materialistic conception of history is obvious. Those of us who wish to use these facts as proof of our argument that history shows capitalism did not always exist, and therefore, presumably is not a permanent human trait like eyes or teeth or children, and will not always exist like these latter, naturally do not wish to see the evolutionary theory smashed. Therefore, in considering its trustworthiness and present tenability, we should watch out, and remember that we are biased.

Now bias, or predilection in favor of any definite idea, works this way, especially where the emotions are concerned, or the material interests of the observer: It is simply a psychological law, undeniable and so far as we know, unchallenged, that when our jobs, or our reputation, or anything else that we want depends on our gathering proof for a given doctrine, we see more readily, and remember better those things which support that doctrine. We easily invent excuses for overlooking those things which do not support it. A very obvious fact implying the contrary of what we wish breaks through and convinces us we are wrong, but with some people it takes a startlingly apparent fact indeed, and then sometimes they are not able to appreciate it in all its signficance, even while admitting its presence.

But the sensible person, realizing that he is biased, can correct for this. I trust we shall be able to do so throughout this article. I am sure that some of Morgan's critics are equally biased, against him, and that, being unconscious of this fact, they are led into error.

Let us make it perfectly clear right here, that we do not believe that the materialistic conception of history rests on the judgment of anthropology. The quotation from Marx and Engels above shows that they were convinced of the accuracy of economic determinism (to use a somewhat too strict expression) before Morgan's time. When **Ancient Society** appeared on the scene, it provided a wealth of argument based on pre-history which was wonderfully fitted, almost as though by design of someone, to support the conclusions of Marx and Engels based on written history. And, of course, we have all used these arguments as a weapon against capitalism. Now, however, when we have a reason to begin to suspect this weapon of unreliability, we shall be quite able to examine it dispassionately, in fact, very critically, for we know that a broken sabre or a gun that will not shoot is more dangerous to us than to the foe, and we shall promptly exchange it for another.

We have no interest, as revolutionists, in Morgan's theories, as such; we have no "school" of ethnology to maintain; our jobs do not depend on our ability to pose as scientists. And for that reason, our investigation of these anthropological theories will be fairer and more accurate than that of the fiercely contending scientists, and our bias, if we have one, easier to correct for than theirs.



ROCK CARVING OF WOOLLY RHINOCEROS

Neither can we deny that Morgan's theory has been fundamentally and drastically attacked, and by no mean antagonists.

There came three scholars out of Europe to make a new American School. The first was Franz Boas. A glance at **Who's Who in America** gives us his history. He was born in Minden, Westphalia, Germany, in 1858, which means that by this time he is an old man, and also that he was a partial contemporary of Morgan's and undoubtedly heard many an echo of the old controversy—Morgan versus the conservatives. He forms a bridge with the past. He was educated mainly in three German universities—Heidelberg, Bonn and Kiel—good universities, where they really work, and have a scientific tradition. He has a degree of Doctor of Philosophy from each of the universities of Kiel and Graz, and holds from the University of Oxford the degrees of Doctor of Laws and Doctor of Science. In 1883-4 he explored Baffin Land. In 1885-6 we find him assistant in the Royal Ethnographical Museum in Berlin, and docent of geography at the University of Berlin. He carried on investigating expeditions in Porto Rico, Mexico and other parts of North America between 1886 and 1923, after he had permanently thrown in his lot with America and established his residence in the United States. We find him docent of anthropology in Clark University for ten years, from 1882 to 1892, chief assistant to the department of anthropology of the Chicago Expedition, assistant curator in 1896 and curator in 1901-5 of the department of anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History. And this is significant, he was lecturer of anthropology at Columbia University from 1896-1899, and professor of anthropology there from 1899 to the present time.

Alexander Goldenweiser was born in Kiev, Russia, in 1880, and after attending several good schools in Germany and Russia, came to America and studied at Harvard University for a year, then graduated from Columbia University in 1902; got a degree of Master of Arts there in 1904, and a degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1910. He immediately began lecturing on anthropology at Columbia University, and continued to do so for nine years. Since then he has lectured at the New School for Social Research in New York City, up to the present time. This has not prevented him from lecturing at the Rand School in 1915, and acting as professor of anthropology at the University of Washington during the summer of 1923.

Robert Lowie was born in Vienna, Austria, in 1883, and came to the United States at the age of ten years. He secured a degree of Bachelor of Arts from the City College of New York in 1901, being also initiated into the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity (an honorary society, supposed to be reserved for especially brilliant students). In 1908 he was given a degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia University, and like Goldenweiser, served there as an assistant in anthropology until 1909. From there he went to the American Museum of Natural History, where he functioned as assistant curator from 1909 to 1913, and associate curator from 1913 to 1921. From there he went back to Columbia, to act as lecturer in co-operation with his former teacher, Boas, from 1921 to now. His academic activities were enlarged by several terms as associate professor of anthropology at the University of California and by taking part in anthropological expeditions to the Northern Plains Indians, Lake Athabaska tribes, Plateau tribes, Hopi Indians, and others, scattered through a course of ten years. He is associate editor of the American Anthropologist magazine since 1912, and was editor of American Anthropological Literature for a year.

### Setting Up the "New School"

Now, whatever radicals may think of the class character of American education, and the present writer would be the last in the world to deny that it is a prop for capitalism, it still remains true that these three men are brilliant, tireless workers, and have studied both books and men. On them the educational authorities have showered some of their choicest honors, and they hold positions of authority. Their criticism on matters anthropological and ethnological cannot be disregarded. They are the official exponents of modern American anthropological science. None others in America are in the same class with them at all.

Futhermore, after a glance at this brief review of their personal history, I think we are right in surmising that Boas, the link with the past, set up the "new" school. He was the man who struck the keynote at Columbia, and established the atmosphere; probably he also directed the researches, at least by suggestion, of both Lowie and Goldenweiser. The "new school," the "American school," is the "Columbia school" of three German-speaking scientists*

But they themselves refer to it as the "American School." Might it not be proper to suspect here a group patriotism, devoted to building up by hook or crook, a new theory, which has captured the imaginations of three like-minded men? Might it not even be reasonable to suppose that the Americanism of the immigrant, perhaps of the immigrant persecuted in his old home and somewhat unconsciously resentful of that fact, has thrown these three into a fierce and brilliant charge against the Morgan theories **still held in Europe?**

### How They Get "That Way"

Consider another thing. We will show, in a moment, in an analysis of their attack on Morgan, that their theory is largely that there is no theory, that

(Continued on Page 31)

* **Of course it is not even suggested that without Boas & Co. the "new school" would not have arisen. Conditions created it, as will presently be shown.**

# Of the Making of Shrines

By COVINGTON AMI

The world is filled with Holy Sepulchres.

The history of Mankind is marked by the making of Shrines.

His sublimest heroes are not soldiers but Saints.

His Saints are divided into two groups, Saints pacific and Saints militant.

In the first group we have Buddha, Christ, Zoroaster and Confucius.

In the second group we have Moses, Mahomet, Lincoln and Lenin.

The first group is honored with platitudes, the second with pantheons, and both with Shrines.

Out of the tombs of the Saints spring the creeds that govern Mankind, the dogmas by which the Aristocracies rule the Democracies, the laws and constitutions by which the Few harness the Many in their service.

True, most of the Saints did not wish this to happen to the Many, but it did; for the Many, having slaved for centuries, believed, and still believe, that labor is a "curse" and not a blessing; and, so believing, they naturally and of course sought, and seek, to escape the "curse," which, not being able to do in fact, they attempt vicariously—that is to say, not being able to join the Few here on Earth, they hope to be with them in Paradise.

From all of which it will be seen that the Saints are both the freers and enslavers of Humanity, both Lucifers and Liberticides.

Also it will be seen that Asis has given us, with one exception, all our greatest Saints, all our most sacred Shrines—Asis, whose peoples are today outlawed by all the Higher Civilizations.

What strange tricks Time plays on Men!

To what queer ends it bends the purposes of the Saints!

But this is not what I started out to do. I did not will to write a reverie when I began.

What I was interested in was the Making of Shrines by men.

And, to tell the truth, I was more interested in watching the building of the Shrine of the last great Saint than in aught else; for I have been truly astonished at the rapidity with which it has been reared and the swiftness with which the new Priesthood has assumed pontifical authority.

Indeed, there are already many and multiplying signs that Lenin is destined soon to be acknowledged one of the very greatest Saints this Earth has ever known, his Shrine a pilgrim center to millions born and to be born.

All the paraphernalia is there and, Scientist though he was, Saint he shall be.

Fate and the Third International have willed it so.

Fate because Asia is enslaved, and the enslaved always look for Saviors; the Third International because the Shrines of Saints are ever the centers of faith, and creeds are more powerful than cannon.

In vain shall Trotsky and the apostles, passing away, cry: "Lenin was too human a man for deification!"

So was Jesus of Nazareth, but the Priesthood won the battle against the Apostles, and the miracle was wrought.

Already the Pope senses danger; but in vain shall he hurl his bulls against Moscow, and in vain shall the Plutocracies of the West march against the Plutocracies of the East; for ever before the new Gods the old Gods fall.

Behold, the new Shrine rises and the Cross and Crescent pale before the Sickle and the Hammer, and then shall the Three Stars prevail and Man at last be free.

Kismet.

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**Author's Note:**—Nothing in the above line is intended to reflect in any way upon the character of Lenin, whom the author considers the greatest statesman of the century, just as he considers Leon Trotsky the greatest military genius of this age; but the commercial communists, those who are building over the dust of Lenin another "Holy Sepulchre" at Moscow, can take it as they will and howl to their hearts' content: for the author ever was a heretic, and cares no more for the bulls and dogmas of Pope Zinoviev than he does for those of Pope Pius. Now as ever he cries: "Long live INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY."

—C. A.

# The U. M. W. of A. in Eastern Kentucky

By ALONZO WALTERS

**IN AN article published in the March Pioneer I described some of the rotten labor conditions that prevail in one of the Eastern Kentucky coal fields; the miserably low wages for which miners in that field must work; and the hellishly abominable state of tyranny and terror to which they and their families are at all times subjected at the hands of the Eastern Kentucky coal plutocracy and its henchmen. I compared, by way of contrast, the simple, happy, contented life of the people of that region before the invasion of capital a few short years ago with the sickening state of existence of the wage slaves who largely people that district today—who crawl about daily, amid innumerable dangers, in the dark bowels of the earth, digging profits for their greedy and heartless masters, and who during the hours when they are off the job live with their families in the stinking cesspools of filth that are known as "mining camps".**

**The purpose of this article is to discuss WHAT HAS BEEN DONE—or, more properly, what has NOT been done—by organized labor to ameliorate the miseries and improve the conditions of the toilers in that region.**

As explained in my previous article, the first coal mines were opened in the Kentucky valley south of Jackson, Kentucky,—in what is now known as the Hazard Coal Field—in 1912. From that time until the beginning of 1920 the field remained a part of District No. 17 (the West Virginia district) of the United Mine Workers of America. But no attempt was made by the U. M. W. of A. to organize the Hazard coal field until the latter part of the year 1919, at which time a mild "drive" was started under the direction of Frank Keeney, who was then president of District No. 17. Then for two months the organization spread like wildfire. The coal miners lined up in hordes—defying discharge, blacklist, and eviction from their homes in the face of a cruel winter; defying the assaults and atrocities of the "officers of the law," who worked in conjunction with the coal operators; defying even **death**—which was the fate of many of them at the hands of these hired thugs and assassins. Never was the future of any labor organization more hopeful, more bright and promising, than was that of the U. M. W. of A. in the Hazard (Ky.) coal field at the beginning of the year 1920.

### "I Dub Thee Sir Knight"

Then came the 1920 national convention of the U. M. W. of A.

At this convention—which met, as do all the national conventions of the U. M. W. of A., for the purpose of ascertaining and carrying out the wishes of His Most High and (dis)-Honorable Majesty, King John L. Lewis, ruler of the U. M. W. of A.— it was decided—in much the same manner that the old British Parliaments in centuries gone by used to decide matters for the pleasure of their king, whose word was law throughout the realm—to cut off the Hazard and Big Sandy coal fields from District No. 17, and make a new district of them, which was to be District No. 30. The purpose for this action was to create a pie-card position for a new pay-roll pet who had recently found favor in the eyes of King John. Accordingly this man, whose name was Samuel Pascoe, was appointed to the position of "provisional president" of the new district. A nice, handsomely elegant and luxurious office was fitted up for him at Ashland, Kentucky, and everything put in readiness for him to begin the more or less delightful "work" of reposing his fat southern extremity upon soft cushions while a lucrative salary—squeezed from the hard-earned dollars of dues-paying, coal-digging members of the U. M. W. of A.—flowed in upon him in an incessant stream.

I have been told that this Pascoe qualified himself, in part, for this new promotion by selling to political candidates the "support" of the coal miners in the Peoria (Ill.) sub-district, of which he had been an official just prior to his assignment to the new District No. 30. I do not know whether this is true or not—I have no desire to be unjust to the man—but I can safely and conscientiously declare, after having personally learned as much as I have about his character during the course of his career in Eastern Kentucky, that if I believed in a God—an all-wise, all-powerful and divine creator of all that is—my faith in such a Being would be bound to take a terrible tumble upon noting such an inexcusable blunder on the part of such a Creator as the wasting of so much good material for the making of a mule to create and inflict upon an innocent and helpless working class such a stupid and jackass-like ignoramus—and at the same time such a contemptible and detestable scoundrel—as this Samuel Pascoe.

But I will proceed, leaving the reader to judge, after reading the facts about Pascoe which I shall now relate, whether I am justified in using such strongly denunciatory terms in introducing him to them.

### Official Sabotage

As I have already stated, there had never been a brighter outlook for any labor organization, in a hitherto unorganized field, than was that of the U. M. W. of A. in the Hazard and Big Sandy coal field of Kentucky at the time Pascoe took charge of

the organization in these coal fields—in the beginning of the year 1920. Coal miners from one end to the other of both these coal fields were itching for organization—clambering over one another to "get into the union." As often as a mining camp was visited by an organizer, a local union was established in that camp. More than a score of large locals had been organized in the Hazard field alone; fully that many more had been organized in the Big Sandy field—all during the last two months of 1919.

Such was the situation when Pascoe took charge. What did he do? Let us see.

As a first step, and with no apparent reason for so doing, he cut short—stopped completely—all organizing work. **Every organizer in District No. 30 was at once recalled from the field** where he happened to be working at the time Pascoe took charge—recalled, never to return again.

This most amazing piece of treachery on the part of a union official—who had been sent down there ostensibly for the purpose of advancing the interests of his organization in the district to which he had been assigned and of finishing the work of organizing, already so well begun—completely astounded the coal miners of Eastern Kentucky. All the local unions in that district sent resolutions and letters—one after another—demanding and entreating Pascoe to explain his reason for such unheard-of conduct. Coal miners in unorganized localities held spontaneous meetings and sent in appealing and entreating petitions. Scores of individuals, in as many different parts of the district, wrote letters. All to the same end—and **all in vain.** The vast majority of the resolutions, petitions, letters and appeals were contemptuously ignored by Pascoe. In the few cases in which he did condescend to make reply his replies were as insolent and insulting as such an ignoramus as he knew how to make them. He flatly refused to give any explanation for what he had done or what he yet planned to do; gave the coal miners of District No. 30 to understand that **he was running things now**; that he had his own reasons for what he was doing—reasons which he felt under no obligation to confide to them; so please be governed accordingly, etc., etc. This was the gist and tone of all the replies this scoundrel saw fit to make to these outraged coal miners who had been forced to place their trust in him. Of course, since he is an ignoramus, and almost totally illiterate, as I shall later on show, the wording was in much cruder and blunter terms than the above.

### Doing the Operators' Dirty Work

**His next move was to completely destroy the local unions that had been organized previous to his being placed in charge of that district.** This was accomplished by a very simple, but none the less **extremely brutal** method. In the first place, he refused to offer the slightest protection, encouragement or sympathy to these locals against the merciless onslaughts of the coal operators. Coal miners were forced to sign the infamous "yellow dog contract". Those who refused to sign were fired, evicted and blacklisted. The most active union men and "agitators" were in this manner driven from the field—forced to seek new employment in other regions. Some of the most persistent were beaten up—some even murdered—by the hired thugs of the coal operators. All of which failed to have the slightest softening effect upon the stony heart of the beast who occupied the "provisional district" office at Ashland. The only part he played in this struggle of the coal miners of District 30 against their employers was to confiscate the funds of local unions as fast as they collapsed under the enemy's blows.



COMELY WIFE OF MINER AND COMPANY SHACK WHERE SHE LIVES

In spite, however, of all the vicious and relentless attacks made upon them by the coal barons—and also despite the fact that at no time were they given the slightest assistance or sympathy by the organization of which they were a part—there were three local unions, at Blackey, Fleming and McRoberts, Kentucky, that bravely held their own against the coal operators, and remained intact for several months. Pascoe's patience finally gave way with these three locals—he found it impossible to restrain his longing to grasp within his greedy and slimy clutches the money that remained in the treasuries of these heroic local unions. So he visited them, some time in the latter part of the summer of 1920, took away their charters upon some flimsy pretext, and robbed them of their funds.

Five years have elapsed since that time, and nothing whatever has been done toward making another attempt to organize District No. 30. Nor has any encouraging word come at any time during this period to the coal miners of that district which

would indicate that there is the slightest intention on the part of the U. M. W. of A. to ever organize that district. Coal miners in District No. 30, after being so shamefully deserted by Pascoe, have poured hundreds of letters into the office of John L. Lewis, appealing to him to have something done to organize them. Lewis, when he saw fit to make reply at all, merely referred these coal miners to "their provisional president," Samuel Pascoe.

### Explaining the Fakir's Motives

It may be wondered by those not familiar with the workings of the machinery of the U. M. W. of A.—and for that matter the machinery of nearly all the other so-called "unions" of the American Federation of Labor—as handled by the gang of selfish and self-seeking grafters who head the organization, **what the motive could be** of a union official who deliberately follows such a line of conduct as that followed by Samuel Pascoe in Eastern Kentucky during these five years. However, to those who have been in the old A. F. of L. "unions" long enough to have the slightest understanding of such a situation, his motive is obvious. According to the U. M. W. of A. constitution, as long as a district remains unorganized it is a "provisional district," and its affairs are managed by a "provisional president," who is appointed by the international president of the organization. But as soon as a majority of the miners in a district are organized—then the district is called "self-governing," and a district president and other district officials are **elected** from the ranks of the coal miners who live in that district. As Pascoe belongs to District No. 12, **he would not be eligible for election to the position which he now holds as appointee** of his friend and benefactor, John L. Lewis. Hence his reason for protecting his pie-card by keeping the district unorganized as long as possible.

This is his first motive. Many of the coal miners in District No. 30 strongly suspect and openly intimate that he has also an additional motive—**that he is in a secret conspiracy with the coal operators of Eastern Kentucky to keep that field unorganized**, in which case it is of course to be presumed that he is receiving from these coal operators large slugs of "dough," in addition to the salary he receives from the U. M. W. of A. as "provisional president". I leave the reader to draw his own inference about that, after reading the above.

### Conspicuous Ignorance

In order to give the readers of this article a chance to see for themselves a sample of the intellectual attainments, the educational qualifications, of a man who is entrusted by the U. M. W. of A. with such an important, responsible and lucrative position as "provisional president" of a district, I insert here a letter which was written by Pascoe to a blacklisted coal miner of Hazard, Kentucky. It will be noted that good grammar, correct spelling and proper punctuation are conspicuous in this letter—by reason of their absence therefrom:

Ashland ky, Dec, 16, 1924,

* * * * * *
* * *

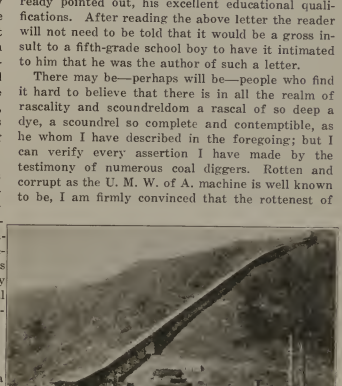
Dear sir,

your Most asTounding letter of Dec, 1, reached this office in Due Time, and in Reply to your most Ignorant Inquiries will say the national Exuctive Board Mapp out our policys and I am Carrying them out to the letter, we are not giveing any Information to such Ignorant and silly questions, I am returning your Stamps and I hope In the future you will avoid Demonstrateing your Total Ignorance by not writeing and asking such silly and ignorant questions.

yours very Truly,
Samuel Pascoe,

The above letter was written by Pascoe in reply to a blacklisted coal miner, who had written him, politely and **very pertinently** inquiring if it was his intention ever again to organize the Hazard Coal Field, and if not, why? Pascoe's letter in reply not only illustrates the insolent contempt in which he holds the victimized and blacklisted coal diggers of his district and his brutal disregard for their feelings and welfare, but also shows, as I have already pointed out, his excellent educational qualifications. After reading the above letter the reader will not need to be told that it would be a gross insult to a fifth-grade school boy to have it intimated to him that he was the author of such a letter.

There may be—perhaps will be—people who find it hard to believe that there is in all the realm of rascality and scoundreldom a rascal of so deep a dye, a scoundrel so complete and contemptible, as he whom I have described in the foregoing; but I can verify every assertion I have made by the testimony of numerous coal diggers. Rotten and corrupt as the U. M. W. of A. machine is well known to be, I am firmly convinced that the rottenest of



A HILLSIDE COAL MINE

all its official cogs—not even excepting the prince of rottenness, John L. Lewis—is that pitiful parody on manhood—no, beg pardon! I mean **snakehood** and **mulehood** (with apologies, of course, to all natural serpents and donkeys)—who for the last five years has played traitor to the coal diggers of Kentucky's hills—**Samuel Pascoe.**

**Workers Foully Betrayed**

In the foregoing paragraphs I have faithfully endeavored to review as fully and concisely as was possible, within the space to which I felt obliged to limit myself— and this article is already longer than I intended it should be when I began writing it—the shameful history of the United Mine Workers of America in Eastern Kentucky. Their achievements in that region may be easily summarized: They have completely crushed—more completely than it could have been done by the coal barons themselves, with all the dastardly methods that are known to them—every movement that has ever been started by Eastern Kentucky coal miners to organize themselves or better in any way their awful conditions; they have turned a deaf ear to all the heart-rending appeals that came to them from victimized coal miners and their families. While true-blooded workers were exhibiting the heroic courage to suffer hardships and miseries beyond power of description for the advancement of unionism, these official traitors of the working class sat silent and serene in their snug, comfortable offices, doing nothing but draw their fat salaries and help keep under the iron heel of oppression the wage slaves whom they had betrayed.

One thing worth noting, however, is that they have succeeded—and succeeded well—in accomplishing. They have completely destroyed every bit of faith that the working class of Eastern Kentucky ever had in the United Mine Workers of America.

# I. W. W. Publications

**Authorized by the General Executive Board of the I. W. W.**

(English)

## INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY

Published weekly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Illinois. Subscription price: $2 per year; six months, $1. Bundle orders, 3 cents a copy. Single copies, 5 cents.

## INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

The only real revolutionary magazine of the working class, published monthly in the English language. $2 per year; $1.00 for six months; 50 cents for three months; single copies, 20 cents.

## INDUSTRIAL WORKER

Published twice a week at 1925 Western Ave., Seattle, Wash. Mail address: Box 1857, Seattle, Wash. Make all checks and money orders payable to Industrial Worker. Subscription, per year, in United States, $4; outside United States, $5. Six months; $2, three months, $1; bundle orders (United States and Alaska) 3 cents.

(Russian)

## GOLOS TRUZENIKA

(The Voice of Labor)

Magazine, published monthly, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price $1.50 a year; six months, 80 cents. Bundle order, over five copies, 10 cents per copy. Single copies 15 cents each.

(Hungarian)

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(Italian)

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(Spanish)

## SOLIDARIDAD

(Solidarity)

Published twice monthly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: $1 per year (26 issues). Single copies, 5 cents.

(Czecho-Slovak)

## JEDNA VELKA UNIE

(One Big Union)

Magazine. Published monthly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: $2 per year; single copy, 20 cents. Bundle orders, 14 cents per copy.

(Finnish)

## TIE VAPAUTEEN

(The Road to Freedom)

Magazine published monthly at 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription price: $1.75 per year. Bundle orders over five copies, 20 per cent allowed. Single copies, 15 cents.

## INDUSTRIALISTI

(The Industrialist)

Published daily in Duluth, Minn. Write to Box 464, Duluth, Minn., for prices on bundle orders and subscriptions.

(Scandinavian)

## INDUSTRI-ARBETAREN

(Industrial Worker)

The Scandinavian organ of the I. W. W. Contains articles in Swedish and Norwegian. For sale on all news stands at 5 cents a copy. Bundle orders, 3 cents per copy. Single copies, 5 cents. Subscription rate: $1 per year.

## Make Your Press More Powerful!

# Women in Industry

By CONSTANCE EDGERTON

**Here is a group of stories by a social worker who lost her job when the unemployment club cracked down. Her experiences prior to and following this crisis are interesting, and she has vividly presented them black on white. One is impressed by her sincerity and the keen manner in which she observes life around her. Her conclusions suggest that she has been jarred from her old faith in labor legislation, and that she sees the impossibility of working class advances through legislatures. The advance must be made by economic association and in an era of great industry the mode of industrial unionism stands out scientifically correct.**

## I. WELFARE WORKS

### "SHIPMENTS" ARE HUMAN CARGO

A BLISTERING day. The earth lay parched and cracked. I sat at my desk making copy for the shop paper. My telephone buzzed. A soft voice greeted me: "I am Mrs. Everett Shoemaker. My husband died one hour ago. We are alone up here. A labor scout* brought us from Syracuse. Some one told me if I called Miss Edgerton you would do everything for me" . . . I assured her I would, so I laid aside my copy for a talk with the undertaker, and then the florist, for the plant was liable to spread—almost certain to. This funeral was taken care of, and charged to the Welfare department. * * *

* * *

On a wet chill October day my office door opened and a woman entered. In her arms she carried a baby. I took the child. The little mother said: "They sent me to Miss Edgerton and said you would find rooms for us. I am so tired. We are staying at a hotel. The labor scout brought us from St. Louis. He said we could get a furnished apartment for twenty-five dollars a month".

Janesville was a boom town. Single rooms (for sleeping only) rented from seven to fifteen dollars a week. Men paid it and smiled.

"We were doing fairly well in St. Louis," went on the little woman, "but Henry heard the labor scout talking and wild horses could not stop him from coming to Janesville. He thinks we will get rich quick".

I had no place for her. Women and babies were prohibited. Her eyes filled with tears. She was so tiny, so girlish, so pathetic. "Whenever I read of that first Christmas night and all the inns being full, I wept," she said.

On my mother's land was our playhouse, from childhood days. It was one room, unplastered, twenty by twenty, and a porch. Hither I brought her. She was delighted with this little house and insisted on paying rent. Here Henry sat on the porch—for the rain cleared and October's haze covered the land. The elms and the sycamores were covering the ground with their litter of leaves. On the hillsides the wild plum bushes showed their bluish red fruit. There was a smoky haze in the sky. The girl-woman saw it all and was happy.

The house was well enough for mild weather but with January she was taken down with pneumonia. Her mother came from St. Louis. The struggle was brief. The girl-woman who had followed her man (and a labor scout) into a land of golden nuggets, went back to the home of her childhood in a coffin... The little playhouse is empty. The big plant is closed. A ghost town stands, silently wondering where are the men and the women who laughed, worked and planned; who poured out as the noon whistle blew, smiling, dreaming their golden dreams. . . . For such is the way of labor scouts. They know not God, truth, honor, nor labor conditions. They get while the getting is good, and their spoil is not only man's body, but his soul.

* * *

"Hello Miss Edgerton," caroled Mr. Moore, labor scout supreme, as he led two well dressed young girls into my office. "I brought you two girls and told them you would find a nice, cheap home for them." Which could not be done. Before I could reply Mr. Moore was gone.

The girls hailed from Davenport, Iowa. Both were stenographers. Moore had told them they would receive forty dollars a week salary, and good board was cheap. Gently I told them I was the highest paid woman in the plant and my wages were not forty dollars. Board was not less than fifteen dollars (including lodging). From careful survey and much budgeting I knew carfare, laundry and other necessary items eat deeply into the earnings. Moore had said they could save a thousand dollars in a year.

I got in touch with all departments. There were no openings for them. Just what possessed Mr. Moore to bring them on this wild trip I was unable to determine. However they were here and must be taken care of. I decided to take the meekest one in as my clerk—a luxury I had long been promised. Her wages were set at eighteen dollars a week. The other one I charged to the employment department,

* A labor scout is an agent sent out by corporations to recruit laborers.

boarding her at the Du Pont Club until she should be placed.

The days wore on. Miss Brown, our clerk, was my chief concern. Her board was fifteen dollars a week. Miss Arden, her partner, was having her board paid, and drawing twenty dollars a week for her time, although she was not employed, making her wage thirty-five dollars.

I had put in a stiff plea for this, and disregarding all orders, had sent her board bill to the employment department, which was eagerly waiting for Miss Brown to pay her carfare from Davenport to Janesville, as is the way of shipments. The girl was not earning enough to live decently on and was worried to the extreme.

I made out a bill for one hundred dollars to the employment department, received a check for the same, and cashing it, turned it over to Miss Brown, as part compensation for her mis-treatment. Constantly, with higher authority, I talked of these two girls, and Scout Moore's false representations. Finally, both girls were taken in and given desks in the time department, at twenty dollars a week, and their board paid by the plant, at the Du Pont Club.

* * *

"Miss Edgerton, I hereby appoint you camp inspector," sang my chief one melting July day, when the smell of decaying garbage from the camp was enough to make even a staid woman like me start out reforming. Very ignorant was I of camp sanitation, but willing to try anything once, so I presented myself at the camp gate. The policeman admitted me. In the quartermaster's office I told my errand. He accompanied me on the rounds—through a camp that housed fifteen hundred men, and was insistent that my report begin and end with: "ADVISED DISPOSAL OF GARBAGE. SAME TAKEN CARE OF." I followed his instructions, and was congratulated on the masterly report I turned in. Verily, the duties of camp inspector were easily mastered.

* * *

"Today I will ask you to attend to my phone calls; give the sporting my publicity; answer telegrams; accept games and write out contracts, while I take my team to practice," said George Perring, athletic director, and member of the welfare department, to me, as the spring wind coaxed me to play truant.

"While I," said Glenn Gardiner, also a welfare worker, just out of the university, and whose sole duties were to polish his pink finger nails, "have to help lay out the shop paper. Take care of my affairs, Miss Edgerton."

"Do not ask dear Miss Edgerton to do more than she is able to do," spoke Mr. Holst, who wrote top heavy essays which were supposed to teach the workingman to invest the monies he did not have. "It is imperative I go to the bank to meet some of our department payments, and Miss Edgerton always attends to my office."

Up spoke Claude Fagan, another welfare worker: "Miss Edgerton promised to take care of my office while I attend the Morgan funeral. I asked her yesterday."

"Whoa now," warned Roger West, the Safety Engineer. "My work calls me to Plant Number Two, and Miss Edgerton is looking after my calls."

Half an hour later all were gone. I sat alone in the building—a portable house consisting of six small offices. Entered Mr. Markham, our chief, with: "Hello Miss Edgerton. Where are all the boys?"

"Playing golf," I answered, taken off guard, and forgetting their perfectly good alibis.

* * *

Like a bolt from heaven, or a tidal wave, it came in the late fall of 1920, the curtailment of industry. In two weeks the plant had laid off twelve hundred men and four hundred women. No need of a welfare worker now . . . Like hundreds of others, I found myself looking for work. Just work. No special brand. While wondering where and when to find it, the mail brought me a letter from Paula Van Norden, also an industrial welfare worker, who had been let out in the depression, and was coming on from Chicago.

## II. KRAUT

"Shake a leg! You there! Think this is a tea party?" I paid no heed. My mind was on my work, at which I was slow, and the work was stuffing kraut. Now the owner of the voice stopped at my side and rasped on: "I mean you, Constance!"

"I am Miss Edgerton to you," I said, not quickening my pace.

"Haw! haw! haw! Thass good! Miss Edgerton! How do you get that way? Let your little lamb away from your side tonight long enough to ride over to Delevan with me?"

"I would kill her first," I said and kept stuffing kraut.

The lamb he referred to was Paula Van Norden, twenty-three, pretty, laughing, a welfare worker by profession, a kraut packer by necessity. This work supplied her with her daily bread, and afforded her the opportunity to study the conditions of working women first hand. She would have much to report from this factory—The Bower City Canning Company.

Our day began at 7 a. m. We packed kraut continuously until 6 p. m. We ate our lunch as we worked. At 6:30, after a hastily snatched supper, we reported again for work, under an assumed name, as the state laws say no woman shall work in excess of forty-four hours per week. Our night work was labeling, at which we made twenty-four cents an hour. We worked three hours a night. Each pay day we drew two checks, under two names, which we would cash at the factory office, thus saving questioning at the bank. The shed in which we

stuffed kraut was an unplastered building, no fire, poorly lighted, invariably cold. Our hands were cut and bleeding from pushing the kraut into the small openings on the cans. Sometimes fingers were bandaged; sometimes not. We all liked the night work. It was in another part of the building, and we were warm. We could sit down at this work.

"You oughta tell Paula to go out with the boss," said Lil Hogan to me when he had passed beyond hearing. "It'd make it easier for you both."

"Paula does not care to go with him," I said.

"Yes, she does," said Lil cheerily. "She's young and she has to have expansion. Whatya such a spoil sport for? She'll hate you by an' by when she thinks how you crabbed her and kept her in."

Beside me was a new girl, tall and slim. Somehow she reminded me of a young poplar tree. Her hair was bronze. She wore a green silk sweater and a woolen sport skirt. I trembled inwardly thinking of their ruin. The boss slid between us and cooed at her: "Any chance of my taking you to Delevan tonight?"

Next day she was absent and the consensus of opinion was that he discharged her for daring to refuse his invitation. His boast was that if a girl was not sociable, it was the gate for her. With Paula he was lenient. Ever she represented me as the fierce aunt and declared to him she would go out with him but for my interference, and he fell for her story.

Lil Hogan was all primed for a talk on high society. "That red head what was, ain't no further ahead refusing the boss. Maybe she's looking for a job now. The boss is a gentleman. He spends like a millionaire, speeds past all them cement headed cops, and treats a girl right," she said as her fingers flew around in the kraut.

A seasonal worker was Lil. The beanery was her sole means of support. She was large, dark, beautiful, well past thirty, and lived with her aged parents in a modest cottage near the factory. She seemed to have no spiritual, no intellectual side to her make up. She lived for pleasure. Expansion was her objective. Six weeks out of the year she worked in the pea fields; five months in the factory, and was idle the remainder. What she earned she put on her back. Her father was a street sweeper and supplied the table.

Not a bad place to work, the beanery, all things considered. Beating the state law on hours, we averaged $3.85 per day. In mid-November the "pack" come to a finish. We were alert for another job . . . which we secured at once.

This was a shade factory, said to be the only one in the United States. Our salary was thirty cents an hour. We worked nine hours a day. The afternoon of the second day Paula was canned, and I quit. Just why Paula was discharged we did not know. They gave no reason, simply handed her a time check. . . .

Next morning at eight we reported for work at the Parker Pen Company. Paula did typing. I was file clerk. This was an ideal place to work—rest rooms, cafeteria, recesses, nurse, matron and doctor. Our salary was eighteen dollars a week for forty-four hours.

We were living our own way once more, finding nothing to startle us; women treated fair; offices well ventilated, heated, lighted. We quit, for ours was the vagabond life, which in years to come would be our reference book.

## III. WITHIN THE LAW

They tell you Wisconsin has a Minimum Wage Law; workingwomen are protected; an employer is fined should he pay less than the minimum wage. At civic meetings a speaker comes down from Madison and tells you this is so; he says if you hear of a case contrary, it is your duty to report it, so justice may be meted out to the woman; a fine levied on the man.

Well and good, in writing. The law exists only on paper. Women are exploited. Industry prospers.

To obtain firsthand data, I answered an advertisement for an office clerk. It was a September afternoon in 1922. The firm advertising was a Branch Office of the Holland Furnace, located at Janesville, Wisconsin.

The youngish-old man who was branch manager told me the Holland could not afford to pay much, and there was not much work to do, but a girl had to be decent, honest, smart, intelligent, know the town, know how to meet and salve the public, be able to sell a furnace, keep books, answer correspondence, and the Holland would be willing to pay for this.

He hemmed and hawed, beat about the bush, and finally stated the wages. Ten dollars a week.

"The law holds ten dollars and fifty cents a week for inexperienced workers, and thirteen for experienced, as the minimum wage," I said.

"The Holland Furnace is a poor concern," he whined. "If you start for ten, I will raise you two dollars every week until you are getting eighteen."

Desiring data, and meaning to report the case as soon as I was at work, I took the job.

For three weeks I worked for ten dollars a week. Then I asked for an increase. He refused on the grounds that the Holland was not financially sound. However, if I would stay, next week, he would pay more.

Knowing that the Minimum Wage Law was effective in Wisconsin, I telephoned the manager of the Chamber of Commerce asking what steps were necessary to bring this matter before the proper authority, as I was being exploited, paid less than it takes to maintain a slave. Was there redress for this wrong? To which he replied:

"I don't care about such things. Call up Stanley

Dunwiddie,"—the district attorney. I did. Mr. Dunwiddie said that while he felt it was wrong he did not feel disposed to do anything about it; that if he looked into every law that was infringed simply because he was district attorney, it would be necessary for him to have a dozen assistants.

A poker fell on my foot and disabled me. This looked as if fate had taken the affair out of my hands. It was a matter for the Industrial Commission to adjust, and when they saw the salary I was receiving they would see to it that the Holland Furnace Company paid for breaking a law.

This was a mistake. They were interested in dealing with me.

Time wore along. My foot was so painful that I could not walk. I appealed to the Commission, who set a hearing for July 12, 1923. At this hearing Kardux, manager of the Holland Furnace, stated he paid me ten dollars per week because I was inexperienced, and his testimony was stricken out.

Mr. McCormick, chief examiner for the Commission, was fair in every way. My doctor bills were allowed, and ten dollars a week compensation to me all through my disability. He scorned a man who would pay a woman ten dollars a week. He was powerless to enforce the law. His business was settling claims for injured workers, not looking up law infringements.

About the fifteenth of October, 1922, Kardux employed a Miss Myrtle Probst as clerk. Her wage was ten dollars a week. Her home was not in Janesville. She paid four dollars a week for her room. Her meals, laundry, carfare and clothes could not be covered with the remaining six dollars. After three desperate weeks of semi-starvation and running behind in her room rent, she asked for more wages. He told her quite baldly he would make up the deficiency to her, with his own money, if she conformed to his low desires. Miss Probst left.

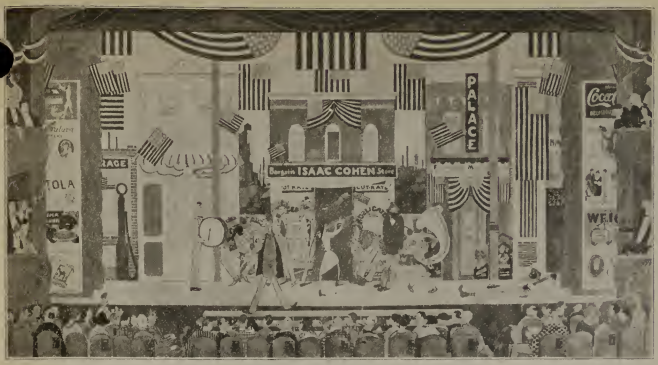
A Mrs. Edith Mann was his next clerk. He named no wage but assured her he would pay "enough to get by on" and for three weeks refused to give her anything! She left. He had never turned her name into the Main office as a worker. To this day she has that three weeks' salary coming to her. She took the matter up with the district attorney, and with the manager of the Chamber of Commerce. Both advised her they did not wish to become involved in so small a matter. Mr. Nelson (manager of the Chamber) asked her if it was her first trip off the farm.

The Holland Furnace Company is still doing business. Only two nights ago an eloquent speaker (who teaches sociology at the University of Wisconsin) spoke to us on the Minimum Wage Law, declaring it was effective. I wonder who is wrong?

# Question

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

Put to the test would my spirit rebel
At yielding my flesh to the chain and the cell?
Would freedom be naught, would high honor be flown,
If weighed 'twixt the truth and a dungeon of stone?
Would I cringe to the vassals of power and gold
If the noose of the hangman were looped for the bold?
Would timidity conquer when danger drew nigh?
Would the flesh be so weak as to fear once to die?
Down with the thought! Such a fate is the worst
That stamps one a coward forever accursed,
A traitor to truth, a dastard, a knave!
Far better the dungeon, the rope and the grave!
High heaven the strength in my bosom instill
That held to the last the courage of Hill!




THIS IS THE SETTING FOR THE FIRST ACT

# Those Processional Blues

By BOB ROBBINS

NEW YORK has recently been treated to a fantastic play called "Processional". It is a product of this jazz age. The underlying philosophy seems to be that we are all either products or adherents of it. From the picture that John Lawson, the author, has photographed from life we note that the characters are victims of the jazz germ. These are the miners who are striking in the little West Virginia town where the action takes place; the agitator-philosopher; a low-comedy sheriff; a Jew storekeeper, as played, typical of the burlesque show, or maybe the conception of Anne Nichols, whose "Abie's Irish Rose" is now, I suspect, playing every tank town in this great free country of ours. In fact everything and everybody is typical—and commonplace.

Here is the concise formula for the play: "Everybody's doing it . . ." Most of us will remember this phrase as the title of a particularly jazzy tune when jazz was still an infant. Now it is an overgrown kid—for the most part making childish noises. Lawson has presented a rather chaotic picture. True enough it is like life, but even the most sordid of lives is varied and a little less monotonous than some of his marionettes. Then you may ask me, "Well, then, should Lawson inject color into this vaudeville show?" Not necessarily; but certainly the O'Neill flavor and the Shaw wit are admirable things!

When "Processional" was first produced early in February it provoked much discussion and varied opinions, and even the dramatic critics were puzzled by this freak show. A few weeks later, however, they saw the light and hailed it in such manner that Ringling Brothers' Circus press agent must have been put to shame.

Here are some of the characters in the procession, marching to the tune of the Yankee Doodle Blues: a high-hatted mine owner, parading around in a Prince Albert coat, and actually **living** in the town where he operates (beg pardon, where the miners operate) his mines; the sheriff, who is photographed, by the newspaperman, standing over the agitator who has been knocked down by the **army**; then there is the glib-tongued newspaperman, who poses and quotes random lines of poetry,—the kind of guy who is quite capable of getting off that famous line, chock full of bunk, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul," etc. He is covering the strike and is prepared to make everybody famous—or infamous—as the case may be. He flashes a telegram: "Burn up the wires. (Signed). William Randolph Hearst." He's got the "Billy Hearst Blues." . . . It's contagious. . . . It's outrageous. . . . Jazz . . . Processional . . .

The Ku Klux Klan is burlesqued and ridiculed. Somebody gets sentimental about the other fellow's mother. The hundred per centers come in for a rap, with this choice line: "Pioneers is sons-o'-bitches!" "Everybody's doing it . . ." Jazz spares no one! We're all in on it!

This "Processional" is most certainly worth seeing when it hits your locality.

# The Passing of a Building Trades Boss

By SAM MURRAY




UP TO the time of his withdrawal a few years ago there is no question that P. H. McCarthy was the most prominent and best known figure in the labor movement west of the Mississippi River. A review of some of the high spots of his spectacular career should be both instructive and interesting to the student of labor history.

Most of the citations are common knowledge with old union men of the Bay district, some can be vouched for by the personal experience of the writer, while some of the less important but interesting matter, based on common gossip, have not, so far as I know, ever been denied.

It may also be well to state here that facts are dealt with only in so far as they are, in the opinion of the writer, useful and not on account of any bearing that they have on the personal character of the individual. The writer has never been an advocate or believer in the efficacy of character assassination, for, if we could by the usual outburst of acrimonious diatribes, vilification and abuse prove that the leaders of the A. F. of L. were any more crooks and fakirs than we are, we would accomplish nothing except, probably, encourage a similar union under a different leadership; for if Christ himself and his twelve apostles should succeed the head of the A. F. of L. and his coterie of vice-regents, we should still have that atavistic anachronism, a craft union, and to assume that any amount of renovation, revision, amalgamation or cross breeding will produce anything but a hybrid monstrosity is pure Fosterian bunk.

### How The Great Man Started

P. H. McCarthy, we are told, arrived in San Francisco from Ireland, in the early 'Nineties and his first job was purchased at Murray and Ready's Employment Agency, then in a little office on Clay Street. I well remember this office, and its rise to the position of a great labor agency is almost as spectacular as the career of its humble but promising clients; nor were these careers entirely separate, for at the time that McCarthy was first tasting of the glory of his fame as a labor leader this outfit was conducting a strike-breaking agency and, in a weekly Bulletin they issued free to employers, they were the first to give P. H. McCarthy the name of Pin Head McCarthy often afterwards applied by his enemies. The job we are informed was that of a porter in the Argonaut Hotel at thirty dollars per month.

I am not informed if he was a carpenter at that time or just when he first joined the carpenters' union, but in the years that followed the period of the Spanish war, when the building trades were making great inroads in the industry with their closed shop program, he at once became a central figure not only among the carpenters but in the whole industry. He was distinguished on account of his adherence to two principles.

### Foresight Demonstrated

He was a strong federation advocate. At a time when most mechanics could see no farther than their trade he was an advocate of the principle of close federation within the industry, and it is doubtful if any other part of the A. F. of L. was as closely federated as that part ruled over by P. H. McCarthy. He was the father of the local and state building trades councils of both of which he was permanent head until his late resignation. He also had a genius for welding together the organizations of small contractors, which prevailed in the industry at that time, and the organizations of their employees into a solid, compact body, that was pretty nearly able to dictate terms; so that when the Spreckles or some other big outfit wanted to build a large office building they ran up against a solid combination, and what they wouldn't do to a working stiff trying to get a home on the installment plan isn't worth mentioning. For twenty years the building industry of the Bay district was held in the vice-like grip of this dual dictatorship, and to try to secure employment without the favor of the great boss was like trying to break into congress without a political machine. Although most of McCarthy's life was

spent in the labor movement, we are informed that before the earthquake of 1906, comparatively early in his career, his real estate was assessed at $65,000, probably half of its salable value. Judging from rumors of later times he should be near the millionaire class by now.

**Typical Craftist Tactics**

Like all craft union leaders, he was an ardent upholder of the "sacred contract." So after the earthquake he hastened to inform the employers that no advantage would be taken of the increased demand for building workers and that all contracts would be scrupulously lived up to. Electrical Workers' Union No. 6. (inside wiremen) had a contract, but owing to abnormal conditions, prices of living, particularly rents, having gone up like a rocket, they asked to have that part of their contract calling for five dollars a day changed to six dollars. Most of the small contractors signed up, but the big ones appealed to McCarthy and he instructed the wiremen to stick to their agreement. But they claimed that they had secured the signatures of the majority of the contractors and as an emergency had developed since the contract was signed they were justified in their demands, and they called a strike on all the five-dollar jobs. McCarthy outlawed them and sent out a call for union electricians to come to Frisco and work for five dollars. Where six-dollar men were employed alongside of other crafts P. H. called his men off and compelled the employment of five-dollar men. The union was broken up and McCarthy's strikebreaking union, which he had organized at the beginning of the trouble, fell heir to the charter and a number of old No. Sixes. At the time that this strike was called I had a shopmate who quit his job and joined McCarthy's union. Afterwards when he was elected mayor, McCarthy appointed him a Deputy Electrical Inspector at a salary of $1,800 per year. Since his former job was that of a shipyard wireman at $4.00 per day, he, like Casey Jones, "was doing mighty fine;" which goes to show that Mac didn't always forget his friends who helped him against his enemies.

Similar stunts to the above were later pulled on the plumbers, plasterers and others; nor were they always confined to the workers in the Building Industry, for in 1918, while I was working in the shipyards, I noticed that Murray and Ready were continually advertising for men to man dredges in the bay. Since these jobs are not the kind to go begging in Frisco even in war time I asked a dredgeman who was temporarily stopping at the hotel where I lived. He said, "Oh, that is P. H. McCarthy's union". He then related to me how his union had replaced their business agent, who was a political friend of P. H., and with the help of P. H. the ousted official was trying to organize a new union. They had gotten a few dredges, dissatisfied with the union, to agree to employ their men, but they had no men, so they went to this former strikebreaking agency and gave them an order for men. You paid ten dollars job fee and they sent you to the business agent and he collected an initiation fee of fifteen dollars and you were a union man with a union job.

**Any Compromise For Union Shadow**

As has been observed above, McCarthy was far from having the full support of the building workers behind him, but on account of his system and friendship of employers his machine kept a strangle hold on the jobs (the key to the heart of the craft union building worker) which always gave them a safe majority, although there was always a strong undercurrent of discontent both as a matter of principle and in the case of individuals who thought they could do better without the machine.

Then came the open shop drive of 1921. The bosses announced the American Plan and the men struck. Times were hard and work in other lines scarce, but the men held out nobly. McCarthy and his men got together and cooked up a scheme whereby the men were to go back under the American Plan but keep the union together. However, some could not see through the scheme of keeping a union together after it had demonstrated its inability to do anything for them, just to furnish jobs for the officials. For twenty years the union had kept them at work and protected them from the competition of out-of-town workers. It is true the dues were high, assessments regular and heavy and the leaders had grown rich and famous, but they paid as long as the fence around the jobs held. But now the boss had kicked over the fence and was hiring anybody he pleased and still the leaders wanted them to pay. They refused to go back to work, got together, and called a general strike in all the industries of the Bay district against the American Plan. Some of them left their unions and others were expelled. Their general strike was more or less a fiasco but they had made a lot of noise and scared the leader. McCarthy resigned and became a sort of expert adviser to his former supporter who was elected in his place, and an attempt was made at a conciliation, but the insurgents refused to be pacified. They declared that they had been sold out and that McCarthy and his whole bunch were a lot of crooks and fakirs and that the time had arrived for a complete realignment. They formed a mass union (called it an industrial union), which floundered around for awhile and then died.

**Getting In On "The Ground Floor"**

McCarthy's final stunt was a political one. The water power possibilities of California are prominent among the greatest resources of this state of great natural wealth and feeble-minded politicians. In the campaign of 1922 there was a referendum on the ballot designed to permit the state to assume control of the water power. Quite naturally the power trust opposed this "socialistic" measure and P. H. took the field in their behalf. After the measure was defeated it developed that McCarthy had received the modest sum of $10,000 out of their fund. When confronted with this, the former baggage buster and wood butcher explained that it was merely a normal fee for services actually rendered

during the few weeks he was in their employ. But the measure had been sponsored by liberal bourgeois like Rudolph Spreckles, Wm. Kent and Franklin Hitchborn, and they were able to stir up quite a stink over the fact that California's greatest labor leader had taken this money for his efforts in helping the power monopoly to fasten its grip on the future of the "Golden State". So McCarthy severed all connections with the state and local building trades councils and is apparently out of the labor movement for good.

Most of the efforts of the enemies of P. H. McCarthy are in the direction of a recital of his shady acts with the aim of proving he owed his success to having sold out to the employers, but these accusations really amount to nothing as they are hard to prove and there have always been crooks and fakirs in all kinds of labor unions and not all have been on the side of the so-called reaction by any means. Very hard, indeed, would it be to establish that any of his acts were out of harmony with the principles and tactics of craft unionism.

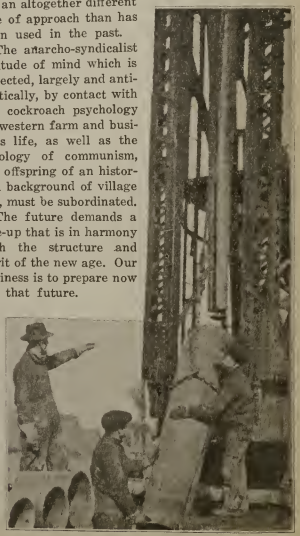
In my opinion McCarthy "got there" because he was the kind of a plug that fitted into a certain hole when that hole was open. A lesser genius, or any other kind of tactics, would hardly have succeeded at the time. He was a great leader and organizer and along with a magnificent fighting spirit he was ruthless and despotic. While the placid career of Samuel Gompers was only occasionally disturbed by the feeble peckings of socialists or communists, McCarthy was always the storm center of vigorous strife. There was always more or less friction between the Building Trades Council and the Labor Council, and as the Labor Council was constantly changing officers and McCarthy was a permanent fixture in the Building Trades Temple it was on his head that the weight of most of the bitterness fell. This and his habit of scabbing insurgent unions out of existence or into line caused him to live an exceptionally strenuous life.

What we learn from a study of McCarthy's life, which differs little, in character, from that of other craft union leaders for the past 20 or 30 years, and is a verification of the I. W. W. contention that craft unionism with its contract and harmony principles under professional labor leaders has only benefited the few at the expense of the many, is the knowledge we gain of the epoch that he personified that will be of use to us in the future. Since "experience is only a name some people have for their mistakes" the knowledge of the mistakes of labor's past must be depended on as our guide for the future. However, we will also have to learn to distinguish between the mistakes of the past and the experiences which got by on account of past conditions which no longer exist.

The career of P. H. McCarthy cannot be duplicated in the present age. It belongs to the era that preceded the world war. The small contractor, largely, upon whose friendship and co-operation he rode to power and prestige, is no longer a factor and the labor agent of the employer, in the form of a union leader, has been replaced largely by the secret, undercover agent. The successful organizer of the future will be the man who can rise above the new obstacles with which we are confronted. He will be a genius and a fighting man, just as McCarthy and his kind, and just as the I. W. W. soap-boxer speaking from the street corner at his stupid crowd, or the delegate carrying the rigging through lumber camps and harvest drives, was often a genius and a fighting man of a certain order, but he must use tactics and possess qualities that are somewhat different from those that distinguished either the A. F. of L. leaders or the pioneers of the I. W. W. The post-war epoch with its concentration of all economic power into the hands of a few world financiers; the passing of political power; the extremely large grouping of workers under scientific management, both in the matter or securing output and keeping them in subjection, including the chloroforming paternalism sometimes practised; possibility of steady employment for life together with the extreme uncertainty of it; the passing or subdividing of the mechanical trades are some of the conditions along with which the effect of the post-war civilization on the life and habits of the worker off the job will call for an altogether different line of approach than has been used in the past.

The anarcho-syndicalist attitude of mind which is reflected, largely and antithetically, by contact with the cockroach psychology of western farm and business life, as well as the ideology of communism, the offspring of an historical background of village life, must be subordinated.

The future demands a line-up that is in harmony with the structure and spirit of the new age. Our business is to prepare now for that future.



# Poems

By LAURA TANNE

## Voice

No eulogies for great men from me.
Let them sleep quietly in their auspicious caverns
With names sodden with dust and worm-decorated.
Repetitious eternal eulogies smitten with holy tradition—
I'll not disturb you.

Songs for a Greek boy hiding his English grammar book
Under a bowl of sugar, within shadows of red meat
In the restaurant where he works
Injecting vividness of glance at the young Swedish girl
In white apron, bringing visions of golden marguerites
And wild sea-winds chained in pale flesh.

Songs for a coal-heaver bronzed and blackened
And mighty as the elements he handles.

Songs for Italian street-cleaners and factory workers
Listening in souls' ecstasy when Chaliapin, the Russian, sings;
When a Teutonic goddess kisses Latin operas with her voice.

Songs for splendid Jewesses and laughing Irish girls
Playing in harmony "Ring-around-the rosie"
In the muddy field of the class war
And going down together. (How many Christs sleep within them?)

My tribe, my race, my people,
A valiant throng, unknowing their greatness.
They sleep, sleep while the sun burns high in the skies
And they can never remember themselves.
Only I, out of the millions, scatter roses in their midst
And clear the winds for songs and silence.

## ?

Gay girls, shop girls, running to the movies
On the March night-before.
They challenge the wind to rip their laughing frailty
And mock the dark night with their raillery of joy.
Giggling, gaudy, gum-chewing, rouge-lipped
And clad in lace regalia
They whisper in the movies, sending thought-webs
Of kisses in the dark for the cinema hero
Who fades out at 10:30 when the orchestra
Blahs a blatant goodnight. . . .
Straphangers, glad with silliness,
Proud of no rips in their 95-cent silk stockings
Juggle along home. . . .
Gay girls, shop girls,
With sleepy pale lights in their night-before eyes,
With lingering patches of powder-snow on their cheeks,
These girls seriously calculate chances of winning
A fight against a 10 per cent cut in wages.

# Home

By EDW. E. ANDERSEN

MAGGIE, oh Maggie! what do you think of this? There is a sign down at one of them employment offices—on First Street—saying that there are men wanted on a railroad out west in Washington? What do you think of it, Maggie, should I go? It is work, you know; and I can't find a thing to do here at home; and I feel that you're getting tired of working out." There was anxiety in John Harris' voice as he spoke to his wife.

Margaret Harris did not answer but stood, plate and dishrag poised in mid-air, looking at her husband with a sorrowful, careworn, questioning look of surprise in her eyes.

"Don't look at me like that, Maggie," pleaded Harris.

"Why shouldn't I, John? Don't you realize what you have just said? Don't you realize what it would mean for me and the kids, for all of us, to have you go away two thousand miles to work? John how dare you harbor such a thought? And here you speak of it as though you expect me to consent to such a proposal. I won't even consider it! What if one of us should get sick or hurt? Ain't it better for all of us to be together if anything like that should happen? And as far as work is concerned: when did I ever complain because you can't find any? I know that you have looked for it hard enough. I am your wife, John, the mother of your children. I have never complained because I had to work out in order to keep house and home together. So you just keep still on that account. I have just done what I consider my duty in that matter, towards you and the children, no more. What do you want to leave for just now that things are commencing to look a little brighter? The children are going to school regularly again; work will soon open up so you can get a job at your old trade, and it won't be long before Sonny will be able to help out; he will be fourteen this coming May. Just think what that will mean, John, with you and Sonny both working—and our little home here! I can't understand how you can even think of going way out there to go to work. You'll find something here pretty soon. John, John!" Margaret buried a sob in the dishpan.

"I don't know how to start reasoning with you, Maggie. I grant that you have said a lot that's true. But, Maggie, I am a man. In me is a man's pride and that pride has been pricked. I feel like a cur living off your hard work—you working your fingers to the bone in other people's washtubs, and me loafing. I have felt that way the whole winter long. No work—and here is spring and still no work in sight. Maggie, it hurts! I also feel kind of cheap every time the children ask me for little spending money and I have none to give them. I feel that I am losing the respect of my own children because I am unable to provide and they have to go to their mother. Maggie, let me go out there and make a little money so I can come back and make the kids happy, and you happy, by buying all of you the clothes and things so badly needed—and myself happy in doing it and having earned the money that enabled me to do it. Maggie, it is my right as a father—say that I may go. Won't you, now, won't you? It will be but a couple of months and I'll be back again. By that time work may open up here. Two months is not forever. Maggie, say yes, won't you?"

Margaret nodded her assent without looking at John, tears dropping in the dishpan.

"There, there, I knew you would, Maggie! They'll send the men to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. I'll go down the first thing in the morning and get it fixed so I can go. But—it will cost two dollars employment fee."

After some meditation Margaret fished two dollars from her worn little purse.

"Thanks, Maggie, you know I wouldn't take it—only it means a job."

The next morning there was leave-taking. Maggie cried on John's shoulder as he took her in his arms to kiss her "good bye" after the children had left for school. She was late to work that morning.

Ten days later there was a letter from John telling that the job he got was no good, and that he was going to try to get another one in a big construction camp two hundred miles from where he was at present. It was a month before another one came; there was a cheerful note in it, but no money. Margaret suspected that all was not so well with John as it might be.

The summer dragged along with just an occasional letter. The sum of his writings was a terrible indictment of the filth and misery of the western construction camps, and told of his futile travels from camp to camp in order to find a bearable one; there were no good ones. Finally the letters came no more.

The little home settled down to get along without a father. Sonny went to work and his meager check helped to buy the daily provender.

One morning in early summer four years later Mrs. Harris went to Sonny's room to wake him and found his bed untouched, and a small note on the pillow: "Dear Mama, I am on my way to the harvest fields. I have worked inside of the factory so long that I feel that I am entitled to a little vacation out in the fresh air. I'll be back in the fall with lots of money for you and Katherine. Sonny."

With the note held tightly against her breast she started into the void before her, seeing visions, through the mist of her tears, of Sonny being fed to the same inscrutable monster that had swallowed her husband.

Again she was late for work. The second time in four years.

# Was Morgan Wrong?

(Continued from Page 15)

generalizations are very dangerous in the science of anthropology, and that each separate case is to be considered by itself as different from all others. Resemblances they admit, with reservation, but they throw their emphasis on the differences.

Now does not this theory of no theory sound familiar? Is it not the scientific offshoot of the pragmatic philosophy which corrodes American intellectual thought? Doesn't it remind one of the present attitude of American bourgeois (and college) economists, who have decided that there is not a law of value?

Protestantism or agnosticism in religion, liberalism in politics, philosophical anarchy in economics, and pragmatism in philosophy are the natural reactions of petty bourgeoisie, faced with the class struggle which they detest, with the Marxian theory of value which they cannot refute and dare not accept, and with the dread of any kind of cold hard logic, since their own position is illogical, and their own class is in danger of finding itself any day without a reason for existence.

Nevertheless, it is the children of the middle classes who go to school and to university in the greatest numbers, and form the human basis of both undergraduate masses and selected faculty.



ONE OF THE "WILD MEN"

Furthermore, the poor harassed instructor in social sciences, faced with desperately revolutionary theories which, probably, deep down in his heart he suspects are true, is influenced to agree with his petty bourgeois students, probably his own parents, and finds his escape in liberalism, doubt, scepticism, raised to the pitch of pragmatic philosophy. Besides this, as long as he is doubtful, sceptical, pragmatic, anti-Morgan, there is little danger that he will come into conflict with the dark forces of American Big Business, which will not for very long permit any real freedom of thought, if that freedom leads to anti-capitalistic conclusions, of an effective nature, such as are likely to make revolutionists of the students.

I do not mean in any way to imply that Boas, Goldenweiser, or Lowie are bought. That is not the way the system works. But they are professional men, immersed in the timid, doubtful faculties of American universities inhabited by cautious and fearful petty bourgeoisie. How can they escape contagion? When the road to personal progress is through doubt, good manners, and destructive attacks on dangerous doctrines, will it not automatically result that those investigators who are for some reason predisposed to see what their superiors desire to have discovered, are given preference, and take authority, and thereafter guide the next generation along the same road? We see on the horizon the advance guard of a whole army of "new school" agitators, none of whom can as yet be compared in ability to the trinity of Columbia.

### Betrayed by Their Own Sincerity

The fact that these three men are in their own way, and to the best of their belief, honest investigators, leads them to make some curious confessions, very significant confessions for us.

Thus Goldenweiser in his youth was much more vigorously anti-Morgan than he is now. For instance, we find him saying in one of his later works: "From an examination of all such tribes (as the Australian Kamilaroi)—and their number is large—one might derive the impression that the alleged universality of clan or gentile exogamy represents but another superannuated dogma, that clans and gentes, while exogamous in many instances, have in others no connection whatsoever with matrimony. This conclusion would be erroneous." And then in a note on this passage Goldenweiser says: "An attitude such as this could easily be derived from a perusal of the section on exogamy of my "Totemism, An Analytical Study" **(Journal of American Folk-Lore,** 1910). While characterized by an enthusiasm born of a successful destructive analysis, my attitude at the time suffered from the neglect of a broader historico-

geographical standpoint." (**Early Civilizations,** pages 249-250.) The relevance of this quotation will be understood immediately by the reader who pauses a moment to think that Morgan's system lays great stress on the matrimonial aspect of gentile society, and that Goldenweiser acknowledges a high degree of enthusiasm in his assault on this theory, so great an enthusiasm that he fell into an error, which he now honestly admits. Probably there is here a greater error even than that which he now recognizes. At any rate, we believe we can point out in the same book another significant error of Goldenweiser's almost ludicrous in its simplicity. Morgan, you remember, had a plan by which humanity advanced materially from bronze implements to those of iron, the use of iron marking the change from what he called the middle stage of barbarism to the upper stage of barbarism. True, Morgan laid little stress on the use of bronze, which does not even appear in his table of the stages of material culture (**Ancient Society,** Kerr, page 12), and other qualifications are given there for a people in the middle period of barbarism. But farther on in the text, Morgan several times mentions that bronze closely precedes the use of iron. Morganites in Europe, unfortunately, exaggerated this precedence, and this opens the way for the following terrific punch, delivered at "evolutionists" in general (including Morgan, of course) by Goldenweiser: "In material culture, the evolutionist, basing his conclusions upon the archaeological reconstruction of European prehistory, posited the three stages: stone, bronze, and iron. But in the only other culture area where the use of iron was known, namely, that of Negro Africa, the stage of iron followed directly upon that of stone, omitting the bronze stage." (Goldenweiser, **Early Civilization,** Knopf, page 25).

### "Anthropologically Near-Sighted"

Well, perhaps the evolutionist is wrong, and perhaps not. We shall have something to say yet about this matter of iron in Negro Africa. But one thing is certain. Goldenweiser's zeal in the destruction of the evolutionists has led him to overlook something himself, that little thing being none other than the continent of Asia, which must be called a whole congeries of culture areas, all the largest of which advanced from the use of bronze to that of iron. This just shows you what preoccupation with destructive criticisms, and pride in new theories will do to an ordinarily careful man.

To this set of self-betrayals, we must add Lowie's charmingly frank little statement from page 91 of his **Culture and Ethnology.** (On this and preceding pages he has been arguing against evolutionary doctrines):



BUILDING A CHURCH FOR "CIVILIZED" CEREMONIALS

"That certain tendencies of all but universal occurrence are characteristic of culture (such tendencies as the universal belief in an animated nature, which he has previously mentioned.—V. S.) no fair observer can deny, and it is the manifest business of ethnology to ascertain all such regularities." Lowie seems not in this case to be speaking of the mere groupings of Goldenweiser, but almost to be thinking of the stages in culture of the evolutionists, for he continues farther on (page 92): "Recently I completed an investigation of Plains Indians societies begun on the most rigorous of historical principles, with a distinct bias in favor of the unique character of cultural data. But after smiting hip and thigh the assumption that North American societies were akin to analogous institutions in Africa and elsewhere, I came face to face with the fact that after all, among the Plains Indians, as among other tribes, the tendency of age mates to flock together had formed social organizations and thus acted as a cultural determinant."

This is a very Morgan-like conclusion, of a universal factor working in all tribes of a similar material culture to form similar social organizations in them all. In this case, Lowie recognizes the fact that he was biased against any such ideas. May we not, with a fair degree of justice, suppose that he is biased in other cases in the same way, and that, because he has not recognized the bias there, his observations and judgments have been warped?

## SECTION III. THE NEW SCHOOL THEORY.

Of course, as explained above, it may be that the theory of the "American School" of anthropology is losing its definiteness. Apparently these men started out young and fresh, with intent to sweep the world, and have bit by bit learned to tone down their statements, and even, as we have seen, to make concessions and admissions of failure.

However, there is still enough content left to the

Columbia school of anthropological theory to make it worth considering. Starting out by declaring that general theories of culture are impossible and untrue, it seems to have been modified by common consent until it appears to be about like this now:

1. NEGATIVE ASPECTS.

There is no universal type of progress. Each cultural field is subject to "laws" of its own, due, it appears, to chance inventions and fortuitous borrowings from neighbors.

There is no group marriage worth mentioning.

There is no evidence of a primitive state of sexual promiscuity.

The clan or gens is not universal; when it does appear its functions differ widely.

Social organization has no connection with the degree of material culture, highly developed states and elaborate ceremonial appearing among very primitive people, while the opposite may be true of people with a much greater material development.

There is no universal progress from hunting to pastoral to agricultural life.

There is no universal progress at all, deterioration being an ever present possibility, and in some cases an actual fact.

There is little relation between progress and environment.

Race has very little to do with progress.

2. POSITIVE ASPECTS.

Every people, every tribe or village even, develops or retrogrades due to definite, usually ascertainable, local or historical conditions.

Whether through contact or parallel development, certain large areas have some similarity of tools, or social life, or general culture, and sometimes, for smaller areas, all these may be co-ordinated. Thus it is proper to speak of the Negro African field, which divides into the Kalihari Desert field, the Soudan, the southeastern grass lands, etc. The more detail is insisted upon, the narrower becomes each field, and the more subdivisions have to be introduced. Especially, every people is unique, and cannot be classed with others, though it may superficially resemble them.

The family, of parents and children, is universal, having existed from the most primitive times down to the present.

Religion is universal.

Social organization, groups larger than the children with their parents, is universal.

Private and community property are both universal even among the most primitive peoples.

Art is universal.

War is universal.

One race is as good as another, potentially.

* * *

### The Triumvirate Speak

To make clear this outline, a few quotations might be given. Thus, Lowie says:

"**A priori**, it is conceivable that an undisturbed culture might necessarily develop by what biologists call orthogenetic evolution, i. e., in a definite direction through different stages, which is indeed what is commonly known as the classical scheme of cultural evolution, of which men like Morgan are the protagonists. Now, how do the observed facts square with this theoretical possibility?

"As Prof. Boas and American ethnologists generally have maintained, many facts are quite inconsistent with the theory of unilinear evolution. That theory can be tested very simply by comparing the sequence of events in two or more areas in which independent development has taken place. For example, has technology in Africa followed the lines ascertained for ancient Europe? We know that it has not. Though unlike southern Scandinavia, the dark continent is not lacking in copper deposits, the African stone age was not superseded by a copper age, but directly by a period of iron. Similarly, I have already pointed out that the possession of the same domesticated animals does not produce the same economic utilization of them. While the Tungus ( a central Asian tribe) rides his reindeer, Siberians harness their animals to a sledge; the Chinaman will not milk his cattle, while the Zulus' diet consists largely of milk. That the particular innovation occurred at a given time and place is, of course, no less the result of definite causes than any other phenomenon of the universe. But often it seems to have been caused by an accidental complex of conditions rather than in accordance with some fixed principle." (**Primitive Culture**, McMurtrie, New York, page 81.)

Then we have Goldenweiser: "In the final analysis, what we have found is this: every local civilization is in certain respects like all civilizations, in certain others, like all primitive civilizations; then it is like the civilizations of certain very large geographical areas, continental in their sweep; it is further like the civilization of a more restricted area; and finally it is like unto itself, in certain local peculiarities, individual and unique. Can anything be said in explanation of this curious situation?" (**Early Civilization**, page 123.)

To get an idea of what Goldenweiser is thinking about, we may take the following extracts from the same book (pages 115-128):

"Five examples of early civilizations have been passed in review (Eskimo, Tlingit and Haida, Iroquois, Baganda, Arunta, and allied tribes). . . In these five primitive communities we encounter all of the aspects that characterize human civilization, including our own. Religion, art, social and political organization, industries, economic pursuits and ideals, all of these elements are represented . . it must be recognized that common humanity, not only in matters psychological but also in civilization, is revealed in all of the cases here analyzed.

"Another set of traits which claim our attention are peculiar to the five tribes insofar as they are primitive . . with the exception of the African Baganda, the local units comprised in the test tribes are small. . . . These local groups are relatively



TYPES OF BONTOC TRIBE STUDIED BY MORGAN

isolated. . . . And the result of this is that the local cultures are relatively peculiar unto themselves, much more individual and specialized than is the case later in history . . . written language is unknown.

"Further, the five groups represent characteristic folk civilizations, meaning by this that the cultural traits of each group, in the form of knowledge, attitudes and functions, are much more evenly distributed among the individual members of the group than is ever the case in modern society.

" . . . . the individual is nowhere so free from social pressure and public opinion, from the rule and custom of the group, as to figure as a conspicuous unit in civilizational growth.

" . . . . Knowledge remains unsystematized . . . . there is no science.

"There are traits in each which are not only human and primitive, but characteristic of certain wide geographic areas. Thus the tribes of America, though differing from each other in scores of cultural peculiarities, are fundamentally alike in others.

"Thus, in no one of the three test tribes (of America) is there any domestication of animals, with the exception of the dog. . . . Then there is the limitation of the power of the chief, a characteristic trait of North America.

"Then there is the cult of the guardian spirit—

" . . . . . it is typical of North American industry that in each of the major areas, some one, or at least a very small number of industries are highly developed, while others are neglected or absent. . . . the Southwest, with its basketry, pottery, weaving, architecture, and mosaic work, stands out as a conspicuous exception.

" . . . . there are still other traits which further particularize the civilizations of these tribes. In North America, the Tlingit and Haida are differentiated from the Eskimo and Iroquois by a whole series of cultural peculiarities. The potlatch, the prominence of rank in all matters social and ceremonial, three social classes—nobles, commoners and slaves—great elaboration of woodwork, and with it a distinctive art born within the wood industry, all of these traits are known to ethnologists as characteristic Northwest Coast features.

"Similarly, among the Iroquois, there is the high development of bark work, the plant patterns in embroidery, the high position in economics, society, politics and ceremonialism, and finally, the League itself."

### The Parthian Shot

Now, just to have all three of the Columbia school on record, we must quote from Franz Boas, briefly: "It (the evolutionary viewpoint, Morgan's system) seems to involve a certain correlation between industrial development and social development, and therefore a definite sequence of inventions as well as of forms of organization and belief."

Fair enough, says the evolutionist. But Boas is none of these, and proceeds to criticize at length, too great length for us to do more than to point out one objection of his. It will be recollected that Morgan used the invention of pottery to mark the change from upper savagery to lower barbarism. Well, Boas says that large areas of the world's people got quite well advanced without the use of pottery, among them these same Tlingit and Haida Northwest Coast Indians, with their nobles, commoners, and slaves. Also the South Africans (yellow peoples of the desert), Australians, Northeastern Siberians, and a few others have no pottery, though some of them, Boas thinks, are far enough advanced to have broken through the Morgan classification in which people without pottery should remain. Boas says: "Its (pottery's) presence seems to be due more to geographical location than to general cultural causes." (**Mind of Primitive Man**, chapter VII.) Neither does he think it always developed from basketry, as Morgan suggests (but does not insist upon.—V. S.)

This is enough to show the substantial agreement between the three musketeers who would make up the firing squad, at the scientific execution of our old friend Morgan. Next we must consider how well **their** theories hold water, and what effect the facts they have discovered actually have on Morgan's system.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE MAY ISSUE)

# Labor and the American Empire

By ROBERT WHITAKER

II.

ON MY desk beside me as I write this article are two labor papers. They are weeklies, of the ordinary eight-page type. Both are published in Los Angeles. One is in its nineteenth, the other in its second volume. The older paper, quite significantly, bears the title of THE CITIZEN, and for a sub-title the words, "Labor's Official Paper". The other paper is "The Southern California LABOR PRESS," the words, "LABOR PRESS" being larger, as I have written them here, and on a line by themselves. Underneath is the claim, "The paper with the Circulation." On either side of the main title, "LABOR PRESS," is a picture, to the left a steel structure, with half the girders yet uncovered, to the right a towering oil derrick, with others in the background.

Whatever circulation either or both of these papers may have, their combined circulation is very much less than the full labor strength of this city and section. They speak for "organized labor," and organized labor is but a small proportion of the total labor force in any American community. And what passes for organized labor does not by any means include all to whom the title belongs. The Communists, the Socialists, the I. W. W. are all organized here, and include considerable labor following all told, and these papers do not so much as claim to speak for them. Also the "hoboes" are organized, but can hardly claim to be included within the circulation or representation of these weeklies, except as organized labor is concerned in the general problem of the unemployed. At the most, whether official or unofficial, the two regular labor papers of Los Angeles speak, as do the labor papers everywhere in the United States, for only a portion of the working people who are the industrial army of the country.

Their limited circulation is, however, not the most important limitation which they have. The larger limitation is their attitude toward labor itself. Labor is to them incidental to the idea that the workingman is a "citizen" and an "American" before he is a labor man. The geographical is more prominent in their thinking than is the industrial. It is **where the workingman lives,** not the fact that **he is a workingman** which primarily concerns them. And as Americans, therefore, they are more interested in the American city, the American state, the American nation, and finally in the American empire than they are in the status of the working people of the world as such.

It is not so with the man of business today. He is interested in making money, and this is everywhere his dominant concern. His business may be so limited that he may concern himself very little with that which lies outside of his own community. Here in Los Angeles are business men who hardly see any other community from year's end to year's end, except as they may take a motor trip to some neighboring town or city over a Sunday or on a very brief vacation trip. Their homes are here, their stores or shops are here, and here they find the wholesalers from whom they buy, or are visited by the traveling salesmen who represent outside wholesalers. Money making for them is a much localized affair.

Beyond these are business men whose field is the state, or the nation, and in increasing numbers we have today the business men whose field is the world. These international business men it is who are working now, quite ineffectively as yet, for some kind of international understanding which will assure them of uninterrupted avenues for commerce within the larger area where they deal. Some would have America compel this peace by force. Some would have America align herself with England, and perhaps others of "the superior nations" for a "League of Nations" or a "World Court," under which the "policing of the world" can be carried on. Some want such a confederation of all nations as would be fairly reproductive in the world field of our own union of states in the national field. But in all instances the business man is interested in social organization **as a business man, and for the purpose of making it easier to make money and control it.** His empire, whatever name it may take, though it be merely the booster's boosting for his own city, or a Californian's contention against Japan, or the jingo passion for "America first," his empire is always **the empire of finance.** His geographical interests are never superior to his economic interests, but are always subordinate to them. **It is the opportunity to exploit labor more effectively which underlies all the policies of the owning class.** If the business man does not want recognition of Russia, for instance, it is because his exploiting operations are so limited that he has no sense of Russia's relation to enlarged opportunity for himself or his immediate associates. If he does want the recognition of Russia it is not that he abhors Bolshevism any the less but that he needs, in his larger field of exploitation, to come to some understanding with Bolshevism so as to keep his raw materials and his marketable goods moving. But where he sees profit there he follows, for his star of empire is neither eastward nor westward but always where the best promise of profit abides.

Up to this hour the American business man could well afford to be a nationalist, for there was abundant opportunity within the national realm or **under the movement of the national flag** to carry on his exploitation of labor. The saying that "trade follows the flag" is a reversal of the fact. It is much

more accurate to say that **"the flag follows the swag."** And **as long as the flag is strong enough to protect the swag** we can afford to be nationalists. But when the swag is gathered on a great international scale, and the force behind the flag is not strong enough to guarantee that profits will be protected, then it is time for the big business man to lead the business world in some kind of world organization which will secure him in holding and enlarging his loot. That is why the movement for world peace is strongest where international holdings are largest in America just now, and why the investing bankers, whose field of investment is international, are more inclined to world order than are the manufacturing classes who are as yet more distinctly American in their interests. Also the churches are swinging into line with the movement for world peace more emphatically where they are most under the guidance of the big men of finance. Just as American Big Business put the saloon out of the running, leaving bootlegging to provide for the rich boozer who can afford it, so Big Business in America today is going to put war out of business, if the makers of munitions and warships can be so controlled as to make the program practicable. **But this anti-war movement at the heart of it comes from no abhorrence of war but from the necessity for world peace in the interests of international exploitation.**

The American workingman is being used as the tool of this process. He is to be kept a nationalist to the point where nationalism can serve the interests of profit, and those who believe that **Uncle Sam should go it alone in providing his own international insurance by building up a militarism powerful enough to boss the whole world** are for unlimited nationalism on the part of the workingman. Those who think that some sort of alliance among the Big Fellows, that is, the Big Nations, is indispensable, are willing that the workingman shall support the League of Nations. But in either case the workingman is to be kept loyal to whatever slogans his industrial masters may accept as in the line of maintaining and increasing their exploitation of the earth.

Meanwhile we are seeing within America the operation of a process not unlike that which was carried on in the imperial city on the Tiber two thousand years ago. The workingmen of Rome as the owning class of that robber city spread their nets all over the Mediterranean world, were made allies in this exploitation, to the extent of being given "bread and circuses" as long as they consented to the program. Their masters said, in substance, "Be good, and lend a hand while we loot the world, and you shall have the odds and ends of our pickings." When they were not "good," the workingmen of Rome were thrown to the lions in the arena or crucified by thousands at a time.

The United States today is the supreme "robber city" of the world. The loot of the nations is coming here, as it never came to any nation in the whole experience of man. So we are shutting our gates against the foreigners, **that our favored class of workers may not grow too large for the "petting" that is theirs.** Bread and circuses are being given to us beyond anything of which the Romans dreamed. Movies, radios, Ford cars, newspaper sensationalism, all these are depended upon to keep our workingmen content while they are being used to pile up a surplus with which the American plunderbund can enslave the labor of the world. Why bring the workers of Europe here when we can put a whole nation into bondage by a Dawes plan? Is it not far better to lend money to the masters of France, and let them work their slaves at home for the tribute which Wall Street exacts wherever its lendings go than it is to have the Frenchmen here? And will not the American workingman be glad enough to sit on the back of the world, if only his own master class will give him the chance to act as slave driver at a fair return?

All the indications are that he will, if the program can be carried on. But whether it can be continued so that the slave-drivers, willing enough to sell themselves out to the slave-owners, shall be kept comfortable and secure in their ascendancy, is another matter. Concerning this I may have something further to say.


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# The Crime Situation in the U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 8)

in juvenile crime. They prepare the soil, but they do not provide the seed.

The seed of juvenile criminality is to be found in the capitalistic propaganda of our school system. The master controls the state, and, through the state, the school, and he uses the school, as he uses all the connective institutions of society, papers, churches, courts and saloons, incidentally to fulfil their primary task but primarily to uphold his economic rule.

### Training Thieves By "Higher Learning"

In the schools, he causes to be taught the poker morality and that distorted form of pragmatism which William James called the "worship of the bitch-goddess success," and which is fast becoming the national philosophy of the United States. The youth of the land is thus consciously trained to respect the possession of money regardless of the source of that money.

Of all the periods of human life, boyhood is the most individualistic. The boy lacks the restraint which the adult derives from his contact with the material side of life. The most delicate part of the training of boys is to create in them a social view of life without repressing their instinctive desires by methods so harsh that those desires will flare up dangerously in later life on account of that very repression.

The boy is self-centered, he is not especially mindful of the welfare of others, and to that boy the school teaches belated individualism entirely out of harmony with the realities of economic life. In its clumsily stupid way, the master class teaches him a false class morality with the purpose of defending the institution of private property and when the boy goes to the logical extreme of such a teaching and, incidentally, begins to take liberties with the private property of the master class, the latter wonders at the unexpected results of a training which it has itself devised and planned.

### Subtlety of Crime Trade

In a general way, the development of modern commercialism has been responsible for a great increase in the number of crimes based on violations of trust and the inordinate desire for rapid gain. Crime has become more subtle and refined and the temptations of occupation have increased. It is in connection with these features that we come upon the third special characteristic of American criminality, viz.: the prevalence of simulated or faked crime. Crime in Europe is generally an outside job. It is a frontal attack upon the existing property system, often childish in plan and execution but open and bold. In America, on the contrary, the inside job tends to prevail.

The American detective, when given a case, looks immediately towards the insiders, the European detective looks on the outside.

Nearly all the thefts of goods in course of transportation which, by the way, cost the shippers and carriers an average of five hundred million dollars a year, are inside jobs. For robberies of goods from railroad trains, the migratory worker is generally blamed, but the railroad detective, assuming that he be honest, prefers to look for the guilty parties amongst the members of the train crew.

Many a paymaster who is held up by a gang of footpads, had the whole performance rehearsed beforehand under his own direction.

In the inside job, the robbery is generally conceived by an employe who takes advantage of his position. There are even instances where the robbed party himself takes part in the robbery, as in the case of over-insured automobiles stolen by thieves working in collusion with the owners, the thief selling the car for what he can get and the owner receiving the exaggerated price put on the car from the insurance company. This form of automobile stealing constitutes no small proportion of the total number of automobile thefts.

### Where The Cops Fit In

From the inside job there is only one small step, and a logical one, to the element of police complicity in crime which constitutes the fourth distinctive character of American criminality.

Many bourgeois writers on criminology claim that the police and the judges are too lenient with crime but hardly any of them take the trouble to investigate the cause of such a leniency. Historically and theoretically the police are supposed to prevent and to repress crime. This however is mere theory. As the class consciousness of the industrial proletariat grows, the master class finds itself more distinctly threatened in its privileges and entrusts the police with the task of restraining the socially discordant elements.

Ten years ago, a policeman took the trouble to pick a quarrel or to dig up some flimsy pretext before hitting a striker; today these formalities are dispensed with, he hits him at once because he is a striker and as such in revolt against the economic system which the police are there to protect.

In ancient Carthage, the ruling class understood the power of the police arm and it manned the police force with its own sons. Under the wage system, the capitalist hires one gang of wage workers to suppress the protests of another gang.

The man who hires out as a policeman, does not do so by conviction or through a feeling of admiration for the beauties of the capitalistic system. He joins the force because it is the line of least resistance according to his way of thinking. He knows the nature of the work in store for him, he knows that the conscious worker despises him but he thinks that it is an easy living and that, occasionally, he may be able to start some side line job on his own

account and to avert suspicion by draping himself in the supposed dignity of his office since there is kept alive by capitalistic necessity the fiction that the police, like Caesar's wife, must never be suspected. For, through the very nature of their function, police are the most powerfully organized body of civil employees in the country.

In time of strike the police are supposed to recruit both strikebreakers and private detectives for the protection of capitalistic property. This they can not do unless they have those individuals ready at hand and they cannot have them at their command unless they supply them with means of livelihood when they are not wanted in action. Here we have the first elements of collusion between the police and the criminal population. The police guarantee immunity and in return share in the loot. Instead of harrying the criminal, the police have come to terms with him.

Under such conditions increase of police forces can have no checking influence upon the spread of crime.

### "Getting Away With It"

It is interesting to trace the economic foundation of certain so-called reforms from this angle. Organized crime protected by police collusion cost one life insurance company in one year $724,000. Having been compelled to pay that amount in 1923, the Metropolitan investigated. It found that only one criminal for every 146 crimes paid the death penalty. Of those crimes, thirty-two were held justifiable. For the 114 cases left, there were only 69 indictments. Over one-third of the assailants were never arrested. The 69 indictments led to 11 no-trial cases and 58 trials. The latter resulted in 16 acquittals and forty-two convictions. Of the 42 convicted persons, 35 went to the penitentiary and the balance got out through an appeal. So that, in the last analysis, 35 murderers out of 146 are actually punished. No wonder then that, in the country as a whole, there are admitted to be 135,000 criminals at large.

### Radical Opposition

The master class knows that it is liable to want them at any time although occasionally some particular interest, hit to the extent of the Metropolitan Insurance Company, may suggest that state police would be just as efficient against strikers and perhaps a little more efficient against murderers.

In summing up this inquiry into the nature and causes of crime in the United States under the capitalistic system, I want to emphasize first of all the social origin of crime. It is the worst defect in society, openly abnormal or unsocial. The criminal is both ignorant and a coward. His ignorance along economic and social lines leads him to react as an individual where he should react with his class. He thus becomes a deliberate enemy to the welfare of the workers because he openly attacks the fundamental principle of social life. He is non-social and, hence, an enemy to socialization. He destroys the person with whom he should co-operate, takes without giving and tries to live off the toil of others like the master class which he imitates.

Our educational system has, so far, had no influence on criminality. We have not outgrown the old idea of education which held for its purpose the elevation of one class above another. We have only modified it to suit present day industrial conditions. We still have a type of education which prepares a man for a life without work while the education of the mass is entirely limited by the desire for efficiency under conditions of capitalistic management.

College men provide as many criminals as their less educated fellow citizens. Lawyers lead all college men in the number of prison records. Educated men, as a rule, serve only one term. Uneducated men go back repeatedly. Usually college men keep out of prison till the age of forty. This situation is very easily explained. At that age they begin to realize that their subservience to the master class has not given them any kind of economic security and they take a long chance to protect their impending old age.

### Educated Religious Criminals

Ninety-eight per cent of all educated criminals are church members.

The social origin of crime is further proved by a classification in the crime world which follows exactly the division of society in classes along economic lines.

The underworld of crime has its own upper, middle and lower class. It also knows the value of organization. To the expert criminal the fellow who works single-handed looks a good deal like a small business man to a Wobbly. He is a would-be and has not a ghost of a chance to get away with it. The experienced criminal is organized, retains his lawyer by the year, just as a corporation, and has a respectable standing with the police and the politicians.

The crime situation forcibly reminds us of the startling conclusion with which the French novelist Zola winds up his great work "Nana". Capitalistic society is a dungheap, it is in a state of putrefaction, but out of this rottenness springs forth the disease-carrying fly with the golden body and the iridescent wings. In its flutterings it is just as liable to alight in the hovel of the slave as in the mansion of the master.

Whatever be the motive behind the criminal, the incidence of crime upon the master class is a good deal of a retribution for those who benefit by our social system.

# Drifting to Peonage in California

By CALIFORNIA PUBLICITY MAN

**"THE LAND QUESTION MEANS HUNGER, THIRST, NAKEDNESS, NOTICE TO QUIT, LABOR SPENT IN VAIN, THE TOIL OF YEARS SEIZED UPON, THE BREAKING UP OF HOMES; THE MISERY, SICKNESS, DEATHS OF PARENTS, CHILDREN, WIVES; THE DESPAIR AND WILDNESS WHICH SPRING UP IN THE HEARTS OF THE POOR, WHEN LEGAL FORCE, LIKE A SHARP HARROW, GOES OVER THE MOST SENSITIVE AND VITAL RIGHTS OF MANKIND. ALL THIS IS CONTAINED IN THE LAND QUESTION."**

**—Cardinal Manning.**

IN THE above quotation we have an epitome of the struggles and toil, privation and misery endured by the "sons of the soil." The devout prelate understood the position of the farmers in present day society. But even he did not understand the full significance of the tragedy of a farmer's life.

**In California, one of the richest, if not the richest state in the Union, we see the glaring injustice of our economic system in relation to those who fill the bread basket of the world. We boast of the wealth of the Golden State. We send out literature portraying the wonderful opportunities afforded all persons who wish to become farmers in the rich agricultural belts of California. But we only paint one side of the picture, and like the "Vision of Mirza" in Joseph Addison's beautiful allegory, we leave the terrible side in darkness.**

The Sacramento Valley is indeed rich. Its soil is fecund, its climate suitable to agriculture and horticulture. One would think that anybody fortunate enough to own land in this enchanted valley could not help becoming wealthy. And indeed, wealth in abundance is produced in Sacramento county. Los Angeles alone, of all the counties in California, leads her in the production of wealth. And yet—

### The Ghost at the Feast

There is a spectre that haunts the farmers of this wonderful valley. Scarcely any one of them is free from the dread menace of losing his farm. No matter how long they have lived on their farms; no matter how many improvements they have put on the place; if they cannot meet the payments on the mortgage they are forced to relinquish the homestead, and depart to become wanderers. A mortgage is an ever-present spectre, haunting the lives of the men who have made "Superior California" what it is.

### A Few Statistics

It has been said that statistics are dry reading, and yet they are sometimes necessary to make clear our position. We will be as brief as possible.

The United States Census Report for 1920 states that California is the fourth state in the amount of farm mortgages. This is accounted for by the fact of so many persons falling into the snare of unscrupulous land sharks. The poor, unwary farmers of the Middle West read the luring advertising, telling of the wonderful opportunities in the Golden State, and come to California, here to become serfs of the soil. The report shows that 50.4 per cent of the farms operated by owners in California are mortgaged and that the average mortgage is in excess of thirty per cent of the total value of the property. It also states that 35.6 per cent of the farms of California are operated by tenants. This makes a total of 86 per cent of the farms in California that are encumbered or rented. **In other words only 14 per cent of the farms are free of debt. This in the richest state in the Union.**

**In Sacramento county the percentage of mortgaged farms is larger than in the state as a whole. The report shows that in 1910 forty per cent of the farms in Sacramento county were mortgaged. In 1920 the amount of mortgages had increased to 54.1 per cent, while the number of tenants had grown from 21 per cent to 35.3 per cent. In ten years the number of mortgages had increased 14.1 per cent and the number of renters had increased 14.2 per cent. And this in a decade of great national and state prosperity. Despite the European war the amount of mortgages has rapidly increased. This report does not include chattel mortgages or mortgages on personal property, but only real estate mortgages. We find, according to the report, that less than 11 per cent of the farmers in Sacramento county own their own land. This is a strong indictment of our economic system, when only ten per cent of our farmers, who have toiled early and late, can call themselves independent. There must be something wrong.**

The enemies of the Industrial Workers of the World are fond of saying that if the I. W. W. ever assumed control of industry they would immediately expropriate the farmer. This is ridiculous. The farmers are now expropriated by bankers holding mortgages on the land.

### Whither Are We Going?

The number of mortgaged farms is rapidly increasing in California. In Sacramento county the number is increasing faster than elsewhere. It is

not the fault of the farmers. They are not indolent or shiftless as a class. They are industrious and hard-working. Yet, we find that they are unable to make ends meet. Every day we read of farmers in the rich valley being dispossessed because they cannot pay their taxes. The situation is serious. The farmers are not to blame. And surely the I. W. W. is not to blame for this situation. Even the editor of the Sacramento Bee would hardly dare to lay the blame on the I. W. W. Long before the I. W. W. came into existence the farmers were faced with the problem of economic insecurity. We must look elsewhere to find the cause.

### The Workers and the Drones

To anyone who has studied economics the cause is easily found. There are two classes in society, the working class and the shirking class. The farmers and wage workers produce the wealth, and the shirkers steal it. This is plain language, but it is meant to be plain. The master class produce no wealth. They add nothing to the value of any commodity produced. The workers—including the farmers—produce all wealth. This is proven by the fact that when the workers take their hands from the wheels of industry, wealth production ceases. If the workers do not produce all wealth, how else is it produced? The wish of a capitalist can not produce wealth. If it could we would have no need for workers. **But the capitalists have stolen the industries from the workers, and arrogate unto themselves four-fifths of the wealth produced.** These are government statistics, and cannot be denied.

### The Tragedy of It All

Here in California, as in all lands, and in all ages, we find that those who love truth are vilified and persecuted. Because some know the solution to the problems that confront society they are persecuted, imprisoned, mobbed. Eighty-eight men are in the "Twin Hells" because they desired social redemption rather than individual gain. Maurice Hewlett in "Open Country" pays a glowing tribute to the restless souls of all ages that aptly describes the men in San Quentin and Folsom who went singing to prison in behalf of Labor:

### The Way of the World

"It is doubtless necessary that there should be frequent crucifixions. It seems to be the way of the world. A man to whom the truth is blazed as clear as noon goes into the streets filled to the lips with his revelation. Smug citizens avoid him, put up their shutters, and lock their doors; dogs bark at his heels; the ribald gather, one throws a stone.

"Then comes the storm upon him in which he falls, battered, bleeding, with glazed eyes. There's an end to the blasphemer who dared to question established order, who says that use and wont are not sacred at all, but hoary in iniquity.

"Having slain him, they learn that he was a god, and his revelation a law of nature. Up goes a statue, and his words are read as gospel. That's how we get on in this quaint world, climbing to the stars on the heaped bodies of our heroes and sages."

How true are the words of this earnest writer. It has been the same throughout the ages and will continue until we have learned the great lesson of working class solidarity. It seems as if we must learn by persecution, misery, poverty and exploitation. No other way has yet been shown us whereby we can emancipate ourselves. The road to liberty goes through the prison gate.

### The Prison

**"And I looked again, and I saw in the jail those deliverers who in each age have saved the world from itself and set it free, and gyves were on their wrists and ankles.**

**"Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison.**

**"And I saw within the jail them that gave liberty to the slave, and them that unbounded the mind of man, and them that led onward to Freedom and Justice and Love.**

**"Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison."**

Back of the terrible persecution of Union men in California is the same group of pirates who have enslaved the farmers of Sacramento county. The cause of the men in prison and awaiting trial under the Criminal Syndicalism law, is your cause. Their fight is also yours.

For information write to the California Branch of the General Defense Committee, 226 Russ Building, San Francisco, California.

## Announcement

**The MAY DAY NUMBER**

**Of**

**INDUSTRIAL PIONEER,**

true to the traditions of international revolutionary labor, is going to be the greatest issue we have ever published. Among the special features contributed by the best writers, artists and poets of our movement, a number of excellent book reviews will appear.

RALPH CHAPLIN, poet, artist, writer and lecturer, will review Upton Sinclair's great new book, "Mammonart."

J. A. MacDONALD, author of our latest I.W.W. book, "Unemployment and the Machine," is going to tell us what he thinks about a United Press correspondent's volume called "The Re-Forging of Russia."

ROBERT GRAYSON has promised several reviews including, "The Causes of Industrial Unrest," by John Fitch; "Spring Thunder and Other Poems," by Mark Van Doren; "Straws and Prayerbooks," by James Branch Cabell, author of "Jurgen"; and the greatest war story since Barbusse's "Under Fire"—"The Ninth of November," by Bernhard Kellermann.

EX-SENATOR R. F. PETTIGREW of South Dakota, author of "Imperial Washington," has written me indicting what he sees as the tactical blunders of the I. W. W., and he offers suggestions by which he believes we could more successfully advance.

In the May Day Industrial Pioneer his article will be run and my reply to it. This discussion should repay the reader's earnest attention.—EDITOR.

# United States Steel

(Continued from Page 5)



BROADWAY ENTRANCE TO THE GARY WALLED STEEL PLANT. (1) General Administration Building. Arrow Points To The Guard House

Wall Street were tied to the merger. Seventy per cent of the iron and steel industry passed under the control of the new corporation at once, with scores of banks, railroads and other corporate enterprises. Later the power was strengthened by assimilating the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, which had iron ore holdings in the Virginia district.

**The Gary Dream Takes Form**

This greatest combine in history was capable of gigantic moves, and a glance at the map presented with this article reveals the economic reasons for the greatest constructive undertaking United States Steel ever assumed. We now look to Gary. Not the man, but the city named for him.

Not quite nineteen years ago the site on which the city now stands was a swamp and sand dune waste. The new corporation made a careful survey, weighed every consideration, and decided to assemble there on the south shore of Lake Michigan the world's largest steel plant. This and more. A city was laid out and built. A better situation could not have been chosen. William H. Moore's reasons for the choice are to the point. He said of the site:

"It had the added advantage of the focus supply of the corporation's system of subsidiary mills manufacturing sheet steel, tinplate, bridge and structural iron, wire and wire products in a continuous chain of twenty plants in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin."

Gary is centrally located in the region whose natural resources and manufactures are indispensable to steel making. It is near the Virginia coke ovens, the Illinois coal mines, the limestone of Michigan and the iron ore of the Lakes region. Chicago is only twenty-five miles away and this metropolis uses a great amount of structural steel. Railroad shipping costs were better by reason of the hub position in the country's industrial wheel. Ore steamers could be unloaded right into the docks on the grounds where the red furnace tongues now hungrily lick the sky.

How many thousands of travelers have been fascinated as their trains sped through the dark past the steel mills' glare, the streaming, sulphurous light across the night's black dome. Some of these who peer through railroad coach windows long to go nearer this magical aurora borealis of modern industry. So I dropped off a New York Central train at Gary not many days ago for the purpose of going into the steel mills.

**Getting Into the Mills**

It isn't easy to get in. Guards watch at the entrances to the walled barony that strategically fronts the lake for seven miles. You are supposed to look for a pass in the office. This might be granted, and it might not. Without the pass you somehow mingle with the crowds pouring into the Broadway entrance, pass the uniformed policemen on each side, go through the time-clock sheds. In this manner I found myself safely inside the immense domain where the slaves of 43 nationalities and races—about 30,000 in number—are busily creating in sweated toil, pain, and death—for they are "bumped off" at a fearful rate—the sinews of power for the earth's largest known combination of management and capital.

**Racial Slave Compound**

Race hatreds outside may go to extremes. Within the walls of Illinois Steel prejudices are cunningly permitted to act as a spur to greater productivity, but dissension threatening to interfere with it is



MOUNTAINS OF ORE AT BLAST FURNACES



POURING STEEL FROM THE PLATFORM

not tolerated. There you will find the native whites and blacks from both the North and South straining themselves in interdependent tasks beside Lithuanians, Italians, Poles, Armenians, Greeks, Russians, Hungarians, Swedes and all the rest. There is welded together in social effort a racial compound upon whose bowed back marches the empire of steel to world domination.

### The Greatness of Illinois Steel

Limits of space and my own lack of technical knowledge of steel making prevent me from setting down more than an impressionist view of the Gary plant. Through the vast stretches of this arena one walks hour after hour in yards and mills and past the open hearths. To east and west an endless pile of murky structures. Machine shops, electrical power plants, blast furnaces, coke ovens, and the mills—rail mills, merchant mills, axle mills; then sheet and tinplate plants, structural steel works, pumping stations, car foundries, and the concrete ore docks.

Gouging far into the land a harbor was set. Labor's great hands rudely lifted up the lazy, easy-going Calumet river, skillfully placing it in a new bed. Half a dozen ore steamers can be accommodated simultaneously in the turning basin. These steamers ply between the Lake Superior iron mine ports, through the Sault Ste. Marie canal, and Gary. In a couple of hours they take on their 12,000-ton cargoes of iron ore in Duluth. At the Gary port I watched Hulett unloaders scoop into the holds like giant hands, picking up 15 tons at each grasp. In a few hours an ore steamer is emptied and started on the return trip for another load.

Illinois Steel is a big outfit. That's what you keep thinking as you hike along with far-off stacks dim in the gray distance, while you never seem to find the end. It must be a dangerous place, too, you think, because there are countless red signs posted warning not to come too near; to look out. Across one of these signs a worker had scrawled this improvement on the original legend: "Keep head in, cars cut it off dam queek." Cranes and cars operated everywhere inside the mills and yards. Cranemen direct mechanical arms that pick up and put down twelve, fifteen, twenty tons of rails, pigs, rods, or ingots. Sometimes chains are wrapped around the loads, at other points big, round, flat electric magnets do the job.

Standing back a short distance from the rail mill you see a pitch black aperture. Suddenly a white-hot snake darts out of the dark and lies still. A signal whistle toots and, with a hissing sound, the writhing snake vanishes. Going closer you see rails being drawn and straightened. At another point converters are being filled before the furnaces with liquid metal. The big jib crane runs along to this inferno, its three hooks are fastened to the great "pot" by a man, and up goes the converter.

### Falling Into the Steel

Then you see the molten metal poured from these huge vessels into cylindrical containers that are loaded on special trains. When these are stripped the ingots are solid. From above carbon monoxide rises sickeningly. It is fatal to breathe it for more than fifteen minutes. A minute or two of the "gas" and you're dizzy. In the old days, when speeding was rather a new thing, the foreign work-

ers, unused to American industry, often found ...aves in the lakes of liquid steel below. When one ... in there was no need for a funeral. It was like ...drop of water on a red-hot flatiron, an instantaneous annihilating sizzle. This became so common that a priest protested and demanded to be given the steel to bury "in consecrated ground."

There is an intricate system of railroading with trains, ingot-buggies, low cars for pigs, gondolas—drawn by electric and steam locomotives. Paved roads traverse the plant, and many motor trucks whiz by. In the sheet steel mill I watched hydraulic shears cut the flat metal into various lengths. In one of the merchant mills, where the noise is deafening, a white worker observed my attention as he and a negro stacked angle bars after they had been cut. Putting his mouth to my ear he shouted, "By the time the shift's over, you can't tell me from the other nigger."

### The Eight-Hour Day

Most of the employees are on an eight-hour basis. Some of the laborers put in ten hours. When business is very good, various departments run twelve hours, the hours over eight receiving straight-time rates. A productive basis in one of the mills—which means paying a bonus for production above a given minimum—is in force. From a few cents to a few dollars a day over the flat day-work rate can be made in most cases. But there are flagrant examples of fraud in this bonus business. One worker told me he had made seven cents a month "extra" for the last three months. The bonus can be arranged to reduce the day-work rates. In one department where the rate is $4.28 a shift they fix it like this: should even one day of the semi-monthly pay be worked on a productive (tonnage) basis, the entire pay is rated by tons and manipulated so that wages fall below the minimum.

More or less construction work progresses in the plant at all times, and I saw a small army of shovel stiffs boldly silhouetted against the northern horizon. They were filling in an immense depression near the lake. At other points gandy-dancers were fixing the tracks. My exit was made near the Y. M. C. A. Cafeteria and the Corporation Hospital. Here the wall ends, but brass buttons in the sentry box gives everyone a good "looking over." Passing this sentinel the road drops down and curves back to town. An electric trolley runs over this thoroughfare to the tinplate mill. After a short walk a gate is passed through over which runs the legend that it is private property belonging to the Gary Land Company, and no trespassing is allowed.

### Social Welfare

The homes at this end of town are clean places, the display kind, but they are depressingly monotonous in good Portland concrete. You see, the steel kings started the world's largest cement plant at Gary's edge, Buffington, and they boost the product. The 144 miles of sidewalk are made uniformly of concrete, too. It is at other points of this city that the low-paid slaves exist and there are five social welfare houses doing a thriving business trying to keep a lot of them from starving to death.

Gary has a fairly good library with very obliging clerks. The structure was donated by Carnegie, the land by Judge Gary, and the city meets the upkeep. In this building is collected, quite naturally, a large amount of data about the city, the mills and the history of steel. In the Gary Chamber of Commerce survey—so worded as to attract outside capital to the city—much information has been put down by these earnest Babbitts. Therefrom I learned that the mills make their own coke; that the smoke that used to go to the four winds and that settled on Monday morning clothes-lines is cleaned and used to make electricity, so that it runs the mills and supplies all electric power and lights for the city; that two trunk-line railroads were picked up over a distance of ten miles and laid out of the way to build the Illinois Steel plant; and that 90 per cent of the slaves in Gary are males, and employed in the mills. The Chamber of Commerce says that the male slaves make 44 cents an hour. the female 25 cents. It says this, too: "With the exception of the building trades, practically every establishment in Gary operates under the American plan." Cheerio!

Then it gives the scale per hour for building workers in the city—lathers, plumbers, sheet metal workers, and structural iron workers, $1.50; plasterers, $1.37½; electricians, carpenters, painters and roofers, $1.25; hod carriers one dollar, and unskilled laborers 87½ cents.

Note the last element, please. Eighty-seven and one-half cents an hour for ORGANIZED unskilled laborers—44 cents an hour for the UNorganized unskilled laborers in the steel mills. There is but one difference in the two groups—those on building construction have organized their economic power, but the mill slaves still toil without unionism for half the wage.

### The Wave of Blacks

Sixteen per cent of the population of Gary is colored, or 12,700 negroes, who are but a small part of the black horde sweeping northward from the vicious sport of Southern whites—lynching. Desperately they fled. Here, then, was material to use against white steel slaves, and in 1919 they were used to break the strike. I was unable to learn how many more blacks came to Gary in the last two years, but observant workers said the number is very large. One thousand Mexicans are in the city, but other plants in the many industrial enterprises near Gary employ a larger number than Illinois Steel. With Negroes present the steel masters feel that they have a force to smash possible strikes. The black men are anxious to get settled in a new territory, and they are accustomed to a lower living standard. They are more tractable than whites, and race hatred may be engendered to cause them to fight their white fellow workers in case of strike or



PENNSYLVANIA STATE COSSACKS DOING THEIR STUFF IN THE 1919 STEEL STRIKE

action leading up to a strike. This is Mr. Gary's strategy today. The native white population in the city is only 23,400, or 30 per cent of the whole. Native whites and blacks constitute less than half of the total population, according to a census secured in December, 1924, and published for the first time in Industrial Solidarity as 78,400. With 65 churches in Gary, foreign language schools as well as the vaunted platoon brand, whites and blacks, 43 nationalities, skilled American beneficiaries in the working class getting good wages in the mills, the various employers' associations and the K. K. K. auxiliary, a complicated situation appears when we plan organization. Yet heroic attempts have been made by the different racial groups acting together to free themselves from their misery.

### The Great Steel Strike

The 1919 strike was broken, but it had a far-reaching effect for improvement. United States Steel would not capitulate to a defeated rebellion, but afraid of a repetition it sought to bring about the eight-hour shifts, "gracefully," to save its face. In Gary, at least, eight-hour weekly alternating shifts are worked by the majority. An advance has been made. But the purchasing power of wages is less now in the steel industry than it was in 1907, while the work has been speeded up to five times the rate obtaining at that time. The evil effects of this violence are most apparent in the hot metal departments. That would be the logical place to start a drive for industrial unionism.

The first demand of the 1919 conflict that involved 365,600 steel strikers was for the right to bargain collectively. That is still denied, and, of course, the other demands for a union check-off system and seniority principles were refused. The eight-hour day is not universal and is not recognized on union principle because Gary runs on the American Plan, as do all mills of the corporation. Demand Number 6 was for an "Increase in wages sufficient to guarantee American standard of living." This is still denied the vast majority of the slaves. Number 8 called for double rates of pay for all overtime above eight hours, for holiday and Sunday work. No such rates prevail.

Need for unionism is more urgent now than it was in 1919 because the speed has been accelerated and the living standards lowered. That this organization must be on the I. W. W. plan of industrial action should be made clear to all workers. The steel barons are not organized by craft union counterparts. They have organized in One Big Union. Steel workers do not work in independent, isolated trades, but are interdependently active in the processes of industrialized manufacture. There is no other kind of unionism than the industrial form that is worth a tinker's damn to them. No matter what the race or nation or color or sex (a small number of women are employed there) hardships and excessive exploitation are the common experiences. The I. W. W. form of organization takes all the workers of the industry into one big industrial union without regard to language, race, sex, or creed.

During the steel strike a certain priest, who was more of a working class rebel than he was a clergyman, said, as he fought for the strikers: "The A. F. of L. doesn't belong here. The I. W. W. should come in." An industrial organization campaign can bring the steel workers together. In the last strike

they fought bravely, suffering untold hardships, but when the hordes of pinks, stools and thugs, the militia and state cossacks, and General Wood's regular assassins failed to beat them back to the mills, craft union officialdom's treacherous power rallied to the masters' need and the strike was smashed.

### Fighting Homeguards

No finer spectacle of working class solidarity was ever flung across the vivid stage of class warfare than that of the steel slave hosts risen from despair's smouldering ashes, flaming in rebellion, and holding their ranks intact from Chicago to Birmingham, Bethlehem to Pueblo. They fought against industrial autocracy. For their action they were beaten by hundreds, jailed in masses, held in high bail or without bail, and heavily fined. Twenty of them died at the hands of the steel corporation's hirelings. But they held out. State cossacks spurred their black mounts over the "Hunky" doorsills; working class wives and mothers were outraged. Still they stood up for their convictions.

Coming from backward agricultural districts of Europe, most of these workers were not prepared to bear the exactions of modern industry. But they believed the American myth, and this faith did not die until they had been crushed to lowest depths, spat upon by their "betters," completely enslaved. Then they rose up. The spirit of these homeguards is an inspiration to proletarian solidarity.

The long history of the steel workers is one of courageous struggle against vicious oppression. Away back in 1892 Carnegie cut wages to the bone, and the workers struck. Then he took a vacation to the Scottish lochs, leaving Frick to do the killing. An army of Pinkertons embarked at midnight on the Monongahela river, and steamed to Homestead. When they landed the strikers were waiting in battle formation to receive them. There in the early morning light, under the shadow of the hills dotted with their shacks, these steel rebels fought repression's hirelings to a standstill, forcing them to surrender after a bloody struggle.

Time and time again has the homeguard shown that he will fight. With wife and children faced by starvation he must fight. They fought at Cabin Creek, Coeur d'Alene, on the Mesaba Range; at Lawrence and Ludlow and Herrin. Five thousand of them mobilized against industrial serfdom in West Virginia and were met with airplane and machine gun fire.

### Time to Organize

A propitious moment for industrial union organization exists. Forward orders of the United States Steel Corporation published on March 11 showed for the month ending February 28 an increase over the previous month of 247,448 tons. The same report showed an unfilled tonnage of 5,284,771 tons. One year ago the orders were 371,870 tons less. Every workingman knows that the best time to attempt improvement of conditions, the period when there is the best chance for success, is when employing classes have orders ahead. There is a boom in the steel industry.

Whether we work in the steel industry or not it is our duty to upbuild our industrial unions, thereby preparing such powerful support as is requisite to any organizational campaign launched by the Industrial Workers of the World. Our opportunity to organize is great. Shall we seize it?

This was what I was wondering—just as we all wonder so often—when the western express thundered into Gary, and the leaping flames of the mills were left behind.

## *We Never Forget*

**THE PRISON COMFORT CLUB of Seattle is being handled through the Joint Branches of Seattle, and in order to take care of the relief for the families of the Centralia defendants who are confined it is necessary to raise $180 each month. The major portion of this amount is remitted to those who have families, or dependents who have no means of support from any other source. The remainder is remitted to those who are confined, for relief, to purchase such articles as they need for their comfort while on the inside.**

**At the present time there is being held one entertainment a month for the Prison Comfort Club by the Seattle Joint Branches, and as far as we know, all other Prison Comfort Clubs have disbanded, which means a heavy burden upon the Seattle Joint Branches.**

**This is a worthy work, and deserving of your support. Can you help the Seattle Joint Branches to raise the required sum? The assurance that their families are being cared for lightens the time of our imprisoned fellow workers, and it is no more than right that we do all we possibly can to help. Why leave it to a few?**

**Send all remittances to Chas. Humphreys, Box 365, Seattle, Wash.**

had none. Transfusion was necessary. By the slight favor of disbanding, and letting the migratory and unskilled workers go to hell, we were to pry our way into the fakiration, infiltrating it with revolutionary spirit. England was held up as a classic example of organizational success without dual unionism. Great advantage to the labor movement was alleged as a result. These benefits became clearer when the yellow leaders of the tinted unions showed their hand in the Triple Alliance; and another of these boons bulked big when Ramsay MacDonald wore the princely toga as a laborite premier to do the dirty work of the yellow social (capitalist) democracy.

But this boring business has been meeting with many reverses. Comrade Dunne bored himself straight through the Portland American Federation convention—perhaps to prove the prophecy of Comrade Foster who wrote a book called, "The Revolutionary Crises in England, France, Germany and Italy". In this he said that borers are doomed to expulsion, individually or in groups, in single locals or whole district blocs. To more forcefully illustrate his argument (Resolved that we bore) he pointed to the expulsion of the powerful red minority in France from the conservative C. G. T. This minority was not much weaker, numerically, than the "orthodox" element. But out went the reds.

The Seattle Central Labor Council recently voted to throw out its communist delegates. Detroit's corresponding body expelled Comrade Reynolds, and the spirit is carried further in District No. 12, U. M. W. of A., where Duncan MacDonald was driven out on pain of lifting the charter of his local—No. 448— at Springfield, Illinois. At this time the Farrington machine is trying to bulldoze the miners there from keeping their unemployed council together. These councils are reproachfully called dual unions. But they exist merely to approximate equity of employment by miners sharing the division of time with their fellow workers.

It is folly to attempt the impossible. A great, feasible organization campaign can be carried on. The fakiration unions, appealing to skilled workers, who are in a rapidly diminishing and small minority, are not fertile fields for revolutionary activity. There is no sense in these heroics that are like trying to run against a barrage of 75 MM. guns. The I. W. W. has never been a dual union, and while there are around twenty-four million unskilled, unorganized wage slaves in this country we can not see the wisdom of entering the trade unions with no other end inevitable than that of being kicked out. Let's go after the 24,000,000. The machine process is going after the few million skilled with a vengeance.

**SOBRIETY.**—Anti-prohibition sentiment and propaganda are rushing in a strong wave across a large section of the liberal and conservative magazine world. Prohibition is variously denounced as a failure, executive and ethical, and as a brake on "personal liberty". Several remarks in this connection can be profitably ventured.

Booze as a beverage is certainly not palatable and beer quenches thirst because there is a lot of water in it. The whiskey soak gulps his shot as I would castor oil, and he makes a wry face. Other intoxicants taste almost as bad—even worse occasionally. Booze, then, must serve other satisfactions than those of taste. Drinkers are looking for the "kick"; the maggots acrawl in their brains, as London put it. That bunk about a legal renaissance of light wines and beers is a shallow mask. If drinkers don't want the tingling, aphrodisiac or soporific effects of booze, and the poison is admittedly unpalatable, why not turn to ice cream sodas or root beer?

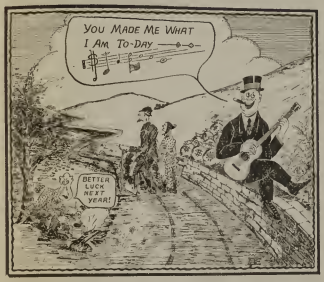
The late capitalist-world-lamented Samuel Gompers syndicated articles favoring the return of booze as a preventive of radicalism, citing Soviet Russia as an example of what happened to the tsar when vodka was outlawed. He said workers needed a solace for life's miseries. Booze, in his opinion, induced the healing anaesthesia.

Wobblies in great strikes have thought differently. They have repeatedly shown that action by industrially united, sober workers removes industrial and social wretchedness. This requires clear minds and bodies not rotted with alcohol.

In the Pacific Northwest strikes it became a tactic of battle for the Wobblies to close the moonshine joints. They have been castigated by certain asses; called stoolpigeons because of this activity. The tactic employed in speedily closing all booze dumps was the work of men belonging to a class that is more fully robbed and degraded by the existence of rum parlors. No violence accompanied the action. It was effective throughout the strike zone and it is an everlasting credit to the I. W. W.

Where were these gentry who bray personal liberty when a reluctant people were drafted en masse for organized murder and destruction in 1917? Why did they raise no voice against the brutal abrogation of liberties in **vital** matters? We did not participate in the religio-emotional movement that created prohibition in America. Our stand against booze pre-dated theirs. Revolutionary industrial unionists reaffirm and maintain the anti-booze stand of militant labor, and when the traffic gets in our way we shall not wait to pray it out of existence or to vote it out. It has no place in class warfare, and so far as we are concerned we simply put it out.

# WOBBLES




TO THE POORHOUSE

## EXACT

The Lady ventured: "Did you notice that pile of wood in the yard?"

The Tramp said: "Yes'm, I seen it."

"You should mind your grammar. You mean you 'saw' it."

"No'm. You saw me see it, but you ain't see me saw it."

## REFUTATION

"That speaker seemed to be disposed to speak kindly of you. He said you had been faithful to every trust."

"I scorn his insidious innuendoes!" shouted Senator Sorghum. "I haven't worked for a trust for years!"

## THEOLOGICAL MATHEMATICS

"What would happen if you were to break one of the ten commandments?" asked the vicar.

Willie: "Well, then there would be nine."

## PATRIOTISM

"Say, Pop, what is patriotism?"

"Patriotism, my son, is the chip you place on your shoulder and dare the other fellow to knock off."

## "BLESSED ARE THE MEEK"

Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth. . . . . But Wall Street adds: "After we get through with it."

## PRECOCIOUS

Minister: "Do you know it is wrong to swear, little boy?"

Little Boy: "Hell, yes! Don't you?"

## TOMMY WAS RIGHT

Teacher: "Children, can any of you tell me what is the most dangerous part of an automobile?"

Tommy: "Yes, miss, I can! It's the driver."

## HELP!

(From the Arbitrator)

President Coolidge is entitled to be called spiritual. More so than Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln; **and yet they were just as great as Coolidge.**

## SCISSORBILLICUS AMERICANUS

"Workin'?"

"No; wish I was."

"I'm at the mills. Hiring men every day. Better rustle them."

"Oh, I've been there."

"No luck?"

"Well, they gave me a job, but I don't like the hours."

"Yes, I know eight hours are pretty long, but we have to work them until we can get . . ."

"It isn't that," interrupted the unemployed stiff. "Why, the first thing you know the eight hours are up, and **that makes the evenings too long.**"

## FABLE

Once upon a time a Wobbly wrote on all sorts of subjects but sent nothing to our press because he said none of his stuff was as good as anything we print.

## SOME WELL-KNOWN MISTAKES

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a carpenter makes a mistake it's what he expected.

When a lawyer makes a mistake it was just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a preacher makes a mistake that's theology.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the land.

But when an editor makes a mistake—Good Night!

# Boosts for the Pioneer

SEVERAL unsigned brickbats were hurled at me during the last month or so. One of the anonymous, intrepid persons called me a vile name. Can you imagine that! It isn't nice. However, every now and then I revert to the training of early youth, and I'll return good for evil merely replying here by calling HIM a son-of-a-GUN. Other readers are of a different opinion regarding The Industrial Pioneer.

**Tom Barker** writes from New York: "The Pioneer is good of late and ought to go heavy. It certainly ought to pay its way and more on the contents, dress-up, etc. Here's luck to it and you for Industrial Freedom."

**B. A. Green,** Portland lawyer, has this to say: "Enclosed herewith find check for $1.00 for subscription to The Industrial Pioneer. This magazine is one of the best being published and I certainly do not want to miss any issues of it."

**Ed Delaney** sent the following from San Francisco: "I think the Pioneer is fine since you have had it. You have done a splendid job of editing it thus far. Assuring you of any assistance I can offer, and with best wishes, Yours for a Greater I.W.W."

**Hubert Langerock** wrote from the same city: "I have given the subject of editing The Industrial Pioneer an unusual amount of thought. In my opinion you have done extremely well."

From San Francisco **Edw. E. Andersen** delivered this boost: "I have the February issue of The Industrial Pioneer before me, and I sure think it is fine. Keep up the good work!"

**Dr. Whitaker** writes from California, "You are doing fine work."

**E. W. McIntosh,** of Hoquiam, Wash., says: "The Pioneer for March came yesterday and we must say it is excellent. As a labor magazine it stands paramount. We do not think it could possibly be improved upon.

"All articles are of a high order from an educational and literary standpoint. No, the Pioneer could not be improved upon, but the circulation ought to be larger."

One of the Centralia I. W. W., held with seven others in Walla Walla by an atrocious sentence, wrote a long letter a part of which runs: "I have read every issue of the Pioneer since it has been published, and I want to say that the February issue, to my way of thinking, was by far the best. It was sure a hummer! Those poems by Vera Moller were certainly great. Also, 'What Freedom Means to Us,' and the splendid article on the Centralia case. Mission Soup was sure a burning satire against this rotten old system. Boomer's article was fine, too. Fellow workers, you have a magazine to be proud of, so give the editor and manager your cooperation. 510 of New York is setting the pace for you all to follow. They've jumped the bundle order from 200 to 1,700, and will increase it again next month to 3,000. It is up to every fellow worker to grab a sub book and get busy. It is up to the branches to do the same. Remember that 'Knowledge is power.'

"To you unorganized, let me say that you should lose no time, but join the One Big Union Grand, for which I am always yours, **Britt Smith.**"

**Henry George Weiss** is a regular reader who lives out in the hills and it's a long hike to town to get the papers. So his letter comments on the January issue. These are a few of his remarks: "I have just read the January Industrial Pioneer from cover to cover. * * * I am going to town today to get the February number and I shall read it with great eagerness. I have been requested to bring three copies back with me for others, and all on the strength of the January number. I expect Pioneer to grow under your hands. * * * Excuse the length of this but your editing makes me feel enthusiastic. Always yours in the fight for freedom."

A fine spirit is rapidly developing to put our press on a basis of greater circulation, and this means greater educational value, which, in turn, means a greater organization. In New York City our fellow workers of M. T. W. I. U. No. 510 are doing very effective work in putting this magazine on the news stands, and reports from there show that fully half of the copies thus placed have been sold. In Chicago the radical papers on stands are paid for to the extent of about ten per cent. But what New York members are doing can be duplicated here and in other large cities if an earnest and intelligently planned campaign is launched. This must be done and it is going to be done—in Chicago and elsewhere. The start has been made and it is a good one. Let's all bend our energies to keep it up and make the press circulation what it should be.

# Get Another Sub!!

## Second Big Subscription Drive Now On!

The Joint Press Committee has started the second big circulation drive to build up the Press. The English, Finnish, Spanish, Hungarian, Czecho-Slovak and Russian units of the I. W. W. press have combined their energies to increase the circulation of all publications published by the I. W. W.

### CASH PRIZES OFFERED FOR SUBS

The present contest includes subs for all publications represented on the Joint Press Committee and any sub turned in for any of these publications counts. The Cash Prizes are liberal and anybody can win the biggest prize.

### CASH PRIZES FOR SUB AGENTS:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **75** | **Yearly Subs** | **$55.00** | **plus 10 per cent commission** |
| **50** | " " | **$35.00** | " " " " " |
| **25** | " " | **$18.00** | " " " " " |
| **15** | " " | **$10.00** | " " " " " |
| **10** | " " | **$ 8.00** | " " " " " |

## RULES GOVERNING CONTEST

**Contest opens March 15, 1925, and ends April 20, 1925. To the Sub Agent who turns in the highest number of subscriptions over 75 an additional prize of $15 will be paid.**

Only subscriptions accompanied by payment will be credited to Sub Agents. Sub Agents will not be credited with subs from books that are carried by other agents.

New subs must be turned in promptly to insure credit to Sub Agent.

Subs put in the mails on or before April 20, 1925, that do not reach this office before the closing date will be credited to Sub Agent. All subs will be counted four days after contest closes and winners notified by first mail and in publications.

One-year subs count one; six-months subs count one-half; three-months subs count one-quarter.

## SEND IN FOR YOUR SUB BOOKS AND GET BUSY

# A Voice from a Living Tomb

## Does it Mean Anything to You?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN the heroic struggle that has been waged in "Darkest California" against the forces of reaction the past six years?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN your eighty-eight fellow workers who are imprisoned in California because of their activity in YOUR organization?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that these men must be supplied with relief?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that it takes three dollars in cash each month for each one inside; besides, hundreds of dollars to supply their other little necessities from the outside?

We Never Forget!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that this relief money must come from the workers' pockets, as no one else will supply it?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that the Criminal Syndicalism law under which these men are imprisoned is still on the statute books of California?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that some of these men will be freed shortly and that unless you help now, they will be forced to enter the outside world in the dead of winter with only the five dollars which the state supplies?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that the men who are to be released this year will come out only to again face the same law which they have suffered under?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that publicity must go out to the entire civilized world and especially to California's voters until such time as the masters have ceased persecuting organized labor?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that it is up to you, who are on the outside, to see that funds are supplied with which to keep this publicity going out?

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN that these men are depending on YOU to carry on the struggle which they have been temporarily forced to forsake?

IF YOU HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN SEND IN A DONATION

TO THE **CALIFORNIA BRANCH**

**GENERAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE**

**BOX 574, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA**

# "Suppose No One Cared"

May, 1925

# The Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine

Price 20¢




MAY DAY NUMBER

# May Day

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

THE First of May . . . What does it mean to you?
Ah, let me tell you what it means to me!
It means the glory and the bravery
Of those bright souls that Hate could not subdue;
It means the tragedy, the misery
That countless hosts of labor have passed through
It means the heart to dare, the will to do;
The sacrifice of those who gladly died
That Freedom might abide
Among the scarred and bleeding ranks of toil—
If only as a vision in the heart
Of yonder serf that wrestles with the soil,
Of yonder slave that labors in the mart.

May Day . . . . it means to me
The day that tyrants quake
To hear the chains that slaves arise and shake
In every land and clime, on every sea. . . . .

O, Hunkies, Wops, America white, black,
Lift up your heads and shoulders—throw them back—
This is your Day, your Vision! March—be free!




## M(A)Y DAY!

THE CHURCH (SOLICITOUSLY), "MY GOOD BROTHER, YOU MUST STAY BOWED DOWN IN THE RUT! IT'S LABORS DUTY!"

KEPT PRESS (HYSTERICALLY), "YOU BEAST! GET DOWN! YOUR PLACE IS IN THE SHADOWS, NOT IN THE SUN!"

BIG BUSINESS TO THE ARMY AND POLICE (SAVAGELY), "WATCH HIM! IF HE DOESN'T GET DOWN, KNOCK HIM DOWN!"

# THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

Edited by JOHN A. GAHAN

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It should be understood by members and others who read this magazine, that it is the policy of the IWW to designate as OFFICIAL, any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. ANYTHING NOT SO DESIGNATED, IS NOT OFFICIAL. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals or individual, writing or editing the same.

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## Editorials

ORGANIZE ON MAY DAY—You are all so familiar with the facts related to May Day's historic significance, that there is hardly need to trace its origin. You know how ancient and medieval peoples welcomed the return of spring; how they rejoiced in the reawakening and rebirth of flora and fauna. They felt revivified by this glorious bursting into the joy of living, after long confinement in winter's prison. We share this racial heritage, this spontaneous happiness. Our gladdened spirits surge anew at vernal beauty and skies that have cleared.

But May Day has another meaning for revolutionary workers, one that is incomparably greater. This day has been chosen by them to celebrate every class aspiration, attempt, act and achievement for freedom along the bloody trail of class rule. Recorded history, it has been truly said, is one of class struggles. Its annals are those of conflict between divergent social interests. The old battle between the useful people and the drones has survived in pitiless bitterness through ages. Names of victor and victim have changed, but always has there been the spectacle of miserable workers painfully creating wealth, and ruling idlers consuming and destroying it. Master and slave, patrician and plebian, baron and bondman, lord and serf—always the same fundamental fight, the same fierce oppression and heartless exploitation of the useful many by the useless few.

Now in our matchless epoch of superlative democratic opportunity there is the employer and employee, the capitalist legalized plunderer and the outraged wage slave. These classes continue the ancient contest in a life and death struggle. They are at grips, and it so happens that machine evolution is now ready to admit of social arrangements in which there is to be no master and no slave. The workers are marching with progress. They can retard their victory, but in the end they must win the struggle.

Already they they dare to envision a dreamland of their liberation. They are learning to act together, and to think in terms of industrial organization. They have challenged the dear boss, and they have set aside a day from the time otherwise devoted to making profits for him. On this day they come together with their fellow workers. This is heresy, blasphemy, sacrilege, lese majeste, treason, rebellion and all the other horrible sins that are a joy to our hearts and a terror to bourgeois vermin thriving on the living body of the proletariat.

May Day is our day, wrested from a class that palsies with fright whenever workers get together for common cause. We meet our fellow workers in fraternity. We salute them throughout the world, and pledge labor's international solidarity. We proclaim a universal union of proletarian interests. We have no bars because of race, or color, or tongue, none because of sex or faith. We have the same interests as workers, and we have nothing in common with the capitalist class. That is the natural and scientific alignment of the modern subject class seeking its freedom. And May Day is a harbinger of this freedom. When we have educated the workers and rallied them to build up sufficient organized power we are going to take every day in the year for the workers. Every day through the swing of the seasons to establish the kind of a world that we want, a fellowship of effort and leisure. We want a world of helpfulness and understanding to heal the wounds of class oppression, and to give to humanity the art of living happily.

Today we are preparing to strike from our bodies

(Continued on page Forty)



# May Day and the Working Class

By EUGENE V. DEBS

**THE request for an article from the editor of the Industrial Pioneer for the May Day issue comes at a time when I am so fully occupied with other matters that I can hardly hope to do justice to that publication, but I must, at least, do the best I can in the way of a May Day greeting to the Industrial Pioneer.**

Before me as I write there lies a copy of the April issue of this working class publication, and I wish first of all to commend the editor and the organization it represents for the excellence of its contents. It is gotten up in most attractive form, printed on first class paper, is well illustrated pictorially, while its various departments are filled with articles of a wide scope by writers of the highest standing in the labor movement.

The Industrial Workers of the World, of which the Industrial Pioneer is an official publication, will soon have rounded twenty years of organized existence, and from beginning to end it has been a tempestuous period in the struggle of the American workers for industrial emancipation. No labor union in the entire history of the labor movement has been as shamelessly misrepresented, as relentlessly persecuted, as brutally attacked, and as savagely hunted down by the ruling class and its minions and mercenaries as the Industrial Workers of the World. During the recent international butchery when "patriotism" was the watchword on the lips of every traitor, coward and hireling, its offices were repeatedly raided, its books and other effects confiscated, its literature was destroyed, its meeting places mobbed, its workers assaulted, beaten up and jailed, and its organizers lynched and murdered in cold blood with the connivance of the public authorities and with the whole-hearted approval and applause of the bourgeois moron multitude.

But the organization still lives to celebrate May Day, 1925, and to marshal its forces for renewed attack upon the system which branded it as outlaw when itself was the criminal, the arch-criminal whose victims are to be found wherever workers toil and produce in servitude and are condemned to poverty and to die in despair.

As these lines are written the eight members of the Industrial Workers of the World serving life sentences at Walla Walla, Washington, for defending their hall at Centralia against an attack of American Legion hoodlums, cowards and cold-blooded murderers are vividly before me, and I wonder as I have wondered a thousand times before, why the American workers permit these eight honest, innocent workingmen, whose only crime was that they stood up like men in defense of the cause of labor at a time when it took heroic blood to do it—why the American movement tolerates the infinite outrage of these men rotting away in one of the vilest prison pens in the country.

Those eight I. W. W. convicts at Walla Walla are heroes in the true sense of the term, and I hail them as such at this May Day celebration, proud of their high courage and self-respect, and ashamed to be at large while they are in that foul dungeon branded as felons.

In celebrating May Day the workers would be unworthy of the day, they would be guilty of inexcusable neglect and of gross betrayal of their vaunted solidarity if they failed to remember the

class-war prisoners in Washington, in California, in Idaho, in Kansas, in Texas, in Massachusetts and other states, to proclaim their innocence, to glorify their heroism, and to demand in a commanding and determined voice their liberation.

May Day ought to be a glorious day for all the workers of the world. It is their international holiday; their day of universal rejoicing; their day of hope and inspiration.

May Day as a holiday was not granted to them by their patronizing masters as a boon for slaves to be grateful for, but it was appropriated by themselves and dedicated to themselves as the day upon which to assemble their forces, to close up their ranks, to stand erect, shoulder to shoulder, to feel the touch and thrill and throb of proletarian solidarity; to take counsel of themselves; to take an inventory of their own mental, moral and spiritual as well as their physical resources; to recognize their common identity as wage slaves; to realize their class interests, their class aspirations, their class power and their class study; to draw the line sharply between their class, the toiling and producing millions, and the class of their exploiters and oppressors, and, face front, to wage the class struggle with unceasing energy, high resolve, and unrelaxing determination until the last citadel of capitalism has been captured and the workers of the world have made themselves the rulers of the world.

To this great end the workers must educate, organize and train themselves under their own self imposed discipline; they must, in a word, fit themselves for industrial mastery and for the fulfillment of their historic mission which means nothing less than the emancipation of the human race from ignorance, superstition and every form of servility and servitude.

May Day is the day for the proclamation of our clearest thoughts, our highest resolves, and our noblest aspirations.

Solidarity must ever be the battle cry of the workers in the face of all that is done by the ruling powers and their henchmen to prevent it.

The legislatures, the courts, the colleges, the newspapers, the churches: all the organized social forces and all the powers of government, aided and abetted by cowardly and treacherous labor leaders, so-called, are pitted in combination against the rising revolutionary movement of the working class in every capitalist nation on earth. But in spite of all this the movement is progressing steadily ,increasing daily in numbers and in power, cultivating its capacity to think and act for itself, its self-respect and self-reliance, and marching bravely toward its goal.

Everything depends upon the thoroughgoing organization of the workers along industrial, political and co-operative lines, on the basis of the class struggle, and upon waging this struggle with increasing intelligence, intensity and determination through all the passing days and years.

There are numberless battles to be fought and many of them will be fierce enough to test us all in every fibre, but fortunately the movement we are fighting in and for is out of the depths, with the forces of evolution and revolution, of which it was born, sustaining it and pledged to its ultimate triumph, and though we may lose ten thousand battles we shall finally win the war for the liberation of the race.

# Farewell!

By RICARDO FLORES MAGON

Written just before his death in the Federal Prison, Leavenworth, Kansas. Translated from the Spanish.

We cannot break our chains with weak desire,
With whines and supplicating cries.
'Tis not by crawling meekly in the mire
The free-winged eagle learns to mount the skies.

The gladiator, victor in the fight,
On whom the hard contested laurels fall,
Goes not into the arena pale with fright
But steps forth fearlessly defying all.

Oh Victory! Oh Victory, dear and fair,
Thou crownest him who does his best,
Who, perishing, still unafraid to bear,
Goes down to dust, thy image in his breast.

Farewell; Oh, comrades, I scorn life as a slave!
I begged no tyrant for my life, though sweet it was,
Though chained I go unconquered to my grave,
Dying for my own birth-right—and the world's.



ROTTING IN DEATH ON THE BATTLEFIELD TO MAKE EMPIRES SAFE

# The Coming War Against Asia

BY

AGNES SMEDLEY

The writer of this important critique of world imperialist policies is in Germany from which vantage point in the industro-militarist arena she is able to view affairs searchingly. We think her observations worthy of your most earnest attention.

**WITH a tread as certain as Time itself, the English and American governments are leading the world on to another world slaughter. But this time the war will not be simply to crush some single paltry rival in Europe; it is going to be a war against all Asia, and the battle line will extend from the Suez to Tokyo.**

**The signs are plain and sinister for the preparations for this war. They range from the propaganda on racial and color questions right through to the American naval maneuvers in the Pacific and to the building of the British naval and air base in Singapore. The reason for this war is the challenge to European eminent domain in Asia: the Indian national movement under Gandhi's leadership; the determination of China to rid the land of imperialist powers; and the commercial rivalry of Japan in China. The Anglo-American capitalist combine is determined to keep the control of the world in their hands. The extent of this control is shown in Mr. A. G. Gardiner's book, THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FUTURE, in which the author states:**

> **"They have the world at their feet. It will be what they choose to make it. Between them they rule, directly or indirectly, not much less than half the earth. They command practically the whole of the credit left in the world. Their command of the sea is not merely complete: it is without the shadow of a challenge. They have the unequalled potentiality of great armies. They possess the major part of the raw materials of our general life—wool, cotton, coal, iron, food."**

India, China and Japan are threatening England's control of the raw materials of Asia which feed English mills and upon which English industrial life largely depends. And the awakening of these countries are threatening America's chances of keeping China as a market for her goods and investments. Added to this is the fact that during the late war Japan captured 50 per cent of England's cotton markets in China and that since the war the intense rivalry between Japanese capitalists on the one hand and American and English capitalists on the other hand, has been very great. The vested interests of England and America in Asia are colossal, as is seen in India and China in particular. The importance of India's position of subjection in the scheme of the British Empire may best be summed up in the words of A. E. Duchesne, an imperialist, writing in his book **Democracy and Empire:**

> **"Britain has need of India. If it had not been for India the British Empire had never been—at any rate in its present form. India has supplied, from Elizabeth's reign onward, precisely that stimulus of which our country has stood in need. To the desire to reach India is due maritime enterprise and discovery. To the struggle to obtain India is due our naval and military supremacy as against Holland and France. To the trade with India is due much of our past and present imperial prestige. To our training, in and by India, is due our practical sagacity as administrators."**

With such a prize as this in its hands, the British Empire is not going to surrender to the Indian national movement without a bloody struggle.

Added to this is the fact that the British sphere of influence in China, which means practically British territory, consists of 28 per cent of Chinese territory, and extends from the British territory of Tibet on one end, right through the Yangtze Valley to the British port of Hongkong on the other. Although China is supposed to be free, British and American merchant boats on the Yangtze are armed. A typical example of the manner in which these

merchant boats act was seen in August of the past year when some Chinese bandits were reported to have fired upon one of these American boats. The American boat gave an ultimatum to the nearest Chinese town where it had happened, and the city, in order to satisfy the Americans, beheaded two Chinamen, although they were perfectly innocent. Then the entire American and English press in China took up the cry—not that the innocent men should have been spared—but that a search should be made further and the guilty men found and beheaded. In the same month a rebellion broke out in Canton which was then under the government of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who for years has been the only effective force against western imperialistic powers. The rebellion was headed by the chief Chinese official of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, the largest and most powerful British financial institution in that part of the world. Dr. Sun Yat Sen ordered the rebels to surrender. The British Consul, however, served an ultimatum upon him, informing him that if he took action against the rebels, the British navy would train its guns on Canton. In reply to this action, Dr. Sun Yat Sen issued his famous Manifesto to the Chinese people, a part of which reads:

> **"Is it because such outrages upon a weak and disunited country are perpetrated with impunity (he refers to the American action) that here in Canton waters the British navy again threatens to fire upon the authorities of another Chinese city? But I see further and more sinister meaning in this challenge of Imperialist England. Reading it in the light of the diplomatic and moral support of the millions of the reorganization and other loans which the imperialist powers have for upwards of twelve years consistently given to the counter-revolution, it is impossible to view this act of imperialism as other than a calculated attempt to destroy the Kuomingtang government of which I am the head. For here is open rebellion against this government, directed by a trusted agent of the most powerful engine of British imperialism in China, and a so-called British Labor government threatens to shoot down the Chinese authorities in Canton should they take the only form of action which would enable them effectively to cope with a movement aiming at their own overthrow."**

In view of these and other developments, Japan began to revise her policy towards China, which for many years was marked by an arrogance and hostility comparable only to that of the Americans and British. Then on top of all this came the conclusion of the alliance between Russia and Japan, and the rumors, yet unconfirmed, are that China has finally entered this alliance. American and British diplomatic circles have not recovered from the shock yet. For not only does this mean a united Asiatic bloc with the avowed and openly stated purpose of "destroying every vestige of British imperialism in Asia," but it has far-reaching economic consequences. By the Russo-Japanese Treaty, **Japan has gained huge oil resources and 500 million tons of hard coal in the island of Saghalin to the north, and thereto has come the discovery in Japan itself of huge quantities of iron ore.** What coal, oil and iron mean in military strength need not be elaborated upon, for everyone knows. But these developments have made Japan militarily and industrially self-sufficient insofar as these resources are concerned.

In the light of these developments, a number of interesting events happened or are happening in Asia which the entire working class of America must bear in mind, for the American working class will provide the cannon fodder for this new war.

First, the American navy is holding gigantic maneuvers in the Pacific in order to "put the fear of Christ" into Japan and the rest of Asia. And 200 journalists accompany the fleet—for wars are not fought with guns alone, but by the press too. In reply to this open challenge, Japan refused to receive the American fleet without an explanation, but, instead, held counter-maneuvers in which the problem worked out was the defense of every entrance to the Island Kingdom.

Secondly, in her internal Indian policy England is making far-reaching preparations. She is building air stations and air hospitals along the northwestern frontier. And the head of the British air ministry is now on a tour for the purpose of constructing an all-British air route from England to Egypt, and from Egypt to Palestine, over Mesopotamia to India; from India to Singapore and from India to Australia.

England is also never-endingly working to divide the Hindus and Mohammedans in India and thus prevent any united consciousness which might lead the national movement to unite with the new Asiatic combination. In the Near East, for example, England is trying to form a so-called independent Arabian Federation which shall guard the holy places of the Mohammedan faith, form the seat of a puppet Caliphate (much like the Pope of the Catholics) who will be dependent upon England's good will. Since the Indian Mohammedans are most fanatical about the action of Turkey in destroying the Caliphate and expelling the Caliph from Turkey, England plans to reinstate some Caliph whom she controls and who will issue "Fetwas" (orders) to the Mohammedan world, to support the British government in time of need. This so-called independent Arabian Federation is supposed to furnish the English bulwark against new Turkey which, in co-operation with Soviet Russia, forms the clearest and most conscious anti-English influence in the Near and Middle East at the present time.

In view of rapid Asiatic political developments, Lord Reading, the Viceroy of India, has been called to England for consultation. And all those who have followed English political maneuvers in India for the past half century know what this means: it means that, in order to crush the Indian national movement, a new reform bill is going to be given to India, the purpose being to win over a number of the political leaders to the side of the British. And this may succeed with a number of the leaders, who are muddle-headed lawyers who would be content with a little power for themselves. But it will not satisfy all; the plan is further, however, to give a certain measure of autonomy to two or three of the most advanced Indian provinces—perhaps Bengal and Bombay—and in this manner divide the national consciousness of India. With India divided provincially and with the Indian Mohammedans ren-

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# Unite On May First For Action

By PETRUS

**WITH May First approaching, the usual amount of bull is being prepared and made ready for delivery as per schedule. Every holiday has its special brand of nonsensical bunk for a decoration, and May First not the least in this respect. We need not fear that this year will prove inferior to past years in this respect, and therefore it might be all right to say something for May First so as to secure a greater variety on the mental bill-of-fare.**

**Each holiday has its own litany and traditions adopted to the day in question. On Christmas day, we glorify the birth of Jesus and of course practice his teachings. When that is over with we can keep on sinning all we choose for the next 364 days, and still come out with a nice balance at the end and win to the pearly gates without the slightest difficulty. On July Fourth we must be patriotic, but it is all right to fleece the country all we can the rest of the year. On Labor Day the toiler ought to be honored, but when the day is over it is virtue in polite society to abuse labor to the limit.. On May First we are to say, "Hurrah for the revolution," but it is not contrary to certain established revolutionary ethics to be a contented slave producing large profits for the bosses the rest of the year.**

Now May First meant something in the labor movement in the past, just as all other holidays mentioned, which at one time were dedicated with genuine devotion to the cause for which each day was set aside. But, that time is past. The slaves used to congregate in the public squares, voice their discontent and decide upon action. May Day was then dedicated "To fan the flames of discontent." But just like everything else in society, the day was soon seized upon by the politicians and made to serve their individual purposes.

"Eight hours work, eight hours rest and eight hours for recreation" was not the slogan in the early days of modern proletarian May Day celebrations. There was a fresh and healthy demand for whose realization workers relied solely upon their organized strength directly on the industrial fields. The speakers urged strikers and the workers talked organization and after each May Day there was to be found a greatly strengthened labor union fighting hard for the demands unanimously voiced and endorsed not only on May Day but on many other days.

Those were dangerous days for politicians. Just think what would happen to them should the workers undertake to act themselves directly on their own behalf. That would mean work for the politicians, perhaps pick and shovel. Horrible! Such a calamity must be prevented. The labor politician was invented. Perhaps we should not say labor politician but proletarian or revolutionary politician. The new name did not change the nature of the politician. It merely fooled a lot of people, and incidentally, it fooled a lot of those politicians themselves, temporarily, at least. Soon they found from actual experience what proletarian politics really amounts to. They found that it was exactly the same as other politics. The juicy porterhouse

steak which the labor politician could afford but not the laborer, had exactly the same effect on this new type of lawmaker as on the old ones. It created a pot-belly, a fleshy neck, content instead of discontent, and a keen sense of what was needed to maintain the new diet. Of course a holiday was required to celebrate the new gospel which was the new brand of politics. May First was the logical day. The new millennium for the new skates was saved.

### The I. W. W. and May First

The Industrial Workers of the World have restored May First to its original importance. Just take in a May Day picnic in the People's park at Seattle or any May Day picnic in the I. W. W. and you will find the old spirit of the day. The speakers preach the old gospel prevalent among the early days of the movement. They say **organize.** They **do not** say vote. We find an abundance of literature urging the workers on in their struggle. There are tables where the delegates are stationed behind piles of supplies, calling upon the workers to align themselves with their industrial union for the purpose of fighting the battle directly on the industrial field. Shall we continue in our established order or shall we deteriorate into a clan using this particular day or some other day for a glorification of our past deeds and forget the present struggle? Let us hope not.

There is no particular day set aside upon which the emancipation of the workers is to be consummated. The new order will not be rushed in by some spectacular demonstration. Not any general strike, nor any mass insurrection shall accomplish the work. At the very most, such actions shall wipe away some formidable obstacles in our road forward. But the task before us is constructive. The building process is slow, laborious, hard and continuous. It is work, nothing else; good, earnest, hard work that cannot be done either in a day or a year.

Of course we all like holidays. I know I do. I know that every day I don't work for the boss, he loses quite a nice sum of money, while I have nothing to lose and always manage to live somehow; and when I cannot live any longer I shall die satisfied that there is no profit in my death for my master. Only when I slave for an employer do I create profit for him. On these grounds I was almost inclined to join the Catholic Church at one time as I figured out that there were about 50 per cent more holidays in that church than in the Protestant sects. But when I happened to discover that there, as everywhere else, when a church law stood in the way of profit, the law was neglected. It is all right for Jehovah or any other deity to issue some command about a holiday. It will be observed so long as it does not interfere with the master's profit. But when it is discovered that the copper smelters or the steel mills must run steadily in order to pile up the necessary profits, they will be run literally "in spite of hell" which threatens those who violate the commandment of the holiday. A railroad fireman or a street car conductor found with an engine minus steam, or a trolley car standing at the end of the line with those slaves obeyed the laws of God would soon find out which laws are most important to obey, whether the laws of God or the laws of Wall Street. If the slave works, the priest may send him to hell for working. If he doesn't work, his master will send him to a hell of starvation by discharging him. It is hell for the slave whichever way he turns.

There is only one way out of it, and that is by organization. Join the I. W. W. and enforce your demands directly on the job. Don't waste a perfectly good day by just listening to some would-be leader proclaim the great program of salvation he has in store for you. Don't waste your time listening to some orator glorifying our past deeds. Use this day and every other day upon which we come together to lay your plans for action. We are not living in the past nor in the future; we are living in the present. Our needs must be satisfied now if there is going to be any value to our movement. Those who have sacrificed themselves for our great cause in the past can best be honored by action instead of talk.

Our present problems can be served only by immediate action. They must not be put off to some other time for solution. Future generations will benefit by our organization only insofar as we act and act today. Ten thousand new members in the I. W. W. on this May Day will accomplish what all the simon-pure revolutionary and other bunk peddlers throughout the history of labor organization have failed to do. Let's try to get these new members.

### Philadelphia Waterfront Awakening

This is being written in Philadelphia early in April. They speak among themselves on the waterfront about bringing back the I. W. W. 100 per cent strong on the job. They are going to do it.

During the last week of March we lined up 50 new members and almost the same number during the first three days in April. A few more weeks and the work shall be done. Then onward for the hide—no, the pocketbook—of their masters. Philadelphia shall go a long way towards furnishing the quota of new members on or before May First. New York sailors are lining up fine. Eight port delegates are sending in big reports each week. The longshoremen look on and claim that the I. W. W. is great and that we "have their sympathy." Wobbly sailors answer, "Don't be a sympathizer, but get into the organization and be an organizer." The time is approaching when they are going to come to the union hall and take out red cards.

Today they are thinking; tomorrow comes action. Make our May Day celebrations what they were originally intended to be, an incentive to action on the part of the workers themselves. Everybody get in line for the big organization drive.

**Ten thousand new members in the I. W. W. before May second, and then hit the boss on the job.**

# This System – Swedish Section

By C. G. ANDERSON

SINCE the last article that appeared in The Industrial Pioneer dealing with happenings from this part of the globe lying close to the arctic circle, and labeled Sweden, several things worth mentioning have taken place. Relating such events, and those now transpiring here, with a view to throwing them on the screen of nationalism would be misdirected energy, and would result in a distortion of facts. Likewise, trying to explain them through a nationalistic code of characteristics is out of date and an unscientific way of doing things. It is no longer useful to the working class of the world.

To begin with: the capitalist productive mode today is in its process of rapid industrial evolution; the quick creation of labor-saving machinery. It is in the process of massing and pooling capital, both circulating and constant or stationary, and it must have, among basic materials, metals and paper. Sweden has the raw materials for these two products. A liner run by Diesel engines needs steel for its construction. Sweden contains a lot of good ore. In order to be able to run profitably the same liner needs passengers and freight. The trust or shipping combine that owns her stands in need of paper as a propaganda medium that is intended eventually to result in the ship getting the patronage required. In other words, the paper is needed to create a market, and Sweden has some of that paper in whichever stage of production needed, as pulp, sulphate, sulphide and finished paper. Lumber, another product of the woods, no longer as important, perhaps, as paper for capitalism, but still needed in construction and mining purposes is produced here in great quantities.

Just to give an idea in what proportion the two products of the woods and iron ranges stand to the rest of the products exported, let us use the 1922 statistics, which show that they were 86.3 per cent of the total export. Figures for 1913 show that 37 per cent of the then employed 352,000 industrial workers in Sweden were occupied on commodities for export, the two principal ones being iron and wood products. Fifty years ago the workers employed in these industries were so few that they were not considered of sufficient numerical importance as to be worth the attention of statisticians.

The following facts will show that industrial evolution follows the same course everywhere, and the only difference has to do with the rate of speed. On the iron ore ranges of Malmberget and Kiruna thirty years ago it took thirty-five to forty men with hand tools to mine as much as is now produced by three men with machinery. The next step in the productive process, transporting the ore to the smelters, was at that time greatly hanpered due to the lack of an ice-clear port. The only port then largely used, Lulea, was ice-bound five months of the year. That obstacle has been removed by electrically driven trains to the North Sea port, Narvik, which is open the year around.

What has been the direct effect in the workers employed of the iron ranges? It is that where the labor of 1,800 men was formerly needed, working a full-time week, 800 are now employed, and they work a three day week, eight hours a day. If added to that fact is the richness of the iron in the ore we can readily understand why 1925 is predicted to be a banner year in the export of iron ore from the Swedish ranges.

We shall clinch this by mentioning that the ore is transported from the port of Narvik to Philadelphia and Sparrow Point, Baltimore in the most modern Diesel-motor-driven ore carriers. The crews are cheap and sail under the Swedish flag. Wherefrom we draw the conclusion that the American steel trust is not a stranger under the heading 'Swedish owners.' The above should furnish thought matter for our job delegates and organizers in these three industrial unions—210, 440 and 510. Because, when the workers on the iron ranges of Minnesota and on the lake carriers are organized in the I. W. W., I think we shall have the workers on the Malmberget and Kiruna ranges, as well as the workers on the boats taking ore from them, also united in the I. W. W., and not before then. Without uniting both little good can be accomplished.

## THE MACHINE IN THE LUMBER INDUSTRY.

While the machine in the first operation of lumber production — logging — has not made its entrance it is solely due to the geographical condition of the lumber area. The standing timber is not the kind growing on the Pacific slope, but more comparable to that in the state of Maine—of small size in diameter. All logging is done by hand, and the loading is also performed that way on sleighs carrying from five to eight logs to each load. The sleighs haul the logs to river banks where they are made into large drives.

From the time the logs arrive at the mills, however, the production loses its antiquated features and becomes as modern as anywhere. Automatic machinery and electrical energy is in use generally. The paper and wood pulp factories are modern in



One of the Immense Anchovy Factories

every particular. Consider, for illustration, just one branch of the lumber industry—match making. With the modern machines now in use one worker produces 20,000 match boxes a day. The match making industry in Sweden is practically able to furnish the whole world with safety matches.

Employment of the improved machinery in the lumber industry has resulted in a decrease of the forest area of the timber fit for lumber export. This has increased the struggle between the different lumber companies, forcing out the smaller and m[illegible] ing a combine of the larger. The latter have g[illegible] after the few remaining small farmers who own some standing timber, and, by hook or by crook, they have got the timber away from them. The larger capitalists in the combine have penetrated to the still untouched and more nearly virgin fields, so that by this time they have maneuvered themselves into a position to prepare for putting on the finishing touches to the last standing timber in the country. In line with this the former owners of small farms, and the charcoal burners, are together being forced to do the logging and hauling for a starvation wage under the most rotten conditions imaginable, and they are in revolt. These farmer-loggers unable to exist on farm products alone, are now fighting the lumber barons tooth-and-nail. As they have never been clear-cut industrial wage workers, but more like a feudal, remnant class, they are bitterly contending against being flung into the submerged slough of the proletariat. Swedish syndicalists have given them a new idea and some form of organization. Also, some advice about how to use it, and they are using it to the best of their ability.

## METAL AND MACHINERY INDUSTRY AND ITS WORKERS.

Technically, this industry has not had the same opportunity as its counterpart in Germany, England and the United States. But despite this the industry boasts of having what amounts to a monopoly in the world market for such products as separators, kerosine stoves, Aga light buoys, and so forth. The percentage of the export taken by all these products in 1913 was only 4.4 per cent of the whole export.

By this time it seems that the large foreign trusts and industrial corporations are competing with the small Swedish manufacturers not alone in the world market, but within Sweden itself, and the result points to a forcing out of these smaller Swedish capitalists. Of course the Swedish bosses are using the same stale, old argument that the wages they are obliged to pay the workers makes them unable to compete with larger capitalists. Lately a committee on customs and tariffs has been probing into this most vexed question—the high wage. They have arrived at the conclusion that it is not the high wage of the worker that is the cause of the inability to compete but rather it is due to a lack of standardization and specialization in the processes of production. The committee indicates the large number of small shops engaged in turning out any and all kinds of metal products and each of them trying to beat the other on the market.

The committee claims that this condition has put, and is continuing to put, obstacles in the way of an industrial reform in production in the form of standardization of commodities turned out, and specialization in the mode of production itself. Of course, the committee does not show the cause for that condition. But if we analyze this phenomenon a bit we shall understand that the cause lies not solely in the mental status of the Swedish capitalists. Rather does it lie in the past evolution of industry, bound as it was with strong ties to a feudalistic state. No doubt it has grown organically from the handicrafts to machine industry, but the fault rests in that the fitting environment for its evolution has been deficient.

Large scale production under capitalism needs large possessions of raw materials, and large markets, which the feudal system did not possess. The

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Generators in Swedish Power Plant—Note Great Size

# Jerusalem Redestroyed

By T-BONE SLIM




THE saddest words, on tongues of men, are these——perhaps——"It might have been."

Perhaps, indeed! For . . . .

For sadder words are spoken. Words that defy description. Words that denote all the agony of failure, defeat, retreat—aye rout and despair, "I HAD A CARD."

Can you imagine anything more heartrending? "I HAD A CARD—I was a man once't. I fought for freedom. I was a Wobbly—Now, I'm nothing . . . . . nothing . . . nothing. . . . The road is long, the way is rough—I am weary. I'm alone. Nothing. Nothing in my pocket . . . (to pull out and look at)—**How many times of yore** I used to **pull it out** on the lonesome trail, "you my pard—while the owl wondered who . . . who . . . who am I—**I wasn't alone then!**

Gosh no, there was four of us——

A jungle fire, a chew of snuff—and thou . . . . my card . . . . and I. Four? Now? Nothing, zero!

**I will rise and go to my father's house.**

There are Wobblies. There are fellow workers.

I will leave this mental edifice that is falling about my ears—I will go back.

I can't go back? Why not? The trail is lost? No, nor I. . . . . The hell I can't. . . . . Stop me!

I'm on my way. And . . . . .

I will eat that fatted calf, Capitalism—a lumbering cow by this time. . . . . I would dine. I would feast—the tougher the better. I'm hungry——my spirit yearns food.

The banquet awaits, my lords.

# Chinese Seamen Prepare To Fight Shipowners

By OUR CHINESE CORRESPONDENT, FROM HONGKONG

**"Long live the solidarity of the workers of the world!" writes the secretary of the Chinese Seamen's Union. We cherish this May Day greeting and convey our heartiest response to our Chinese fellow workers. They have shown a fine militant spirit in dealing with employers, and one of common cause with us directly in boycotting California products. They are organizing for proletarian freedom. More power to them!**

**THERE is a growing discontent and indignation among tens of thousands of Chinese seamen at the shipowners' non-observance of the agreement concluded between the Chinese Seamen's Union and the Shipowners' Committee as a result of the seamen's victorious strike in 1922. The agreement, containing three clauses, was signed by R. Sutherland, Chairman of the Shipowners' Committee, A. Jamiesen, British Consul-General at Canton, Luk King Fo, Secretary to the Commissioner for Foreign Affairs at Canton, and Chak Hon Ke, Delegate of the Chinese Seamen's Union. It was further guaranteed by Sir Robert Hotung. Be that as it may, the shipowners and the British Colonial government in Hongkong have violated every one of the three clauses, while the Chinese seamen in the person of the Chinese Seamen's Union have kept faithfully to the agreement ever since its solemn conclusion. In order to substantiate this statement, the agreement is reproduced here in full, followed by iron proofs of the flagrant violations deliberately committed by the shipowners in coalition with the British Colonial government.**

AGREEMENT:

It is hereby agreed between the undersigned parties that the following are the terms of settlement on the matters in dispute between them:

I. The scale of wages paid at Hongkong and in force on the 12th day of January, 1922, shall be increased as follows, and shall apply as from the 1st of January, 1922:

| | Increase |
|---|---|
| 1—Chinese river steamers | 30 per cent |
| 2—Other Chinese steamers up to 1,000 tons deadweight | 30 per cent |
| 3—Hongkong, Canton & Macao Steamboat Co., Ltd. | 20 per cent |
| 4—Other British companies' steamers taking the scale of the Hongkong, Canton & Macao Steamboat Co., Ltd., as a basis | 20 per cent |
| 5—Coasting steamers | 20 per cent |
| 6—Java Lines | 15 per cent |
| 7—Pacific Lines | 15 per cent |
| 8—European Lines | 15 per cent |
| 9—Australian Lines | 15 per cent |

II. A date will be fixed for the general return to work. From the time of leaving until such date, men will receive half pay according to the new scale. Men may be reinstated on any of their own company's vessels, or such other vessels as may be mutually agreed upon. If positions are not available for men ready to return to work as above, it is agreed that half pay shall continue for such period as the men are not employed, but not exceeding five and a half (5½) months from the date of the general return to work. This half pay will be administered from a fund under the control of a duly appointed administrator.

III. The owners agree to assist in inaugurating a system of engaging crews which will minimize as far as possible any irregularities which may exist in connection with the pay of seamen.

Signed at Hongkong this fifth day of March, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-Two.

R. SUTHERLAND
Chairman of the Shipowners' Committee
A. JAMIESEN
H. B. M. Consul-General at Canton

LUK KING FO
Secretary to the Commissioner for Foreign Affairs at Canton
CHAK HON KE
Delegate to the Chinese Seamen's Union

1—In gross violation of Clause I, the Blue Funnel Line of the Butterfield & Squire Company in April, 1923, decreased the wages of the men in its ships to the former scale. The British Colonial Government, a signatory to the agreement in the person of H. B. M. Consul-General, ignored the protest lodged by the Chinese Seamen's Union. Moreover, in violation of Clause III, stipulating a minimizing as far as possible of irregularities connected with the engaging of crews, the Colonial government abetted the B House Union thus enabling the replacement of the original crews of the Blue Funnel Line by strikebreakers from the organization. Again, abusing its military authority and extending its iron rule to the water surface, the Colonial government authorized the strikebreakers in the ships to carry arms.

Cases of similar violations are too numerous to be enumerated.

2—For the sake of convenience, let us discuss Clause II before Clause III. The shipowners have not only violated Clause III and have no desire to assist, as they are duty-bound to assist, in inaugurating "a system of engaging crews which will minimize as far as possible any irregularities which may (rather, do!) exist in connection with the pay of men;" but on the contrary, in conjunction with the Colonial government, it maintained a B House Union, an organization of labor contractors, whose service to mankind is mercilessly to fleece the seamen. Thus the Colonial government, in collusion with the shipowners, prolong the exploitation of

labor by labor parasites, which should have been abolished by the Chinese seamen immediately after their victorious strike, barring the interference of the British Colonial government and the shipowners. This is not only a grave violation of the agreement, but also a sinister act of provocation. As already mentioned, the Colonial government does not even refrain from openly supporting the labor exploiters by allowing them the extraordinary privilege of carrying arms in the colony. Further proof of the violation of Clause III will be superfluous.

3—The shipowners have **completely** violated Clause II, stipulating that "if positions are not available for men ready to return to work, it is agreed that half pay shall continue for such period as the men are not employed, but not exceeding five and a half months from the date of the general return to work."

Lest it should seem that the first and second clauses are much too liberal on the part of the shipowners, it must be explained here that, firstly, the said pay for a period not exceeding five and a half months is no more than a beggarly compensation for the victorious strikers whose positions had been taken by the Philippine and other strikebreakers called to Hongkong by the shipowners. (Be it understood that the Chinese seamen have no grudge against the strikebreakers, for they know that unemployment is an inevitable characteristic of capitalist society and unemployment is the mother of strikebreakers). Secondly, these clauses were won by the seamen as a result of a victorious life and death struggle for fifty-six odd days. Settlement was delayed just because of the shipowners' reluctance to accede to these very clauses, thereby prolonging the unheard-of hardships and damages suffered by the seamen and the common masses of Hongkong.

However, up till now, not a cent has been paid by the shipowners, in spite of the agreement in black and white! Where is "fairness" in the hands of the capitalists! Where is the "sacredness" of agreement with the capitalists! And where is the "law" in a colony!

The Chinese Seamen's Union in 1923 referred the matter to the British Colonial government in Hongkong, but the latter washed its hands of the matter despite the fact that His Majesty's Consul-General was a signatory to the agreement. The Chinese Seamen's Union presented to the Chairman of the Shipowners' Committee, R. Sutherland, a list of the men entitled to the half pay, together with the amount, but he claimed that the list was not in proper form and that money would not be paid to the men without producing the names of those who had taken their positions. Such an impossible condition can not be found in the agreement and can not be considered. Besides, how was it humanly possible to know then and how is it humanly possible to produce now the names of the strikebreakers filling the positions, who escaped with the ships under **military escort in the darkness of night!** Such pretexts are too obvious to baffle the seamen, who have seen the world and who have been through thick and thin.

The Chinese seamen know full well the shipowners' unwillingness voluntarily to carry out the terms of the agreement as well as their cunningness and conniving with the British Colonial government. The Chinese seamen have not lost sight of Sir Robert Hotung, whose failure to keep his word will further expose him as a useful instrument, acquired by the allurement of the knighthood, and otherwise, to serve colonial rule whenever things come to a head between the rulers and the ruled.

The Chinese seamen demand that the shipowners forthwith pay the half pay and carry out the other two clauses. They demand that the British Colonial government, signatory to the agreement, besides protecting the shipowners, heed the seamen's demands. They demand His Excellency Robert Hotung, a British knight who has been proclaiming a so-called peace conference professedly in the interests of the Chinese people, to fulfill his duty as guarantor ere he speaks again. They demand the coming British Prince to investigate into the scandalous deeds of the Colonial government and the shipowners, and to mete out due punishment, lest he should reveal princely imperialism.

Several thousand Chinese seamen are entitled to five and a half months' pay, the total sum far exceeding $200,000. They are clamouring for their rightful compensation. The Chinese Seamen's Union, representing their interests, will never neglect its duty and will realize at any cost the conditions won by the victorious and heroic struggle. These conditions were by no means gifts from the shipowners. Those who will recall the fifty-six odd days of a life and death struggle in 1922 of more than sixty thousand seamen and eight combatant unions, the sacrifices of the workers and the panic caused by the blockade of Hongkong as a result of the interruption of communication, will agree that whatever was acquired, was acquired by the united gigantic power of the workers themselves. There is no need to recall the machine gun patrols of the Colonial government, ready to massacre the workers at any time!

The whole body of Chinese seamen, 100,000 strong, are prepared! They appeal to their brother workers in China and in all countries, particularly the seamen and their organizations, to help their Chinese brothers in their present just demands, hand in hand, in a glorious industrially-united front they have every reason to expect the day in the immediate future when the British Colonial government and the shipowners must redeem what they have hitherto atrociously violated.




Silhouette model for wall and ceiling painters, to be used only in paid-up Klansmen's homes. This shows the Klansmen in action, giving one of the dirty foreigners the "100 per cent American Rush Act." Klansmen should order their copies of this stirring scene without delay, as the supply is sure to be soon exhausted.

# The Myths of Capitalism

By JOHN A. MacDONALD

WE are told that the belief in ghosts, banshees, witchcraft, disembodied spirits, unless they are angels, demons, or gods, is disappearing in this new age of science, investigation and printing presses. But myths and mythomaniacs are still with us; the old mythology is rather transformed, has a new reincarnation, and that the printing press is one of the means of general enlightenment without regard to what is printed is itself one of the current myths of this modern age of myths. Science, the enlightener, is made to cover with its mantle a Christian Science which is neither Christian nor scientific, the charlatanism of spiritualistic mediums and other tomfoolery which is given to the public as science, although entirely foreign to the methods of scientific investigation. The world is filled with the prudery which passes for morality, the nonsense which passes for science, and the myths which pass for history.

Part of the myths of the present time are due to the system of capitalism directly, and others to the general ignorance which that system nurtures, or finds of value, and which furnishes the soil for thousands of myths, with none of the sheer poetic beauty of the mythology of Greece or Rome. The myths of the present are based on a worship of the present, to shackle the live body of the Future with the dead carcass of old abuses and old deceptions.

The old Granny who used to tell stories of ghosts to the children by the shivery light of an open fireplace until their backbones quavered at each word, is disappearing. She did not know the higher artistry that is necessary in our blase present, or the methods of the new psychology. But she also has been reincarnated, and Granny reborn now occupies a desk on the capitalist daily. She is omnipresent in the halls of legislation, in the courts, in the literature, in the life of the present. She explains to us as economist the myth of free labor, as politician the myth of democracy, as biographer the myth of heroes, dragons, demons and white knights come to the rescue. As teacher she inculcates into the young that George Washington was that ghostly thing, a superman. He could not tell a lie, but from the fact that he could not lie, the children are not to draw the conclusion that he was the only man in history who did not deserve any credit for not being a liar. And she feeds them the myth of Americanism, the holy, decided to destroy the black magic of slavery after supporting it and profiting from it for generations and trading rum for negroes, as the facts of the civil war. If she is a Canadian Granny she tells of how the Canadians burned Washington in 1812 to 1814 and mixes this truth with myths of her own, showing the heroism of her own national ghosts. If she is a U. S. Granny this is not part of the history myth. Her national ghosts have to be given the incense of the myths which pass as history there.

Granny enters the field of contemporary history



and we have the myth that Great Britain is in Egypt to civilize the natives, the demons, and to bring within the full meaning of British freedom, than which there is none greater, if you live in Canada. Granny in the United States is explaining the heroic battle of Right and Wrong, Good and Evil, with Evil represented by certain islands in the Atlantic and Pacific and the white angels of love and democracy by marines who are bringing to the benighted islanders the full effulgence of American democracy, heaven-born twin of British freedom, until there is a war which makes it necessary for each to prove that the other is instead the hell-born child of Satan and Chaos, that an American cannibal ate the toe of an English aristocrat in Hoboken, or that a British vandal stole the suspenders that elected Calvin Coolidge, or his electric horse, in an effort to find something the Prince of Wales could ride.

The old Granny was a back number, the new Granny is up to the day after tomorrow, as one might expect who has studied the modern science of Theosophy. How pale were her old stories to the children compared to her stories in her reincarnation of 1917 to 1919 to her children of "thirteen years of age or less," in the United States. She showed them the white ghosts of U. S. Soldiers and Marines clad in the garments of God and freedom under the Espionage Act, and carrying the weapons of God's anointed, the U. S. Munition Trust, unsheath their swords and poison gas against the Devil ghosts of Satan clad in the armor of God also—the half of the Christian God that was not on the side of the allies—and clad, of course, with the weapons of the German munition trusts, for Armageddon, the war that was to bring the millennium, establish world peace and democracy, and the magic temples of the League of Nations. These were the days of myths of dragon slaying, and no dragon of the other dark ages could compare with the dragons of Germany that the white ghosts of the allies went forth to conquer for the freedom of capitalism to exploit. And now we have the myths of democracy and prohibition, and a thousand others to show that Granny is still on the job.

### Eureka; And This Is Morality!

Our present system must have its myths. It is actuated by myths, holds its power through myths. Without its myths it would perish. Why then cavail over myths. It is immoral to seek the naked Truth. Its very nakedness is an insult to the prudery which is morality. Puritanism dictates that no respectable person can associate with Truth while it—or worse, she—is naked. Shall we dress the conceptions of artists with calices, keep insisting on putting petticoats on the marble of Milo's Venus, use licentious, suggestive fig leaves on marble and allow the public to associate with naked Truth? Most assuredly not! It would cause a scandal. Our censors would not consider permitting the demoralising effect of naked Truth. They would never consider being found in a compromising position anywhere near truth. They avoid the naked Truth, and force others to do so. Thinkers associating with the naked Truth is unthinkable. Thinkers are noteworthy for their lack of consideration for morality. It might cause a scandal, it undoubtedly would, and censors avoid all scandals for others at least.

What is morality? Philosophers have disagreed on this, although it is surprising how well they avoided it without being sure what it was. Poets have tried to define it. No one expected that they would be successful. Yet what morality is, is simple. Puritanism tells us that God made man and woman after his own imagine and then misguidedly said that all he had produced was "very good;" it is noticed that he did not say "Excellent," because he may have had suspicions. Now we know that man and woman were vile until they put on their clothing. The image of the creator was utterly vile until it was covered with the latest style, and the work of God was sanctified and ennobled, and moralized by the conceptions of clothing designers in the "wickedest city in the world," Paris. Can there be further doubt, as to the definition of morality. Morality is clothes.

This is also part of the Divine plan perhaps, because there is no profit in making human beings, they are the cheapest meat on the market; but there is big profit in clothing. The inevitable conclusion that clothes are morality leads us to some peculiar conclusions, including that having a bath is immoral, but it has justified itself by showing the absolute morality of dressing the naked Truth so that she will not be visible to seduce the young, and the bald-headed row away from the morality of capitalism. Truth naked would be a menace; Truth fully dressed, in fact completely covered, is no longer Truth; she is the reincarnation of Granny. Her clothes are the clothes of Granny, and this is all we can see of Truth, her clothing.

### A Few Paragraphs on Clothing

We find Truth dressed, as she always must dress for chilly weather, slinking through one of the blind alleys of our papers and magazines, with a writer in her pocket, not because he is in love with Truth, but because he wants to describe the clothing she is wearing at the particular time. The result is a story in which we are told that our rich men are rich because they are moral. If they had been dishonest they would have ended in the jails or the penitentiaries, not in Wall Street. They worked hard all their lives, and their wealth is the reward of honest burning of midnight oil, continuous study and deep thinking. Getting rich through midnight oil through some association of ideas suggested John D. Rockefeller to the writer in pursuit of truth, and we are told that we could all be rich as Rockefeller if we were willing to make the same sacrifices, practice the same frugality, the same self-denial, been capable of working so hard and thinking so deeply of our work as did he. This lesson is reinforced with the statement which suggests that this particular ghost used his brains so much there was no blood left for his

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stomach, and it died, with the result that John D. has had ever since, as the result of his immense mental and physical labors, to live on crackers and milk. If we were all equally willing to sacrifice our stomachs we are left with the inference that we also would all be rich. And then—? Then, we could all go into the oil business, selling oil to one another at a profit, and eat, sleep and be merry without stomachs, with no one to produce the crackers and milk, no one to produce the homes, or to make the beds, and no one to furnish the entertainment. And it is entirely logical that they would furnish themselves. They do for Rockefeller.

And then, just as we were satisfied that this rag of the garments of truth as capitalism had dressed her, was Truth herself, came the issue of the Hearst's International—Cosmopolitan for April, and we find that W. C. Forbes, one of the greatest experts on this continent at dressing Truth in the garments she should wear on the financial page, instead of having his eyes closed during the performance, thoughtlessly opened them for a second and saw truth instead of her clothing. His act was reprehensible, but if the censors permit this one lapse from the morality of capitalist writers to go unpunished, I am sure it will not happen again. That this one lapse is responsible for the following shows what a lot of trouble Truth might cause as a destroyer of idols, myths and ghosts if permitted to go nakedly her shameless way.

### A Loafer; Others Made His Wealth for Him

"Let me tell you a secret about John D. Rockefeller."

(A secret about John D. The nerve. We know all about John D. already, or is it the John D. myth we know?)

"Ever since my early manhood I have been a loafer," Mr Rockefeller confided to me several years ago during an intimate chat while we were playing golf. "While the newspapers were picturing me as the slave to business, working day and night, the truth is that I wasn't working at all—at least not at business. I was working hard very often, but not at 26 Broadway or at any other place of business, but at my home, near Cleveland, where my special hobby was the transplanting of trees, and where I did a lot of gardening.

"There was a private wire from the office in New York to my home, and they kept me posted on what was going on, but" — here Mr. Rockefeller laughed and his eyes twinkled . . . "I left others to do the hard work. After middle age I rarely ever visited the office and it is many years since I did any work whatsoever there."

When I asked Mr. Rockefeller to what he chiefly attributed his success, he instantly replied, "To others."

John D. Rockefeller made his money by transplanting trees on his own grounds without selling any of them, or others made it for him. His wealth is not based on hard work except by others, and the others, poor boobs, think that John D. was losing his stomach working hard finding work for them, when he was getting rich exploiting them, with others, workers also, to do even the exploiting for him. Is it to be wondered at, that naked Truth is immoral when one glimpse destroys one of the fundamental myths of capitalism? They speak of riches being made through hard work. They use correct although **produced** is the better word, but they do not explain who does the hard work, and that the man who has been a loafer reaps the benefit of the production of the workers.

### It Was Your Stomach John D. Lost, Not His

"Ill bet that guy did not work so hard or think so hard that he lost his stomach, although when the Standard laid me off I lost mine last Winter, because it thought there would be no further work for it to do as long as I lived, "I hear one of the pipe line stiffs mutter as he reads this. And he is closer to the truth than is convenient for the myths of capitalism. Forbes continues:

"Let me explode another myth about Rockefeller. You doubtless have heard and believed that he worked so hard that his stomach ceased to function properly and for many years his diet has consisted of milk and other invalid foods." (Certainly we have all heard that. It is one of the most prevalent of the John D. myths).

"I have dined often with him, and let me assure you that on each occasion he made disappear enough food to keep a ditch digger going."

### When Truth Got Into the Wrong Well

And this is all the result of one peep at truth. Is it to be wondered at that we are told that the naked truth lives at the bottom of a well. She got into an oil well by mistake some time ago, and there was a cry of horror went up over the possibility that we would be forced to live without the illusion of the honesty of legislators and politicians. But the politicians and courts saved us from such a contingency, by getting her dressed before too many were demoralized by a vision of her ankles as the Republican party was dragging her into seculsion by the hair.

And this reminds me that the politicians also dress the truth up and down, even if it is necessary to administer knock out drops in the process. When the politicians have truth properly clothed, she is dressed in the crazy-guilt of democracy, a method of making the public think they are free as citizens, in the same way that the bosses make the workers think they are free although slaves to the capitalist system, robbed by loafers, and sandbagged by financiers.

### Politician and Capitalist Have No Respect for the Nakedness of Truth

But trust the politicians to have no respect for the nakedness of truth. They have seen the naked truth often, but they are not telling. I do not mean that they are in love with truth, or have a kissing acquintance with her. They hate her, wish she did not exist, but they know her, and are not telling what they know.

The capitalists know her. They keep their eyes open and their mouths shut except when they are talking to one another or to newspaper men.

om they trust, because they own them. But old and famous newspaper editor, writing for e same issue of the Cosmopolitan on "The Kind of Letters Celebrities write" makes public what should for the safeguarding of the myths of capitalism be held confidential and inviolate, as the morality of myths with which capitalism clothes truth.

I have merely given a few of the methods in which truth is sacrificed, mauled, distorted, clothed, chloroformed and prostituted to maintain the myths on which a system of slavery rests. But to deal with the subject comprehensively would take a book, and already I can hear the workers murmuring in their slumbers:

"Do not take away our illusions of freedom, our illusions that money instead of our labor power is the basis of wealth, our illusions that poverty and rags are better than fine raiment and good food. Do not destroy for us the ghosts and illusions and myths that capitalism has built for us out of nothingness. Let us sleep, and dream, and hug our slavery to our bosoms. Let us have our hunger rather than destroy the false gods that have been built for us. You want to wake us to reality and action. We want the new mythology, the fairy tales of our childhood, our empty dreams and sleep. We are chloroformed with myths, but we do not want to face realities even if by awakening and facing them together we could achieve a civilization that would not be a myth and a culture that would not be a delusion."

Sleep on poor chloroformed things; well have ye been called the sleeping giant, a giant ye are but as yet a giant deadened by myths, a giant kissing the shackles ye could break, unfitted for freedom because satisfied with myths, unworthy of freedom because you have not the manhood to fight for it and organize for it—not yet!

# Two Book Reviews

By ROBERT GRAYSON



IN the matter of military efficiency Germany, during the war that began in 1914, excelled all belligerent governments. Maximum destruction is the warfare ideal, in whose quest all the powers crowded one another. They all wanted to be the greatest destroyers. Germany took first prize, and was defeated only by a union of many less efficient powers, including the United States of America. But the effect of militarism on the German populace, both physically and spiritually, is fastened on the reader's consciousness in Bernhard Kellermann's wonderful book, "The Ninth of November".

There are glimpses of trench horrors, but most of the story is laid in Berlin, and in unique manner the author takes you from the extremes of hysteria in bourgeois revelry to those of terrible fear and starvation across the city in the warrens of the poor. You can feel the gripping force of patriotism, and you are shown those for whom the illusion no longer holds. A general who has been removed from the front for committing what the general staff regarded as a tactical blunder, dominates the Prussian motif, but he, too, is fearful. He is followed by a cripple, old man, dried up and relentless, whose son fell on the hill where the general's military engineering failed.

Kellermann speaks of this little man as "The ulster." He contrives to get an audience with the general, an unheard of thing for two so different in social rank. The general humors him, tells how he has also lost a son at the front, and shows the visitor a map of the hill where the ulster's boy was done to death. Enraged the father calls the general a murderer. He is drunk. Then the effect of the drink leaves him, and he kneels to apologize and to beg forgiveness.

Another scene worth relating is where a soldier from the front, acting indirectly in the general's service, walks through the wrong door of the ponderous commanding ogre. He feels the cold sweat that reminds him of frightful experiences in the inferno. The general does not like his appearance. He is annoyed. Later he tells his secretary, another soldier of some directing authority, of the incident. Merely tells him that he has been bothered by the fellow's presence. An order goes out, unknown to the general, and back to the worst sector goes the unfortunate, back there to repair telegraph lines, and be a proper target. He is running across the fields pursued by sharpshooters. Then an airplane tries to run him down. He is almost crazy with fright. The draperies of mercy close, and we are carried to a Berlin cafe of the most exclusive sort. There sits the general sucking asparagus at the precise moment when the soldier falls into a mud hole and saves himself from the eagle that would annihilate him.

You see, too, cripples worming along on their bellies through the streets of the Prussian capital.

The revolution comes and you see spies run down. The general marvels that such a thing could be—these troops and people marching in honor of their solidarity and not for the honor to the withered arm of Potsdam. The general has worn the "king's coat" since he was ten. Now this habit is dangerous. He affects a hunting garb. He grows ill. He dies. The debauchery is over, the discipline is smashed. The ulster is avenged.

Kellermann's style is truly great, but we regret that he did not go more into the post-armistice developments. The end is truncated, it seems. However, it's a good book to read. Instructive to note the corruption that festered even in the most highly systematized warring government, and the unutterable horrors of war among a civilian body. America is taking the imperial stride with characteristic vigor. America is doomed to be defeated some day as Germany was, unless the workers' revolution saves it and humanity.

**THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER, By Bernhard Kellermann. Robert MacBride and Company, New York. $2.50.**

POPULATION in America has been moving steadily from the wide places on the land to the pavement-bound confines of cities. But there are so many millions of us who still remember the soil that any fine attempt to bring back its fragrance, pungency, color, sound, peace and struggle is sure to meet with a warm response.

Van Doren has done this very thing. You read his lines and live again in the odor of freshly-made hay; you can hear the horses' whinny, the cry of the lark. The owl weirdly hoos once more. You sense approaching rain, and after the shower you can see the pretty faces of flowers lifted tenderly to catch the caress of sunlight or to invite the bee's passionate, fiercely lingering kisses. The first poem, which gives the book its name, is inexpressibly beautiful to me.

Listen, the wind is still,
And far away in the night—
See! the uplands fill
With a running light.

Open the doors. It is warm;
And where the sky was clear—
Look! the head of a storm
That marches here!

Come under the trembling hedge—
Fast, although you fumble . . . . .
There! Did you hear the edge
Of winter crumble?

There are other industries in the country than those of the birds, bees and animals. The poet scatters his homely and vivid images of farm industry through the pages. Wheat is waving in the sun and smoke rises lazily from

"The kitchen chimney then, and supper is waiting . . . "

You'll like that sun, that blending of tones; the high-lights on windows as the fiery ball drops in the west, and the soothing, purple, gathering night descends. The book of poems is not large in size—69 pages—but it is great in beauty and spirit.

**Spring Thunder and Other Poems. By Mark Van Doren. Thomas Seltzer, Publisher, New York. $1.50.**

# Greetings From Australia

**From the Australian Administration of the Industrial Workers of the World at Melbourne, this letter was received:**

Fellow Worker:—The first batch of the FEBRUARY PIONEER arrived this morning, and it is just what we want at the present time, as it deals with Centralia and Wheatland.

This branch has started to advocate the boycotting of the American fleet on its arrival in this country, as a protest against this demonstration of armed force by a nation whose ruling class jails and persecutes workingmen and women for their ideas.

We circularized every trade union in Victoria, and our speakers will ask them to send resolutions to the President of the United States and the governors of Texas, California and Washington.

We are hoping for results. The labor fakers here are the same as anywhere else and will only take action when forced to do so.

We have rented a hall during the last month and also had some printing done.

I think that if we can stir the rank and file we will get some good results. I will send another letter as soon as things start to move a little.—Yours for Industrial Freedom—**Noel Lyons**, Sec'y.


**READ**

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**Official Organ of the I. W. W.**

**Published weekly at Chicago—the nation's center of heavy industry. Accurate news of this most important district and from all parts of the country. World news right up to the minute. Labor's viewpoint is worth reading. If you want the truth about what's going on in America and all over the globe don't delay, but send in your subscription at once. $2.00 a year. Single copies, 5 cents. Bundle orders 3 cents. We are leaving the old address, 1001 West Madison St., as this reaches you. New address 3333 West Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill. SUPPORT YOUR PRESS!**

# 'Tis Fear

By COVINGTON AMI

Then, "Whither goest Thou?" Unto what End
Do you, or I, the Curve of Life ascend?
Unto what Purpose, winning or in rout,
Ascending or descending,—What about?

There Ninety Hundred Thousand Young Men lie
With stark, unseeing faces to the Sky:
They who rest Dust in Dust, what means to Them
Yon tinseled Marshal's laureled diadem?

For what the senseless slaughter of the Young?
Tell why their Souls to Erebus were flung?
They, to the cold, grey State's men, were but Tools,
And You, who speak of "payment"—**You** are **Fools.**

I **know** Her breath is sweet, Her breasts are warm,
And more than passing fair my Heart's dear form;
But He whose heart to Dust is blown, and Clay,
Ah! neither He nor She can Love's word say.

Through Phantom Realms pursued by Phantom Huns,
From his own image Man forever runs;
And by whatever name the Gods are known,
Fear is the Power on the Heaven Throne.

'Tis Fear that Nature's wondrous beauty blights:
By which we are self-driven from the Heights,—
Down old worn ruts,—by Superstition schooled,—
By Ghosts deluded, and by Gnomemen ruled.

Its figure gianted by Moon and Mist,
Fear is a Pigmy playing Terrorist;
And, strange, it is of Courage brother-twin,
The Strength by which the Victory we win.

'Tis Fear that holds the Hero in the Line,
And Fear that fills the Prison and the Shrine;
'Tis Fear that keeps the Slave enchained, unblest,
And Fear that is the Anarch's alkahest.

'Tis by our Fear the march of Right we stay,
And keep the World so long from Life away;
'Tis Fear that starves the Faith that Truth would nurse,
Fear murks the Lovelight of the Universe.

'Tis Fear by Nobler Fear fanned into flame,
'Tis This by which we conquer Sin and Shame;
'Tis This that holds us to the Higher Trust,
And This that lifts the Race Soul from the Dust!

**Owing to the large number of manuscripts and drawings submitted during the last days of the contest, it is impossible for the judges to make their decisions in time for us to run the winning story and cartoon in this issue. We shall do so in the June number.**

**Ralph Chaplin reports that he is unable to finish the review of Upton Sinclair's MAMMONART as we go to press. For this important literary and artistic criticism see the JUNE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER.**

# "My Country 'Tis of Thee"



THE Industrial Pioneer medal award, made up of the discarded shoe of a hopeless idiot, to which is attached a solid piece of ivory, crudely carved in the shape of a bone, is this month awarded to the Rev. Father Alexis Cuneen, C. P. of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, for the following **blurb** handed his congregation in a sermon, as reported by the N. Y. Times:

"During the war many of us asked why God permitted such a calamity. There was only one reason: He sent it in punishment for the horrible sin of race suicide. Many of the boys who died on the battlefields were born in spite of their sinful parents. God waited until they were grown to visit punishment on them."

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THE great game of plucking the U. S. Labor Goose!

Osborne C. Wood, son of the Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, who startled two continents with his financial dealings and kept the world agog for a year with his wild extravagances at the gambling tables of European resorts, in which time he dissipated an enormous fortune won in Wall Street at long distance, recently returned home. "I have returned to the United States mainly to rebuild my fortune," he declared. "It won't be long before the old bank account will be traveling up again. The United States is the one place in the world to make money. You go abroad to spend it."

Which leads us to remark: "Will young Wood work?—or will he work the workers? What do you think? .... **Exactly.** We think the same.



"EASY, OH, SO EASY!"

# Labor and the American Empire

By ROBERT WHITAKER

III.

**WHEN the Great War closed in November, 1918, for a moment there appeared to be reasonable prospect that the United States of America might lead the way in organizing a United States of the World. The very make-up of our own government and its historical background seemed both to favor it, for ours is a Federal Union, that is, substantially a union of nations, and our Federal Union was achieved in 1787 under circumstances which were hardly more disposed toward it, apparently, than was the world situation of 1918 to the realization of a World State. Very few of us understand now how hostile to each other were many of the original thirteen American colonies, and how exceedingly difficult was the task of bringing them together under one law. It was thought by many hopeful people that it would be quite as practicable for the leaders of our day, with the advance in human contacts and human intelligence and human engineering in general which these one hundred and fifty years since the Declaration of Independence was issued have realized, to do for the war-weary world as a whole what the fathers of our Republic did for the war weary American colonies in that less humanized and less organized age. Moreover, Woodrow Wilson's position in relation to the world as a whole was hardly less triumphant and influential at the end of 1918 than was George Washington's at the end of the Revolutionary War. Many who had not voted for him, and were by no means greatly enamoured of him nevertheless felt that it was altogether within the possibilities that he might be the First President of the United States of the World as Washington became the First President of the United States of America.**

### Presidents Lackeys to Economic Superiors

Here and there some people still imagine that the failure of this dream was due to the insufficiency of Woodrow Wilson himself. "He was not a big enough man for the job," they say, and when they dwell upon what might have happened had Woodrow Wilson only been so and so. Others, still his ardent admirers, are sure that the failure was not his, but rather that of those who opposed and thwarted him for personal or partisan ends, the grasping, unscrupulous prime ministers and diplomats of Europe, and the "wilful few" in the United States Senate who would not co-operate with him for the better organization of the world, lest he or his party get some advantage at their expense.

Those of us who no longer read history in terms of personal and incidental romance know that there is little consequence to either of these claims. Woodrow Wilson might have been a far bigger man than he was, but if he had been so he would hardly have been President of the United States. Men do not just happen into that position, and no one has actually achieved that high place who had not proved himself in advance a politician, and very much of a child of the age and a servant of its controlling interests. One need not apologize for either European or American "statesmen" who were in opposition to Wilson in order to recognize the fact that they also were mannikins who danced or failed to dance according to the music furnished them by the master class. The American political state stayed out of the League of Nations because there was as yet no economic interest on the side [illegible]such world organization sufficient to drive it in. The great financiers of America were not ready then, and it is doubtful whether they are ready now, to merge their manipulations of the world's markets with the manipulations of the big financiers on the other side of the sea. American Big Business is still a thing quite apart from Big Business elsewhere in the capitalistic world.

### I. W. W. Is Industrial and International

And the same is true of American labor. Some folks may see little significance in the fact that Labor Day in Europe is May First, while Labor Day in the United States is, for the vast majority of the organized workers of our country, the first Monday in September. But the fact is one of primary meaning and importance, and when the Industrial Workers of the World stress the world's Labor Day as against our local labor memorial they are only making plain the great gulf which as yet yawns between them and the craft unionism of the A. F. of L. The Industrial Workers of the World are **industrial** and **international** in their emphasis. The great body of organized labor in the United States is neither industrial nor international, but opportunistic and patriotic. The most they seek for the workers is a larger share of the labor product **on their way to become capitalists.** That is, most American workingmen, in the unions and out of the unions, would like to be capitalists, and hope to be capitalists, and want **as good a wage as they can get until they can climb out of the wage-earning class and sit on the backs of the workers themselves.** Their ideal is not that of an industrial society, where every man and woman does a decent

share of the world's bread and butter getting, and where that labor is so organized so that it will burden no one, but their ideal is that of getting themselves, or at least their children into places of privilege and power outside and above the working class. And they are not concerned for the world as a whole, but are entirely content to play up the "America first" philosophy along with the patro-maniacs of the profiteering class. May First means nothing to them because the common interests of the working class of the world, conceived as one great international unity mean nothing to them, and they want the welfare of the workers **even in America** much less than they want the "initiative" and "thrift" and "enterprise" of especially skilled workers who can climb into the band wagons of social superiority for themselves.

### Individualism of Americana

If this seems a harsh way of putting the matter it is true to fact, and the harshness of it is in the conditions itself, and in the necessarily brief statement of the matter here. Were there more space it could be shown that our whole national history, especially since the great westward "trek" began, has tended to make American workers pronounced individualists and would-be capitalists, and therefore explains on natural lines the prevailing labor psychology of the day in American labor circles. This psychology is the product of the pioneer emphasis in American life.

But the days of the pioneer have passed, and the American frontier is a thing of yesterday. Whether the American workingman wants to be an internationalist or not he is going to be, because we are chained hard and fast to the chariot wheels of world business now. If we do not keep May First and make common cause with the workers of the world in their effort to create a world industrial order we shall be forced to make common cause with the money masters of the world in their defense days, their fleet celebrations, and the rest of their military parade and festivals. Labor Day here in California comes close to our State Anniversary, September 9th, and gets hardly as much attention as "The Native Sons" are able to rally to their aid in boosting California. The nation over America's Labor Day gets less attention than Fourth of July, or even Armistice Day. Labor plays second fiddle all over America to business and politics, because it refuses to take the world view and really to believe in labor.

What will American labor get for this betrayal of the cause of world labor, and this capitalistic reaction to the whole idea of labor as **something to be used only until a place in the ranks of exploitation can be won?** What has American labor gotten thus far? Let the story of the last one hundred years make a reply. Has the status of the working class kept pace with the progress of American wealth? Grant that the black slave has been made legally free; grant that wages are higher than they were a hundred years ago, and goods more abundant for the workingman; grant that the right to labor to organize is more widely recognized than it was in 1825. What then? Are the workers of the United States of America any nearer to owning America than they were then? Are they any less subject to the call to be cannon fodder for the master class? Are they getting actually a larger share of what they produce? It cannot be proven that with respect to any of these points they have made anything like the progress toward power which has been made by the money masters of the land. Never did they give such tremendous tribute to the loot-takers as they are giving right now. And never were they in fact such utter slaves as to their press, as to their pulpit, as to their schools, and as to every avenue of the information they get and the ideas they have.

If all American capitalists were to become Henry Fords tomorrow and cooperate in a universal campaign of wage raising in the United States, a thing which will not happen of course, American labor would still betray its own interests by standing in with them for the exploitation of the rest of the world. There is a limit even to world markets, and this would soon be reached with such a combination of creative power, even though the other nations were not competitors for the world's markets. But they are. And the more the labor of other nations is depressed the more their competition for world markets is to be feared. Why should American capitalists long continue to pay high wages here for the making of goods for outside markets when they can get cheaper labor in the vicinity of those markets themselves? And how long will the labor of the rest of the world consent to starve in the interests of favored workers here? Do we want to create world alliances against ourselves even as Prussia did, until such alliances are powerful enough to deal with us as the Allies have dealt with Germany? If we do, all that is necessary is to pursue the present policies of organized capital and organized labor here in collaboration of world plunder. For a while the plunder may yield American labor in favored sections and especially open periods known as "periods of prosperity" a modest amount of loot. But even in such "good times" the capitalists will be the real gainers both in plunder and power, and the eventual subjection of labor here to the master class will be only the deeper and more desperate.

American independence is a fool's dream. The master class here knows it is not independent of world resources and world markets. The sooner that American labor learns its interdependence with the working class everywhere, and keeps with them the Labor Day and gets into step with a world program of industrial solidarity the sooner we ourselves shall be done with armies of unemployed, with panics from overproduction, and with international competitions of robber tariffs and the ever darkening threat of the overthrow of all civilization in another world war.

# Was Morgan Wrong?

By VERN SMITH

(CONTINUED FROM APRIL ISSUE)

SECTION IV.

## CRITICISM OF THE "NEW SCHOOL"

THE first thing that we observe, when reflecting on the New School of Anthropology, is that its founders and adherents, true to their specialistic tendencies, have concerned themselves almost entirely with savage man of today. This has a serious disadvantage. Since "the world do move," contemporary savage and barbaric man is pretty well pushed back into the high hills, and is infected with alien customs, and has felt the influence of the bible shark and the powerful forces of capitalistic trade, rifles, schools, and legislators, slave hunters, etc., which have very much modified his original reaction to his environment. The environment itself is frequently changed, and since various different cultural groups of primitive man are driven helter-skelter over the same road, to the same temporary fastnesses, their customs, arts and apparatuses get confused and mixed. In time, the effect of all this will be to produce one homogeneous civilization over the whole world; meanwhile savage tribes are broken loose from some of their ancient reserve, and because of their violent uprooting and general manhandling, they adopt strange ways, modify them, adjust themselves partially to white and yellow civilization, and in general make it difficult for anyone to understand their former life by a study of their present life.



THESE PEOPLE, NOT BLESSED WITH CIVILIZATION, KNOW HOW TO LIVE.

Just for example, there is a most interesting article, "The Autobiography of a Winnebago Indian" to be found in **Publication of American Archaeology.** This Winnebago lived in the wilds of Wisconsin about the turn of the century, and had the very devil of a time trying to compound his tribal traditions with modern American culture. Thus, when he and two others of his tribe decided to go on the warpath, and had picked out the objective—a certain Pottawattomie group—they found that the country in between the two tribes was no longer suitable to the old and traditional method of skulking up the forest paths, and dashing across the unfenced plains. There were now too many farms in the road, and **they had to take a train in order to get near the scene of action!**

Similarly, I have heard of a case in which a University of Washington anthropologist had brought an Indian into a seminar for observation and analysis, by the class of eager "New School" advocates. The old buck did pretty well towards maintaining a fine and savage air of primitiveness, until the class was over. Then he forgot that he was the noble red man of ballad and tale, and also that according to Boas and company he was the product of a unique culture, and **he whistled for his chauffeur!**

I really believe that Morgan in his day had more opportunity to get at the keynote of savage attitude, character, and custom despite the fact that his knowledge of the Dyaks and the Banks Islanders was limited. Perhaps the Iroquois and the Northwest Coast tribes of America have changed more in the last half century than the "New School" suspects.

But there is a more important result even than this, coming from the fact that the "new" anthropologists concentrate their attention on primitive peoples surviving now in the nooks, corners and byways of our earth. Most peoples are not now savages, in the sense that the Melanesians are, though we have incontrovertible evidence that they were at one time. Morgan spent as much time and space on the progress of the Greeks, Romans and Chinese as he did on the living savages and barbarians, when he defended his theory. Later Morganites have worked over other peoples who have advanced

now to a fairly uniform degree of civilization, from Boston, Mass., to Yokohama, Japan, both ways around the world. The big main stream of humankind advanced along the route rediscovered by Morgan, and nothing that the recent anthropologists have done has seriously affected that part of Morgan's theory.

In fact, the evidence of the later archeologists is a further substantial evidence in favor of "evolutionism" in general, and some of it is all to Morgan's advantage. In this same matter of copper implements which was mentioned in the preceding section, to take up only one phase of the question, any one can get from any good library, W. M. Flinders Petrie's book, **Tools and Weapons.** Petrie is **the** authority on ancient Egypt, and has done valuable work in other fields. His book is published by the British School of Archeology in Egypt, and is a remarkably comprehensive and complete work. You will find, on glancing it over, that Petrie, and his army of assistants, have collected and classified thousands of ancient axes, adzes, spear, arrow, and halberd heads, daggers, hoes, awls, etc. The dates of many of these can be easily told, either from actual inscriptions on them, or from the strata in which they were found. And there you have laid out for you the **evolution** of tools, for several thousands of years, in Europe, Asia and Africa. You see how the rough stone gave way to polished stone, and that when the first metal was used, it was merely hammered virgin copper. The early artificer in metal probably tried to chip it, as he had been in the habit of chipping stone. It didn't chip, but it did beat out into shape, and what shape did he try for? Why, he made his metal axe or adze or hoe just the same shape that he had been in the habit of making his stone tool. Since it is difficult to make a socket in a stone, the handle of a stone tool is lashed to the point or blade. So the first copper tools were lashed to their handles. After long experimentation, the smith began to make sockets. The first copper tools were hammered, as I said before. That gave a peculiar shape, with thick centers and shinner edges, both sides about alike. Then it was found that copper could be melted and poured into moulds. That gave a peculiar shape again to the blades, for molds cannot make "pillowy," or thin-edged tools with both sides the same, unless a closed mold is used, and of course, that was not the easiest sort of mold to invent. Eventually they managed it. Moreover, they learned to harden the copper, at first by accidental mixtures of arsenic and copper oxide, and then, because it smeltered better, with tin.

Then they discovered iron, probably not in Egypt for it was imported there from Asia Minor and Crete, and the Egyptians did not like it at first, though finally they adopted it. Now we know the use of copper preceded iron even in the ancient countries where iron appears first because the first iron tools were made on the model of the hardened copper tools. Even the hardened copper or bronze was soft compared with iron, and bronze tools could not be made to flare much. They were straight, bolt-shaped axes, chisels, hoes, etc. After a long time, axes and such like tools of iron were given the beautiful curved and flaring edges which the nature of the metal made possible.

You will see that this is **evolution,** based on successive discoveries. Along with it went the evolution of society, as Morgan has outlined it. Nowhere do we find the iron before the bronze, or the bronze before the cast copper, or the cast copper before the hammered copper, or copper before the use of polished stone, or polished stone before the use of rough stone. But we do find that occasionally whole stages are skipped in some particular backward locality. All parts of Europe did not necessarily go through all of these successive stages. It was possible for one group to make two successive discoveries, and export bronze, say, into a stone age culture, allowing them to skip over the copper culture altogether. Of course, in modern times we find the same thing. Steel was introduced to the North American Indians, and used by them before they had a chance to invent bronze.

And this is what we mean by evolution. Probably if we trace it far enough down, it is always one or at most a few men who make each invention. The others learn from them; first their immediate tribe learns, and then, after a time, if there is communication, other peoples learn. The better communication there is the faster progress goes on, if this communication does not mean that



**TUNGAS OF SIBERIA**
**The "New School" Claims that Because He Rides Reindeers Morgan Was Wrong**



FIELD AGRICULTURE BROUGHT SLAVERY

there is no security, and too much war. It is quite probable that a part of the backwardness of the people who are still savage and barbaric is due to the lack of communication.

Anyway, the emphasis of Goldenweiser, Lowie and Boas on the non-historical peoples has caused a distortion of perspective. Their failure even to attempt the refutation of Morgan in the history and pre-history of European, North African and the present civilized Asiatic nations allows us to use Morgan's classification and Morgan's theory of evolution as a defense of the doctrine of the materialist conception of history. All we have to do is to accept the "New School" doctrine at its face value, as far as it touches the still existing savage and barbaric peoples which they say do not fit Morgan's classification, declare these to be exceptions, and go merrily on.

It would not be surprising to find exceptions. Anthropology and ethnology are not exact sciences, any more than are botany, zoology, economics and sociology. What we look for in the inexact sciences are trends, laws, types, averages—and not arithmetical precision.

But if we abandon so large a field as this to the Columbia school we are doing Morgan an injustice, and granting more than they deserve to the pluralists. Let us scrutinize them still more carefully, within this relatively narrow sphere to which we have limited them, with the idea of still further limiting them. Let us consider again their method and their theory, and let us take up their method first.

In an inexact science, the personal equation counts for more, and in a more fundamental way than in an exact science, like, say, astronomy. The personal equation in astronomy might give you an error in the calculation of an eclipse, but in ethnology it might lead you to yourself eclipse and hide from sight whole natural laws, as important to you as is the law of gravitation to the astronomer.

Just to show how this can be done: Every pea in a pod is different, from every other pea, and like every other to one type of man the differences will seem most important, and to another type, the resemblances. To the seed grower the peas are infinitely different, to the cook they are alike. Similarly, every calf is unlike its brother, and the farmer, interested in cattle breeding, can hardly be brought to realize that after all, they are about the same—they are all bull-calves of a certain breed. Similarly again, every tribe in any of Morgan's stages, is unlike any other tribe there, and the modern college anthropologist, both because he is soaked in a pluralistic, liberal, individualistic atmosphere, and because he is an anthropologist, which means a specialist, will certainly emphasize the slight differences, and can hardly be forced to take any cognizance of the resemblances. Morgan, with his wider classical and historical education, and because he was active before William James got busy with his pragmatism, escaped this tendency to distort. Lowie, Goldenweiser and Boas did not so escape, which is why I have devoted so much time in the second section of this article to a discussion of their personal history.

(Continued on page Thirty-two)

*NOTE: Under capitalism, where commodity production prevails, herded cattle are not milked because the milk can not be carried so far to market, so our milk comes from artificially evolved farm-fed Holsteins and Jersies kept on small, highly cultivated farms close to the big cities. The distended udder, weak physique, and tremendous appetite of the diary cow of modern times makes her also unsuited to range life. But in pre-capitalistic societies, where the milk is not sold but used by the herders, range cattle are the source of milk, and only peoples who have herds develop a taste for milk.

# About Free Speech

**R. F. Pettigrew served in public life for half a century. He represented South Dakota in the United States Senate. Then he wrote a book that all should read: "Imperial Washington." What he thinks about free speech is pointedly presented here.**

By R. F. PETTIGREW

YOU ask me to write an article for your magazine on the subject of freedom of speech. That question was supposed to have been settled so far as this country is concerned, by the amendments to the Constitution—the first ten amendments.

I wish you would read the chapter in my book, "Imperial Washington," on the Constitutional Convention and on the Supreme Court. I consider it entirely useless to agitate the question of freedom of speech or freedom of the press, for the reason that this government has abandoned all semblance of freedom and has become an autocracy of artificial persons. The capitol is no longer in Washington. It has moved to New York, and a band of exploiting scoundrels absolutely run, not only the President, who is their rubber stamp, but the Supreme Court who are their attorneys, and also both houses of Congress.

We are a government of, by and for the corporations. To discuss the question of freedom of speech is utterly idle.

The only remedy there is for existing conditions is for the people who are engaged in useful occupations, to unite politically and take possession of the government. I would like the platform to consist of eight words, "Every man is entitled to what he produces." "All power to the people who do the work and produce the wealth." Then as a slogan, "The exploitation of man by his fellow man must cease." That is the issue and the only issue.

The exploitation of everybody who toils getting out of all the products of their toil but a bare existence, has destroyed the moral character of the American people, not only the moral character of those who are exploited, but the exploiters themselves, and this moral character can be restored only by those who do the work and produce the wealth taking possession of the government and administering it in the rights of man rather than in the rights of property in the hands of the men who do not produce the property.

I wish your organization would take up this issue. You do in a way, but it is indirect. You should take it up directly and appeal to the men who do the work and produce the wealth to join you. You could declare that you would receive only those as members who were engaged in some useful occupation, and that would exclude all those people who are engaged in the criminal business of practicing law.

By THE EDITOR

WHAT Mr. Pettigrew says about the denial of alleged civil rights is so glaringly apparent, so widespread and violent that no one can take issue with him on that score. The highest government officials, presidents, secretaries of state, supreme court justices and others have expressed opinions supporting his contention. They have said that the corporation character of ownership of the United States government has abrogated that modicum of liberty, to which the people in pre-war and inter-bellum periods were accustomed, so thoroughly that there is no indication of a return to the more democratic forms. These eminently respectable, patriotic gentlemen say that the repressive policy emanating from economic control by a minority is bound to lead to grave friction. Translated from the solemn language of diplomacy this means to social explosions—rebellions, insurrections and revolutions.

Mr. Pettigrew has long observed this development with discerning eyes. It is, however, strange that one alert to the economic nature of the blocs dictating political government should advocate **parliamentary** endeavor by the producers to achieve their **economic** deliverance. But before proposing this perfectly innocuous plan of attack he brushes aside the free speech matter as utterly unworthy of discussion. Let us examine the mettle of the question.

For capitalists in control of industry to discuss free speech for themselves is as unthinkable as to hear them arguing about their right to eat. They are eating and living as well as they can according to their tastes. Creature comforts are secured to them, and taken as a matter of course, just like breathing fresh air or swapping wives half a dozen times a year or oftener. They regard their power of untrammeled expression in the same matter-of-fact way. They have free speech; why talk about it?

The proposition assumes a very different aspect when related to the workers. They are members of a subject class. Advancement of opinions by them rests on their ability to exchange ideas freely. It is absolutely essential to revolutionary labor that it be not prevented from forwarding its thoughts through speech and press and assemblage, if it is to mold proletarian conceptions to arouse their class for the fight against wage slavery.

Free speech, then, is not an abstract principle for us to consider. We are wholly mindful of its utility. We do not care for it as a liberal sentiment. We are interested in its application as an instrument, a weapon, a means to an end. Free speech must be fought for and defended by the workers because it is a lever upon which their economic status rests. Permit it to disappear and the level of our existence is lowered.

In closing it may be pertinent to remind my opponent that the I. W. W. appeals directly to wage workers for economic direct action against capitalist exploitation. None but wage workers are eligible to membership. This excludes both large and small capitalists, and keeps the organization confined strictly to men and women who work for wages. Given the circumstances a powerful, industrially organized proletarian vanguard situated in strategic industries can achieve human freedom. We have no rights that we cannot maintain. The things given to us are gifts. Free speech as a right has never existed for the workers in America. In every military crisis, and in the more prominent economic outbreaks between the masters and slaves it has failed to hold its own. As we organize industrially it becomes more secure, and when the war of the classes is over it shall be the common property and right of all individuals.

# The Shame of California

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS




This is the shame of the orange state
That sits by the western sea
Where the tide comes in through the Golden Gate
And the great ships go out free;
This is the crime of a sunny clime
That I write for the years to read,
So the babes unborn can visit their scorn
On the fruits of the System's greed.

Now the land was fair, and the land was broad,
And rich in timber and soil,
But the Masters came and they fenced it all
From the hands of the men that toil;
With only the right that spoilers have,
And ruthless to maim and kill,
The seal of their brand was set on the land
And held it to their will.

They reaped the fruits they had never sowed,
They pillaged the forest glade,
From the sweat of slaves beneath the goad
Were their ill-got dollars made;
And their power grew as their fortunes grew
And bought laws served them well,
And in fifty years the state was theirs—
And they turned it into hell.

Blood, blood, blood, and an ocean of tears.
And a long, long, lonely road,
With a crucified worker at every step
And a slave beneath the goad;
Red, red, red, on a harlot's bed,
Living a life of shame,
Magdalene Marys spacing the miles
And a mother to curse their name.

They worked in the hop, and it was their brawn
That turned the hop into gold,
But the Master's bins were filled to the brims
And the bit they got—was doled.
They worked in the hop, till a voice cried Stop!
And they stood on their feet like men;
Then the gunmen's lead took its toll of dead
And their best went to the "pen."

In Folsom Jail where the convicts pale
Go hopeless to and fro,
The bars are strong and the days are long
And the hours things of woe,
And there are done beneath the sun
Sadistic deeds of shame
That would appall the hardest hearts
And make men curse its name.

II

In a city great by the Golden Gate
Where the winds blow damp and keen
The workers toiled and the workers moiled
For their wages small and mean;
That the wheels might turn and the street lights burn
And their Masters' fortunes swell
They guided the cars and shifted the bars
And jangled the signal bell.

Then the call went out, and they answered the shout,
And organized with a will:
"Shall we work like dogs and be housed like hogs
And feed on the packers' swill?
Shall our children starve and our wives grow old
And our girls go the 'easy way'?
—By the Union, No! We've earned it, so
More pay—we want more pay!"

Now the lust of greed is a murderous lust
And it has a heart of hate,
So the hired hand threw the flaming brand,
And a man went to his fate.
They builded the gallows and stretched the rope
And knotted the noose with a lie,—
But the sailors of Russia cried their threat
And Mooney did not die.

Bars, bars, bars, and an ocean of tears
And a tale of lust and greed,
With a shackled worker on every page
And a murdered one to bleed.
Beg, beg, beg, with hardly a rag
To cover the naked back,
Desperate men out of a job
And twisted on the rack!

In Pedro town where the rusted-brown
Big freighters come in from sea,
The men on the docks went out with a shout
In the name of liberty;
But the Masters' pugs and the Masters' thugs
With their clubs and guns were there,
And they herded the men in the shelterless pen
That stretched one on his bier.

White, white, white, in their hooded robes
But black as the fiend beneath
Are the cowards who came under cover of night
To bring a woman death.
Tools, tools, tools, and morons and fools
And yellow to the core
Are the dastards who came without pity or shame
To wallow in children's gore!

This is the shame of the orange state
That sits by the western sea
Where the tide comes in on the rugged strand
And the great ships go out free;
This is the crime of a sunny clime
That I write for the years to read,
So the babes unborn can visit their scorn
On the fruits of the System's greed.

# The Saddest Strike

WRITTEN IN AUSTRALIA By BETSY MATTHIAS

IT WAS IN 1917. That year of the big general (?) strike in Sydney, when men, who sold their labor power to industrial bosses of that city, were battling, per medium of strike, for better conditions.

It was a memorable strike—a sad fiasco—still they tried.

To you mockers of its failure let me tell you that because they failed doesn't prove they were wrong.

But this strike I want to tell you about is an even sadder strike. It happened at the same time.

It was a strike of a section of women who plied their sex machinery and sold their sex power to the men of that city of Sydney. Women, quite dead to natural sex selection, who just trafficked their bodies to earn a living of cheap food, clothes, and slum shelter. Driven to it because they had no training or inheritances as artisans, or any profession, or economic luck in the marriage market.

Mrs. Errieson, known as "Auntie" amongst a certain I. W. W. clique led me to this saddest of strikes that I've ever witnessed.

She had heard that a poor maiden sweet old lady, who had a little "tin-pot" grocery business was very ill and had to be removed to a hospital; so "Auntie" volunteered to mind the shop and home, until the patient came back. The shop was in Wooloomooloo, (Wooloomooloo is Australia's lowest and most degraded proletarian district) Sydney, corner of a narrow lane and Forbes Street. I visited "Auntie" there and this is what I saw and heard.

A crowd of women, excited, all of similar type, were gathered together in "mob" style at the entrance of the lane. They were hurling curses, reprimands, in language neither classical nor pretty at one of their own clique—a frail young woman. A few men were sitting on the curbstone, who, by profession, were "bludgers" on these women—or "runners up," keeping "nit" when likely police were about. The men were very quiet—having enough "savvy" to keep docile during this wild female jangle of wild, wild women.

"Garn, yer scab—fancy taking half-er-crown. You'll be down to a 'bob' soon. How the hell do yer think we can live while the likes er you are about, selling your carcase to blokes at two bob a time. I suppose when all ther soldiers come back, yer'll be patriotic enuff to offer yerself fer nix, fer yer country's sake. "There was a shuffle amongst the mob of women—they were rumbling and snorting with anger.

My heart felt sick, my senses reeled to see my sisters of Australia in such a condition—forced to fight thus for food and shelter. It was my first real experience amongst the prostitutes of my own sex.

The accused girl—womanlike—slunk back in fear. One never knew the moment when she'd be "scruffed," and beaten, and hair torn by her angry pals of the "pavement profession".

"Let me alone," she blubbered, half defiant, half mad, like some scared animal, as she beat the air with her long, slender, shapely arms, trying to get away from the mob of women who had her hemmed in.

"Let yer alone? Fer two pins, I'd kick yer gutts in—anything I hates is a scab. Gord, I believe he's worse than a cop; and a woman scab—Gord, she's lower than a female D——, and, strike me fat, she's less than mud." One of the "bludgers" excitingly interrupted: "Nick, here's a couple of cops." Things were a bit quieter for a few minutes. I did not see any "cops" (policeman) appearing, so jumped to the conclusion that the "bludger bloke" was a shrewd diplomat, and understood a psychological moment to a perfect poise. Fearing for the attacked woman's chances if the fight boiled over too much, he attempted to quell it with the auto suggestion that the "cops" were in close vicinity.

Another woman in the crowd stepped forward. She had such wonderful eyes—large pools of human understanding, flashing experience and tolerance. She spoke placidly, firmly and sadly. "Let her alone, girls. She ain't all ter blame. These are hard times. There's a big strike on. My old man's in it. He talks about economic circumstance stuff. I don't quite get the hang of it, but still I have horse sense, and in me own way I understand. Tell yer the truth, the men ain't got the money—so what's the girl to do? Don't suppose she'd sell herself fer two and six if she could get more. She's out o' work at the factory this long time. She's pretty yer know—if the cash was flush she'd get it alright."

The beautiful-eyed woman glanced severely—challengingly—and continued: "God knows, we women have a hard enough time in this world of queer happenings—a world of idle rich who rob the poor workers—a world bossed by men who are always forcing war, misery, and conditions as in these slums. 'Tis men's unemployment makes this girl accept a small toll. Let's get at the cause—the real cause—and never mind downing the poor devil of a girl who is in dire straits. Blame the big bosses of the world, who work the workers at low wages, and then throw them out of employment when all the goods are piled up."

Some of the women, hard-faced, lined with care more than with age, screwed up their eyes, pondering, as though the logic of their neighbor was dawning upon them. In the meantime, the two and sixpenny scab had flown while she was lucky. I saw her in the distance, standing, trembling, in the doorway of a shanty in the lane. She looked like a hunted, beautiful, untamed deer, quite unfit for her surroundings.

There is lots more I could tell you of that district, but it hurts too much to linger long on such gruesome truths of my birthland—sunny Australia.

Then they ask me: "What do you want a revolution for? What do you want another system of Society for?"

# Women and War

By ELLA LUTTERMAN

**To our women readers: Do you think this writer has the correct grasp of the subjects she has touched on in this short article? A discussion is sure to be enlightening. You are invited to send in your opinions. A larger number of manuscripts should be submitted by our radical women. Here's hoping that they deluge the editor with some really excellent thoughts.**

IN his treatment of the editorial in the Dearborn Independent, "Child Labor vs. the Amendment," we have Mr. John Hammond (in a letter to the Des Moines Register) to thank for acting as spokesman on the right track when he attacks the malicious abuse of a humanitarian division of our citizenship.

That a new construction is being brought to bear upon the theory of government, in general, involving the cleavage of property rights and human rights, and the sifting of issues to their core, is not to be minimized.

When delegates of nine women's organizations convene for six days in august deliberation, for the purpose of determining the causes and cure of war, it means a protest of the line of least resistence.

True to the custom of masculine psychology, Real Admiral W. W. Phelps of the navy general board speaks to the women's auxiliary of the American Legion in terms of commerce and British intervention, citing the inadequacy of "your navy to keep open our trade routes."

Discussing the war department's study of "woman power," Maj. Gen. John L. Hines, chief of staff, told the auxiliary before a George Washington birthday meeting that the time for maneuvers on a large scale is here, and that the first of three possible solutions is, "To wait until war came and then pay the price in full."

Secretary Wilbur of the navy corroborates the cold-steel view when he stipulated before a body of women the express purpose of the navy, i. e., to fight.

In the light of logical sequence as applied to present-day developments, can these summary answers be acceptible to women as final? They can not?

For if the franchise grants to women any voice whatsoever in the shaping of policies, this will be swayed by the human angle, as compared to the traditional thinking in terms of material gain under a competitive system that knows no other cure than demanding the lives of their sons and fathers.

The crux of the thing to be solved, as pitted against the prospect of a modern war, is not vested in the proposition of military defense at all, and women know it. They have risen to the class designated by Lincoln, that cannot always be fooled.

When trade expansion, foreign investments and loans rise to such significance as to jeopardize the very safety of any nation or nations—when prosperity reverses upon itself as the victim—the rational viewpoint of directing international policy is not, in the minds of some, scientific warfare, but scientific adjustment, respectively.

There is a solution! But it is not to be found in defending the overlapping claims of imperialistic expansion by methods of competitive force in armaments. Considering chemical, aerial warfare, the issue falls to the negative, when a crazed, embittered, poisoned world becomes the price of self-defense. Let sovereigns be grave—there is no self-defense in that, not even on the sacred altar of protecting property rights and where, then, is the honor? The peoples of the world do not demand it.

"The more I study the world," reflected Napoleon Bonaparte, "the more am I convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable." When official authorities become broadened to accept the fact that the tension of international affairs will respond to a recognition of mutual service as above material profit, then we can focus on something constructive besides speculating on the "next war."

Certain it is that, if commissioner of education of Maine, Mr. C. Thoms, applies his declaration that students in the schools should be taught to study world news and to think in world terms, there must also be a world language to make it effective in an international sense.

Here Europe has preceded us in foresight. As the official, auxiliary language, Esperanto is rapidly gaining favor and has already been made a regular study, in at least four nations. Many of the leading international associations have adopted its use, and as an effective peace measure it will only be a matter of time before America too shall see fit to equip her students with a knowledge of this auxiliary, which promises to be the future means of world communication by radio and aviation.

# How Marx Studied Economics

By CARD No. 4306

PERHAPS your readers may be interested to learn of the incident that led Karl Marx to write his three volumes known as "Das Kapital," and the reason that made it even possible for him to do so.

Marx, having had the advantage of a university education, and also having a natural inclination to study various sciences, among them political economy, of which he was considered somewhat of an authority, used his influence as editor of a German newspaper to create interest in this science among the readers of his paper by inviting them to discuss various economic problems of the day, as well as ask questions to be answered through the columns of the paper.

At that time, Germany being the only real rival of England for the world's trade, it was only natural that considerable discussion of this nature should take place in a paper that adopted and encouraged such discussion. It finally resulted in Marx getting three economic problems presented to him for solution by an interested reader, and Marx found himself unable to give a correct solution. Therefore, like a true scientist who forms theories from facts, and not facts from theories, Marx retired from his editorial chair to devote his time to discover why he could not correctly answer these problems.

After some time he discovered that the definition of the term **Capital:** "Wealth used to produce wealth" was like salt that had lost its savor, by no longer containing the essence of the thing defined, and while it had been applicable to the savage with his bow and arrow, and even to a system of barter, was entirely out of date when applied to machine production. So he sought for a definition that would contain the essence of the term, and found it by making an addition to the old definition, so that the change was substantially this: Capital: wealth used to produce more wealth by means of exploitation.

It was this definition that both gave him the keynote to his work "Das Kapital," and to the correct answer to the three problems already presented to him. It also enabled him to predict the trend of capitalism in its future course as accurately as an astronomer can predict the time of an eclipse of the sun by the moon, and even the section of the world in which the eclipse would be visible.

Like all true scientists who discover that old theories do not conform to facts he was denounced and vilified by those whose interests would be jeopardized by the acceptance of the new, and by the political economists of the old school possibly through jealousy.

It is quite within the realms of reason to assume that some of them had discovered shortcomings in the accepted theories of the science, but could not discover the remedy for them, or had not the courage that Marx had to attempt the job, knowing what they would be up against.

The fact that some people prefer to fit facts to theories rather than to found theories from facts reminds me of getting some years ago from the Seattle public library a book on logic, written by Professor Jevons, a Jesuit priest. This book was written solely with idea of proving the logical existence of a God, which of course comes in the later part of the book. Now all priests have an economic interest to serve, in having the human race accept the God idea, hence the above work by Professor Jevons. Logicians of course make the best sophists when it answers their purpose in accomplishing the object they seek to attain.



**To Such As These—The Tool-Using Millions In Every Part of the Earth—Marx Said, "Unite! You Have Nothing to Lose But Your Chains, and a World to Gain!"**

There are still plenty of such logicians in capitalist universities, and they have a peculiar interest in misinforming people about economics, the science that most directly concerns the master class they serve. But the workers, whose interests are not at all jeopardized by true answers to those three questions, the study of Marxian science gains ground daily. They are also learning to apply what they learn by joining industrial unions.

# Was Morgan Wrong?

(Continued from page Twenty-five)



Australians—They Are Uncivilized

Now we have reached this point in our argument: It is admitted that there may be a few exceptions to the Morgan classification, but it is proven that as long as these are not numerous, the fact of their being exceptions does little damage to the theory. It is likewise proven that the field to which these exceptions are confined is not large enough for sufficient exceptions to vitiate Morgan's theories. Moreover, we have laid a theoretical foundation for the belief that within this field, the "New School" has found exceptions which do not exist, found them by a process of exaggeration of differences and overlooking of resemblances, for which indeed they are **not** looking, because of psychological reasons, which are in turn a product of their environment.

Let us take up a few of the cases which they consider exceptions, not with any idea of exhausting the list, but for the sake of example. (I do remember the Pioneer has only forty-eight pages).

See in Section III Lowie's statement that the Chinese do not drink milk, although the Zulu's do. Lowie says this shows a difference of reaction by two peoples to the same environment and argues for uniqueness of culture.

Seriously recollect, for a moment, have you ever heard of a Chinese cattle herder? No, the Chinese are not cowboys, or even foot herders. They are not a pastoral people at all. They have an intensive agriculture and they have a petty bourgeoisie of traders, and a class of skilled artisans or handicraftsmen. Cow's milk is for them something rather unfamiliar. It is in about the same category as mare's milk would be for us. Or, it is like the "love apple" my grandmother used to tell me about, something considered to be poisonous, because unfamiliar, and with a prejudice against it. Nowadays we call these "love apples" **tomatoes**, and here in Chicago we pay thirty cents a pound for them.

The inhabitants of the western grass lands of China are not essentially different in race, previous history (if you go back far enough) or even in language from the Chinese, and they drink milk and make butter. Theirs is a cow country.

Observe that Lowie urges it (Section III, above) as an argument for the uniqueness of each tribal culture that the Tungus rides his reindeer while the Chuckchee harnesses his to a sledge.

But both these peoples, so Goldenweiser admits (**Early Civilization**, p. 295), got their knowledge of domesticated animals from the Turks (the Chuckchee got it through the Tungus) and they got it in comparatively recent times. Their own culture was considerably lower, and they modified the use of the only big animal they could domesticate, to suit their own previous ideas of things, and also to suit the unchangeable natural conditions. The Chuckchee live right up in the north-eastern tip of Siberia where conditions are about like that of any other part of Eskimo land. Sledges are the mode of transportation, and the reindeer was substituted for the dog, which the true Eskimo still use. But the Tungus people live in central Siberia, and part of them well towards the south—they could use sledges part of the time, but it is also natural to ride horseback over the plains, or in this case, reindeer-back. Perhaps it never would be as convenient for the Chuckchee to ride on animals forging their way through snow as to have them pull sledges, but if the Tunguses are given time, they

will surely develop reindeer-pulled sledges for the snowfields in winter, and then there will not be that argument left any longer. Then the civilization of these tribes will be surprisingly alike, in that respect at least.

Here is another example, from Goldenweiser's **Ancient Civilization**, p. 309: "In both cases (in New Ireland and in the North-West Coast region) the art objects in question consist of decorated poles. The carved decorations to which color is applied represent animals intertwined in various ways. In both localities, finally, these poles have a symbolic religious significance and figure in ceremonies. Such are the similarities. But there are differences. The totemic poles of New Ireland are small ceremonial objects, some three to five feet high; the carved decoration is in the form of open work or filigree, the whole carving producing a light lace-like effect. The totem poles of the Northwest Coast, on the other hand, are gigantic posts looming above the roofs of the houses, while the the carving is in high or low relief, but not in open work, the total effect being ponderous and massive."

Now New Ireland is clear across the Pacific Ocean from the Northwest Coast, and is in the tropics, while the Northwest Coast is way up near Alaska. The mere fact that both these people, in nearly the same stage of material development should have both used totem poles, carved of wood, with religious connotation, etc., would seem significant enough to some people. Goldenweiser sees the difference in the sort of carving and size of the pole as the important thing.

When Goldenweiser is expatiating on the fact that the culture of the five tribes he uses as test cases in his **Early Civilization** are peculiar to large geographical stretches, he makes statements like this: "There is the limitation of the power of the chief, a characteristic of North America." His argument is that this limitation is one of the things which marks of North American culture from others. That, of course, even a casual reference to Ratzel or Keane will show to be a mistake. There is a council of elders, and decided limitation of the power of the chief in many African tribes. In the case even of the Zulu monarchy, the first great king, Chaka, overthrew the power of this council—another case of the Morgan theory of the war chief seizing complete power during the transition stage from lower to middle barbarism, which is what the Zulus were doing. Even the Baganda, who had made a still farther advance had traces of a former check on the authority of their king. The fierce Ashanti of the West Coast of Africa were also in the transition stage, and had kings who habitually acted with authority, but who were still bound in times of peace by unwritten law, custom and a council of petty chiefs or headmen (ELLIS, **Tshi-Speaking Peoples of West Africa**).

It is true that in these relatively advanced African tribes, there were hereditary elders, or petty chiefs, but then, there was a strong tendency in that direction among the American Indians—even among the Iroquois. The Africans went a very little farther.

Furthermore, the chiefs of most of Malenesia, Papua, Borneo, the Bismark Archipelago, where the people are all in similar stages, according to Morgan, as the American Indians, have very little power except in times of war, and in some cases are limited by the actions of a formal council of petty headmen, or of elders.

Even in parts of Polynesia, where the people when the whites came were in general in the higher stages of savagery, and where, for special reasons we shall consider soon, the power of chiefs and nobles was quite large, there were formal limitations by act of council on the chiefs. "It is the family that is the unit in the Maori clan or tribe as far as the possession of land is concerned . . . . the council of elders or representatives is the final appeal in all matters of dispute, and has great influence over the actions and decisions of the ariki or chief. On the other hand, once war has begun the chief is supreme, although when it is over he lapses into not more than the member of the oligarchy, or even the common member of the democracy. He has no more right to the land than any other in the family. . . . There was scope left for the rise of a minor, and the council of elders and the general community had as much to do with the selection for the chieftainship as heredity . . ." (J. MACMILLAN BROWN, **Maori and Polynesian**, page 74).

Goldenweiser and Lowie complain than the gens and clan are too much lumped together by evolutionists. True to their pluralistic training, the followers of the "New School" insist vigorously on the difference between them. They admit that these organizations exist in much more than half of the primitive tribes left with us—but they point out that the functions of the organizations differ, and especially that in Negro Africa; they tend to become owners of certain crafts and trades.

But the gens as a subdivision of the social body, based on kinship, and acting as a restriction on marriage, has that function at least. To the ordinary person it would seem very significant that the American Indian, the Pacific Islander, the Australian native, to say nothing of the ancient ancestors of modern civilized Europeans and Asiatics have all developed such kinship groups, which affect marriage, and form a basis for social organization, if they do not entirely compose that organization. When it is shown, as it can be shown, that this condition exists while people have a pre-metallic culture, and that it disappears as soon as a culture developed on metals really unfolds itself, then this fact of the widespread gentile organization becomes still more important. Much more important than the undeniable fact that sometimes the gens is maternal (the clan) and sometimes paternal; sometimes it is totemic, and sometimes not, and that sometimes certain gentiles are restricted to certain occupations, and sometimes not, etc.

Usually where it cannot be shown than the gens developed out of the clan, some reason why not can be found, some exceptional obstacle which deviated the main line of progress. Likewise, most gens which are becoming castes (occupational groups) exist in Africa, among nations which, like the Baganda, are getting to that stage of the game—becoming feudalistic, setting up master class religions and elaborate courts, etc.

Boas thinks that if Morgan is right pottery should be found among the African Bushmen because of their development in other ways, and they don't have pottery. In the first place, it is very doubtful whether this people is ready for pottery. The Bushmen are rude, wandering people who have bows and arrows, but do not come up to the level of the American Indian in any other respect, except possibly in art. They do not build huts; they have practically no clothing; they have no baskets, except a very poor sort, almost a net, in which they carry ostrich eggs, the shells of which serve them to a very considerable extent instead of pottery. Perhaps they did not need pottery, on account of just these eggs, but still it is probably better to class them in Morgan's third stage of savagery, the pre-pottery stage. The reason the "newer" anthropologists object to that, and claim the Bushmen do not fit Morgan's classification, which is therefore wrong, is that in the Bushman country there are excellent rock drawings, showing a fine sense of art. The argument is that people who can draw as well as this are very advanced indeed.

Well, the Morganites can make two answers. The first is, that these rock drawings in the Kalihara desert of Africa are remarkably like the ancient cave art of Cro-Magnon times in Europe. Is there any proof that it is not the same? Is there any reliable proof that the Bushmen drew the best of them, or if they did, were they not simply copying photographically and without understanding some ancient drawings?

And the other answer is that art, least of all human activities, will serve as a measure of human progress. Morgan never claimed that art, mere skill and an eye for beauty, followed his scheme of human progress. No one will seriously deny that Chicago of today is more civilized in material ways and farther advanced in social organization than was Florence of the Renaissance. But does that mean that Lorado Taft is as good as Michael Angelo? Where is our Benvenuto Cellini, our Raphael, our Leonardo di Vinci? We are higher in general culture, and even in the science of architecture than the Middle Ages, but where are our beautiful cathedrals—our rose windows equal to that of Rheims? Art is the worst of all possible gauges of general cultural progress, for it depends so much more than other things do on individual genius, individual emotion, individual skill, and so much less than other things on scientific progress. We Morganites are not absolutely denying that the Southwest Africans may have a fine artistic hand. We are merely asserting that they are probably not far enough advanced according to Morgan's classification to be ready for pottery, and on account of the ostrich eggs, might not invent it very soon even if they were.

Again, Goldenweiser says (quoted in Section III, above) that localized industries are characteristic of the American culture area, distinguished from the others. But I call your attention to the fact that in Oceana, large sections of which are peculiarly like the Northwest Coast of America in native culture, there is even a localized arrow industry in one of the Solomon Islands (Buka), and that in the Fiji Islands there is a localized pottery industry, restricted to a part of the group, that in some places kava drinking and manufacture is a highly developed occupation, and in others does not exist—that some of the island groups make bark cloth, and some make only mats, etc.

Practically all of these islanders fit into either Morgan's third stage of savagery, or first stage of barbarism, the same as the American Indians. Why not say that specialized culture is a characteristic of these two stages, rather than of any certain geographical area? As civilization comes nearer, culture becomes more complex in each tribe, communication between the tribes or peoples is better, and all are more alike—you no longer find so much specialization, though there is still some, due to different natural resources, mainly.

Now in regard to this iron in Negro Africa. There is no evidence of a copper age in Negro Africa. Many of the peoples who use iron there are in the condition of emergence from second barbarism to third; that is, they have gone as far as they can without the use of some metal. When the Europeans reached this position **they** had available both copper and iron, and they all took up copper first. But if copper was scarce, and if rich iron ore was freely exposed, as it is in some parts of Africa, it is just possible that they might have developed an iron industry without the use of copper. Morgan knew this. He explicitly deprecates the emphasis which former anthropologists have placed on the "bronze age."

"The invention of the process of smelting iron ore created an ethnical epoch, yet we could scarcely date another from the production of bronze." (**Ancient Society**, p. 8.)

But we are not ready to admit that the African Negro actually developed an iron age without a bronze age. It is extremely probable that Negro Africa got its iron from the same sources from which it got its white blood, and all ethnologists are nowadays ready to admit freely that nearly every tribe in Africa shows admixture of white blood, and some of them are very mixed. Negro Africa had contact with the iron using Egyptians, with the iron using Arabs and Berbers, and probably with very ancient, iron using Jews, Arameans, or Phoenicians. Who will explain Great Zimbabwe? What about the Phoenician circumnavigation of Africa? Are the Abyssinian rulers really descended from the kings of Israel, as they claim? Where was the Biblical

Land of Ophir? Let some of these questions be answered before Lowie so readily contends that the Negroes developed iron before they did bronze. If the art of smelting iron was taught Negro Africa while they were still in the stone age, they would probably not bother with copper, and would be like the ancient Britons, who also, according to Morgan, had iron imported before they had evolved to the point of discovering it. When that happens, there is progress, but not proportional progress. The typical iron culture, field agriculture, stone buildings, political government, etc., does not develop at once. Morgan placed the iron using ancient Britons in the Middle Stage of Barbarism, among the non-iron using people.

Godenweiser protests against placing the Australians down below the American Indians in culture, where Morgan puts them because they have not invented the bow and arrow, and some other material things, like houses and tents, etc. Goldenweiser and the others of the American School are always saying, "What a wonderful invention is the boomerang—and what an intricate and ingenious class system have these Australians! Doesn't that prove they are really advanced in culture, in this respect, and therefore not to be classified with the other non-bow using peoples? Unique are they, like all other primitive "civilizations"!

Here is another case where the answer **might** be that in the second stage of savagery, which is where Morgan put these Central Australians, there may be the same sort of unilateral and specialized development of one art or craft that we find in the third stage of savagery and the first of barbarism, the real reason being largely lack of good communication.

But this is probably admitting too much. The boomerang isn't so much. The returning boomerang is a toy, useless in practice as a weapon. The boomerang that is used is merely a peculiarly shaped throwing club, not any better for throwing, probably, than the South African knob-kerrie, and not half so good a weapon for close fighting. Australian social features like the power of the aged, are very primitive, according to W. H. R. Rivers, (**A History of Melanesian Society**, Vol. 2, Page 59). The gerontocracy is an obsolete and nearly abandoned system of social control of the now much more advanced Banks Islanders, and many other Melanesians. Mere complexity means nothing, Herbert Spencer to the contrary notwithstanding, for the whole clan or gentile system is more complex than the first arbitrary autocracies which come much later.

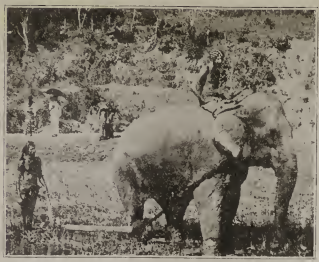
Private property exists in all stages of primitive life, say Goldenweiser, Lowie, and Boas. Well, who said it did not? But what the Morganites do say is that private property in land and cattle, that is, private property in the sources of sustenance, comes into existence only at the grand turning point—in field agriculture, or in pastoral existence, with certain important but easily explained exceptions, to be touched on later in this magazine. Morgan admitted that there was in primitive communism, private property in ornaments and dress, and in the tools which men could make for themselves, as individuals. Very likely there will also be such private property in the communism that is to come. When we say, common property," either past or present, we mean productive property such as land, machinery, pasturage, hunting grounds, etc.

If there were time, we could go into the land question in Africa, and show how the same thing is taking place in the present day nations that took place in ancient Greece and Rome, the war chiefs and the upper class of headmen, through the use of slaves, and by representing the nation in times of war, and assuming authority, creating "private property and the state."

The same thing is true of the Igorrotes of the Philippines. This article is illustrated by pictures of Igorrotes doing a wild dance, and looking very primitive. The dance is one of the social survivals of a really primitive time, when they had no iron tools, lived in kinship groups, without any authoritative chiefs, and had group marriage. Now they have iron. It was introduced to them by the Malays, and resulted in a composite, forced development, such as the African Negroes show. The Igorrotes, in spite of living in kinship groups, with such savage survivals as the dance pictured in last issue of the Industrial Pioneer, have a society that uses irrigation, one important domestic animal, the water buffalo, pottery, weaving, and field agriculture, of a sort of gardening—intensive variety. That is, with the exception of the iron, which is an importation, and which has not free scope for instituting large scale field agriculture, such as did exist in Greece, Rome, and other lands, the Igorrotes are in the second stage of barbarism, about where the Incas and Aztecs were. The one thing they lack is the masonry house, and they make up for this with terrace walls for their rice fields.

We would expect, as Morganites, to find developing hereditary chieftainship, private property, slavery, and monogamous marriage in this sort of a situation. It is exactly what we do find, with a tendency for chiefs to acquire private property in land, and also a tendency for peasant proprietorship to grow up. The mixture of kinship groups, powerful chiefs, and monogamous marriage, shows the transition stage. As the chiefs grow stronger, the kinship groups will die out. Within historical times, the chiefs have grown stronger, and the kinship groups weaker. According to A. L. Kroeber (**The Peoples of the Philippines**) the **barangay** (a feudal type of village) system is stronger and the kinship society weaker near the coast, where wealth is most easily acquired from the soil, and from slavery. We should expect to find in such a people a transference from maternal to paternal descent, and we do find, that among the Igorrotes there is **both** maternal and paternal descent.

This brings us to the subject of the family. The "New School" says there is no group marriage, and that "the family of parents and children has existed from time immemorial." We may as well admit, as Morgan undoubtedly would, that since men are not



GREECE AND ROME EVOLVED A MASTER CLASS

like the Hindu god Krishna, who could consort with many milk maids at the same identical moment, all mating has to be between **two** individuals, for a longer or shorter time. The Punaluan family did not prohibit men and women from living in pairs and recognizing the paternity of the child on occasion—but it meant that paternity counted for little, and that the brothers and sisters of each of the married pair could come into the domestic life whenever they pleased and claim conjugal rights, without any violation of morality or loss of prestige. This situation existed in Hawaii within historical times. When you find that the people no longer allow such rights to brothers and sisters, and that a moral code has grown up to separate them, then you consider that the Syndyasmian family has grown up, as it did in North America, the South Seas, and in Asia and Europe, in each case leaving a relic of the former system in an incomplete change in the nomenclature of relationship. Morgan's argument in this connection has never been refuted. In fact, Rivers' charts of South Sea Island relationship terms seem to add proof, though they are too long to repeat here.

Enough for the moment of this American School. Let us consider a European. L. T. Hobhouse (**Morals in Evolution**, pp. 54-57) says that kinship is the basis of social organization among the lower hunters and authority (of chiefs or of kings) among the pastoral and higher agricultural peoples. He agrees with Morgan.

Furthermore, though the marriage groups do not result in promiscuous relations within the group in every case, they are always restrictions on the choice of a wife. and within the groups wives are as a general rule, traded, lent, pawned, and also, on the occasions of great festivals, commonly enjoyed by all the men in the group. When it is considered that there are all sorts of restriction of magic, custom and taboo on the intercourse of even the "married" pairs within the Punaluan or other group, this is a condition that may, after all, properly be called "group marriage." The rights of the husband seem to be authoritative rather than monogamous, the relationship is that of a boss, rather than that of a modern husband. There is a tendency to countenance the right of unmarried women to promiscuity within the group of their potential husbands and the right of women to change mates, within the proper group. To the layman there doesn't seem to be a great deal of difference between what Morgan thought of group marriage, and what the modern English and German schools think it consists of.

Furthermore, Hobhouse gives tables showing the proportions of the tribes in each cultural stage which trace descent through mother or father, which have clans or gentes. Among the hunters (savagery and lower barbarism) the vote is in favor of the clan by thirty-seven to eighteen. Among the pastoral people (middle barbarism), it is in favor of the gens, ten to one. In upper barbarism, of course, both disappear, and political organization takes their place.

Hobhouse agrees with Morgan, that slavery and nobility are the product of the herd and the plow, usually. (We shall find later on, that the same things which made pastoral life and field agriculture favorable soil for the development of slavery and despotic chiefs, also introduced these things among the island dwelling, canoe and fish cultured peoples.)

Of all possible peoples under observation, Hobhouse finds that seventy-eight per cent of the higher agriculturists (field agriculture but not civilization —Morgan's upper barbarians) hold slaves, and that seventy-one per cent of the pastoral people hold slaves. Only two per cent of the observed tribes of lower hunters (Morgan's second savagery) hold slaves, which is what a Morganite would expect, but is rather hard on the doctrine of "no-evolution."

Hobhouse likewise gives a table with regard to noble classes. The lower hunters have no nobles. Eleven per cent of the higher hunters (upper savagery and lower barbarism) have a noble class. (In a note he explains that most of these instances of slavery and nobility among hunters come from the Northwest Coast, the reason of which I shall explain later.) In the higher agricultural and pastoral stages (Morgan's midde barbarians and perhaps some of the upper barbarians) about a quarter of the peoples under observation have noble classes. This again is an agreement with Morgan, and shows slavery and a noble class developing in common, starting with field agriculture. Hobhouse's book is recent, being written in 1921, and Hobhouse has as good academic titles as anyone.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE)


## THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER

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# I Stand in the Shadows

By JACQUELINE PERREAULT

**It is dark without**
**But light within;**
**I stand in the shadows**
**And see all.**

The young immigrant boy, bright-eyed and smiling, entering the gates of the land of the free. The same boy, no longer young, dull-eyed, gazing listlessly, hopelessly, through prison bars. The state's attorney does not understand Italian—"What's one Wop more or less anyway?"

The little child whose clothes are stained—with blood—creeping beside the young mother who has fallen exhausted from the agony of the operation she has performed.

The little child just entering school, his mind to be filled with the ideas of war.

The older boy in khaki, armless, a box of pencils suspended from his neck.

The churches filled with seeking ones listening to the political speeches of their pastors: poor, helpless ones crippled in mind and body, waiting for their God to touch and cure their **bodies.** They do not know that he is a sightless god. He is made of silver and gold and his eyes are precious stones—more precious even than the streets in heaven on which the poor, helpless ones will be permitted to walk—but he can not see.

The young inventor being spirited away after perfecting his marvelous invention. The government of the few will not investigate this case. I know. I saw all.

The men in solitary confinement—political prisoners, long after the war—fighting with the rats for the white bread that is thrown them. I shudder—but I must not cover my eyes. It is my tragic fate to see and to moan. The rats win; that is why they do not die from the white bread. . . . They win.

Little children offered on the altar of Hate. Young lives blighted, fatherless, motherless. The prostitute judges and press piling tragedy on their heads. Like the cheeks of a harlot the press is painted pink. But they do not deceive me; I know they are dirty yellow underneath.

If you, too, have seen you must also feel. You must help to right these wrongs. Organize; keep together through the coming storm.

# Sanity of Art

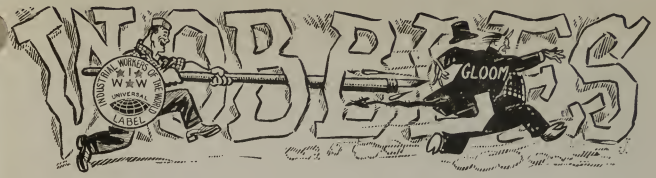
By G. BERNARD SHAW

THE claim of art to our respect must stand or fall with the validity of its pretension to cultivate and refine our senses and faculties until seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, and tasting become highly conscious and critical acts with us, protesting vehemently against ugliness, noise, discordant speech, frowzy clothing, and rebreathed air, and taking keen interest and pleasure in beauty, in music and in nature, besides making us insist, as necessary for comfort and decency, on clean, wholesome, handsome fabrics to wear, and utensils or fine material and elegant workmanship to handle. Further, art should refine our sense of character and conduct, of justice and sympathy, greatly heightening our self-knowledge, self-control, precision of action and considerateness, and making us intolerant of baseness, cruelty, injustice and intellectual superficiality or vulgarity. The worthy artist or craftsman is he who serves the physical and moral senses by feeding them with pictures, musical compositions, pleasant houses and gardens, good clothes and fine implements, poems, fictions, essays, and dramas which call the heightened senses and ennobled faculties into pleasurable activity. The great artist is he who goes a step beyond the demand, and, by supplying works of a higher beauty and a higher interest than have yet been perceived, succeeds, after a brief struggle with its strangeness, in adding this fresh extension of sense to the heritage of the race.

We are driven so terribly in the struggle for existence that we have little chance to know or to appreciate art. Shaw's remarks on art suggest many thoughts of a better, a nobler, a happier life; a life still unknown to the teeming millions of workers.



Paulo Veronese's painting "Industry," is one of the exquisite masterpieces of artistic genius. We are striving to bring about human relations so that all can enjoy economic security and learn the greatest of all arts, that of enjoying life in industrial freedom and plenitude.




## SPLITTING EVEN

A sausage manufacturer in Milwaukee built a reputation for a certain brand of sausage.

A sanitary inspector called one day for an analysis.

"Don't you use some horse in this make of sausage?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, I use some," was the reply.

"How much?"

"Well, I make it a 50-50 proposition—one horse, one rabbit."

## HOT AIR L. A.

Will Rogers says that the biggest gas bag in the world that came across the Atlantic from the Zeppelin works was christened **Los Angeles.** California canned fruit boosters and climate peddlers, take notice.

## A PIONEER'S DARK AGE

A faded old clipping just brought to light tells the story of the difficulties of a pioneer newspaper.

"We begin the publication ov the Roccay Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphphi-culties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox of this variety of spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phasion till the sorts arrive. It's no joque to us —it's a serious aphair.—From **"The Booster,"** Denver, Colorado.




**Extension Handles Will Be Necessary When the Parasite Goes to Work.**

## AMENDED COMMANDS

Never play slot machines before breakfast—make sure of the breakfast first.

It isn't a sin to eat sausage on Friday; it's nothing but sawdust anyhow. Use your "own discression."

Don't watch the clock—it's three minutes fast mornings and seven minutes slow evenings. . . . .

**—T-Bone Slim.**

## HIGHER MATHEMATICS

A man went to a newspaper to insert a death notice.

"How much do you charge?' he asked.

"Two dollars an inch," was the reply.

"My God! He was six foot, four!"

## IT'S OIL RIGHT

Rockefeller says he is thankful for the chance of being of service to his fellow men. You've noticed the stations, of course.

## A HORSE'S DEATH

Sir: Yesterday I saw a dead horse on Morgan St. He appeared to have a tag fastened to his lip. "He has slaved himself to death," thought I, "and now he is tagged for the soap works!" When I drew nearer, however, I saw that I was wrong. Overwork was not the cause of the old plug's death. His lip bore no tag but held between his teeth, and tilted at just the proper angle was the cause of his demise — an empty whiskey bottle.

"What," I hear some hootch-hound saying, "do you mean to tell me that booze would kill a horse?"

I assert that it would, and I have proved it—with regular murder trial evidence.

and from our souls the fetters of capitalist slavery, and from our backs the social leeches that cling there. We are making ready to destroy every last vestige of capitalist power over society. And we know that there is but one way in which to accomplish this purpose. It can not be born by fine mouthings of politicians, nor by the madness of insurrection serving the will of a new school of political fakirs. No matter that they exploit revolutionary phraseology, and drape their bureaucratic ambitions in crimson folds. Revolutionary industrial unionists refuse to bow to their neo-regal pronunciamentoes.

No individual, great or small, no group or faction or class outside of the working class is going to free us. The workers must free themselves. We want an industrial communism and we are organizing on the jobs to get it. We need your aid, fellow workers. Line up in the I. W. W. and be active industrial unionists.

**BUMPING THEMSELVES OFF.**—Bishop Nicholson, whose flock is in Chicago (not in the stockyards), says that wealth does not make people happy, and that many of the rich are so disgusted with living that they are shocking Christendom by ending their lives. In effect he says: "Poverty is the happy state." Then he tells us that there were 20,000 suicides in this country in 1924. Of this number he says 75 were industrial captains, 23 were rich women of social distinction, and that 36 were millionnaires. The bishop then wound up with this solemn conclusion, "Wealth will not satisfy the human heart."

Let's add his figures of rich suicides. The total of millionnaires, employers and female parasites rolling in wealth who ended it all is 134. But the cleric said there were 20,000 suicides. In what class were the 19,866 the bishop failed to classify?

They were in the working class. They were poor dupes of workers who went into military service to escape unemployment; prostitutes who had tired of their terrible bid on the bread of existence; wornout mothers; desperate fathers of families they were unable to feed and clothe; ignorant victims of passions that run riot in this riotous scheme of affairs that is euphoniously called capitalism.

Wealth can not satisfy the human heart—perhaps. But excess of wealth, the race for power and social position, and the debauchery festering in an existence of indolence causes some of the rich men to crack under the strain. Still Morgan, Carnegie, Stinnes—these did not die at the average age that workers pass out their miserable lives. Ford threatens to live to be very old, and John D., Sr., is swinging a wicked mashie as a nonagenarian.

Give the workers security, and a chance to learn what life really means in love, education, common work and play, and suicides are sure to diminish and ultimately to disappear. To live is the natural law. It is strong. But despair forced by this rotlaw system is even stronger—it was for 20,000 last year, and don't forget that only 134 had any chance for the Who's Who.

**"NOT ALL WERE KILLED BY BULLETS**—No, not by any means," is a line from one of Joe Hill's famous anti-war songs. You recall, no doubt, the scandal about embalmed beef being sold by the packers for Teddy's heroes in Cuba, and for the other heroes gently mopping up the Philippines with Aguinaldo's independence-loving followers. Time passed and Sinclair wrote "The Jungle.' Did the packers reform? Well, just listen.

Carl Haessler of the Federated Press has a story in their news sheet dated April 7, showing where an army chemist stationed at Savannah during the war found that beef in cans dated 1898, and preserved in thick lacquer, was being sold to the government for the boys "over there" in 1917 and 1918. Capitalist corruption certainly stinks to the skies. And the thought that we are all thinking is: how old is the Tutankhamen beef that they are selling now, and that we consume? Packinghouse science advances Swiftly.

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**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912**

Of Industrial Pioneer, published Monthly at Chicago, Ill., for April 1, 1925.

STATE OF ILLINOIS } ss.
COUNTY OF COOK }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Geo Williams, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Industrial Pioneer, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:
Publisher Industrial Workers of the World, 1001 W. Madison Street.
Editor J. A. Gahan, 1001 W. Madison St.
Business Manager Geo Williams, 1001 W. Madison St.

2. That the owners are:
The Industrial Workers of the World, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are:
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stocks and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(SEAL) Geo Williams, Business Manager.

# The Coming War Against Asia

(Continued from page 6.)

dering their allegiance to the puppet Caliphate, it is expected to make the country impotent, even if not loyal, in the coming war against Asia.

In the meantime England is constructing the great Singapore naval and air base at the cost of at least ten million pounds sterling. That it is not directed only against Japan is seen from the fact that Singapore is 3,000 miles distant from Japan, and is one of the strongest strategic centers in Asia, guarding the Bay of Bengal on one side and the South China sea with the approaches to China on the other. And it most effectively hems in the French possessions in Indo-China which, when the war breaks out, will be overrun and added to British dominion—painting the map a British red from the Suez to Hongkong.

What Singapore means is shown by Mr. W. H. Gardiner, Vice-President of the Navy League of America, in an article in the November issue of the **Fortnightly Review**, of London, in which he said:

> **"It may be well to recall that, in 1923, the external trade of the British Isles—upon which most British labor there lives directly or indirectly—amounted to nearly two billion pounds sterling, of which about half was carried by the Pacific and Indian Oceans, while in the same year the external trade of the United States, which has been increasing most rapidly in the Orient, was about four-fifths as large as that of the British Isles. With such IDEALS (!) and interests at stake, it would seem potent that the practical and peaceful way for America and Britain to maintain them would be for each to hold its pivotal position and dependent possessions in the Far East with such evident firmness as to make obviously futile any attempt on the part of the Japanese to carry out their southward trending marine plans.**
>
> **"Whatever idealism (!) Europe and America may each indulge in at home, the fact remains that modern Asia is at least as much a realm of realism as was ANTE-BELLUM Germany—a realm in which practical conditions must be met by America and Britain, etc. . . .**
>
> **"The American fleet is not as strong as it permissibly should be. . . . The British fleet is without an adequate and permissible base in the Pacific. . . . It would seem to be to the interest of Americans as well as of Britons that the construction of such a British base as that planned for Singapore he delayed as little as possible."**

Mr. Gardiner then states that he has interviewed the authorities in the Dutch East Indies and has learned that they are all depending upon the Singapore naval base. In Europe we see Holland, accordingly, increasing her military and naval budget. Mr. Gardiner then reckons on the number of battleships America can accommodate in the Philippines and on the number of British battleships that can be depended upon from Singapore. Of course, he says, India will try a revolution, and many of the battleships from Singapore will have to be used in Indian waters!

Writers in **The Nation** and the **New Statesman**, of London, say that the Singapore base is built against Japan. British statesmen speak of the necessity only of using the base for the repair of British cruisers. But **The Nation** asks, "In what circumstances do we imagine that our battleships may be operating in Far Eastern waters? Do we not use battleships to protect our commerce from raiding cruisers or submarines?" The **New Statesman**, after quoting from the Japanese press on the Singapore base, says that "the Japanese anticipate a racial war with its dread consequences, owing to America's vast resources in wealth and munitions of war."

There are many ways in which America and England are preparing for this terrible slaughter. One of these is the propaganda now being carried on for "white world solidarity." Many books, with huge circulations, have been published on "The Color Conflict," the "Rising Tide of Color," etc. In this last book, by Lothrop Stoddard, we, the "white race," are told to "shake off the shackles of an inveterate altruism, discard the vain phantom of Internationalism, and reassert the pride of race and the right of merit to rule."

In Europe, particularly, in Germany, Americans and Englishmen are carrying on a ceaseless propaganda on the color question. Every attempt is being made to keep Germany from uniting with Russia and Asia and forming a block from France right through to China. For, because of the Anglo-French conflict over the control and exploitation of Africa and the Near and Middle East, France is bound to throw in her lot with Asia. Although Germany has not yet recovered from the World War, she is being told in the press and from the platform, that her interests lie with the "white world" against Asia. Visions of Asiatic invasions" are concocted, and it is carefully omitted to mention anything of the European invasions of Asia which have gone on for three centuries and which are going to culminate in this racial war.

The issues are clear, however, to those who wish to see. Capitalist-imperialism, of which the chief standard bearers are the English and American governments, has decided to fight for its life, which means holding in its possession the sources of the raw materials which feed European industries. The Asiatic national movements threaten to destroy the system altogether, or, if not that ,at least to drive out European capitalists and concentrate the economic life of that continent in the hands of its own newly arisen capitalist class. But the chances are that in the great events before us the system will be destroyed altogether. But that which interests us most of all is that the working classes of England, America and Japan, in particular, are going to be asked to wage the most terrible war in history for the sole purpose of guarding the financial and economic interests of the governments and capitalist classes concerned. The war is going to be more easily precipitated because, after all, it is easier to arouse primitive passions such as sadism, hatred and fear, against a people of another color and race than it is against our own race. Asia will be completely devastated in this struggle, for, outside of Japan, it has not the machines or implements of war with which to protect itself. It has human material which will be wasted like powder. There is but one living force which can stop this coming slaughter: that is the united action of the working class of Europe, America and Japan,—particularly of America. The American workers alone—who will be expected to be the chief aggressors in this mass murder—hold in their hands the power to stop this war.

# The Reforging of Russia

REVIEWED By J. A. MacDONALD

DESPITE its shortcomings, due to that its aim is to tell what publishers, knowing what the American public wants to know of Russia, will print, "The Reforging of Russia" is a human document on present day life in Russia. It deals as fairly as possible, when one considers the audience, with the government, social institutions and life of the average Russian of today.

Mr. Hullinger, as representative of the United Press, went to Russia with a knowledge of the language, and remained there until he was deported by the Russian government for dealing with conditions which they did not wish to have revealed, especially as the representatives of that government were then going to the Genoa conference and wanted to make two deuces, or at least two nines, appear to be a royal flush.

To the student of Russian development it will serve as a means of checking up the other side of the stories reaching the United States and Canada through official Russian sources, or given us by the self-elected Russian ambassadors of the Communist party of the United States and Canada. And these stories require checking up. There are evidently things which they do not want us to know, for on no other supposition can one explain the orders that a book criticizing certain actions of the Russian and other communist movements by Leon Trotsky is not permitted to be issued in the United States or Canada. Naturally the very efforts to hide facts whet the appetite, a psychological result which those censoring this book by Trotsky, and other information regarding Russia, do not take sufficiently into consideration.

"The Reforging of Russia" first deals with the conditions that arose as the result of the change of the government of Russia from the efforts to apply communism, to a modified capitalism, becoming less and less modified as the result of economic laws beyond the control of any man or group of men. The writer does not know what these economic forces are, but he depicts for the Marxian, with his knowledge of the motive power of history, the conditions that resulted from their operation in Russia. He shows changes in the government resulting from changes in the economic base of society which political government must reflect.

The scope of the work is suggested in the opening paragraphs:

**"Upon the ruins of two Russias—the Russia of the Tsars and the Red Russia of Communism—a new Russia came into being, a Russia as different on the surface from the Russia of Communism as the latter was from the Old Empire which it superseded.**

**"This new Russia, which dates its origin from the abandonment of Communism as the national economic system in Russia by the Bolsheviki government in 1921, is a strange national anomaly—and as fascinating as it is strange."**

Mr. Hullinger was in Russia when the change to what is designated as the New Economic Policy, a modified state capitalism, so far as the large basic industries are concerned, as these remain the property of the state with a partial operation by the state, or sub-leasing to private capitalists. The rest of the field of industry and commerce is in the hands of private capital.

The manner in which these changes are outlined is fair. Every credit is given to the Bolsheviki for their genius for organization, their discipline, and that they knew what they wanted, and for their skill as propagandists. The author did not have the knowledge of the Marxian key to the understanding of history which made a going forward—not backwards—to capitalism inevitable. He did not know that the establishment of industrial communism, while possible in a nation of smokestacks, is impossible in a nation of straw stacks. Neither genius for organization, discipline, knowing what they wanted, or skill as propagandists could avail to overcome the laws of human developments which follow feudalism with capitalism, as capitalism in turn must be followed by industrial communism.

The lack of this understanding outlook on the necessity of capitalism, and its development in Russia before communism could be possible is one of the limitations of "The Reforging of Russia." But this lack of knowledge of the meaning of the phen omena with which he deals is not to be wondered at, when even Marxians in the stirring period between 1917 and 1921 too often forgot their Marx and permitted their emotions and their desires to overcome their judgments. When in March of 1917, I wrote editorially in the Industrial Worker that a political revolution had occurred in Russia, but that any industrial revolution other than from feudalism to capitalism was unthinkable, Marxian students agreed. Then they read of the second revolution, some of them saw a ship bearing the red flag in Seattle (or read of it), and their feet were swept from under them. They were blinded to the fact that capitalism, as one of the stages in human development, could not be jumped, and that a political state, of necessity reflecting an economic condition, could not dominate the industrial forces; that industrial communism must come not from the top but from the bottom, changing the foundations of society and consequently its superstructure, and destroying the state, of necessity an instrument of class rule. The great man theory, economically unsound and contrary to the verdict of history, was the basis of this unscientific emotionalism which is only now subsiding.

**"From the viewpoint of evolution of world social thought, it seems unfortunate that the great essay could not have had more favorable circumstances, so that the final issue would have been a little more clear-cut and the merits and demerits of communism as a human system determined to t**

satisfaction of all sides and for all time. Certain it is that civil warfare, intervention, economic isolation by all the neighbor nations, are colossal handicaps for any system, good or bad, to start off with."

This and dozens of other paragraphs show at once an effort to be fair, and at the same time a lack of knowledge of economic factors far greater in moulding the development of Russia than all the handicaps which he could perceive, and which not even the "master mind" of a Lenin could overcome.

This bourgeois writer, like many of the communists, are at their best—and worst—when the picture is shown of the great man dominating destiny.

"Red soldiers could keep the people in subjection, and keep the streets of Moscow free from disorder. They could compel respect for the Kremlin's authority. But they could not make the wheels of factories turn around. They could keep the peasants from rioting, but they couldn't make them plant crops. . . .

"Fortunately, the Communist Party had at its head a master mind which was able, after three years of blood and strife, to see sufficiently clearly to grasp this great fact and to act upon it. True, the discovery came late, but late as it was it came. With his usual decisiveness, Lenin set himself to the task of swerving the great current of the revolution . . . and turning it into a course which he hoped would save all from being swept into the maelstrom of things lost. It was too late to save communism as a cause. But Russia had an established order and a national discipline which three years of martial law had imposed upon the land. Russia had a government capable of enforcing its domination . . . political order based on force was still intact. Perhaps it was not too late to save these. Lenin thought it worth trying, and on that historical day in March, 1921, called together the congress of the party to ask it to take the first step towards what proved to be the abandonment of communism.

"The original resolution, strictly speaking, went no further than to sanction the resumption of small trade on a limited scale inside Russia, under governmental control. It was expressly advertised as only a slight retreat from communism, a temporary compromise in the face of great obstacles.

"But it was not a compromise; it was a surrender. Life is primitive and intense in Russia, and in any primitive life struggle, it is usually the first yielding that is decisive . . . Once in motion the force of events could be stopped only by a tremendous effort. The rulers in the Kremlin evidently concluded they would rather go along with the current and remain masters of the ship, than risk wreck again by trying to turn back."

The process of return to capitalism is described. The cobwebs were removed off the desks in the banks, the stores were reopened for trade, commissars became capitalists, and the process of the upbuilding of the new bourgeois class is vividly portrayed. The government, now one of opportunism, caught in the economic current had to change to conform with a developing capitalism. A currency system, a system of banking and a system of written laws that were necessary to a capitalist economy were devised, as the need for them arose out of the change in the economic method of making a living. Then followed other results of capitalism such as unemployment and strikes. Siberia again became the place of exile of political prisoners. The system of espionage and the making of stoolpigeons for the Tcheka, with the change of name, but no change in purpose, was instituted and developed to such an extent that the present Russia has an espionage system superior to any nation in the world. The writer describes its operation and its wide and deep ramifications from intimate personal knowledge.

A chapter on "Propaganda, Red and White," shows the same willingness to be fair. He characterizes the white propaganda emanating from Reval and Helsingfors as "notoriously vicious." Another illuminating chapter deals with the "Communist Party as a Military Order." In this chapter is also contrasted the difference between the radicalism of the Third International and the opportunism which is now the fundamental characteristic of the Russian government.

The Red Army is described, given credit for its literacy, its fighting ability, and the high standard of its efficiency. Then follows the description of the lives of the peasants of Russia at the present time, written from personal experiences, but written as a newspaperman, not as a student of social forces, would write it.

In the chapter on "Marriage, Divorce and Morals," there is none of the puritanical attitude which is so usual with American writers in dealing with customs that are new to them. "Old Evils Return" deals with the growth of unemployment, repression, strikes and strife—such evils as are inevitable under capitalism, and which are growing as capitalism grows. The writer recognizes these are capitalistic evils, but holds forth the comforting hope that they can be cured under capitalism.

There are other chapters dealing with various phases of the social life and industrial activities of present-day Russia, and an estimate of the probable future of Russia, which is seen in glowing colors, with Russia as the greatest capitalist nation of Europe. Then there is an appendix, "Lenin, the Man, Personal Recollections," which is a sympathetic study of the dominant personality of modern Russia. His methods of oratory are analyzed, and an effort made to account for the power which he was able to wield within his organization and in Russia.

In "The Reforging of Russia" there is much that will challenge the attention and demand the further investigation of the student of Russian affairs. There is also much to which the radicals of America must adjust themselves. With its limitations, it presents an often convincing and human interest description of the greatest single nation on the European continent.

**(THE REFORGING OF RUSSIA. By Edwin Ware Hollinger. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. Price $3.00).**



# This System – Swedish Section

(Continued from page Ten)



This Is The World's Largest Match Factory; It Is In Sweden

only thing feudalism, and the vestiges of that system still remaining existent under the new name of nationalism, could give the small capitalists engaged in production for the open market were protective tariffs, and the preference in supplying the domestic demand for social and other government owned institutions and industries.

This has tended to create what amounts to a sort of paternalism over the small capitalists, which, in turn, has built up a laissez faire attitude among them, and the only thing that they all are convinced of is that the workers are drawing too high a wage.

The recommendations of the committee on customs for the solution of the problem is large scale production, standardization of products and specialization in the mode of production. This will result in giving more horsepower to each worker. It will make the same worker more productive, and his wage will rise. At the same time the profit rate will also mount for the capitalist owner.

For a time the worker engaged in the industry will enjoy a higher real wage at the expense of the workers in agriculture and other industries where his necessities of life are being produced, until they, too, get into the stride of a higher productivity.

Needless to mention that this will create unemployment at a rate never before known in this country, which must aid in lowering the much expected and short-lived high wage. Then the vicious circle will be complete. As I mentioned before, the capitalists in Sweden are in complete accord in denouncing high wages for workers in their employ. However, statistics, that are not biased for the working class, reveal that the workers in this industry receive in wages only between one-third and one-fourth of the value of the products. According to statistics in the United States, where the workers on an average, get from one-fifth to one-sixth, it would appear that the share falling to the Swedish workers is larger. Still the standard of living of workers in the United States is usually much higher than that of the Swedish workers, and the only explanation of this condition is that the industry here is in a backward stage.

In nowise can the workers be blamed for the existing situation. They don't own any machinery, or any part of the industry, and to blame them, as do the capitalists here, because they insist on eating and wanting to live, is worse than foolish.

## THE RAILROAD TRANSPORT INDUSTRY.

Before ten more years have passed railroads will be completed in the extreme northern part of the country as far as the borders. The only parts still lacking railroads are those most frigid and sparsely settled. The mid-section and southern part of the country is well supplied with railroads, both cross country and from north to south. At this time work is going forward on the electrification of the state-owned line from Stockholm to Gotenburg. A committee, working under government supervision, has been probing into the possibility of electrifying all roads from the middle country to the southernmost part of the country, which are, mostly, privately owned and short line roads.

This committee has demonstrated that the idea is bound to be a profitable one when carried into execution. It points out that the plan is quite feasible to take power from the hydro-electric government owned power station, and, if necessary, a part of the power generated for privately owned power stations situated in the lower northern part of the country.

It is reasonable to look for this advance in the near future. It will result in a lowering of productive costs on an average for all production. The effect on the railroad workers will be a displacement of the skilled workers by the semi-skilled and the unskilled. Also, a reduction in the number of workers required, and greater unemployment. To what degree this is going to effect coal miners, either in England, Germany or the States, is difficult to figure out, but it is safe to say that it certainly will not make for more employment on their part, to say nothing of the possible effects on other groups necessary to the production of coal—marine transport and other workers.

In another article it is my purpose to show what effect it will have on the now existing organizations of the railroad workers.

In this industry Sweden ranks if not highest in tonnage owned, quite at the apex of its technical evolution with regard both to tonnage and horse-power. She has more Diesel-motor-driven ships than any other country and she does not intend to vacate that position in a hurry. Practically every month a motor ship with an average 6,000-tons displacement is leaving the ways at the shipyard in Gotenburg, not to mention the ones that are being built in Germany and England for Swedish ship owners. The very latest addition to this large fleet is the passenger liner "Gripsholm," a 17,000-ton vessel, and the next largest Diesel-motor-driven passenger liner in the world.

The other day two ships were launched from German shipyards, each one being of 23,000 tons. These boats were built for Swedish owners, but they are already chartered for 20 years to run between Chilean ports and those on the North Pacific as ore-carriers. Whether for the steel trust, the copper trust or any other trust is immaterial because either one will be just as hard for the workers to buck. Although hardly a million tons of shipping is owned by Swedes, still it will not be long before half of that tonnage will be motor-driven.

Naturally such an introduction of labor-saving machinery is not confined to ships. The quays and docks are being fitted out with electrical cranes and other machinery designed to displace labor, thereby sending some of the longshoremen on their way.

Throughout this industry the onward march of the machine is very much in evidence, and daily it tends to become more accelerated. Though the big shipping companies, backed by Swedish or international capital, are active in acquiring motor tonnage, the majority of the ships, being of smaller tonnage, are still steam-driven.

Many of these craft could be termed "floating coffins." And it is just that part of our merchant marine with its primitive machinery, that is used to prove that the merchant marine cannot stand any more strain in the form of higher wages, shorter hours or better conditions for the marine workers.

In the next article I shall attempt to demonstrate what effects this industrial evolution has had upon the working class in the country, and upon its organizations, the causes for the different wings on the political field, the symptoms that a decaying form of organization show, and the way out to a better world for the workers of the world.

# Converted

By G. Tveit

He was hungry, ravenously hungry. A shiver ran through his lean frame as an icy blast swept around the down-town corner and drove the chilling rain in his pale face and through garments already sodden. Yes, the rain and cold was bad, but that incessant, gnawing pang under his belt was worse. Loudly it clamoured for good, steaming hot food and vast quantities of it. And food was displayed on all sides, warehouses, shops, eatinghouses seemed bursting with it. Tempting odors assailed his nostrils from restaurants, and the tantalizing display of big brown and white loaves of bread and delicious pastries in bakery shops made his mouth water.

But,—and life held so many "buts"—his pockets were as empty as his stomach; he was penniless and friendless,—a stranger in a strange land. Also, the sacredness of private property had been inculcated in his mind too well to be flouted in a moment, even if fear of the law had reared no barrier against the instinct to satisfy his hunger at all costs; and a certain stiffnecked pride of family and education would not allow him to beg. And here he was, in the "promised land of plenty," with a good education, youth, willing to work and no mean ability—and starving.

Reminiscently he visualised the past. Happy years at home and schools until that fateful day when a financial crisis crashed his happiness into ruins. His mother had never been strong, and the shock broke her proud heart. Within a year his father had followed her to the grave and left him alone, heavy hearted and empty handed. He wanted to escape from an environment that could awaken so many sad memories, so he came here. But misfortune seemed to dog his steps. A panic occurred shortly after his arrival, and the ensuing wave of unemployment swept the length and breath of the country, bringing in its wake such need and suffering as he had never known existed. He was caught in the whirlpool and had struggled in vain. Try as he might, no work could be obtained, he seemed to have applied everywhere but to no avail.

Dimly he sensed that somehow his old standards and ideals had proved inadequate, unable ever to rationally explain, let alone meet, exigencies of life such as those now confronting him. Biology had shown him the struggle for existence but as a mere adumbration. Here—bereft its mantle of theoretical abstractness—it stood forth in naked, primitive, reality, grim, terrifying. Scenes he had witnessed in employment agencies and other places where work might be obtained had made

an ineradicable impression on his plastic, sensitive mind. He had been taught that diligence, thrift and integrity would inevitably lead to success and had accepted it dogmatically. But now,—how could he or any of the thousands in similar circumstances practice those estimable virtues, when the right to work was denied, when they were penniless and starving?

Immersed in thoughts, and weak from hunger and cold, he failed to dodge a big man who hurriedly tried to enter an adjacent doorway. The impact threw him off his balance and he staggered up against the wall. The big man steadied him and with an apology for his clumsiness turned to go. But something indefinable made him change his mind and subject the other to a searching glance. "Sick buddy?" he asked. There was kindness in eyes and voice. The other shook his head. "No, just a little weak." But the big man had diagnosed the case. "How long since you had anything to eat?" he inquired abruptly. The answer came simply but there was a ring of truthfulness in it, that he did not fail to notice, "Three days." The big man said something under his breath, grabbed the other's arm and started to lead him up the stairway, at the foot of which they had been standing. "I've got a housekeeping room here," he explained, "and was just going to eat before I met you. But then I had forgotten the bread and ran out to get it. Come along and we will have supper together."

Never would the starving, friendless stranger forget that simple but substantial meal and the kindness and tact displayed by his host during it and after. The big man, who acknowledged the name of Edward Brown, but insisted on being called Ed, on learning his guest's name to be Jack Wilson, promptly addressed him in the same manner of comradeship. A mutual liking speedily broke down the barriers of reserve common to so short acquaintances, and elicited their respective life stories and ideas. Conversation naturally drifted on to the prevailing unemployment, and in discussing the causes behind, Ed found a willing listener. He spoke well too, and in his exposition of this and other social phenomena, Jack found answers to many of the questions and problems that had baffled him before. Not that he accepted them without a searching, critical scrutiny! He had done so in the past, believed blindly, implicitly what he was told to believe, but that should not happen again. Yet keenly as he probed and analyzed, no flaw could he find in the other's reasoning.

Even so, it was not easy to assimilate doctrines so fundamentally opposed to those formerly entertained, nor pleasant to have one's most cherished images and idols so rudely shattered and annihilated. A few months earlier it would have been possible only in a very gradual manner; but since then life had taught him many and bitter lessons; lessons not included in the curriculum of any school or college.

But when Ed casually mentioned—not without a touch of pride—that he had been a member of the I. W. W. for many years, Jack received a shock. What fragmentary "facts" he had gleaned from the daily press and various magazines about that organization were not reassuring. Incredulous astonishment was apparent when he began: "But, I thought members of that organization were—," he hesitated, visibly embarrassed, and Ed laughingly supplemented:— "bombthrowers and assassins, burners of haystacks and bridges and so on and so forth; was'nt that what you thought? Well you will be able to judge for yourself after investigating us a little further. Your present idea of the I. W. W. is really the boss' idea; he merely passed it along to you knowing that it would be to his advantage to alienate your sympathy and support from an organization he hates and fears. Tomorrow I will take you up to our hall and make you acquainted. Read our literature, listen to our speakers and then decide for yourself. I am confident, that when you realise what the movement represents, its aims and objects, your former environment and upbringing, in the light of your far from being an obstacle—rather be an incentive to join our ranks."

"And in the meantime you can stay here; that bed was my partner's, but he got a job and left town yesterday, so you can use it now, and we'll manage somehow till we get work. Now, don't argue; I have made up my mind and besides, you can do as much for me some other time."

During the following week Jack took a new lease of life. When not hunting for jobs they would spend a great deal of time in the hall, where he talked with many of the members, listened to speakers and read voraciously from the library. More and more he learned to appreciate the sterling character of his benefactor and roommate, and the acquaintance—so strangely begun—ripened into a friendship that years failed to efface or destroy. And when they finally secured work, the first payday brought developments. After paying a month's room-rent and restocking their depleted larder, Jack disappeared one evening on some mysterious errand and would not allow Ed to accompany him. Some time later he returned, and with one of his infrequent smiles, showed Ed his latest purchase. It was a new, red card, liberally "decorated" on both sides and the front page bore the name: Jack Wilson. Ed rose with extended hand. "Shake *fellow worker*" I knew *it* was only a question of time, you could not do otherwise. And from now on, whatever the future may hold in store, you have something to work and fight for—a goal to achieve, a mission to fulfill." And as Jack's hand clasped that of his friend, he knew beyond a doubt, that this time also had Ed spoken the truth.

# The Social Forces

By JOHN CANNAVAN

## CHAPTER VII.

**"It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."**

THE human race, like every other species, has been compelled to struggle for existence. Man from the beginning has enlisted means outside of himself to aid him in his struggle to survive. He is the only species in the animal world that uses tools.

The invention and employment of tools were necessary if the race was to perpetuate itself. The tools of a period—its means of production and distribution—determined the form of human society; and the institutions by which it was supported and its affairs administered. As tools are only humanly valuable when used, society has at all times been dependent upon its tool-users—the producers.

There was unquestionably a time when man stood in the world and faced nature without any artificial aids—bare and naked—and found himself in an environment that threatened his destruction. Then necessity, animal necessity, drove him to discover and employ things outside of himself that would serve as tools and weapons. With these he was better equipped to wrest from nature a living than had hitherto been possible. Man advanced along simple lines in the employment of tools and eventually arrived at the discovery of fire. With this discovery, mankind was in a position to go forward more securely in possession of means of subsistence. The race was winning its way to permanent security, and its security depended upon those who provided and used the tools. It has ever been so.

### Racial Survival Assured

In feudal times, agriculture was the basic industry but there had developed within that system an element which devoted itself to hand manufacture, and the products of this element grew to proportions when they made the means of social subsistence more plentiful. Mankind turned to this element and the feudal system was gradually superseded by capitalism, until now capitalism administers to society everywhere and provides means of subsistence in such ample measure that the survival of the race is no longer in doubt. The survival of the human race is assured. Present day society, like all previous societies, is dependent upon the productive element—the working class.

As capitalism developed from the comparatively simple tool system to modern machine methods, there grew up an element in society—the capitalist class—which takes no active part to assist the race in its struggle to survive. On the contrary it has fastened itself upon society and lives parasitically. A parasite has no independent means of existence and exists only by attaching itself to and feeding off some other organism.

The human race in its struggle to survive must select that element which is indispensable to it, i. e., that element upon which it must depend for its means of life. The capitalist class is not that that element notwithstanding its dominance in human affairs. Our present civilization depends not upon the owners of industry, but upon those who operate the industries. When, in its morning prayers, society says, "Give us this day our daily bread," the working class must answer its petition. All that society has and all that society is, it has and holds by the grace of working class effort. If the workers do not make and use the tools of modern production, our civilization would wither and disappear; and the race would become extinct. There is no danger that this will happen; though all the forces which the capitalist masters of society can muster are employed to stay further progress the pressure of a threatened species will prove irresistible.

### Progress Is With The Workers

In every species there goes on a struggle between its fit and unfit members. The fittest survive because they are necessary to the survival of the species. So, too, in human society there is going on a struggle between two elements—the capitalist class and the working class—and the fittest will conquer the unqualified. With which of these two elements can society dispense with the least disadvantage or the greatest advantage to itself? Manifestly, with the



capitalist class which, by and of itself, could not prevent the collapse of society and the elimination of the race. The capitalist class at the present stage can only function in an anti-social way. The working class, on the other hand, for its own preservation must preserve to society the means that will enable the race to survive. The abundance, which is available even to superfluity, is the product of the working class. The tools whose production and use are confined to the working class are the guarantee of social security, only while the working class attend to and produce and reproduce them. In the struggle between the classes, the social side of the contest is taken by the working class and the anti-social forces are controlled by the capitalist class. The working class stands for human progress. The capitalist class strives to hold mankind stationary.

There was a time when the capitalist class stood for human progress; when it functioned to carry the human race forward on its destined course, but having performed its mission, it is now ready for the discard. To fulfill the social destiny of mankind, the working class, which is now pre-eminently the indispensable social factor, must assume the responsibility of social guidance and administration. It must do this, not because it covets authority, but because it is imperatively necessary that it assume this responsibility.

The working class, the labor of whose hands and brains creates super-abundance, amidst which it suffers privation, must move in its own behalf. So far as it is conscious of saving society, it is only that it must save society to secure itself. It has behi it all the pressure that the human species can exe This pressure is not evident, yet it is there.

### "The World For The Workers"

But the working class must prepare itself to take over the social means of subsistence and to administer them. The workers must organize themselves as they are arranged around the machinery of production. From the highest executive to the last laborer, they must unite to construct the new social organism. As stated earlier in this article, the manual workers, as the greatest sufferers under the present regime, must take the initiative to bring about the revolutionary social change. As the industrial proletariat organizes and conquers power, it will compel other working class elements to associate themselves with it. It will draw to itself all the essential productive elements and mold them into the new industrial society. This society, the Industrial Workers of the World, is the only organization in the world which has envisaged and constructed it in embryo. Because of the forces behind its program, the I. W. W. is potentially the greatest labor organization of all time. Never before have workers essayed as daring a social role. The future belongs to the workers through this organization or science is a fraud and history a lie.

"The world for the workers."

[THE END.]


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# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

The conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike of lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Printed by Printing and Publishing Workers' Industrial Union No. 450, I. W. W.

This is the California Story for the Month
It Tells it All

# ROLL CALL

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| George Ryan | 35567 | Joe Varella | 38133 |
| Henry Matlin | 35717 | H. M. Edwards | 38292 |
| James Olson | 35718 | Tom O.'Mara | 38293 |
| F. Sherman | 35768 | Jack Nash | 38294 |
| Omar J. Eaton | 36627 | Bert Kyler | 38307 |
| R. W. Minton | 37492 | W. Rutherford | 38308 |
| P. Mellman | 37627 | C. Pedersen | 38360 |
| F. Franklin | 37635 | A. G. Ross | 38361 |
| James Martin | 37636 | A. Bratland | 38363 |
| Frank Bailey | 37647 | B. Johanson | 38364 |
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# The Industrial Pioneer

*An Illustrated Labor Magazine*
*June, 1925* *Price 20 cents*



*Organize to End War*
*Hindenburg The Figurehead*
*A New Society in the Making*
*Memoirs of a Modern Pirate*

# CALIFORNIA

**WHERE—**

"Justice is a harlot
Upon a throne of Gold—
Where Liberty is auctioned
And truth is bought and sold."

IN CALIFORNIA they have an act known as the Criminal Syndicalism law, under which over one hundred and forty men have been convicted solely because they were members of a labor organization.

IN CALIFORNIA today, by the mandates of predatory wealth, eighty-five of these men are serving long terms in prison because of their membership in a union that is opposed to the greed, lust and misrule of Industrial Pirates.

IN CALIFORNIA countless hundreds of men have been imprisoned in county jails, held long periods of time and forced to endure the most vile conditions thinkable.

IN CALIFORNIA women have been beaten and little children, too, have been deliberately scalded, beaten and trampled under foot by howling mobs that raided the workers' hall during an entertainment.

IN CALIFORNIA men have been tarred and feathered, slugged, murdered and driven insane by the alleged "guardians of law" in the name of "JUSTICE," simply to satisfy their atavistic whims and to gain favor with the Industrial Overlords.

IN CALIFORNIA an Appellate Court has ruled in a recent decision that anyone found mingling with members of organized labor is guilty of violating this inhuman statute.

IN CALIFORNIA the Supreme Court has been guilty of considering evidence that was not to be found in the trial transcript, in order that they might affirm the conviction of twenty-six innocent men.

IN CALIFORNIA this same Supreme Court a s s u m e s the right to change its mind at will, holding in one case that they see "nothing inherently wrong with the organization," and in another case exactly the same, they rule that the organization is guilty of violating a statute.

IN HUMANITY'S name, use no California products until these innocent men are freed.

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Edited by JOHN A. GAHAN

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## Editorials

**BRYAN THE MODERN BEAUVAIS**—Our champion marathon campaigner of the long-eared party was in Florida recently where he was employed by real estate sharks to "bark" for them. These crooks brought suckers out on a pier where the Nebraska Commoner regaled them with stories about Florida soil, climate and future. He made a big "killing" at this game and severed connections with the side show. Then the garrulous ape looked around for another graft and a chance to keep himself in headlines.

"It's an ill wind that blows no one good." Tennessee passed a law against teaching evolution in the schools of that advancing commonwealth. A man named Scopes violated the statute and he is now on trial at Dayton before "a jury of his peers." The grand jury's presentment was:

> **"That John Thomas Scopes, heretofore on the 24th day of April, 1925, did unlawfully and wilfully teach in the public schools of Rhea county, Tennessee, which said public schools are supported in part and wholly by the public school fund of the state, a certain theory and theories that deny the story of the divine creation as taught in the Bible, and did teach instead thereof that man has descended from a lower order of animals, he, the said John Thomas Scopes, being at the time and prior thereto a teacher in the public schools of Rhea county, Tennessee, aforesaid, against the peace and dignity of the state."**

That the judge is admirably qualified to sit on the case may be gathered from the fact that he called in a minister to read a prayer in opening the trial. This Methodist Church North medicine man's invocation ran:

> "Help us to be humble in thy presence this morning. We acknowledge our ignorance this morning. Give us light. Help us to quit arguing about so many things that are not important, not to question so many things not needful for us to know, but that we may know the Christ by simple faith. Bless this court. Lead us by thy spirit."

The powers of darkness did well when they chose Bryan as special prosecutor because he can certainly keep them in the ignorance they crave. He represents medievalism, the age of inquisition, autos de fe, rack, rope, block, witch burning and perpetual imprisonment for religious nonconformity. Victims of that system were not atheists. The Tennessee incident furnishes a good parallel. Scopes, like many others, has reconciled his Darwin with the maker who had no maker. But he has meddled, and it is sufficiently criminal to shock Fundamentalist Tennessee, and to bring Bryan to the scene on a trot with his Bible, swindle-sheet and fagots. Genesis must not be gainsaid. It must stand inviolate despite science, reason and the

(Continued on Page Forty-One)



SHIPS OF THE DOLLAR LINE DOCKED IN AN ALASKAN PORT

# Memoirs of a Modern Pirate

By CALIFORNIA PUBLICITY MAN

MODERN society fairly teems with tales of the Horatio Alger type, built around the lives of men such as Carnegie, Ford and Edison, all of whom are styled "self-made men." These tales, so adroitly constructed that even the most skeptical will be misled, are whispered into the eager ears of youth. They have been created for but one purpose: to increase the desire to amass riches that is born in the breast of the younger generation.

The ruling class of this age of super-capitalism has caused these stories to be fashioned and carried to the far corners of the civilized world so that they, the rulers, might continue to receive the full benefit of the efforts of all workers. Youth is told how these "self-made" men started on their career, "poor but honest;" how they strived and forged ahead until, today, they lead the world in riches, These millionnaires are held up as examples for youth to follow, even though it is a well known fact that every commercial field is owned and controlled by the trusts. But youth blindly attempts to follow.

Just such a story is to be found in the "Memoirs of Robert Dollar," the three volumes of which he has had printed for private circulation. We shall try to show the true conditions as they actually exist and compare them with Dollar's version.

Perhaps a few words about Captain Dollar might not prove amiss. Dollar was born in Falkirk, Scotland in 1844, of Scotch parents. At the age of thirteen his mother passed away and young Dollar immigrated to Ottawa, Canada, with his father. There he found work in a stave mill and continued at that task until sixteen years of age, when he turned to the woods for a livelihood. Due to his manner of driving the French-Canadian lumberjacks he later became foreman for a logging company.

### Dollar Goes Into Business

In 1872 he formed a lumber company in partnership with a Mr. Johnson. This venture proved somewhat disastrous because of the dollar madness which ruled, and in the following year the concern went bankrupt. Three years later he again entered into a partnership. This time he furnished no capital; he drove the workers and his partner furnished the funds.

With this second start Dollar began his campaign of exploitation in earnest. He began purchasing standing timber in Eastern Canada at a pittance from farmers who were too poor to hold it for a

better price and were forced to sell for whatever Dollar offered them. The same advantage was taken of the men who worked for him. Because of the severe winters it was practically impossible for a man in a logging camp to quit work once winter had set in, for he would perish in making a lone attempt to reach the outside world. Therefore, men were forced to stay in camp until spring and very often were paid off for an entire winter's work with a red flannel shirt, a plug of tobacco and very little money; while Dollar received in exchange millions of feet of logs and square timber.

In 1882 his business ventures took him to the United States. With the money stolen from the lumberjacks in Canada in unpaid labor he bought up large tracts of timber land from the government at $1.25 per acre and built a sawmill at a place called Dollarville. The year 1888 found Captain Dollar in California, attempting to get a corner on all the unsold merchantable timber in sections of that state.

Four years later he ventured into the shipping world, becoming the owner of several ships. In 1901 he entered foreign trade and has since enlarged his holdings to such an extent that he has practically cornered a great portion of the shipping business with China and the Far East.

Dollar claims that one of the reasons for his seemingly remarkable advancement in the commercial world is that he is a firm believer in God. According to his words, he is a man with all the ardent zeal of an apostle and one who proves to the world that he is religious beyond reproach by donating to the Y. M. C. A., erecting churches among the "heathen" Chinese, and keeping several Y. M. C. A. secretaries and ministers on his payroll. He preaches the gospel of brotherly love between the Chinese and Americans, but for some unexplained reason fails to mention that the same policy of non-prejudice should exist between all other races. We have yet to hear this good gentleman raise his voice in protest at the race riots which have occurred in this country between the negro and white races.

In eulogizing himself, Dollar also professes t be a super-patriot, a pacifist, and one who would not condone hypocrisy. All of these qualities, together with his Scotch thrift and efficiency, have made him what he is today—so he claims.

### Economic Changes

Captain Dollar begins one of his volumes by saying: "These memoirs were intended for my family and some immediate friends, but at the urgent request of others, I have decided to make them public. I have but one reason in so doing, and that is that they may be of benefit to some young men who are starting at the bottom thinking the difficulties confronting them insurmountable when they look up to the top of the ladder."

He holds up his own life as an example, yet fails to explain that sixty years ago there were no such monopolies as the Standard Oil Company, the West Coast Lumbermen's Association, the California Fruit Growers' Association, and the Ship Owners' Association, controlling all these industries in this country. He does not tell them that American capital has run out of resources in the United States and has been forced to spread to other countries for further fields in which to exploit labor. He does not tell them that such men as he control the United States government and dictate their orders to every public official, from the lowest county constable to the president of the United States. No, he paints a very hopeful picture for the eyes of innocent youth, so that every young man in his ignorance will make a special endeavor to be an efficient wage slave, thinking that some day he may become a second Captain Dollar.

When we compare the early years of Dollar's life with the present day, we find that a drastic change has taken place in the economic situation. At the time of the Captain's first plunge into business we know that there had been but very little development west of the Rocky Mountains. It was about that time that Horace Greeley said, "Go west, young man, go west." It was a time when the west held unlimited opportunities for a young man, for there were thousands of square miles of land upon which white men had not yet set foot. Every industry was open to all comers and the strongest survived. Lands covered with virgin timber could be had for the taking, as could vast grazing areas suitable for cattle raising.

The East, too, was not altogether devoid of opportunity. Many fields were open as at that time the machine had not been developed to its present standard and many of life's commodities were still handmade. Capital had not been organized into the gigantic corporations and trusts of today, but instead, capitalists were fighting and competing with one another. Consequently the young man of that day did have a possible chance to advance in the commercial field.

On the other hand, when we look at the situation today we find that the entire United States is densely populated; every industry is now run by machinery, replacing man power; and capital is combined in a solid unit in each industry. For instance, in the lumber industry we have a trust which owns practically every foot of standing timber in the United States. This trust is dominated over by one Weyerhauser, who has as his aides men such as Humbird in Idaho, Dollar in Canada, and Hammond in California. All of these men have very large holdings of timber, having acquired the same by robbing the government and the small landowners. These few men absolutely control the lumber industry. Yes, even the government timber. When they wish to secure a parcel of timber belonging to the government and the price is higher than they wish to pay, they merely order one of their henchmen in the government office to see that the price is reduced. If that is

not accomplished soon enough, then a forest fire breaks out in the reserve; the timber is condemned and is then sold for a song to the trust; all very simple, and the government admits it. (See Industrial Relations Committee Report).

So it is with shipping and all other industries and commercial products from oil to baking powder: a few own and control all. If a man starts an independent concern and the trust does not want him to conduct the business, they merely stop his credit; or, if he has a little capital and can pay cash for his supplies, the trust conducts a sale of that particular product, underselling the man who is trying to work up a trade, and soon put him out of business.

**Capitalist Control of U. S. Shipping Board**

Shortly after the United States entered the World War, the Ship Owners' Association took drastic steps to have the government establish a merchant marine owned and operated by the government. Captain Dollar was one of the leading lights in this campaign. Needless to say, it took but little effort. On every hand ships were being built for the government service. After the war, hundreds of massive wooden and steel hulks, termed ships, were lying in the different harbors of the country, some unsafe for use, others safe but no use for them.

Some of these ships were leased to private concerns to be operated for the government and under the control of the United States Shipping Board. Five of them, from which the government was making a substantial profit, were being operated by the Pacific Mail Company on the west coast. Recently orders were given that these ships were to be sold. The Pacific Mail and the Dollar companies were the principal bidders. Dollar got the ships. Dollar's bid was a bit higher, but there was a catch. The Pacific Mail would have made a larger payment down and finished paying for them in a shorter period of time. As the matter now stands, Dollar is to operate the ships and receive all the profit without investing five cents for a period of two years.

At the head of the U. S. Shipping Board is a man by the name of T. V. O'Connor who recommended that the above five capital ships be sold. Incidently, this man was once president of the International Longshoremen's Union. When he resigned from that position to accept the chairmanship of the Shipping Board, the members of that union gave him a ten thousand dollar car, for which he later thanked them by breaking several of their strikes. O'Connor is a henchman of Robert Dollar, and Dollar can give him credit for the share he had in the sale of the above ships, for he cast the deciding vote that gave them to Dollar.

There is another peculiar incident connected with this same sale. A temporary injunction was granted the Pacific Mail Company on April 3rd by Justice Hintz of the Supreme Court, restraining the Shipping Board from selling the ships to Dollar. On April 20th, Hintz dissolved the injunction, thereby giving Dollar the ships. There is perhaps a reason for this which we will mention a little later.

With the facts summed up, it would seem that Dollar is one whose orders are obeyed, whether the orders are given to a messboy on one of his ships or to the President of the United States.

The International Seamen's Union also protested the action of the government in selling these ships to Dollar. They based their protest on the ground that Dollar was unfair to organized labor. From the following facts we shall see that their objection was well founded.

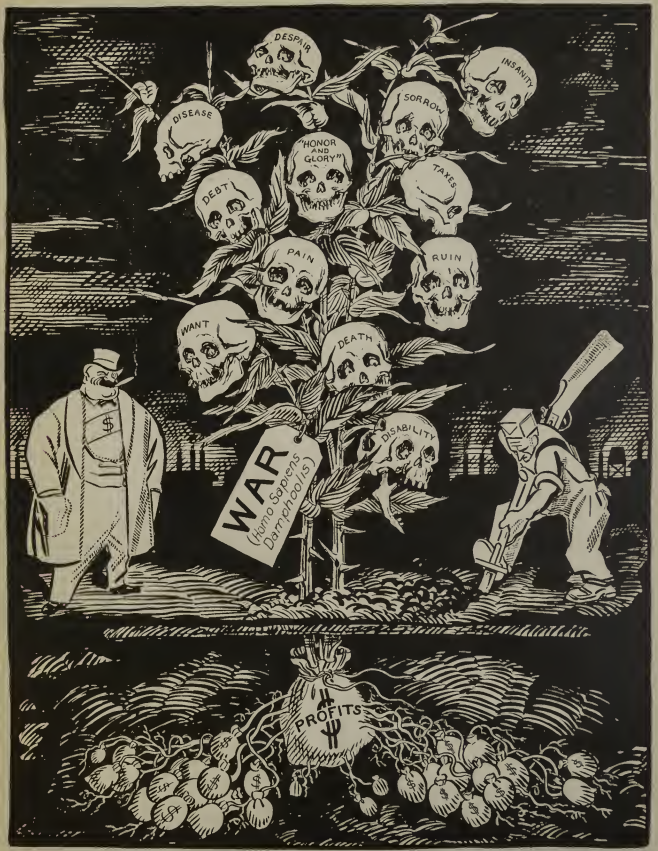
**Robert Dollar and Labor**

Fully forty per cent of all the ships operated by the Dollar interests are sailing under the British flag—this in spite of his self-proclaimed patriotism. **All of these ships are manned by coolie sailors who are paid at the rate of thirty-five cents a day.** Their living conditions are impossible to describe. Just last year one of Dollar's slave ships, the "Harold Dollar," was in Sausalito Bay, adjoining San Francisco, for four months. We will give you a few of the comments made at that time by the San Francisco Daily News and you may judge for yourself:

"Thirty-five yellow men from the Ning Po district in China have been virtually prisoners aboard the "Harold Dollar" for more than a year. Born into peonage, they were coaxed aboard the vessel with the promise of 'plenty money' wages dangled before their eyes; thirty-five cents 'gold' a day was to be given them, and they bound themselves under a two-year contract through Chinese 'headmen' in Shanghai. Formal signing on of the men through the British consulate followed. . . . For four and a half months the ship and her Chinese crew have been festering in the sun of Richardson's bay waiting for a cargo. Crazed because of the enforced inaction, fearful that they never will get back to China but will continue to sail the Pacific water 'until the sun dies,' the men have begun to fight among themselves. They are without money to buy clothes or shoes; their food contract with the company, by which they bargained to buy and cook their own grub out of the thirty-five cents a day wage, has run out and they are being fed by the Dollar people with the possibility that their few cents is being taken from them daily. . . . . But she lies in the bay, American-owned, under British registry, with an Oriental crew, awaiting cargo, ready to underbid for business against any vessel manned by white sailors."

On the Dollar ships that are manned by white sailormen, we find similar conditions existing. The wages are always below the union scale. Conditions are deplorable; they are even below the coolie standard. Dollar's own words uphold us in this statement. In an address made to the elite that were aboard the **H. F. Alexander** on her maiden

(Continued on page Thirty-Eight)




**BIG BUSINESS (to Labor, generously): "My good fellow, you'll be well paid for your patriotic action in 'tending this glorious plant; you shall have all the fruit above the ground—I'll take ONLY the roots!"**

# Organize to End War

By FRANCIS J. MALLOY

**COMPARATIVELY few people defend the institution of warfare, although we have with us at all times those peculiar sadists who, in the name of God and Nature, extol slaughtering of humans and say that the shedding of blood on fields of battle rehabilitates the human stock and weeds out the weak. We may dispose of this monstrously ridiculous contention by asking why the young and healthy part of the population are always taken for wars. If warfare acted like nature, then the old and infirm would be mowed down instead. Killing millions of the best human stock; causing terrible plagues, like tuberculosis, typhus, cholera and syphilis is not exactly beneficial to humanity. Whole populations are enervated by diseases peculiar to periods of armed conflict.**

There are always monsters and patromaniacs who gain prominence by the romantic gush surrounding their personalities. Theodore Roosevelt, of unhappy memory, was one who commercialized his reputation as a fighter, but was never in danger, and the nearest he ever came to personal encounter in war was when he sneaked up behind three Spaniards and shot them in the back. He told about it in his "Rough Riders." The people will vote for a character like him, but this is no sign that they like war. They are ready to take glory from their national, **vicarious** exploits in war. When it comes to enlisting they are not there. This is a hopeful sign. As a matter of fact most Americans will agree with Sherman that "War is hell."

How, then, are the people made to respond to the call for wars? Long ago Benjamin Franklin said there had never been a good war nor a bad peace. He was correct, but phrase makers have outshouted this and all other voices of reason. Whenever it suits ruling class wishes, persistence of propagandizing accomplishes the necessary consent. In the main there are three great agencies for moulding opinion and they are the church, platform and the press. When these are ordered to say that the holy church, the holy state or holy civilization must be saved from barbarians, the papers run blazing headlines to that effect; pulpiteers spout and politicians rave. The nation must be defended. Christ's image is ripped from the cross and used to deck a saber hilt. The people go wild. War is declared.

### Surplus Value Makes Modern Wars

Workers used to be sent into battle for king and church. Economic masters used the uniformed mob to pull chestnuts out of the fire. Nowadays the masses go to war for kings and democracy. In the last war—I mean the one before the French-Riff struggle, and before the Chinese mix-up, and before the offensives against the Russians by Denekin, Wrangel, Yudenitch and the Japs, just to mention a few—Germany, Austria, Turkey, England, France and the United States were the foremost belligerents. The chief executive of the last named power made a large noise about saving democracy, but when one observes the ambitions of these various states is there any real difference between them?

Germany was the most thoroughgoing of all, and its rise to world prominence in just a few decades caused its rivals to fear it. After all, the ambitions of governments are those of the dominant capitalists of those governments. Capitalism in all those states was strongly imperialistic. This simply means that the big bosses of the states had so well robbed their workers of surplus value that they were looking for foreign fields in which to invest this capital. They were seeking world markets and colonies. Naturally, conflicts arose. There is constant competition for these markets and for these industrially backward but rich territories. Wealth robbed from workers furnishes the sinews of war, for it gives capitalists resources to invest abroad.

The photographs with this article are more impressive than anything I could say, or that anyone could say in damnation of warfare. They were sent from Germany in a book containing hundreds of others, some of which cannot be described. The book is called "War on War," and it is the most powerful anti-militaristic work ever compiled. These pictures show just a few of the effects of war. One picture shows the hanging of civilians, two men and a woman. That was just a small part of the deviltry. In the Austrian army alone there were 18,000 gallows. The French and English shot down their own men whenever an officer deemed it proper to do so. While drunken tsarist generals slept in the arms of whores their ammunitionless troops were being fed to the German artillery. In France—gallant, La Belle France—there was not a pure girl over sixteen throughout the war zone.

### Some of War's Fruits

Driven to war because they were too ignorant to fight for themselves, and because the socialist snakes lied to them for over a generation, and preached voting instead of industrial organization, the masses were easy prey. They went out, boys of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, men of thirty, forty, fifty and even sixty. Single men went and those with families. They made good fertilizer where fertilizer was not needed except to prepare a golden harvest for the bourgeoisie. They slashed, tore, bit, smashed, kicked, shot, gassed, tanked and fired their way into each other's guts. Rats came and got so fat on human carrion that they could scarcely waddle.

When it was over millions had been killed, millions more were crippled and still more millions were diseased. But, thank God, the schoolmarm's democracy was saved. Humanity was rescued from the Huns. The kaiser was sent into exile while



SOLDIERS EXECUTING CIVILIANS—NOTE THE WOMAN IN CENTER

French-German iron and steel corporations harmonized to squeeze the last bit of surplus value from the workers in the Ruhr. In England the "sons of the bulldog breed"—what was left of them after the Marne and Vimy Ridge—tramped in droves looking for jobs that were not to be had and then got a "dole." France passed laws prohibiting the police from arresting French soldier-beggars. La Patrie had been saved! While German workers bowed in sweated labor beneath the doubly-hard oppression of defeat, their masters grew richer than ever before. Starvation was in the land, there was no milk for babies and mothers' breasts were dry from malnutrition. Bosses feasted as they never did before.

Then there was America. Our own great country here had been going on a wild orgy of heretic hunting. The executive, legislative and judicial branches —especially the latter—joined to open the season on radicals and unionists. The population had been whipped to frenzy by tales of German atrocities, by banners showing Germans as helmeted gorillas, and all that brand of dirty propaganda. Radicals and union men were pictured as belonging to the same tribe. Union halls were wrecked; speakers and organizers were beaten, imprisoned and lynched; lawyers who came to defend them were tarred and feathered and smashed. The judges, to quote G. Bernard Shaw, "went stark raving mad." They sent hundreds of men and women to penitentiaries for long terms simply because these men and women continued to carry on the work of labor organization. Free speech was tossed into the gutter and ground into the mire. In short, a general system of patriotic terrorism held sway, and was not stopped until 1919 when a band of union loggers, I. W. W. members, defended their hall and their lives at Centralia in Washington. They went to prison for their manhood, their courage, their intelligent militancy. They are still there to rot away their lives from 25 to 40 years. What a fearful indictment of warfare, and what a shameful one against the workers of this country who could send those men back to their loved ones and friends in one day if they united for that purpose!

Immediately before us is a situation that has not been as ominous since the spring of 1914. American and British business interests are out for spoils with greater rapacity than all others. This government has made appropriations for gunboats to patrol Chinese rivers. China is rich in natural resources and the potential factory and farm labor of 400,000,000 slaves. There are 7,000 American soldiers in Hawaii, but an increase to 20,000 is being agitated, and, after the Hawaiian waters maneuvers by the United States fleet there is no doubt about this being realized. An extensive, vitriolic campaign against the Japanese race is being pushed by a large section of the American press, and the Hawaiian Islands are sure to be fortified so that they shall become the "Pacific



Surgical Triumph! A Soldier's Life Saved!

Gibraltar," to use the language of militarists.

The last great war ended just before more fearful instruments of destruction than any employed were released. These were being prepared in laboratories and there is no doubt about their being used in the next struggle to save democracy, culture, civilization and other sacred fetishes. I refer to disease germs. It is impossible to estimate the number who died in all countries just from one plague—influenza—during and after the last war, and it is at least very sobering to think of what must be the result when militarists **release** disease germs on the population.

Seventy million men were mobilized in the world carnage. In the next one we may expect to see twice that number under arms. This is sure to give surgery another matchless opportunity to heal men torn by bullets and shell fragments, burned by liquid fire, and eaten by gas. We shall have a large element of surviving heroes with sheep jaws, metallic hands, arms, legs, dog foreheads, pig snouts, and perhaps rabbit eyes. And buoying up this synthetic monster shall live the soul. So all's well, God's still in heaven, and the boss keeps the industries.

### More Savagery Shown

Getting back to the boys over there, it is noteworthy that all atrocities were not made in Germany by Germans. In a certain fight large numbers of German prisoners were taken by Canadian soldiers. One of the prisoners, maddened by war horrors, managed to get hold of a gun with which he shot a Canadian. The Canadian commanding officer then ordered that every one of the "Huns" taken that day and for days to come be mutilated by driving a bayonet through the right palm. This was done.

When the American troops were advancing in the Argonne they took many prisoners. Their officers ordered them to escort these prisoners miles to the rear "and be back in ten minutes," under pain of death. Well, it just couldn't be done, so the Fritzes were bumped off about a hundred yards to the rear, and the men were back in less than ten minutes. It's a fine business, this war game. And the people put up with it only because they do not know what makes wars, and the horrors of war.

Did they but understand war's economic causes a revolution from capitalist misery to proletarian happiness would be achieved, and speedily.

### Another Conflict Is Being Prepared

There isn't much more to say, except that another great war is being prepared. Look to the Orient for its theater of action. China is the great undeveloped area that appears appetizing to all the imperialists. The United States and England will join to keep Japan from winning over China. Then the "Anglo-Saxon" states must have a fight to decide on mastery. American workers must kill other workers and get slaughtered in the action. There are many angles that we cannot discuss in this brief article, but other writers have spoken of them in previous issues and I trust that there will be succeeding articles demonstrating the numerous phases of this immense subject.

### Anti-Militarists of Church?

Before closing I would say that workers should place no dependence in the pacifistic mouthings of churchmen and other parasites. When the last war came they were similarly opposed to war until several hundred shysters passed the war declaration. Then they got up on Woodrow's band wagon and shouted themselves hoarse about "getting" the kaiser, and killing Teutonic barbarism. It so happens that Wilhelm and his numerous progeny still live and



Soldier's Face Partly Shot Away—Gangrene Has Set In.

flourish in castles, though not, of course, at the end of Unter den Linden. The preachers still live, or have passed away naturally, while over one hundred thousand American soldiers lie on "Fields of Flanders," in mass graves. Their loved ones were given flags with gold stars. Glorious!

Many of the boys who went away as heroes amid music and cheering came back broke and they couldn't find jobs. Industrial crises have no respect for uniforms or heroes. In many cases the American Legion used some of these soldiers to break strikes. Employers have grown richer than ever before; capital has concentrated to a phalanx hitherto undreamed; and there are over twenty thousand new American millionaires. Wars are good for employers.

The workers must organize industrially to take the machinery of production and to operate it for themselves. They cannot trust any other elements in society. In truth, there are no others capable of ushering in a system of human justice, equity and its consequent happiness. When it comes to social problems the most ignorant people in the world are the "educated classes." Bricklayers and truck-drivers organize to get living wages, while school teachers exemplify individualism and get just what they deserve. The working class has progress with its march. Its feet are sounding a steady advance, and it alone can resolve order from the tangled web of social derangement that is all around us and that periodically bursts out in flames of war.

**Take the Industries!**

Unite on the industrial field to take the world we have made by our class labor! Be class conscious!



**Another Survivor of War**



**From Trench Mutilation To Industry With a Steel Arm**

Every worker is your fellow worker; every boss is your worst enemy. We are of many races and tongues, but labor is one, and we know the same sufferings and aspirations. We respond to the same factory whistle whether we are black or white, yellow or brown in color. The boss robs us whether we are Irish, Greek, Bulgarian, Swedish, German, French, English or members of any other nationality. And capitalism is not bounded by nations. It is international, with balances of power ever being arranged by contending governments which do the will of their masters—the banker-industrialists—because we, the workers of the world, have not learned our class position in the rotten scheme; because we are divided and fearful and ignorant. Let us learn the way. Everything rests upon the most submerged social group. Let us get together on the jobs and break a way for the air and the sunlight. Let us rise to break our bonds and with the same great thrust smash into smithereens the seats of the mighty, of all parasites. Then there shall be no wars among men. There shall be a world of leisure and labor shared in by all mankind with "life secure and free." That is the vision we hold and cherish. With solidarity, and a will that refuses to be broken, we shall realize our ambitions. We shall destroy this war-making, hunger-making, misery-making, degrading, enslaving, unsocial, unscientific and inhuman capitalism. It is up to the workers. They must make their own future; they must build it on revolutionary industrial unionism.

# Industrial Research

By KRISTEN SVANUM

THE first time any general national labor organization went through an industrial depression without being disintegrated was when the American Federation of Labor passed through the depression culminating in 1893.

Samuel Gompers stated in his report that the reasons the International unions had been able to retain their membership was that the mutual benefit features had made the members unwilling to lose the money already paid in for that purpose, and that it was for that reason the members had struck.

Admitting that it was a superficial reason for staying, he pointed out that it had nevertheless kept the unions in working order and enabled them to take up the real union activities again after the depression was over.

The drawbacks connected with a system of mutual benefits are so well known to the members of the I. W. W. and other workers interested in the labor movement that there is no necessity for dwelling upon them, but the problem suggested here is: Is there any other manner of getting your membership to stick during hard times? And would it necessarily have the same undesirable features as the mutual benefit system?

### The Anarchy of Production

The anarchy prevailing in the industrial system under capitalism makes it possible that while there is unemployment in one part of the country and in some industries, there will in other industries be a labor shortage.

This is not only a theoretical possibility, but an actual fact as well. The writer of this article was, during the heavy industrial depression in 1921, working in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania that were operating continuously, and at full capacity all during the depression, and where there was a labor shortage throughout the depression's duration.

In last year's depression the rubber industry was working full blast on account of the balloon tire that created a demand for more tubes and tires that individually needed more labor for their production.

During an industrial depression, when prices decrease, gold is increasing proportionately in value, and the gold and silver mines are working full blast. Whenever some big construction project is going on in an isolated community there is always a shortage of labor, even in the case when an industrial depression is creating unemployment in other parts of the country.

These instances here are of course picked to show the most extreme and sweeping cases; but besides cases of this kind we all know of instances of one industry decaying in one part of the country, while it is prospering in other parts.

### Utilizing the Fluctuations of Industry

The reason that such conditions can exist is that the workers cannot, by the nature of their position, be in possession of detailed knowledge of the industrial fabric.

They must, to a great extent, rely on chance when seeking employment, and no advice is offered them that comes from a reliable source. Here is a job for an Industrial Research Bureau.

If every member of the I. W. W. at any time could get information through the organization of what industry and district would offer him the best opportunities in his line of work, it would be possible to place our members in such a position that an industrial depression would have only a slight effect on them.

It would be possible to have every Wobbly in as good a position during hard times as a non-member with the same amount of training would have during good times.

In that manner we should be in a position to offer something to our membership that would benefit them individually by improving their economic position, and at the same time benefit the organization by keeping its membership steady in crises of unemployment.

Where the member before would ask himself, "Can I afford to pay dues in these hard times?" he would now be asking, "Can I afford not to pay dues?"

The necessary information for that purpose could easily be gathered through the bulletins of the national and state governments, publications of employers' associations, supplemented and checked up by information gathered from the membership through questionnaires sent out in each special case, besides the information that may be volunteered from members working in the industries. If the material were indexed in an efficient manner it would be a mere matter of routine to answer any question submitted from a member.

### The Immigrant

The material gathered in that manner could easily be supplemented so as to be sufficient for giving imigrants the information they may want.

The immigrant, when arriving here, is the product of certain traditions, differing according to his nationality and previous occupation, making him well adapted for certain lines of work, while less adapted to others.

He would greatly benefit if he could get information about where he could best find industrial conditions that he could the easiest adapt himself to. Instead of getting that he becomes the victim of em-

ployment sharks, boarding house keepers, open shop scab herders, and others of similar character. These scoundrels are fleecing the immigrant and playing him against the workers who have already become wise in the ways of the country. In that manner they are making them both losers.

Well systematized information of that kind could be given to the immigrant through a branch office of the Research Bureau. It could easily have all the advertisement it wanted in the labor press of foreign countries, so that all labor unionists that immigrated would know of its existence. Those that were not unionists in the old country would hardly be a fertile field for organization anyway.

In that manner the policy of the employers of attempting to flood the labor market with cheap foreign labor might prove a boomerang and have just the opposite effect of the one aimed at.

### Vocational Guidance

The worker who is today looking for advancement is depending on two things: his own individual efforts, and the good will of his employer. This makes quite a great percentage of the most intelligent workers very poor material for unionism, for loyalty to the employers spells disloyalty to one's fellow workers and the union. In that manner the most strategic and the best paid positions in industry are going to workers that are indifferent or hostile towards unionism.

If the employer had a free hand in selecting the men for these positions nothing could be done about it. But he has not. He must choose those who can do that kind of work best, or go under in competition. For that reason it has been possible for radicals and labor unionists to hold important jobs in labor-baiting corporations; not because the corporation loves them, but because it needs them.

The continual changes taking place in industry are reflected in a continual change in personnel and in a change of relative importance of the different groups in the working force. While in a steam railroad the important group is the train crew, they are of relatively small importance on an electric road, where their strategic importance is transferred to other groups.

Whenever a new industry is developed, or changes of a radical nature are made in an old one, the best chances will be had by workers who are specially adapted to the new strategic jobs in these industries. But who can see the changes? A boy learns a trade, and by the time he has learned it a machine wipes that trade out. A man is an expert in some industry today and a back number tomorrow.

Very few are paying, or can pay, attention to the changes taking place in industry. They have no time to study the field as a whole. They have got to cultivate their own specialty. Their isolated position gives them a one sided picture of conditions, until a change does away with perhaps over half of their earning capacity.

It would be a great advantage to workers of that kind if they could get such information from the Research Bureau. In that manner they would be more dependent on the union for advancement than on the employer, and we should have the strategic jobs in industry occupied—more than is the case today by men loyal to the union, instead of men loyal to the bosses.

### The Price Curve and the Labor Movement

When industry is expanding prices go up and labor is in demand. But wages follow prices only slowly. For that reason unions are formed and growing during a period of industrial expansion, and many local strikes take place. Whether won or not the strikes usually result in a wage increase, because the bosses need the men, and because they cannot afford to have production interrupted while the market is good.

The connection between an increase in prices and industrial expansion is so close that by looking at a price curve indicating the change taking place in the purchasing power of money anyone can tell whether industry is expanding or contracting.

When industry is expanding the curve goes upwards. When it is contracting the curve goes downwards.

Looking at the price curve for the United States since 1800 one will see an upward movement until 1815 caused by the Napoleonic wars. During that time the first labor unions were formed. In the thirties an upward movement took place. During that time the first central labor unions were formed. In the sixties another upward movement took place and the first national unions were formed, together with a National Labor Union that united most of them into one general organization. During the following depression the national unions were most of them forced to dissolve, and the National Labor Union degenerated into a political organization. In the 'Eighties during another upward movement the Knights of Labor, as a national organization, and the American Federation of Labor were formed.

Another peculiarity that we notice is that practically all great and hard fought strikes that have taken place happened at a time when the price curve had started on its downward trend.

What we learn therefrom is that in time of industrial expansion, local strikes have a good chance to bring results, but that in time of industrial contraction it takes strikes of much wider scope to accomplish anything.

While the price curve gives a general idea of the industrial trend, we must remember the previously noted fact that there are exceptions. One industry may be expanding while another is contracting, and vice versa.

An industrial Research Bureau could examine facts of that kind and bring them to the attention of the membership. In that manner our policies could be based on fact and not on fancy. We should know how to obtain the best results, both under favorable and unfavorable conditions.

This would necessitate several kinds of investigation. It would necessitate an investigation of

(Continued on Page Thirty-Six)

# A New Society in its Making

By P. J. WELINDER

**This article was submitted in the Pioneer-Solidarity Literary Contest. It was not chosen by any judge voicing an opinion. It is run here because of the many excellent ideas it expresses and the thoughts it stimulates.**

THE Industrial Workers of the World is not a subject that can be dealt with in an article limited to a few thousand words, no more than it would be possible for a writer to tell his readers in such a limited space just what the present form of society really is. The best we can possibly attain by an article of this kind is to give some suggestions as to the numerous subjects that are to be found within the scope of the I. W. W., each one of them well worth a thorough-going discussion, and then trust that those who are capable of dealing with them shall, in due course of time, take them up for such a discussion. It is with such a purpose in view that this article is submitted.

It is now generally agreed upon that our present form of society, capitalist society, had its origin in that particular form of production we experience today. It found its birth in the old feudal form of society, but its parents were not, as all too often claimed, the accumulated wealth in feudal society and the almost spontaneous outburst of intellectual forces manifested in science, sculpture and literature and generally known to us under the term "Renaissance," On the contrary the renaissance as well as the downfall of feudalism were caused by the growing power of capitalism. The factors that brought about capitalism are industrial in nature and not either economic or spiritual. (Please note that economics in this connection is taken as a science and as such its development conditioned by industrial factors).

We may take for granted that the accumulation of wealth and power, that had taken place during feudalism, by necessity, must culminate in an enormous suppression of the toiling masses—the serfs. We may also presume, quite logically, that those slaves, like human beings of today, engaged themselves in a constant struggle with their oppressors in order to survive. That this struggle, then as today, should develop numerous new ideas in regards to securing the necessities of life is equally certain. One of these ideas was capitalist society as we experience it today, and that idea was the one that proved itself triumphant and the only one that could become triumphant because it was the only one that corresponded to that stage of industrial possibilities.

The foundation of capitalism is wage labor. Capitalism cannot be either conceived of or exist except in connection with the wage system. With the abolishment of wage labor capitalism is abolished, although we might grant that mankind thereby might not be liberated. The liberation of mankind depends not upon what form of society might be destroyed, but upon that form of society which will be established in its place.

When that fugitive rebel-serf, who hitherto had sustained himself by barter of goods that either he produced himself or else picked up on the seashores from some wrecked sailing vessel, came upon the idea of hiring another serf to work for him for wages, producing that particular commodity for which he found the best market, capitalist society was started. By this method it was found that both of the parties involved had established a greater security in life than had heretofore been their lot. No longer did the barterer need to worry about how to get the goods wanted and needed; no longer did the laborer need to be in fear of not having his next meal secured. The one could continuously devote himself to the task of securing a market, the other to the task of producing what the market called for without any fear of not being able to dispose of the product.

This wonderful discovery proved itself to have almost limitless possibilities of development. If a man could be hired at so much per day to produce a certain product, certainly another man could be hired on a similar basis to go out and dispose of the product. The one who hired the parties, the promoter, placing himself in the center, became the capitalist. Both of the parties hired were to render him the product of their labor power, for his service in promoting the deal and keeping it functioning. As a result, at the rate he was able to employ more men, his fortune and thereby his power, rose.

### Division of Productive Forces

The method itself proved to be conducive to

further division of the work at hand. New trades arose and a general tendency of specialization on the industrial field took place. The result of this specialization was a greater amount of products from a given quota of labor power. In other words, labor became more productive. It was this increased productivity of labor under the capitalist form of society that determined its success as a new form of society.

Under the capitalist form of production people have been forced to adopt an entirely new mode of social and individual life. Instead of a life of isolation, scattered over vast areas of land, people were forced into close proximity to each other. The mode of production being co-operative, each individual producing only a small part of the product, huge factories had to be established in order to facilitate this new form of production. These factories, in turn, are responsible for the modern cities, our present-day centers of civilization and culture, as well as of vice and degradation. Capitalist society was established.

Little needs to be said to sustain the claim that environment determines our development. Even those who have never studied and have never given any thought to social forces or any kind of scientific discoveries or theories are aware of this fact. We constantly hear people make remarks about their fellow men, such as "he looks like a farmer," or "small-town people," etc., thereby, perhaps unconsciously, indicating that there is a difference both psychologically and physiologically to be found among the rural population as compared to the city dwellers. That there cannot be any other ground for this difference, mental or physical, than the different environment in which they live we also find generally admitted in the fact that whenever a youngster is sent from the country into a large city, his own folks watch closely for some manifestations of the influence of city life in his conduct.

### How Ideas and Institutions Are Made

It is, on the basis of the above-mentioned facts, obvious that our mental activity should change corresponding with such enormous changes as those which signify the converting of the whole civilized world from a feudal state, where its inhabitants lived an isolated life, into our modern capitalist state with millions crowded into a city of only a few square miles. Our whole literature, our art, science and culture in general are products of our mode of living, just as much as the manifestations of medieval art and science are a true reflex of their form of society. To put it bluntly: due to our present capitalist mode of production we have capitalist science, capitalist religion, capitalist art; in fact a capitalist civilization.

All that we find today in the form of social activities is only a reflex of our present capitalist society. All the various societies we are blessed with, our churches, our red cross and other crosses, fraternity orders, craft unions, schools and educational institutions; in fact, all social institutions of today are only so many auxiliaries to the capitalist state. Each and all of them have been brought into being with a purpose of healing some wounds on the body social caused by the present decaying form of society. Our politics and statecraft as well as the whole machinery of state has likewise no other object than to assist in keeping capitalist society in the saddle. Where persuasion fails coercion is brought into play in the form of militarism duly sanctified by the present judicial system which is likewise a part of the system itself.

Can we, on the basis of the above, depict the future society and determine what the I. W. W. really is? It goes without saying that the I. W. W. must be something more than a mere labor union corralling those forces in society who are on the market as sellers of labor power, with a view of trustifying this commodity and thereby gaining a higher price for it. If that be the case, then the I. W. W. itself would be nothing but a capitalistic institution and its significance as a social factor rather negligible.

The tendency towards trustifying factories, plants, mills, mines etc., into solid units embracing a whole industry, and to still further specialize production wherever that is possible or to bring about such specialization in those industries which are yet operating on a more or less individual basis, is so obvious to all who care to notice it that a mere remark as to this fact is sufficient. That this process of solidifying industries, of bringing about still greater specialization and thereby enforcing still more cooperation in the mode of production will continue in the future as far as we can at the present time ascertain with any degree of certainty, is also a point upon which we shall all agree. That such unification and consolidation within the industries much bring about a form of social activities and social life corresponding to such a mode of production, and that this form of society must be industrial and not national in its scope, is beyond doubt. To be instrumental in building up this new industrial form of society is the historic mission of the Industrial Workers of the World.

### The Backbone of Capitalist Society

Capitalist society today is living on its last resources. What is left to maintain it are those remnants of the industries that are still operated on the old and wasteful method of the individual, non-specialized form of production. The most significant of those remnants within the industries is the agriculture industry. By far the greatest part of that industry is still in its infancy so far as industrialized farming goes. As yet the individual farmer produces the major part of our agricultural products, and on that account he is also the most patriotic of all the citizens. To him there is a "country," a "fatherland," although his land might be, and in most cases is, heavily mortgaged.

It seems almost an irony of fate to find the last shred of the feudal society being the chief and last mainstay for that very society, capitalism, which was the cause of overthrowing feudalism itself. Because a serf is really what the "independent" farmer of today is. Not perhaps in the classic sense of the word, but so much more in reality, he is a serf under the moneyed vassaldom of the combined financial interests of the world and must, in order to be granted the privilege of being a farmer, first render tribute to them in the form of interest, taxes and profits before he can touch the product of his own toil.

It is interesting to note how fast modern capitalism with its specialized form of production is invading the agriculture industry. At the rate the capitalists find themselves unable to invest their surplus value in manufacturing industries they turn to new fields and apply their method of specialization and large scale production. In the cities the "home" industry is well developed and will soon be completed as an industrial unit. There it took the form of large hotels and apartment houses, operated directly by their owners, as contrary to the "home-building programs" established by the money lenders with the mortgage on the home and its so-called owner a serf to the holder of the mortgage. In addition the various functions of the home were also industrialized and specialized, and the former "home serf"—the housewife—was made a wage earner in the restaurant, the laundry, the kindergarten or some other industry flourishing on account of the wrecking of the home.

### Industrialized Farming Tendencies

On the agricultural field the process is similar. Instead of the small farm, operated with such primitive tools and implements as its owner's finances permitted him to use, we get modern machine farming. Modern engineering, chemistry, scientific cultivation of flora and fauna, are combined and constitute modern farming. Against this form of operation the independent farmer is no more able to compete than a housewife is able to compete with a modern steam laundry. Soon we will find the farmer a wage laborer within the very industry in which he was previously the independent producer, and the more prominent ones of his class will be superintending his work. He will be forced to work in cooperation with his fellow farmer, not in some utopian cooperative farming society, but as a wage slave under the whip of hunger held by the moneybags who also control all the other industries. When that last of the industries has been industrialized capitalism has vanished and with it nationalism, and we will behold the **industrial form of society.**

Whether this new form of society shall render any higher degree of liberty to the toilers than capitalism has done depends upon other factors. So far we have been able to trace the development of society upon industrial factors alone. To ascertain what such a form of society will hold in store for the workers depends upon the working class itself. The best we possibly can say for those evolutionary forces which bring about the changes in our social structure is that they are conducive to action on the part of the workers. How the workers will respond to their urges remains to be seen. The development and the form of society depends entirely upon industrial factors; the equal distribution of the products of labor depends upon the workers' ability to organize themselves and take what they produce. To bring about this form of organization is the task confronting us.

In accomplishing its task of building the new society the working class must rely upon its own resources and its ability to create its own instruments needed in the work. We cannot hope to gain either the instruments now used by the capitalist class and convert them into use for ourselves in creating that culture and social life which will eventually signify the triumph of our ideal, or to use them for such purpose should we ever take them. Capitalist instruments of coercion or persuasion can only be used to retain and maintain capitalism and not industrial communism such as revolutionary workers have in view. We must have new instruments by which to build our new society and we must make and perfect these instruments ourselves.

### In "The Image and Likeness——"

Looking back a little into history we will find that capitalism itself also created its own instruments to suit its own purpose. Its statesmen, warriors, authors, artists and scientists were busily and enthusiastically engaged in creating such instruments as were needed firmly to establish the new form of society. Need, and nothing else, is the driving force behind all labor and all art. The needs of the new capitalist state brought about the science and art significant for that form of society, just as previous forms of society had created their own art and science.

So far as the true artist, or true scientist is concerned we will admit that the art or truth sought is the aim in itself and he does not concern himself with the result it may have upon the people. But we must also admit that the power either of imagination or research is limited by the material conditions under which the artist or the scientist live. Thus the ideas evolved by the hellenistic artisan could never expand any further than hellenistic slave society permitted. He strove towards expressing perfection as he conceived it, but his power of conception could not extend beyond the limitations of that time. Hence perfect hellenistic art signifies how far society could develop intellectually during chattel slavery.

Nationalism triumphed in hellenism and tribal society went down in defeat. The stable form of society which nationalism affords was necessi-

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# Poems

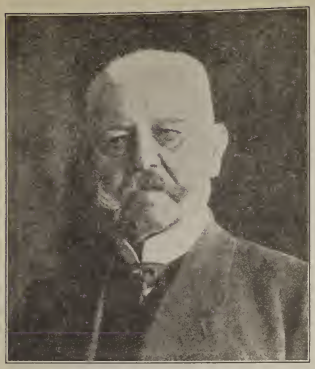
By LAURA TANNE

## Waitress

IT'S funny——
I can't seem to remember anything
Except 50-cent checks and customers
Who give a smile
On the silver plattie of their belly-full good nature.
I can't seem to remember anything
Except omelettes and torrents of sweat and dish washers——
They keep sprawling all over the place
Greasing my thoughts,
Clogging them with ugliness.
God! I'm tired. . . .
My feet have a spinster's grudge
Against the laughing gold of my young hair.
God! I wish I could remember
Where I once saw a nest of honey-sweet eggs
In a tree where a strong wind blew.

## Growth

I USED to think pretty thoughts
All dolled up in crinoline and lace
The color of my little-girl dresses
Matched my pink and lavender thoughts
As they strolled along nice roads
Where the wind was polite
And the sun never said heated things to one. . . .
. . . But now . . . I am a factory worker
Listening for silence amidst the dark roar
Of a hundred machines
Thrusting black-beast shapes before the sun.
Sometimes my respectable memories
Go into convulsions of horror at my thoughts.
My respectable memories go running
Down the street of the past
To hide in yards of crinoline and lace. . . .
Because my thoughts are smoky and grimy,
They are garbed in red and black;
They speak blasphemy and feel a strange, fine hate.



Paul Von Hindenburg

# Hindenburg the Figurehead

By LOUIS BARTHA

(Editor of "Bermunkas," Hungarian I. W. W. Weekly.)

**EXCITEMENT runs feverishly high in political circles about the presidential elections in Germany. Loud cries have been raised to the effect that Hindenburg is a chair-warmer for the kaiser; that he has been elected by the treason of the Social Democracy; and that even the "grace of Thaelman" (communist candidate in the German presidential election) can be thanked for the success of the war lord.**

**Let us see if "Old Hindy" is really the cause of so much fear and excitement. The German presidential election, like similar elections in all other countries, is a political circus. None of these elections will ever decide the fundamental questions of society. The German electoral contest is nothing but a sham battle; a fight for positions of advantage by parties, which are headed by "great leaders." No matter which party succeeds, the fundamental conditions of society will not, can not, be changed by such success. The change is merely one of personnel, a switching of cliques in rulership, These are surface matters, just like fats in a bucket of dishwater, which are always on top no matter how the water is stirred, nor how many new forms the fat spots assume, The point is that they do not alter the basis of things, nor do they change the form of the bucket.**

Just that business is necessary. It is imperative that an alteration be made in the social bucket, or in other words, in the economic structure, without regard to the position or shape of the surface fats. The bucket is not controlled by the elections, but the contrary holds true: elections are controlled by the economic buckets. There is no difference between Germany and the United States in this respect. Industry is developed in the former country nearly as well, and in a qualitative sense even better. What Wall Street is to the United States Wilhelmstrasse and Friedrichstrasse are to Germany. Political power of the feudalist group, the Junkers, landlords, slipped away from their grasp. This Junker caste or class was the dominant power in politics, in the state, only as long as they were economically supreme.

### The Real Rulers

But there are more efficient, progressive elements in the economic arena, and a far greater power has grown out of the fields of factory production, which is wielded by German Big Business in the personnel of a financially mighty set of industrialists. Not the Hindenburgs, Stressemans or Loebles are the real bosses, no more than is the moribund aristocracy that has faded into the background of impotency. The German Morgans and Rockefellers —the Stinnes, Thysens and Krupps, incarnating Big Business, are the dictators of Germany. Those who win elections in Germany are taking their orders from German Big Business, just as the mannikins who go to the White House bow obediently to their masters' voice in America. In Germany, as in America, this voice is that of the

capitalist class, the industrial monarchs and emperors.

Since the kaiser fled from his country, from his beloved people, the owners of the industries have become the sole executive power in Germany. Previously the power of the state had been held by two classes in a kind of combination. Junkerdom and Big Business ruled jointly. Junkerdom, the military force, carried out the wishes of the German capitalist class. Therefore, before the world war, Germany had been a combination of two ruling factions, compromising to one another and complementing the needs of each other. Kaiserism remained from the feudal period, and took its strongest impetus from the time of Frederick the Great. It became necessary for it, in a society that had developed a powerful capitalism, to make concessions to the capitalists. Members of the aristocracy became involved in business enterprise. The chief Hohenzollern was himself a stockholder in numerous concerns. For parade purposes they still sported their brazen and shining titles. They still held aloft their feudal traditions. But in secret they were speculating in the stock markets. And this gambling in the fruits of sweated working class labor was not confined by the aristocracy and the royal house to Germany. It was indulged by them in the bourses and stock exchanges of all other countries.

### Compromise With Junkers Ends

The kaiser quit Germany and the capitalist class no longer required a compromise with Junkerdom. It rid itself of feudalism's remnants, which, though failing even before 1914, was a hindrance to capitalist development. Kaiserism by its very character owned too many traditions demanding strict observation, and capitalism has no traditions, holds nothing sacred except profits.

Big industrial capitalism is very much in favor of abolishing the useless, nonsensical and expensive kaiserism. The capitalists wanted to be on the political field what they were in the industrial arena. They have conquered. They are absolute dictators over the life and death of the people. They are the exploiters of the millions of workers; bosses of everything and everybody in Germany. Where one kaiser was dethroned dozens have been raised in his stead.

This situation differs none from that obtaining in the United States, in which country the coal, iron, oil, steel, lumber, shipping, transportation, foodstuff and money kings hold infinitely more power than any kaiser ever possessed. Capitalists do not care to share power; they must be absolute, to give the final orders that all must obey.

Modern German industrialists are strong not only in their own country, but they have influenced the economic powers of the world. The kaiser could only make the German people pay taxes to him, but the industrial kaisers tax the whole world. It is foolish to believe that the kaiser made the world war, and most thinking people know better. He acted merely in behalf of the capitalists. This action was for the capture of the world market, or as large a part of it as they could grab, just as it is the object of the capitalist class of any country to strive for this market. And political governments have been so many rubber stamps in the hands of their own capitalist classes. So far as the working class is concerned it is of no consequence who is in control of the governments of such industrially developed countries as the United States, England and Germany. The executive power of the governments is quite limited. Their business is to expedite the mandates of Big Business. "Old Hindy" must serve the German Morgans and the American Morgans also, since the Dawes plan is operative. Should Hindenburg fail in his service to the Morgans and Stinnes he must go into the discard. Retire or bury himself he must, for he will not be tolerated unless he performs his tricks as the ringmaster cracks the whip.

### Field Marshal Not Dangerous Monarchist

Hindenburg is not a dangerous monarchist. All this is talk used by opposing business interests in such countries as the United States, England and France. They all fear a revival of German industrial competition. England and France have the African markets that used to be exploited by Germany, and they also have part of Asia's. The United States wrested the German South American markets and some of Asia's. German revival in industry signifies regaining the prizes over which the less efficient powers united in arms to deprive Germany of. Therefore, allied capitalists would lose the advantages secured during the war and thereafter. The poppycock about kaiserism is another bugaboo in which the former kaiser is made a scapegoat once more to suit the propaganda purposes of rival capitalist groups. The German capitalists got rid of the social democratic political leadership. This was not because the socialists did not serve them well, but because they failed to marshal sufficient prestige, and this is based on the power to command obedience. The socialists were lacking in authority.

Then the communist party tore a great gap in the erstwhile united socialist front, causing the socialists to lose much of their influence upon the masses. The large body of people did not have anything but hate for the deceased president, Ebert, for Scheidemann and Noske. The workers of the Left never forgot, nor will they forget, the murdering of thousands of revolutionaries. They remember Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. Through their agitation the social democracy became very much discredited in the minds of many workers.

The capitalist class needs authority in government. It must create respect, no matter how prompted. It must gain implicit obedience to its brands of law and order. This the social democrats were not successful in compelling. What they did accomplish, however, was to save the capitalist class of Germany in the hour of its trial, its moment of most fearful peril. For this service it lost the re-

spect of the masses. The two-edged sword cut its own throat.

### What Hindenburg Represents

Hindenburg's personality combines authority, respect for law and order, and the "fear of God." He is the idol of German youth and the hero that thoughtless millions worship. The Germans, as a whole, are law-abiding people. The war made little difference in this respect. But the German workers in large numbers had so much disrespect for the Scheidemann and Noske type of socialist that their disrespect leaped over personalities and included the offices they held and the party they represented. Hindenburg's election proves that they wanted a different kind of ruler, one that is less hypocritical and that personifies authority. They did not want the kaiser brought back from Holland. However, the industrialists will not hesitate, if it suits their purposes, to welcome him back, should the Hindenburg brand of ruling fail to enlist the support they require. This is based on abject obeisance as an attitude of the German people before the altars of German industrialism.

The conditions of the wage slaves in Germany are very sad. Political parties, Right and Left included, gambled away the harvest of revolution, and all that was grasped in the bitter battle of the revolution has been lost on the green baize of parliamentarism. The working class has been defeated in these political circuses.

If the German people would save themselves from utter slavery, and strangle in the bud the monarchical coups d'etat they must again resort to the weapon that they used against the Kapp monarchists to such excellent effect. This weapon of the working class was, and must ever be, its economic action —the general strike!

Germany has had all varieties of political movements from Noske of the extreme Right to Max Holtz at the extreme Left. Noske served as hangman for the bourgeoisie who owned him, while Holtz demanded money at the point of a gun in the name of the revolution. The Noskes and Holtzes had their day. They tried their weapons. Both failed, absolutely.

The workers must go back to their real power, their effective instrument, the general strike. This is the only power that counts. It is the only one that is fundamental. It is the power to change the forms of the bucket. If that be changed—the bucket—the economic structure of society changes and the rest is clear sailing.

### Industrial Control

In order to effect industrial changes workers must have industrial organizations. Industrial control must grow out of the successes of these industrial organizations. For power lies in the control of things, as with the elements. It is nothing to have plenty of water, steam and electricity. These are useless in themselves. They may be dangerous, destructive of human life, if running wild, unchecked. But these forces serve humanity when men and women harness them to do their will. This is control, and in the control of modern society, based as it is on the industrial system, those who would command must possess and direct the industries.

Read the I. W. W. preamble and you will get the real answer to the social questions and seeming enigmas that are in the maze of life. Abolish the wages system, is what the preamble says the workers must do to establish their own destiny in freedom. All else is superficial: politics, religion, and the other circuses. Abolition of capitalism means our emancipation from wage slavery and we must do the job ourselves as an industrially united working class.

# The Paver

By MARY CRITTENDEN PERCY

**A mighty Juggernaut!**
**Epitome of mind and will**
**And one far-reaching arm**
**With power to spill**
**The elements, with which its yawning maw**
**They constant fill.**
**A crunching awesome sound . . . .**
**With gnashing force that's quickly sped**
**The rocks . . . . digested grist**
**Outpour to spread**
**With masticated mash,**
**The road's foundation bed.**

**Rolls on the mighty Juggernaut!**
**Then flows on all a black and steaming mess,**
**On this the Juggernaut**
**Its power will press! . . . .**
**And lo! . . . . another day**
**The Juggernaut has rolled away!**
**For all, the highroad gives access, . . .**

x x x x

**Now , . . . passerby on foot or wheel, —**
**Finds roadway smooth and hard as steel.**

Written in deference to the criticism . . . that the poet ignores the marvelous devices, which are primarily works of imagination, and are so large a part of the mechanistic world in which we live. I have watched this great machine for several weeks, do the work of ten men, with incredible ease and a grace of its own!

# Sailor Boy

By MARY HOPE

HIS eyes were stained with the glint of sea winds; his face shone with the strength fostered by kinship with masts touching high skies and waves struggling toward warm sunsets. Striding across the neat grass of the City Park this sailor boy seemed all the part he played in navy posters: a laughing boy astride the back of a yellow tiger or lighting the fire of a Spanish señorita with his smiles, or touching buoyant shoulders with picturesque Hindus, Arabians, Siamese. . . .

But when he spoke, a raucous, grating accent to his voice focused my awakening observance upon ears, red and obvious; eyes, shadowed and unhealthy, a mouth with youthful hinges broken and drooping in the wind of vulgar scorn—a harbor of blatant voicings.

"Hello, kid, how's things goin' tonight?"

Under the glimmering roof of the city, were dark, dark ponds of people restless under the stars, and bright with lily-faces. We slipped into the crowds and moved toward narrow streets, where corner lamps, unsteady as broken masts, sent hysterical flashes of light upon the houses, gray and age-eaten. Houses, lamely-bent as old women, huddled together, gaunt, vengeful, the secrets of the centuries locked within. The sound of night birds in the air . . .

The tripping of light taps signalled us to glimpse corn silk limbs going up stone steps and into a dark hallway. Quickly she went but not before she had flashed scarlet lips and rude black eyes at both of us.

"Some cherie," whistled Sailor Boy.

Beyond the dark hallway a further light gleamed and out of it came two of Cherie's ten thousand sisters of a trade. Their coats were wrapped tightly about slimness and their shoes seemed pitifully frail. But even in the distance, jewels and feathers consorted loudly with their fetid jabbering and unquiet laughter.

We reached the next corner where four street lamps exchanged glances intimately and cast their yellow glow upon a huddled form, a blindman lifting vari-colored pencils hopefully and giving the chilling darkness a whiff of plaintive reality. Perpetual cats in starved gray skins ran swiftly to the refuge of black alleys, the escape of bounteous ash cans; and in the silence sounded the pitter-patter of someone running in the distance. In the dusk of the shadow-spun street, little strange birds floated on the wings of imagery into my thoughts, and petals of dark flowers from sleep-poet-hearts were blown by winds of fantasy out of the pallor of the past to scatter in the moment's rosy conjurance.

"Where are the golden roofs?
Where are those who dared to build?"

Only silence answered the query of the beauty-loving, and

"The owlet's solitary cry,
The night-hawk flitting darkly by,
And oft the hateful carrion bird,
Heavily flapping his clogged wing,
Which reeked of that day's banquetting
Was all she saw, was all she heard."

But Sailor Boy was seized with visions of the flesh.

"Say, where d'ye think you're goin', walkin' around spoutin' dat poetry-stuff like you was sick? I gotta hit a joint pretty fast and dey ain't got no eatin' dumps around here. Ain't you hungry? . . . No? . . . . I lived at home onct. . . My old man worked in a shop makin' wheels for baby carts. Cripes, all dey made in dat town was hair for rockin' hosses and red and yellow wagons for kids and all dat. My old man goes on strike just before Christmas and I couldn't take his place when I got the chanct. Jesus, in a week dat town was mobbed with guys lookin' for jobs. The old man didn't have a chanct. I didn't either. What'ye gonna do in a case like dat? So I joined the Navy."

The Elevated crushed his voice as we passed through less mysterious thoroughfares leading to a hill upon which the container of my garret-abode stood prim and solidly.

Sailor Boy continued, "The Navy's alright onct you get used to it. But I'm gonna put up a kick soon. I ain't gonna sleep with a guy caught so bad with siff you get sick lookin' at him, me washin' in the same water with him, and almost kissin' . . ."

From the edge of the sidewalk I saw my garret-window slant stained eyes invitingly, urging the severing of the evening's companionship. But my splashing a few cool words and questions upon his crude insistence was unavailing . . .

"Say, you ain't no Jesus-singer and you ain't no—.

"What da hell are you, anyway?"

I tried to tell him. But in the dark sky of Sailor Boy's mind, no sun or moon shone bright, only gray clouds, old and heavy with impotency . . But did I see somewhere a lonely star flickering bravely?

For as I unlocked my door, Sailor Boy called after me, "Maybe if I was a workingman I'd understand your lingo . . . ."

# The Denver Post

By J. A. Van DILMAN

What is said here about the Denver rag can be said, substantially, of hundreds of daily liars throughout America. The capitalist press is noisome. In other words it stinks. Support the I. W. W. press and read the truth!

**ADD to the World's Seven Wonders that paragon of ocherous perfection, the Denver Post, which proudly boasting a paid circulation commensurate with its greatness, points likewise to an invitation blatantly written across half its front windows reading as follows: Justice, expelled from other habitations, make this thy dwelling place.**

Evidently the lady in question, although blind as a bat, has keen nostrils and is sensitive to pungent odors, since, to the best of our knowledge, she has consistently made herself conspicuous at the Post by her absence.

It is to giggle! Of a surety Jake, the circulator would extend her warm welcome even to a "Flop" in the mailing room did she but consent to hustle sheets on some downtown corner, he being partial to people handicapped as to other occupations for reasons we shall touch upon later.

The Post functioning along smooth paths of professional pay-triotism vaunts, with splendid abandon, its position as "Champeen of the Peepul" and standing defiant blares loudly its faith in the citizens of Colorado, more especially those who reside in Denver's environs.

Likely it subscribes to such slop as is shamelessly fed the public by a Chamber of Commerce gone propagandically crazy (like the proverbial fox!) to the effect that it should think no evil, hear no evil, etc., of Denver or the state of Colorawdough. Just what assumptions such bughouse slogans are based on lies beyond the pale of our knowledge, unless because of the wonderful climate and scenery we have begun to sprout wings, and are as free from warts, carbuncles and consciences as we are of real money; though all the rest of America, even to its hundred percenters, may be riddled with imperfections.

The Post, great and bilious, syndicating all the prostituted intellect obtainable, is widely read by deep students of the want ads and "Bringing up Father," while other elevating characters such as "Abie the Agent" and Dr. Frank Crane do their share towards educating its readers.

Barnum was right, and whether he said it or not, he should have, while to the Greatest Newspaper of the U. S. A. (they admit it themselves) ought to be delegated the task of broadcasting: Give 'em what they ask for; it puts 'em to sleep!

The foregoing could easily lead to the hasty conclusion that the Denver Post devotes no space to world progress but careful analysis must dispel such illusions. To prove our contention we have only to point with pride to that expert mental gymnast, Arthur Brisbane, who in one breath blasts a system based on inhuman exploitation and in the next boosts "Calvin the Scissorbill" and "savior of Wall Street and Gary, Indiana," for a footstool on high—without losing his balance. It is with pleasure we note his large and intelligent following, which unable to distinguish between apple sauce and bitter philosophy, chooses the former as more easy to swallow. Oh! for the brush of a master, that we might depict in a few bold strokes ten million jackasses in happy procession following their prophet through intricate mazes, mouths agape and ears gaily flapping, until, floundering helplessly, they stand mired in dumb admiration.

Arthur, no doubt, derives a few solid chuckles and much filthy lucre from playing with what passes for gray matter in the heads of his admirers.

While on the subject we must give credit also to Post Punches" which strike us at times as worthy the effort of Bernard Shaw (with his brains removed). They have a habit of reaching out suddenly to sock our intellect square in the vision, blackening its outlook and causing sweet conscience to burst into flame. The brilliance of their logic amazes, while for sheer sarcasm no word could describe them.

Take, for example, the following culled from an edition we found in a refuse can.

**Denver police have been rounding up the gentry of leisure and vague pursuits, in an attempt to rid the city of bandits. Their clean-up of the rooming houses was a commendable piece of business, and if they will now contrive to get rid of them, either by sending them to jail or hustling them out of town, the crime curve will doubtless slump. The police and everyone else knows quite well that, in general, the man who is idle these days is needlessly so. If he is honest and wants to work he can find work. If he is loafing around a rooming house or pool room, the chances are very strong that he is waiting for the devil to find some mischief for his idle hands to do.**

Oh, Justice! Make this thy dwelling place! Personally we should choose a clean box car in preference, or even the "can." Gentle spirits of capitalist philanthropy who, by applying salve to the cracks

and haywire to broken parts, mend and smooth over with glib-tongued hypocrisy a system of cold greed and aggression unparalleled in the history of man.

Out of a heart full stored with blue vitriol and blazes, words leap to our lips which, while impotent to express our contempt, might lead to the belief that it was our intention to designate the writer of Post Punches as an abysmal ignoramus, or perhaps something more shameful, when we but wish to indicate that a facile pen guided by a mind more or less capable is at times dangerous to useful society. This is really a delicate subject and one which like a hissing copperhead should be taken care of with a long handled club.

It comes as a shock, nevertheless, that such an eminent journalist should try to insult the semi-intelligence of a well insulated public, by maintaining that men are needlessly idle these days.

No doubt this so-called editorial writer (we almost said lickspittle) might be accused of having more plain guts than mentality when out of a benevolent soul he so gracefully recommends jail for men out of work.

By all means put the criminals to work. We feel certain the writer of Punch and Judy will cordially endorse our suggestion that the first to be chosen be parasitical "limousine lizards" and their upholstered, overstuffed consorts" in the art of living on the workers backs. A man of his fine perceptions could not be in accord surely, with the irony of a system built on injustice—whose only remedy for injury is to inflict further wrong or to heap abuse on its victims, who, made passive law-breakers by virtue of a lop-sided reasoning, are put in jail for having been robbed at the point of production. He must know, of course, that capitalism, based on legalized theft and hocus-pocus is responsible for the filthy mess which clinging to its skirts offends even its own berkshire tastes. Naturally the most obvious way to clean up such unavoidable by-products of a system of waste is to stuff it out of sight since it cannot be efficiently destroyed except on occasion. This desire to avoid its own offal makes easily possible such statutes as the vagrancy law—that typical illustration of master class logic—by which hunger is made the violation of a pretext at safeguarding society.

We sometimes wonder just what kind of a jolt it would take to rouse the average worker who smiles vacuously on, in the face of assertions flung in his teeth that might be expected to make a jackrabbit howl with rage, but which he swallows at a gulp, willing to be hypnotized into believing that his belly is full of "lobster a la Newburgh" when it humbly craves "pig snouts and cabbage" at fifteen cents a throw.

Reverting again to this Shakespeare of journalism or is it (liver and) Bacon, who, making a noise like the Spanish inquisition, mentions the man out of work in such terms of good will.

Admitting that neither pool rooms nor lodging houses make attractive lounging places, what in the name of Jesus of Nazareth can a man do besides loaf when a job is denied him, or where can he do it outside of such places, unless the burglars of surplus labor should throw aside the doors of their own nicely appointed hangouts and bootlegging joints, such as clubs we might mention? Perhaps "Post Punch and Shears" has something practical to offer. A nice dirty alley for instance; since streets are crowded with traffic; or perhaps the drawing-rooms of Denver's elite, with the Brown Palace and Shirley Savoy thrown in for good measure.

Oh! The nawsty beggah! The veh-ry ideah! Bring in the salts—no—not the Epsom—we have THAT already. Frankly one of the signs of tottering empire is the fact that a man can draw pay for scribbling opinions beneath the contempt of an honest cur dog.

Take, for instance, the assertion brazenly made that men are idle from choice when two-legged humans are working in Denver for their meals. Thousands thrown out of employment by closing of seasonal occupations, head for the only city of size in this vast territory to become a drug on the market. Still, what would the expounder of "Punch and Tomatoes" or his ilk advise them to do? Hibernate like a bear or crawl into some badger hole conveniently placed on a windy prairie there to starve patiently and in discomfort while waiting for work? We have been granted the much touted privilege of "existing" in this fair city for quite a while, but never have beeen accorded the sight of employers of labor tearing their hair for lack of wage slaves. Just at present we might say without stretching truth that the market is flooded to unfathomable depths.

Most workers in the hotel and restaurant industry, exclusive of cooks, receive from seven to ten dollars for a seven-day week, with fourteen dollars a high wage. The hours run anywhere from eight for women to fourteen for men, nor are employers sometimes averse to squeezing out just a little more time from the women than the law allows.

In saying "most" we mean just that and nothing else but; for though some do get more, many get less, and quite a percentage receive, beside a meal or two, as we said before, exactly one dime less than ten cents a day. Should anyone doubt this we are ready to produce startling proofs which are itching for public consumption.

That such conditions obtain and misstatement of facts regarding them is possible can be evidenced by an offhand glance at any capitalist sheet between the two coasts, and the saddest part of our tale is that it is openly done without fear of arousing resentment from a people who, either dead from the collar bone up or putrid from unprincipled scheming to "get by" at any cost, are blind to everything but chasing after the elusive nickle.

It seems almost useless to reiterate that in this day of high powered industry and modern machinery, more workers are being constantly displaced and in an ever increasing ratio; nor to aver that although all were employed, it would be impossible under a system gainful to the employer to receive in

wages the full of their product. Such being the case must not the surplus be stored against future or foreign markets, and lacking those, is it not plausible that the actual creators of wealth must be laid off because they, a majority of consumers, cannot purchase the surplus value stolen from them? Unable to buy back all they create, while yet on the payroll, let us ask of, say, the writer of "Pancho Caramba," just how much purchasing power these workers retain once they are rudely divorced from all connection with wages? The editorial writer we speak of "and everyone else knows quite well" that such as he, with a mind overburdened by its load of poison propaganda will scarce find room in it for these few simple facts, clear and apparent to anyone capable of honest reflection.

Is it not logical (we address human beings, not the high priests of Mammon or their kowtowing Scribes and Pharisees whose credo reads Get the Gelt honestly, if you can, but by all means get it), that wage workers and especially those who are migratory and having no families to sponge from; forced to pay transient prices all out of keeping with their earning capacity, must drift into pool rooms and lodging houses and later the streets, for nowhere else are they welcome?

The police and everyone else knows quite "strongly" that real thieves live quite comfortably while the imitation brand, addicted to red ties and long legged "Shebas" are meat for even the quasi-intelligence usually found among policemen. Between these latter and the unfortunate "Ding" who limits his crime to begging a rare dime to keep from starving, our dungeons are usually filled to satiety, with the latter in a heavy majority.

Crying for justice amid ravening wolves would be an occupation conducive to optimism compared to the chances a victim of the system of exploitation has; dependent on the mercy of its profit mongering exponents; swelled up with their own importance and viciously selfish as no beast on earth can be but the so-called human.

Knowing all this why pick on the Post, which although a yellow sheet is only a trifle worse than most? We have nothing particularly against it more than the rest, nor shall we more than allude in passing to a matter on file regarding the trifling sum of several hundred thousand dollars loosely connected with its policy during the Teapot Dome scandal. Still, being in position where data is at hand, we are forced to use it as a concrete illustration of capitalism on the rampage and the style of its machinery (1925 model) smoothly at work.

Nor does the Post, which brings us back to Jake the Circulator again, deal entirely in money by hundred thousand lots. Indeed no! It watches the coppers as well.

Many sorts, ages and conditions of men, women and babes, who selling this paper, help swell its paid circulation. Whether the fact that some are old, paralytic or blind has anything to do with its policy in employing them, we are not prepared to say, but to a man up a tree it does look as if the Post takes into consideration the average person's sympathy for those suffering one handicap or another in business like fashion and it might further be added, whether this great daily purveyor of rot is conscious of it or not, that such unfortunates usually make most submissive slaves.

We do know, however, that it affords less protection for its "hustlers" than any newspaper we have ever come into contact with.

If in any city but Denver any newsboy infringed on territory allotted another the revolution would be on but here "wild catting" newsboys are deliberately turned loose like a swarm of bees to sell whenever and wherever they may. Not only that, but this would-be "harborer of Justice" goes to pains to place its issues on sale on stands, in department stores, etc., and the sight of boys and girls competing for business in the middle of blocks, before and inside of office buildings is enough to make a real newsboy go stark raving crazy.

Take the case of a man who, maimed and unable to secure other employment, bethought himself of earlier experience as a newsboy and who because he knew how to sell was soon given what were supposed to be fairly good corners. By persistent effort this fellow increased his sales by about fifty per cent, yet rarely did they net him more than a few pennies over two dollars a day, while at times it amounted to less. Working for any other big city daily and under fairer conditions he might have averaged on ordinary days fair pay but hampered by the grasping policy of a circulation department which considered nothing but increased sales this was impossible.

To illustrate, let us point out a certain downtown corner where sales are slow until the closing of a large department store. The trade from this latter might have easily balanced a number of hours spent in nursing unprofitable patronage in all kinds of weather, had it not been that about twenty minutes before closing time each evening a plump, well-fed lad just out of high school passed staggering under a load of Posts with which he entered a door through which some moments later hundreds of employes came milling out. There, comfortably ensconced, he sold more sheets in fifteen minutes than the regular news vendor whose territory he intruded on disposed of in five hours of hard, steady effort.

For a solid quarter hour the wide paving would be jammed with men and women most of whom carried newspapers purchased inside while the regular man, trying to keep a stiff upper lip, made hopeless attempts to catch an odd straggler or two. His sales to these hundreds usually reached in the neighborhood of seven or eight.

Nor is this the only count against this daily in its greedy race for circulation.

Its regular newsboys take out "night extras" about 3 p. m., striving manfully to dispose of them before the supply truck rolls round at 5. If, as often happens, when around 4 o'clock a new headline or extra is released, it usually reaches the

(Continued on page Thirty-Six)

# Was Morgan Wrong?

By VERN SMITH

## SECTION V.—AN APPARENT EXCEPTION TO MORGAN'S THEORY

(Continued from May Issue)

THE READER will no doubt remember that in Morgan's classification slavery and nobility, hereditary kingships and divisions of the social body into ruling and subject classes take place late in the middle period of barbarism, and do not develop well until the third period of barbarism is nearly passed.

The problem which the anti-Morganites are never tired of posing for us is this: How do you account for the prevalence of both slavery and a noble class among the Indians of British Columbia, who most certainly are not barbarians, even of the lowest stage, according to Morgan's definition? And how account for the Hawaiian absolute monarchs, and class of nobles, when the people there have, according to Morgan, barely advanced to the middle status of savagery?



TARO PLANT
This plant is one of the reasons why Pacific island culture is different from others.

This is the most serious "exception" to Morgan's theory, that the whole field of anthropology affords; all other "exceptions" are so minor in comparison with it, that it seems to me that if we are able to explain away this apparent contradiction, the others may well be left to their own fate, in the assurance that someone with more space and time at his disposal will soon deal with them.

I have used the two cases, of Polynesian kingship and British Columbian nobility, as though it were one single problem, advisedly. There is a strong resemblance between not only this feature of their life, but many others, and many men before have observed it, and given it different explanations. Ratzel, Niblack, and even Boas, as well as others, have commented upon the resemblances. W. H. Dall, writing "On Masks, Labrets, and Certain Aboriginal Customs" (**Pub. Bureau Ethnology**, V. 3, Washington) states that there is an amazing identity between the general culture, the use of masks, and ornaments stuck through the lips and cheeks of the British Columbia Indians with the people of Oceanica. Some of these customs, according to Dall, have spread down from British Columbia all along the west coast of North and South America.

Most of these anthropologists are inclined to think that there was some direct connection between the Polynesian people and those of British Columbia, either through drift of canoes across the Pacific to the western coast of North America or through travel along the coast of Asia, and up to Bering Straits, and down the coast of Alaska. If this is true, then some, at least, of the "uniqueness" of the British Columbia culture is done away with, and Goldenweiser is that much refuted.

While not wishing to deny absolutely that there could not have been such a physical connection between the two areas, it is only necessary to point out that we have never claimed that social organization can be transplanted in this way, and imposed upon a material culture that is not ready for it, and if the material culture IS ready, then the introduction of a new form of social organization, such as hereditary nobility, will be merely a speeding up of an event that would take place soon, at any rate. The problem for us is not much aided by such an hypothesis as Asiatic or Oceanic migration to British Columbia.

I have already hinted at what seems to me the main part of the solution of the problem, namely, the peculiar physical surroundings of the inhabitants of British Columbia and Oceanica, giving rise to similar aberrations from the normal course of development. In order to bring out just how much the Northwest Coast and Oceanica resemble each other, and just how far their native cultures vary from the continental type of progress, I will give a brief description of typical British Columbia and Pacific Island tribes, especially of their material development and social organization.

NORTHWEST COAST: Haida, Tlingit, Tsimshian, Kwakiutl tribes (American Indians). Habitat: a row of small islands along shore, a narrow strip of heavily wooded shore with high, almost impassable mountains back of it, and an utterly distinct climate and flora across the mountains. **Mate-**

**rial Culture:** bows and arrows, spears, plank armor, club houses, big dugout canoes, stone tools, baskets, nets, domesticated dog, gardens of squash, pumpkin, corn, carving of large wood figures, excellent woodwork, boxes, bowls, etc., skin clothing. No pottery, no weaving, no metals, except sheets of native copper. **Chief Occupation:** hunting and fishing and gardening. **Social Structure:** maternal, exogamous, totemic clans with female descent and inheritance. Nobles, commoners, and slaves, who could be killed by masters. Secret societies with considerable power, using masks in rituals. Potlatch. **Property:** none in land. Potlatch kept personal property in constant circulation. **Marriage:** syndyasmian.

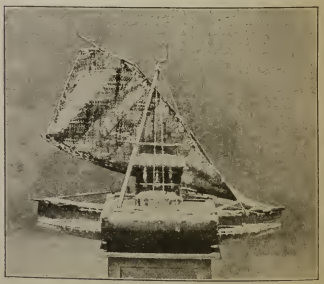
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS: Polynesian people. No formal tribes. **Habitat:** several large islands not far apart, but nearly isolated from other groups. **Material Culture:** sling, spear, club, shield, and armor, large double canoe with platform and sail, thatched houses on stone platforms, baskets, bark cloth or paper, wooden bowls, spades, etc., nets, mats, cultivation of taro, yam, banana. No pottery, no loom, no metals. Bow and arrow little used. **Chief Occupation:** fishing, gardening with rough irrigation. **Social Structure:** feudal. Noble class of great power, upper ranks of which were divine, could impose taboo. Higher nobles or kings ruled over lesser, taxation, feudal rents, aids, tolls. Descent chiefly in female line, though sometimes in male. Chief had absolute power over own people. **Marriage:** 9 kinds of ceremonial monogamous marriage among chiefs and chieftainesses, with easy divorce; chiefs allowed any number of concubines from lower classes; punaluan marriage among common people. **Property:** common property except for personal weapons for common people. Land common in fact for lower ranks, though theoretically belonging to some chief. Conquered territory apportioned as feudal fiefs, but tenants were free to use as much as they could.

EASTER ISLAND: Polynesians. **Habitat:** fairly large island, 2,000 miles from coast of South America. **Material Culture:** throwing stones, spears, clubs, stone tools, houses on platforms. Fiji type of dugout with outrigger, baskets, nets, mats, ropes of hemp and bark, gardens of potatoes, yams, taro, tomato, tobacco. Use banana, gourd, mulberry. Great carved rock images of important persons recently deceased. Crude hieroglyphics as memory aid, carved on wood or stone. No bow, metal, pottery, loom or sling. **Chief Occupation:** fishing and gardening. **Social Structure:** numerous and powerful clans, hereditary king, supreme and not concerned with clan fights. Hereditary chiefs of clans, but succession can be vetoed by king. Privileged class of brave warriors, carvers of images, or anybody who performs public service. **Marriage:** perhaps polygamous, and certainly with loaning of women. **Property:** theft not immoral, land held by clans and families.

MAQUESAS ISLANDS: Polynesians. Group of small islands, tropical climate, and not easily cultivated except by gardening. **Material Culture:** sling, club, spear, large double platform and sail, houses on stone platforms, with wooden doors and carved posts, baskets, nets, wooden boxes, taro and fruit culture, stone tools, bark clothing, big stone images, bow and arrow as toy only. No pottery, no loom, no armor. **Chief Occupation:** fishing and gardening. **Social Structure:** tribes, headed by chiefs of little more than ceremonial power in times of peace. Tribal confederacies. Organized priesthood, very powerful, human sacrifice, tendency in northern Marquesas to deify chiefs. Class of skilled craftsmen and great warriors. Rank: hereditary chiefs, inspirational priests, ceremonial priests, temple assistants, warriors, skilled craftsmen, commoners. Classes not rigid, but customary. **Marriage:** general promiscuity of young unmarried people, punaluan marriage afterwards, with tendency towards syndyasmian. **Property:** owned in theory by king or chief, but really land was for all who could use it, and personal property consisted of tools, weapons, ornaments.

TAHITI (or Society Islands): Polynesians. Group of small islands. **Material Culture:** clubs, spear, armor, thatch and mat house (on stone platform in old days, but not recently), plank canoe, baskets, nets, gardens of taro and other plants, bark cloth, cut and polished stone slabs and adzes, bow is considered toy. No pottery, no metal, no loom. **Social Structure:** feudal organization, divine chiefs, well organized priesthood. (But Encyc. Brit. says that when Capt. Cook came, each district was independent, and feudal structure was built up through guns and other aid he gave the chief of Papeeti, who conquered the rest of the districts.) **Marriage:** punaluan. Promiscuity of unmarried. **Property:** land held in theory by chiefs, actually by user. Private property in tools, etc.

SAMOAN ISLANDS: three moderately sized islands, eleven very small. Mid Pacific. Polynesians.



MODEL OF POLYNESIAN DOUBLE CANOE
**Large Boats for making ocean voyages. The Polynesian migrations explain much that seems to contradict Morgan.**

**Material Culture:** clubs, sling, spear, armor. Houses on stone platforms, plank canoe, with outrigger and sail, wooden boxes, bark cloth, rough stone tools, baskets, nets. Cultivate taro, yam, etc. Bow and arrow considered toy. No pottery, no metal, no loom.

**Social Structure:** whole group of islands one political unit, with divine priesthood which had little other than ceremonial power. No organized priesthood, but much power in hands of inspirational priests. Vestiges of clan, mother's brother and father's sister equally honored with real parents. **Marriage:** arranged by man's father's sister. **Property:** land controlled by those who plant it, private property in weapons, etc.

CHATHAM ISLAND: Southwestern Pacific. Fairly large land area with very poor flora and fauna; no building stone, no trees big enough for canoe, poor for cultivation. Polynesians. **Material Culture:** spear, club, flint knife, bone dagger, quarter staff; houses without walls, poor wattled canoe, baskets, many varieties of nets, fish traps, etc., polished stone tools, seal skin and mat clothing. No metal, no loom, no pottery. **Chief Occupation:** fishing. No agriculture. **Social Structure:** tribes, with fairly well marked territories within which each is migratory. Hereditary, heaven born chiefs, with much ceremonial and little temporal power. Tribal assemblies. **Marriage:** made by relatives, polygamy, Levirate (marriage of brother to dead brother's wife —relic of punaluan marriage). Evidence of something like clan in the past. **Property:** private property in tools, etc., not in sources of food supply.

NEW ZEALAND: large island near Australia. Polynesians. **Material Culture:** clubs, spears, armor, bark cloth; houses without stone platforms, good dugout canoes with plank sides, wood boxes, large images, rough stone walls, etc., polished stone tools, nets, baskets; bow formerly. No pottery, no metal, no loom until very recently. **Social Structure:** tribes, chiefs hereditary, divine, powerful especially in time of war, but limited by rigid custom and tribal council in peace, priest chiefs and wizards, but no organized priesthood.

TIKOPIA (Barwell's Island): small island, alone. People seem to be mixed Polynesian and Melanesian. **Material Culture:** houses, dugouts with outrigger and sail, bows and arrows, clubs, nets, stone tools, baskets, gardening of taro, etc., bark cloth, mats. **Chief Occupations:** fishing and gardening. **Social Structure:** four territorial, totemic clans, not exogamous. Chiefs with great power, revered. Women of chief's family cannot marry commoners. Commoners crawl in presence of chief. Succession in male line. **Marriage:** recently polygamous. Father's sister chooses wife. Simulated capture of wife. **Property:** private control of planted land.

FIJI ISLANDS: group of moderate sized islands. Melanesians. **Material Culture:** varies on coast and in interior, and island to island. Bow and arrow. Dugout and outrigger. Gardening, fishing. Bark cloth, houses. Stone tools, pottery. No loom. **Social Structure** (in interior): small groups, endogamous phratries and clans, totemic, and totemic animals are taboo. Common men live in one club house and chiefs in another. Chiefs have privileges, but not real authority, at least in time of peace. Mother's brother has much authority over boy. **Marriage:** regulations as to cousin's marriage differ. Levirate. Rigid restriction on intercourse between man and brother's wife and wife's sister. **Property:** no private property in sources of food supply.

BANKS ISLANDS: small islands, part of New Hebrides group. Melanesians. **Material Culture:** houses, some of them on piles with wood platforms, big clubhouses; spear, bow and arrow, club, gardening and horticulture, dugouts, pig domesticated, shell money; loom, bark cloth. **Chief Occupation:** gardening and tree planting. **Social Structure:** two phratries or moities, subdivided into maternal, totemic clans. Men's club, called Sukwe, in which there is gradation of rank, each rank purchased at fixed price, and with elaborate ritual. Ranks live in different parts of clubhouse, each compartment taboo against men of lower rank. Tamate, secret religious society, only highest ranks of Tamate can enter highest circle of Sukwe. Upper grades of these societies have great power and social prestige. **Marriage:** by purchase; punaluan, with tendency towards monogamy. Levirate. **Property:** private ownership and inheritance of land cleared and planted to trees. Some common land for each family. Kole-kole ceremony, during which property and "designs" are given away, expected of all rich men.

PENTECOST and LEPERS ISLAND: part of New Hebrides group. Tahau tribes. Melanesians. Rather small islands. **Material Culture:** bow and arrow, dugout and outrigger, gardening, clothing of mats. Baskets, nets, spear, club, houses of mats and thatch, pottery, bark cloth, use of loom doubtful. **Social Structure:** two phratries or tribes, with exogamous totemic clans. Society identical with Sukwe of Banks Islands, and probably another like Tamate. **Marriage:** arranged by father's sister, who also secures concubines for nephew. Levirate.

MALAITA and SAN CRISTOVAL ISLANDS: in Solomon Islands. Rather large islands. Melanesians. **Material Culture:** houses, gardening, nets, baskets, pottery, bark cloth, bow and arrow, spear, club. No loom. **Social Structure:** both matrilineal and patrilineal gens. Villages exogamous. Societies with graded rank, and chiefs with real power. **Marriage:** exogamous, syndyasmian. **Property:** cleared and planted land belongs to man who planted it. Private property in tools, etc.

FLORIDA, GUADALCANAR, YSABEL, SAVO ISLANDS: two of them pretty large islands, in Solomon Archipelago. **Material Culture:** houses, canoes, pottery, bark cloth, club, spear, bow and arrow, stone tools, stone and wooden images of dead chiefs, gardens, nets, baskets, no loom, no metals. **Social Structure:** men's clubs, chiefs have power, especially in war. Two to six clans on each island, exogamous, totemic, matrilineal. **Marriage:** mother's



OLD PICTURE OF STONE FORT IN HAWAII
Military science was the thing most highly developed by the Polynesians.

brother, father's sister, and brother's wife avoid one, or are highly respected and practically exercise parental authority. **Property:** common land for clan, but right of possession by those who clear and plant any portion of it, perhaps inheritance through male line.

TORRES ISLANDS: small islands, part of New Hebrides group. Melanesians. **Material Culture:** bow and arrow, club, spear, stone tools, arrows used for money; dugout canoe, outrigger and sail; houses, mats and nets, bark cloth, baskets, no loom, no metals, gardening. **Social Structure:** men's clubs, similar to Sukwe, powerful chiefs; two large phratries or perhaps tribes, with subdivisions. **Marriage:** punaluan. **Property:** no private property in land, but perhaps right of possession of planted land.

SANTA CRUZ ISLANDS: rather small islands, near Solomons. Melanesians. **Material Culture:** houses, bow and arrow, spear, club, dugout and outrigger with sail, bark cloth, loom, pottery, some gardening, nets, baskets. **Social Structure:** nine maternal groups (probably clans) totemic, unmarried men live together in clubhouse. Father's sister takes much of the responsibility of raising child. Chiefs with power during war, societies with graded rank. **Marriage:** exogamous. **Property:** not much private property, except tools and weapons, and shell money. Probably paternal inheritance.

VANIKOLO ISLAND: small island, near Santa Cruz group. **Material Culture:** houses, bow and arrow, clubs, spears, shell money, gardens of taro, horticulture, domesticated pig, dugout and outrigger with sail, loom, pottery. **Social structure:** Ten maternal, exogamous clans, totemic. Chiefs have power in time of war. **Marriage:** by purchase. **Property:** paternal inheritance (?).

NEW IRELAND, DUKE OF YORK, GAZELLE PENINSULA AND NORTH COAST OF NEW BRITAIN: Large islands, some continental features. Inhabited by Laur, Sulka, Baining people. **Material culture:** houses, bow and arrow, club, spear, dugout with outrigger and sail; shell money, domestic pig and fowl, gardens, pottery, use of loom doubtful. **Social structure:** exogamous, matrilinear, totemic clans. Laur have two phratries, with clans as subdivisions. Men's clubs, not graded in rank. Tendency for hereditary, powerful chieftainship, especially in southern New Ireland and New Britain. Other parts, secret society, "duk-duk," is ruler, and chieftainship depends on ability to purchase initiation and promotion in it.

YAP, in Caroline group. Moderate size. Micronesians. **Material culture:** houses built on stone platform, gardening, pottery, loom, cloth of bark, also fishing, by boat and net, baskets, bow and arrow, spear, club, stone tools. **Social organization:** tribes, territorial, slave class, which is a conquered tribe (the Pimlingai). Slaves' chief disadvantage is that they cannot be tatooed and are not respected. **Marriage:** syndyasmian, with relic of group marriage of captured women in institution of "mistrail" or common wife of whole clubhouse full of otherwise unmarried men. This wife is always brought by force, from a distant tribe, and is not a slave. **Property:** Private property of gardens and groves privately planted; money, especially large stone money.*

The above list is fairly complete for Polynesian islands, includes the most important Micronesian group, and samples from most of the important Melanesian groups. The remaining Melanesian islands are omitted for the very good reason that too little can be found out about them by a person confined to the city of Chicago. What is known of them seems to show that they follow the regular line of Melanesian culture, and may therefore be omitted from the present survey without much loss. (Churchill speaks of three sorts of Melanesian culture, and Rivers thinks there are more, but both of them are infected by the pluralistic bias previously discussed in this magazine). The most important groups not touched upon are the Louisiades, New Caledonia (one large island), Loyalty Islands, and much farther north, the Marshall and Gilbert groups. New Guinea, the East Indies in general, the Philippines, and Australia are so continental in character, either because they are such very large islands or because they are so close to the mainland of Asia as to be affected by it that they cannot come within the scope of this inquiry. Neither do they exhibit the curious distortion of Morgan's theory of the normal development of classes, nobles and slaves which we set out to explain.

It would be interesting to extend this survey to the West Indies, but, unfortunately, the Spanish were no different from the English and the Dutch; they were poor anthropologists in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and they killed all the natives almost without any other observation of them than was necessary to get their range with the arquebus.

*NOTE: The facts in this chart of island culture are drawn principally from Encyclopedia Brittannica, Bishop Museum Publications, Carnegie Institute Publications, Smithsonian Institution Publications, SEMPLE, Influences of Geographic Environment; DANE, Fijian Society; ELLIS, Tour Through Hawaii; BLACKMAN, Making of Hawaii; LOWIE, Culture and Ethnology; GOLDENWEISER, Early Civilization; RIVERS, History of Melanesian Society; THOMPSON, Easter Island; WILLIAMSON, Ways of the South Sea Savages; ST. JOHNSTON, Islanders of the Pacific; LAWRENCE, Old Time Hawaians.

What little record of the Indians they have left us seems to show that the general culture and social organization of the West Indies was about like that of Melanesia.

So coming back to the question of the peculiar aberrations in the culture of the peoples of Oceanica and of the Northwest coast, let us look first at their aspects which fit into Morgan's classification. Let us disregard the Polynesians for a minute, since theirs is a peculiar case, a further and temporary deviation from the small island modification of Morgan's system. Take the Melanesians, and British Columbians. They are all people who build houses; where the big woods are, as in British Columbia, they use planks, but where reeds and vines and suitable materials for matting are more plentiful than trees, they may use these. They do not live in tents. They use the bow and arrow, which means that they are at least in the third stage of savagery. Some of them use pottery, some use baskets daubed with clay; these according to Morgan are in the first stage of barbarism. But the general culture of those who do use pottery is very like that of those who do not use it; and pottery is not so very necessary to any of them, for those who do not have suitable raw food, such as fruit, ready for them, have good wood receptacles, water-tight baskets, stone bowls, etc., and the earth oven, a substitute for cooking pots, is everywhere. None of them had advanced to the use of domestic animals with the possible exception of the pig and dog (perhaps the whites introduced these), and none of them made brick. They all have some sort of social system based on relationship, either real in our sense, or nominal.* They all have either a punaluan or a very syndyasmian marriage, or where monogamy exists, it is only preserved by drastic laws, and fierce taboos, and it is often a monogamy that has many customary or religious exceptions to it. That is, their families are either of the group sort, or show signs of having recently been such, and group or syndyasmian marriage is what is to be expected, according to Morgan, in third degree savagery, and first degree barbarism. Furthermore, there are many evidences of a communism of productive property, especially in land. Thus, Rivers says that there is always some common property among the Banks Islanders for all families, and there is never any dispute about this, though disputes over the property which has been cleared and planted with trees and is therefore in the private control of an individual, are very common. And this situation is nearly universal in Oceanica. Even the personal property was not hoarded, or desired for itself alone, but for the prestige which comes from giving it away. There was not, as Morgan says, the "passion for private property, the great ruling passion of modern times." The potlatch ceremony among the British Columbia Indians was a grand distribution of property, ceremonial and festive, and those who received the more unconsumable sorts, planned to give them away to another big feast. Ostracism and public hatred and scorn would be visited on anyone who did not give his goods away. In the Banks Islands, we have a precisely similar ceremony, the kole-kole, in which under pretense of celebrating the coming of age of a daughter, or the opening of a new house, rich people gave their goods away at great festivals. He who had property and did not conduct magnificent kole-kole ceremonies, would be thought quite unsocial, and beneath contempt. Of the Fiji islanders, the Rev. W. Deane **(Fijian Society)** says that they considered that all the members of the matangali, or clan, had a lien upon the personal property of every other member and could prevent his disposing of it freely, could borrow it, and the owner did not have the right to refuse, etc. Throughout this whole district of Melanesia, Micronesia, and British Columbia, land was common, or had very slight proprietory rights which went to the person who cleared it, or his descendants, and there was a disposition to regard personal property as more or less common, merely in the custody of the persons we should suppose to be its owners, and it was a custody which they were supposed to relax under a number of circumstances. All of this is about what we should expect of peoples in the third stage of savagery, or the first stage of barbarism, with the exception of the proprietorship of cleared land, and that is a situation that does not normally arise among the continental savages because gardening does not play so important a part in their life as in that of the dwellers on tropical islands.

Taking them all around, the peoples we have been discussing, fit fairly well into the picture Morgan draws of the third stage of savagery and the first of barbarism: bow and arrow, spear, club; practically no domesticated animals, hunting and fishing, gardening, pottery in some cases, houses to live in, boats and canoes, nets, baskets, group or syndyasmian marriage, tribes and gentes or clans, immature development of the rights of private property, village life; no loom, no metal, no field agriculture, no true writing. There is perhaps too much development of gardening and horticulture for absolute symmetry, but that is a substitute for hunting.

But in spite of this general complexion of third grade savagery and first grade barbarism which all the peoples of Melanesia, Micronesia, and the

*NOTE: Take care not to underestimate the importance of organization on the basis of sex and relationship. This organization underlies all of the division into classes of masters and slaves in the Melanesian-Micronesian-Northwest Coast area. Fiji is an example. The chiefs have power. But even here, Dean says (Fijian Society, pp. 100-101): ". . . . . the native is born into a social system, the kernel of which is the matanggali or clan. The Fijian clan is a kind of enlarged family, where all elders are fathers, and all juniors are children. Family relationships are not very clearly differentiated (so far as authority is concerned) from clan relationship. It is no uncommon occurrence for a distant aunt to beat her nephew; so long as they are of the same matanggali, it is legitimate enough. If one of the clan is ill, the members of the clan will travel twenty or thirty miles on foot to see him . . . All larger works are carried out by clan labor . . . in the old days . . . if a house had to be built, the clan did it; if a large canal had to be made, members of the matanggali or of several matanggali excavated it, and so with every other undertaking of importance."



GAMAL, OR CLUB HOUSE FOR MEN

One of the features of island life is the men's clubs, some of which are graded in rank like the Masons.

Pacific coast have, there exists among them all a strong tendency towards social rank and classes which does not at first sight agree with the Morgan classification. The critics of Morgan as we know already, point it out in triumph, and claim that it refutes his entire theory. Let us then make some examination of the social classes of these savages and barbarians. At a glance, they seem to be quite different in each area. In Southern New Britain and New Ireland, hereditary chiefs; in the Banks Islands, chief whose power does not amount to much, but whose social prestige is enormous, and is dependent on their ability to get money enough to advance from degree to degree in the Sukwe, their type of Freemasonry, or in the Tamate, which is an esoteric religious order. And then again, you have the Fiji island chiefs, who are divine, and powerful, and who are even now, under the observation of the white scientist, trying to make out that Lala, the power of calling out the clans for communal labors, is also a right of theirs when they wish personal services performed. And of course, there is the Duk Duk of norther Melanesia society, similar to the graded orders of the Banks islanders, and having the same effect, of building up a privileged, authoritative class, which also implies a degraded, submerged class, and which does not fit in with the "normal" free democratic clan organization of the upper savages and lower barbarians of continental areas. Naturally, we consider too the hereditary nobility of British Columbia, and the class of slaves there. And in most islands, there is the intermediate group of skilled craftsmen, carpenters, canoe-builders, tatooers, priest's assistants, paint mixers, or what not, invariably an organized group, tending to become hereditary, though still open to the admission of new blood.

However, we must take care not to exaggerate the importance of these classes, and not read into the word ,"slave," "noble," etc., the meaning that long acquaintance with the institutions in very modern times has placed there. The slaves of the British Columbia Indians, were not worked, in most instances, much harder than the commoners, nor, for that matter, the nobles. They had certain disadvantages: they were likey to be sacrificed, and the nobles had certain advantages, places of prestige at the feasts and ceremonies, and a freedom from the danger of being knocked in the head to provide a pagan holiday. The Pimlingai of Yap worked very little more than the freemen of that colony, but they were not considered of good social standing, and they could not be tatooed, and part of the job of barbarism consists in having pretty pictures punctured into one's skin. The Banks Islands' lower class had very much the same sort of disadvantages: their only alleviation being that they could advance if they could get the shell money with which to purchase rank.

But this gentle sort of slavery, and ceremonial rather than remunerative type of nobility, is just the normal type of both institutions. If any of the primitive peoples had been brought face to face with class exploitation in the forms in which it exists in modern times, they would have shied away from it as from the pest. Neither institution started in full force, both were comparatively easy to take in the beginning—sweetly innocent and picturesque, little tiger kittens whom no one would expect to grow up in the course of the years, and demand full rations of human flesh and blood. Slavery and nobility, division of society into classes, was essentially the same in the Pacific basin as it was, in its origin, on the continents. The difference lay in the fact that slavery and nobility came earlier in island society than it did in continental society—two whole ethnical periods earlier.

Is it necessary to look far for the reason? Is it not a truism of anthropology, though the fact was first stated by Morgan, that slavery on the continents developed when there was something for the slaves to do, that they could do without being placed in a position where they could run away? Hunting tribes could not send out slaves to hunt because they would never come home, if they had any sense. But with field agriculture and pastoral life, there was a chance to use slave labor in gangs, with armed guards standing over them, if necessary, which it usually was not, for there was usually no place for the slaves to escape to, the country being thickly settled. Ships meant that slaves could be chained to the oar, and used without danger of their escaping. Mines and quarries were best of all for the masters of slaves—as useful to ancient Greed exploiters as to modern Americans. Field agriculture, herds, ships and mines did not exist in the lower stages of barbarism, and there was nothing to take their place on the continents; that is why, in the continents, there was a classless society during that period.

But on the islands there was something to take their place. Fishing with boats and nets and fishing with traps is gang labor, which slaves can do, under guard, if necessary. So is gardening with hoes and wooden spades, provided there are no friendly forests to escape through. Not only does such gardening play a much more important part on the tropical islands than it does on the continents (forty square feet of taro will support a man—**Blackman,** Making of Hawaii, p. 10—and many times that area of maize or pumpkins will not support him), but likewise there was no good in running away to the forest: the slave could not get off the island, and would be recaptured. True, the Tlingit and Haida slaves could go over the Rockies—to the barren wastes of what is now Saskatchewan—they preferred to stay on the milder Pacific Coast and be slaves.

There is no rejection of Morgan in this; this is the very essence of Morganism, and the thing can be carried further, to abolish the few remaining difficulties; for instance, the apparent individuality of the island cultures in this respect, that some develop their social classes through societies, (primitive Freemasonry, or Knights Templar organizations), and others through the growth of the power of the hereditary chiefs. Rivers takes note of the fact that the secret societies are strongest on the small islands, and the chiefs weakest there, and that the chieftainship is more likely to be hereditary and authoritative on the large islands, and the secret societies of small importance there.

What could be more natural? The economic and climatic conditions make for classes—but the two sorts of ruling classes are antagonistic. A great family of warrior kings looks with extreme disfavor on the relatively democratic secret societies, in which any clever person who can acquire personal property can advance, and hinder the free use of royal authority. The orders of priesthood, the secret religious orders especially, must come under his influence. So we have the absolutist chief making himself a god, demanding that the priests serve him, etc., as long as the people will stand for him, and in the large islands they will, because military science is of more importance there. There is room for military maneuvers, armies count, and an army has far more chance of winning with a single absolute commander at its head, than with a secret society or some superstitious priests trying to run it. Needless to say, such chiefs are also antagonistic to clan rights, also.

This brings us to the question of the Polynesians, an essentially military and within recent times, a very migratory people. Their social system represents a temporary modification of the typical island society. Their material culture, except for stone walls and platforms, of military significance, is distinctly lower than that of many of the Melanesians and Micronesians. They are by Morgan's test in second degree savagery, near the top of that division. They have no pottery, and they do not use the bow and arrow, though they know about it. They do not have the clan or gens, but have extensive feudal states, with kings, great lords, lesser lords, a permanent hereditary noble class, and a great class of commoners, with divisions into craftsmen, priests and peasants. The kings are absolutely divine, sacred, untouchable, and have complete authority—their will is law—at least in all the larger divisions.

Their family is punaluan, except for the nobles, while the family of the Melanesians and Micronesians is punaluan with strong tendencies towards the syndyasmian, or is syndyasmian, with relics of the punaluan, in general a higher form than the Polynesian. The marriage of nobles in Polynesia is a queer mixture of the consanguine, the punaluan, and the monagamous. How then shall we explain this complex without doing violence to the Morgan classification?

The history of Polynesia gives the clue. The Polynesians were a Caucasian, or mixture of Caucasian and Mongolian people, living up to about 1000 B. C., in the East Indies. The Malayans came down on them with the sword of the Lord, which is to say, with iron and steel weapons, and a generally superior culture, and drove them out, village by village, out to sea, eastward.*

Perhaps the Polynesians had a clan system, in their original habitat, we cannot say; if so, the clan system would disappear within one generation, for the clan is a military unit as well as a social unit, and clansmen fight together, take ship together when beaten, and then, there being no other clan to contrast with this one, the clan loses its significance and is forgotten.

They would have time enough to carry but few women with them, the women of their leaders perhaps, and of these women, the descendents, being of pure Polynesian stock, would be whiter and taller than the commoners, who descended from dark-skinned Melanesian women captured on the way, would maintain a pride of ancestry and a purity of race which explains the peculiar marriage regulations of the chiefs, as well as the difference in appearance between the nobles and the commoners of Hawaii, Tahiti, and other such islands, a difference mentioned by many observers. The Polynesians fought their way straight through the whole Melanesian territory, and settled the islands farthest East, North and South. They went no farther because they had come to extraordinarily wide spaces of ocean, or if any did go, they found the American Indian culture, and were either merged in it or destroyed by it. In Tahiti, Samoa, Hawaii, Easter Island, and New Zealand, they faced about, with their backs to the impassable sea, and fought it out, and won. Their career was then

*NOTE: All authorities agree on the migration, though not on all the details. See CHURCHILL, 'Sissano," Carnegie Institution Pub. No. 244; RIVERS, History of Melanesian Society; ST. JOHNSTON, Islanders of the Pacific; S. PERCY SMITH, Hawaiki.

an extremely military one, and the military sciences, and the military structure of society, were enormously developed. Pride of race among those of pure white or white-yellow descent, was much fed by the fact that they had added to their superior physical development likewise military and religious prestige. The gens and the clan were either never allowed to develop, or if they had existed once, were destroyed. The **Melanesian** moieties and gens of course, such a brotherhood of conquerors would despise. Even the absence of a serious interest in the bow and arrow and the use of slings instead is understood by a knowledge of the military nature of their careers—for where armor can be used (armor of pliable materials such as matting, bark, or skin) the arrow is stopped, but the stone hurled by the sling can still give quite a blow. Also, where footmen can advance in close order, arrows are ineffective. On the other hand, the spear is always a good weapon, especially if there is a boat on which to rest the shield, or sufficient open territory for military strategy. The spear, in the form of the bayonet on the end of a rifle, is still used in war. Battles are still decided, wherever the terrain permits, by what is fundamentally a mass of spearmen charging forward in close order. Where conditions do not permit or stimulate the science of tactics, wherever armies are largely secondary in importance and individual dueling or surprise attacks are the rule, the bow is the best weapon. War was not so necessary for Melanesians, and they kept the bow and arrow.

But even in spite of all these reasons for a Polynesian reaction to the environment different from that of the other island dwellers; the environment was winning, was dragging the Polynesian culture into conformity with the normal island culture, at the time when the Polynesians were discovered and nearly eliminated from the human race.

The military structure of feudalism was preserved in its purity only in the large islands of the Hawaiian group. In the Marquesas, Linton (Material Culture of the Marquesas) says specifically that the power of the chiefs was not nearly so great as in Hawaii. In Easter Island, where there was not so much room for maneuvering, warfare had degenerated into clan fighting, and the chiefs although they were hereditary, were ornamental rather than despotic, and though they were respected in formal ways, they were not feared as were those in Hawaii and Tahiti. In Easter Island armor had disappeared for the bow had been forgotten and not yet reinvented. In Tahiti also, family fighting was developing, the bow and arrow were in use, and the chiefs, though extremely powerful, as compared with those of Melanesia, were beginning to depend more and more on the "spiritual gendarmerie"—there was a complex hierarchy of priests who themselves had great power, and the power of the chiefs depended on their getting themselves revered as gods. Fiji and Tikopia showed mixed cultures.

Likewise the triumph of the environment is shown in the punaluan family, which we must suppose to have developed out of the first common property of all the warriors in all the Melanesian women captured in their raids. And, as Morgan says, the punaluan family has the germ of the gens in it. The gens could not develop as long as the chiefs were so absolute, but in the prevailing stage of material culture, the chiefs were sure to gradually lose out, and the gens was sure to gradually develop, once the great migration was over, and the Polynesians began to forget it. Indeed, the process was carried along pretty far, in the outlying portions of Polynesia, Easter Island and New Zealand, for instance. This new gens growing up here, perhaps for the second time among the same people, might not be exactly like the North American Indian gens, but its main features would be the same, and it would result in a form of social organization based on relationship and sex, and with somewhat democratic features. (One might remark here that Morgan himself thought the gens to be such a neat and well-thought-out institution that he could not believe it to originate in more than one place, and supposed it to be transferred from there, from tribe to tribe. This is an in-



MAORI CHIEF

A Polynesian of New Zealand. Disregard the tatoo marks, and notice the Caucasian aspect of his face.

ternal contradiction in his own theory, and is not true, except for minor details of gens structure).

Feudal land tenure in Polynesia was gathering around itself a body of custom and peasant rights, which drove it towards communism again.

Given time, it is almost certain that the Polynesian problem would have disappeared, and there would have been one general, Oceanic culture, not quite like that of the savages and barbarians of the continents, but not so different as that of Polynesia. What is there in all of this that violates the principle of social evolution, or the theories of Morgan?

It seems queer, just at first, that anyone should doubt that societies evolve. How can they doubt the general theory when they have before them all the time the undeniable facts that European and Asiatic historical society evolves, and is still evolving? There is a steady change, similar for each great people, within recorded times, from nomad hordes through a transition period of slave states to feudalism, and then from that, through a three-hundred year transition period to capitalism. And of course though they may not admit it, we claim there are signs of an earlier old age and quicker demise for capitalism than that which feudalism had.

If the historic peoples of Europe evolved socially, why deny such evolution to the more primitive, and non-historical peoples? Especially when we know the Germans, the French, the Scandinavians were primitive and non-historical themselves once? There is in the beginning then, a presumption against the non-evolutionist argument, which can only be removed by some evidence that there is something in the physical or mental structure of the present savages and barbarians that prevents them from reacting to their environment in the way that others have done But surprisingly enough (a pleasant surprise) the school of Boas argues just the opposite, and he and his followers deny that there is any such difference in the races of mankind, which leaves one wondering just how they can explain their strange stand. As far as I can see, they don't try to explain it. They do not say so in plain words, but one gets the impression that they infer that it cannot be explained. They point to the "facts," and say, "See, the Digger Indians lived in California for centuries without raising oranges, or mining gold, whereas the country is suitable for both occupations, and the white race did both, within a short time after it came to the state. But the Indians are psychologically and physically equal to the whites. Cultures are just different, etc."

It will be remembered by the reader that Morgan's scheme divided the course of progress so far into three stages of savagery, three of barbarism, and two of civilization, each of which was set off from the other by certain typical or extremely important inventions; each new tool in fact creating the new stage by making possible a new way of obtaining food, and thereby through materialistic determinism (Morgan does not use the word, but describes the process fairly well) creating a new sort of society, a new sort of family relationship, and in the long run, a new art, philosophy, and religion; insofar as any parts of the old culture were ill adapted to the new material environment created by the new tool, they were modified or abandoned.

When this basis of Morgan's theory is once thoroughly understood, the difficulties and apparent exceptions become explainable. I have already pointed out that communication, if it does mean insecurity, does speed up evolution, because evolution depends on invention, and inventions are made by individuals. I do not wish to be understood as arguing that inventions come by chance, or by the grace of God or great men—inventions seem to spring from the relationship of men to their environment—a similar environment bringing **sooner or later,** the corresponding useful tool or weapon, with all the consequences that follow in its train. But geographical conditions, flora and fauna, and weather conditions, are never quite the same, and social environment also does react on the power of invention, to hinder it, usually. Churches and priests have always fought innovation. For many reasons, then, a people may be delayed in making the typical reaction to its environment, suitable to the tools it possesses. It may make inferior substitutes for new tools, and may fail to adopt the best types of organization for long periods, and this is especially true when communication is bad, and especially true among the most primitive peoples. Probably this accounts for the already mentioned tendency of peoples in the lower stages of barbarism and upper stages of savagery to specialize somewhat (not as much as the American School of Anthropology would have us believe). But sooner or later, if they are left alone long enough, they make the right inventions. Usually they are not left alone; especially nowadays the great capitalist culture flows on and over them, the Indian becomes a wage slave in the orange orchards; the Hawaiian islands blossom with modern capitalistic civilization, and resound to the roar of the guns of the dreadnaughts.

Lest I be accused of mysticism, of belief in "life forces" perhaps, let me make one thing clear now. When we Morganites speak of "typical development" or "normal development," we mean the usual development. Mankind had for his home principally continents with large animals roaming about on them, and a sub-tropical or temperate climate. Communication was not especially difficult over the greater part of these continents, and inventions followed a fairly regular course, even where there was no (or little) interchange of culture, simply because conditions were very similar over most of the area in which men lived. This, then, we mean by "normal development."

But the Eskimo, the inhabitants of equatorial

forests, and the inhabitants of small islands in the sea, develop slower, because they have fewer importations of culture, and **their** "normal development," because of their different physical surroundings, is somewhat different. It is not entirely different but different only insofar as the environment is different. Morgan, developing his new theories, paid most attention to the resemblances, to the "normal development," and did not bother with the slight variations of it. Anti-Morganites have used this fact as a weapon against evolutionism in general. By a process of holding the Morganite to the letter of the law that Morgan discovered and disregarded its spirit; by insisting that the reasons for Morgan's particular division into cultural stages shall be disregarded, and all peoples shall be measured by the "normal" standard, from the Eskimoes to the Papuans—the standard of course to be rejected altogether if any discrepancies are found, they have built up their case against Morgan.

It seems to me that the discrepancies are neither as great as the American School maintains, nor as hard to explain. We need to develop Morgan's theory a little, in the manner in which he developed it as far as he went, and not to abandon it. To show how this can be done, I have in this section taken the most important of the "discrepancies" and shown, that, after all, it is not so hard to handle. Let others do likewise.

## SUMMARY

1—Morgan's conclusions are evidence of the accuracy of Marx and Engles' Materialistic Conception of History, though the Materialistic Conception has plenty of other proof besides.

2—Morgan's theories are challenged by a group who express the ideology of American petty bourgeois and professional classes, particularly the group of college professors and students, whose reaction to their environment causes them to adopt a theory that there is no theory.

3—An inspection of the writings of this "New School of Anthropology" shows that they have confined their criticism to that part of Morgan's evidence based on a study of living savages and barbarians, which might allow us to consider Morgan's theory proved by the evidence of European and Asiatic pre-history, merely declaring the cases given by the "New School" of present-day savages and barbarians, to be exceptions.

4—But a closer scrutiny shows that the criticism of the "New School" even within the field to which they have confined themselves, is faulty, and the exceptions to Morgan's theory are not so many as the "New School" claims, the reason for which claims is again the psychological attitude of the members of the "New School."

5—And a still closer scrutiny of the facts in the case shows that the most important of the exceptions which really do exist, is but an exception to Morgan's "normal" classification (which Morgan himself admitted was tentative) and is a justification of the **principle** on which his entire theory is based.

6—There is a presumption that the other, and minor, actual exceptions are of the same nature.

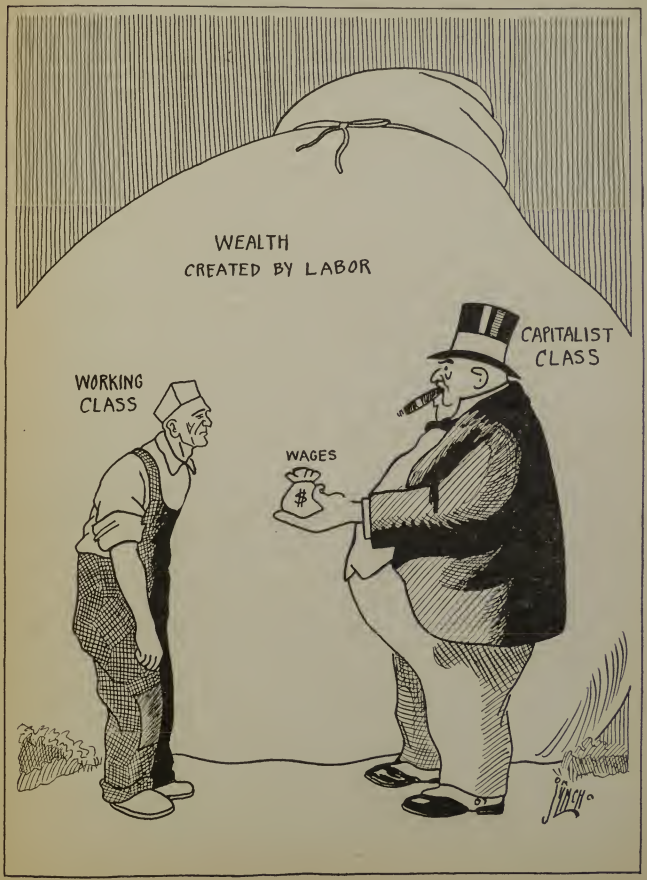
— THE END —

# Credo

By VIOLET RAY

Tremble not 'neath tornadoes of dark life,
Their fiery blasts invigorate the soul
Over the bleeding barricades of strife
Let your fierce challenge like the thunder roll!
I laugh at bells of doom that loudly ring,
And care not for the pain of human fears
For, even Death is not a dreadful thing
To one who writes his words with blood and tears.

# Organize and Take the Big Bag!



# Food Trust, Board of Health and the Undertaker

By PASQUALE RUSSO

**JUST now the daily newspapers are making a great fuss about the reckless drivers of automobiles, claiming that hundreds of persons were killed during 1924, and predicting that the casualties for the coming year will be even greater. Every person of the least sensibilities, of course, deplores such indiscriminate slaughter as the newspapers complain of, but in their anger they seem to overlook the many thousands of persons who are slowly poisoned to death each year by the food trust.**

In fact, the undertakers are befriended best by the meat packers. The selling of rotted meat increases the business of the undertaker to an extent little realized. The Board of Health, upon which Chicago people annually spend thousands of dollars, has been designed to prevent the death and consequent profits to the meat packers and undertakers. In short, the Board of Health, is generally regarded as the sentinel that guards the health of the citizens.

But the Board of Health, like all other similar institutions is maintained to further the interests of a profit-taking class and in place of guarding the health, really functions in the interest of the food barons. Many workers, owing to their meagre information, assume that the Board of Health safeguards the welfare of the public. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Board of Health is the servant of the hotel and restaurant owners, and if one examines their publications closely it will be found to be sophistry which efficiently misleads the masses.

Health Commissioner Herman N. Bundeson, frequently issues warnings and advice. Sometimes he warns against the eating of oysters, explaining that they contain disease germs; other times he warns about colds or mosquitoes. Such statements are of little value and are similar in character to emanations of politicians. The only purpose they serve is to maintain the particular writer or speaker in office.

It is quite well understood, in and about the City Hall, that to be successful one must stand well among the politicians, and it is very evident that Dr. Bundesen finds it more advantageous to be a good politician than a good doctor.

In Chicago there is much work that could be done by a real genuine Health Commissioner. In fact, his entire time could be employed in looking into the filthy conditions now existing in the kitchens of the hotels, restaurants and cafeterias. Right at this very moment, patrons of the various eating houses in Chicago are being fed such food as to cause serious stomach ailments, ptomaine poisoning and premature death. How many persons annually, even daily, are killed in this manner it is impossible to estimate. Perhaps we will never know unless the workers, en masse, decide to abolish this diabolical system of capitalism.

### A High Class Hostelry

One of the leading hotels in Chicago, the LaSalle, makes a daily practice to serve food, disregarding all sanitary regulations. In its kitchen are to be found soups, cream sauces, gravies and parts of meats standing in open vessels standing on the floor from morning to night. During the day sawdust, flies, pieces of soap and dirt fall into the vessels. There, also, they have a large vessel into which bones covered with sawdust are thrown. Insects, mice, cockroaches and other species of vermin fall into the pot and contribute their share to the food that comes forth. Seldom, indeed, is the stock pot cleaned.

The cooks at the hotel find it difficult to procure clean towels. As a rule they receive a piece of a shirt or some other rag. Even such rags are few and hard to obtain and soon from much use become filthy, and hands wiped with them shape the omelettes which patrons eat. The management is not uninformed regarding such conditions but their motto is, "Business is business".

Another revolting practice at the Hotel LaSalle is that of gathering up the discarded remnants of food left from parties and banquets and reserving them until entirely disposed of. In this way everything is saved, celery, cheese, lettuce, olives, radishes, meats, cream and bread.

### Broiled Spring Chicken Au Cresson

If chicken is decaying it is handed over to the night-chef who is an expert at removing the bad odor. He seasons it well with salt, pepper and dry mustard after which it is served without a blush of shame. In this way are the patrons of the hotel misled.

Bread Dressing is scraps of bread saved from the tables. This bread is not clean. It frequently contains ashes, butts of cigars, cigarettes and the sputum of angry employees. This bread is dumped into a greasy sink often used for washing pots and pans, and left to soak. After a given time the cooks add onions, sage, thyme and a few chestnuts. The following Saturday in the Chicago Tribune one will read an advertisement of a $2 dinner thus: "Roast Vermont Turkey, Chestnut Dressing."

It appears very tempting, but this item in and by itself leads to many cases of sickness.

Owing to lack of space we cannot give further instance, although they are numerous. However, the conditions in the Hotel LaSalle are sufficient, especially when it is realized that Ernest J. Stevens, its president is thoroughly acquainted with what is done each day. This applies also to Ferdinand Karcher, the famous strike breaker and expert in the serving of rotten food.

Stevens is but little concerned about the poor quality of the food. The main issue with him is profit, and as long as the patronage of the hotel remains other matters are of no consequence.

But these are matters that vitally concern the working class. They can expect little else so long as they permit the capitalists to rule them. They cannot consistently expect nor demand of Dr. Bundesen that he rigidly enforce the law respecting the Hotel LaSalle, since indirectly he holds his job at the behest of the food barons. Our purpose in this article is to banish one more illusion, one more item of faith. The Boards of Health of the various cities are only adjuncts to the functioning of capitalism and are maintained for the benefit of the ruling class.

This adds another reason to convince us that the only avenue open is organization of the workers so that may be able to take possession of the food industry and abolish the evils now existing in the hotels and restaurants throughout the land.

# On Sincerity

By ELLA LUTTERMAN

IN the average person, I believe, sincerity is a relative property. That is, sincerity is there in a primitive form, so long as it is not eclipsed by some stronger impulse. Human traits are born of instinct, first, and only become refined through visualization by the intellect.

But there must be a happy balance. Some propensities are far too gross and primitive, in certain cases of individuals, to come under their mental jurisdiction; while, on the other hand, an aesthetic, creative mind may take the other extreme and evolve concepts of which its own moral nature falls hopelessly short.

Hence the normal being is the one who learns to think and feel in unison. The essential factors indicated to accomplish this are, primarily: an inherent love of truth, and the corresponding **courage** to live it. These two forces must be joint products both of the physical and intellectual, for concerted action. At this juncture, insincerity may often become apparent. Moral conviction may be not quite equal to animate a mental concept, which means courage—where a great many people slump; inertia has the right of way! Hence, the effect of insincerity.

While, on the other hand, where sentiment is unbridled by reason the feelings sway to impulses here and there, inconsistence results, actions conflict, the victim succumbs! And the sensitive critic cries, "Insincere!"

Living means thought and practice in proper proportions. What per cent of the race, we wonder, is very vitally concerned about the proportions should this interfere ever so lightly with its primitive desires?

Man has not risen very far above the the scale where the things that dominate his carnal wants, first, are what control human actions, largely. Until he can summon his resources for a more complete self-mastery, where he shall be willing to subordinate his primal wants, in part, to greater ends—so long shall man ever be the victim of his own slavishness.

There is nothing low or useless in the human realm, it remains but the part of the race to learn a proper correlation of the whole, and this spells EMANCIPATION.

# Industrial Research

(Continued from page Eleven)

the general trend of industry to enable the Bureau to give forecasts of the general industrial situation to the organization.

Besides that special investigations would be needed in any industry, where the organization was operating or contemplated operating on a greater scale. Such questions would have to be investigated as: "How much stock is on hand in an industry where strike is contemplated?" "How long will it last according to the demand of the market? Can foreign products be imported to such an extent as to influence the success of the strike? To what extent will the industry be crippled by a strike under I. W. W. auspices according to the best estimates?" etc., etc.

**The Question of Ownership and Competition**

During a strike the question often comes up whether to settle with the employers separately. The union—in some cases—settles with one or more of them only to find out that those regarded as individual employers were only strawmen for the big corporations that held out, and in that manner defeated them.

On the other hand, there are cases where corporations and other employers are fighting each other for control of the market, and where the union can take advantage of these conditions. A refusal to deal with the less hostile employers in that case would tend to create solidarity where there before was strife among the employers.

A good example of how to utilize conditions of that kind was shown in Philadelphia where the Jarka Stevedoring Company was fighting the rest of the stevedoring companies and the Marine Transport Workers of the I. W. W. used the situation to their own advantage.

One of the classical examples, of a somewhat different kind, happened when the United States Steel Corporation was formed in the beginning of this century. The promoters did not want any disadvantageous publicity, and the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers for that reason thought it the best time to start an organization drive and secure recognition. On account of unskillful handling of the situation not much was accomplished, though.

**Conclusion**

The employers ascertain facts of that kind. Their Babsons, Moodys, Bradstreets and others compile and classify these facts and they are in that manner able to construct policies based on facts. The I. W. W. must do the same thing. Instead of basing our actions on guesswork, we must know the facts, and then base our policies on them.

For that reason industrial research is so important a factor in our educational propaganda. We are thereby teaching ourselves not how to work better for the boss, but how to work better for ourselves by increasing the strength of our organization.

# The Denver Post

(Continued from page Twenty-Two)

streets via the horde of school boys (and girls) with whom the regular sellers are forced to compete. Unable to leave their corners the latter must perforce await the supply truck for the later edition. This gives them an unwilling choice of cheating their patrons, many of whom are hard won, steady customers; or should they be conscientious, they may, in circulation parlance, eat their stock.

Even the supply truck does not solve their dilemma for unless the original quota is sold out (usually a hard matter under the circumstances), taking more papers even of the later edition would be worse than useless nor are they permitted to trade in the old.

Thus competing with dozens of wild catting boys, all of them crying the latest sensation, the regulars usually find themselves stuck with unsalable sheets and scarce daring to call them. In this manner they not only lose the commission on unsold copies, but must pay the cost of them out of their earnings pitifully gathered on earlier editions; for the Denver Post loudly boasting its paid circulation fails for all sufficient reasons to inform its readers that part of it is squeezed from paupers, cripples and children whose helplessness is such a happy circumstance for the stockholders of this bulwark of American democracy.

In conclusion: although habitually a betrayer of truth and justice, like all capitalist phrase mongers and self-glorifiers, the Denver Post correctly states that it is a privilege to live in Denver. We say correctly, because it is a privilege, when starving would be so much easier in this city of 300,000; which likely counts such numbers because many among them cannot raise funds to get out of town, while others no doubt have become so stupefied from reading the smooth propaganda of which the Post is such an able expounder that they are no longer to be considered more than victims of a deplorable habit.

# The Harvest Drive

HUMAN life depends first of all upon food, and the most inspiring spectacle in the American labor movement is the annual harvest drive of Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110, of the I. W. W.

Never in its history has this industrial union planned more carefully and with greater determination for a successful organization drive than this year, which must be a record-breaker.

When the July Industrial Pioneer reaches you the drive will be in full swing. Get this issue and read the great articles that are to be sent in from the field by competent revolutionary writers.

# Strikes

By JAMES LYNCH

IN ONE of his Hearst editorials Dr. Frank Crane wrote on the subject of strikes with all the unfairness and lack of intelligence that is characteristic of apologists for things as they are. "Strikes are pure barbarism." "They are an application of force." "Not force on the guilty party, but force applied to a third party who has nothing to do with the case." "But when labor and capital fall out they each begin to abuse the public and hope by this means to secure their rights."

Such contentions are not new, and reveal a total lack of knowledge of the present organization of society. They lead to no true understanding of the nature and causes of industrial struggles.

Strikes are modern. They are the outcome of the Industrial Revolution—of the capitalist system, and the concentration of industry. The number of men and women forced to sell their labor power is continually becoming larger and larger. The use of expensive machinery and steam and electric power make it impossible for the workers to carry on production in their own establishments with their own tools. The tool has been displaced by the machine, and man-power by natural power. Instead of working for themselves, the workers must now give their labor power to the owners of capital and get in return a small part of that which they produce. They owe their right to a living to the owners of the machinery of production. The great masses are wage slaves, and not one in a hundred has a chance to become an employer—a member of the capitalist class. A wage slave practically is a wage slave for life.

Thus we have society divided into two classes with a great gulf between them, and with nothing in common. Millions of workers living in poverty and want, and a few capitalists enjoying all the good things in life. Many who toil and slave, and a relatively small number who benefit by the products of labor without themselves engaging in production. Those who own and those who work face each other. The workers demand a return for their labor, and the owners demand a return for their ownership. The capitalists reduce wages to the bare animal existence and lower the standard of living wherever and whenever possible. Hours of labor are prolonged as far as the physical conditions of the workers will allow.



The Thoughtful Phiz Of A Hearst Paper Prostitute—Dr. Frank Crane.

The result is that the workers are forced to fight not only in order to improve the unendurable working conditions, but also to get back more of the products of their labor. The inevitable struggle will continue, and there will be strikes and economic wars until the workers of the world become class conscious, organize into industrial unions, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the capitalist system.

# Memoirs of a Modern Pirate

(Continued from page Four)

voyage the Panama Canal, Captain Dollar said that fifty cents a day was more than enough wages for a seafaring man.

As an example of how he regards organized labor and, incidently, bearing out the contention of the California Branch of the General Defense Committee that the Ship Owners' Association is behind the persecution of organized labor in California and is directly responsible for the imprisonment of seventy-eight men in her "Twin Hells," we will again quote Dollar's own words. During the dock workers' strike in San Francisco in 1919, it seems that the authorities were hesitant about arresting strikers when asked to do so by the ship owners. They hesitated because the strikers were doing nothing in violation of the law. But orders from the ship owners were eventually obeyed, as you will note from the following quotation from none other than Captain Robert Dollar:

"Our merchants jammed one of the police courts where several of the strikers were to be tried. The Judge of the court had right along been dismissing the charges against every striker brought before him . . . **With such a body of prominent men in court, the Judge was forced to sentence the strikers brought before him. They were the first, I am sorry to say, but anyway we had gotten something started.** The newspapers praised us too, and that was good... Three of us who were the leaders in the citizens' fight went before the official and laid our cards on the table. We told him that because of his reluctance to prosecute we had found it necessary to form a vigilance committee and if the serious conditions along the waterfront did not stop at once, **our first official act would be to take him and string him up to a telephone pole.** I can see that official yet. He could not believe we really meant it, so he said to me, "Mr. Dollar, do you mean that?" I answered, "I was never more in earnest in my life." My reply brought him to time and he promised to cooperate with us, and he did."

This quotation needs no comment; it is self-explanatory. It also explains why Deputy District Attorney McCarthy of Los Angeles County said, **"We don't want to put these men in jail; but they must leave the shipping in this port alone."** He was speaking of eleven members of the I. W. W. who were then in jail in Los Angeles charged with the strange new crime of Criminal Syndicalism. Perhaps Justice Hintz of the Supreme Court also heard that he "would be taken out and strung up to a telephone pole," causing him to discuss the injunction and let the five ships go to the Dollar interests.

What else is necessary to prove that capital owns and controls every public official from the lowest to the highest? If the officials do not willingly obey, then threats of force are used. Just imagine what would have happened if a member of organized labor had told the district attorney that, unless he prosecuted "capital," he would be taken out and hung. Needless to say, there would immediately have been wholesale raids on all labor congregating places and all active unionists would have been thrown in prison for long periods of time.

### Dollar's Patriotism and Brotherly Love

At the time that Dollar was fighting to obtain control of the aforementioned five U. S. Shipping Board vessels, the San Francisco **Examiner** carried an editorial stating that the Dollar Line was American first, last and always. This was written to create sentiment in Dollar's favor. The facts show that this is not true, but that money comes before patriotism with Robert Dollar.

As previously stated, practically all the Dollar ships, with the exception of those running coastwise and round the world, are under British registry. Why? For the reason that under the British flag they can ship coolie sailors and Filipino quartermasters and watertenders. Their maximum wage is not over five dollars a month. Under the American flag they must ship a white crew whose wages will at least be fifty dollars per month. Cargo rates on the ships under the British flag and those under American registry are the same. Hence, Dollar's profit is much greater when shipping coolies than when shipping a white crew.

Another point: during the late war it was to Britain that Dollar hastened to offer aid and not to the United States, and it was under the British flag that the bulk of his ships sailed. The fact that he is a naturalized American seems to trouble him



**One of Robert Dollar's Steamers In China**

not in the least when he has to choose between the United States and the country under whose rule he was born.

We will now go back to the Russian-Japanese war and ferret out an item dealing with the hypocrisy of this man. During this war Dollar leased a ship as a cargo runner to the Russians. This ship was taken as a prize of war by the Japs. Not long after that a delegation of American business men, headed by the Captain, went to Japan in the interest of American business. They were greeted on every hand with tremendous ovations. Dollar always responded by telling the Jap people of the great love and respect he had for them; how he was working for the mutual interest of the Japs and the Americans; and they, the Japs, would do well to place their trust in him and his associates. On one hand we see him aiding the Russians in the war against the Japanese and, after the war, we see him going to the Japs to bid for business. The Russians offered gold for the use of his ship; he let them have it. After the war, the Japs offered a vast commercial field, and he started business relations with them. Was not that hypocrisy, which Dollar has many times preached against?

Comes now the question of brotherly love. As already started, Dollar is a "Christian," to such an extent that he retains Y. M. C. A. secretaries and ministers on the payroll of his company. He causes religious edifices to be built and named after himself, all for the glory of God—so he says—but it is the god from which he takes his name, DOLLAR. He preaches the gospel of brotherly love between the white and Oriental races. There is a reason, an economic reason, at the bottom of this philosophy which we will here endeavor to show.

"Missionaries pave the way; business follows. Americans must remain in China and hold their own." With this statement, Dollar has explained the real reason as to why he preaches this brotherly love. In Wuchang, as also in many other towns in China, he has built Y. M. C. A. buildings and placed the secretaries of these associations on his payroll. They are Y. M. C. A.'s owned and controlled by Dollar. The Chinese children are there educated as he wishes them to be. In this regard he says, "I hold that it is far better for the average Chinaman to possess a good public school education than a college education. I have often obsrved that young Chinamen who receive higher education become dissatisfied with their lot and lose all sense of proportion regarding work." Thus we learn just to what extent these Chinese are educated by Dollar's tutors. They are only educated to the point where Dollar can take them and use them to his own advantage by exploiting their labor power. For instance, we find that he pays thirty-five cents a day for the services of these Chinese on his ships.

Times have occurred when the Chinese resented the activities of the Dollar Company on the Yangtze River, where this company had stolen so much of their trade. Formerly the Chinese plied as rivermen there, rafting all the trade in their crude boats up and down the river. Dollar changed this; he stole the trade and drove the Chinese from the river with his big liners. The very livelihood of the Chinese became endangered, so they retaliated by attempting with armed force to stop Dollar's ships from entering their field. U. S. Marines with machine guns were brought in and promptly subdued any and all Chinese who had nerve enough to fight for what was rightly their own. Had a war been the result of this conflict, the newspapers of this country would have lauded Dollar, prating about the wonderful work he was doing in "civilizing" the Chinese and that the ungrateful Chinese had chosen war as a means of thanking him. The government would have, of course, backed Dollar and thousands of young Americans would have been butchered, all for the personal glory of one man and advancemen of his fortune.

We have shown you where he said that "Americans must hold their own in China," but he did not stop there. He also said, "It is of the utmost importance that Singapore stay in the control of the English for all time". He is a man who supports two flags, British first, then American, and he advocates that the two nations take China. He is one of the strongest white competitors in the race for that country and he means to get it all, even though he has to use the U. S. Marines and possibly a British gunboat or two and take it by force.

What attitude will the Chinese take if he continues in his efforts to enslave and rob that nation? Surely the ideas and sentiments of Confucius are too strongly embedded in their minds to allow them to go on without making greater efforts to rid themselves of this robber. He has used every known means to blind them and instill fear in their hearts so that he might take what he desired for little or nothing. The question remains, will they allow him to continue in his self-seeking ravages.

We will mention one more of the Captain's remarks: "I have something to say of the men who stir up class hatred at home, and especially those who do their best to stir up animosity between our nation and the Orientals. They are vipers and, like rattlesnakes, should be exterminated." We agree with the Captain in that statement and recommend that he apply it to himself, for there are few individuals who are a greater menace to the welfare of the classes than he. He has done more to bring about race hatred between the Chinese and the Americans than any other man alive today, and yet he has the audacity to make the above assertion.

Today we find Dollar at the age of eighty-eight describing himself as a "hard working ship owner." He is one of the world's greatest capitalists and might properly be called the dean of Pacific Coast shipping, as well as being the owner of vast timber reserves in this country and Canada. He is a man who has stolen millions from the workers and has taken their lives and snuffed them out as one would a candle; a man who contemplates taking over all shipping, even as Bonaparte thought of taking the world; who will first use the vampire ways of Cleo-

patra and if they fail will use the ruthless violent methods of Tsar Nicholas. All this he dreams simply because he is demented with lust for power and gold.

He is now living a life of ease and affluence in San Rafael, California, surrounded by every convenience and luxury. Three miles from his home lies San Quentin prison where sixty-five members of the I. W. W. are confined, forced to waste long years of their lives under unmentionable conditions. They were sentenced under California's infamous Criminal Syndicalism law, a statute which was passed at the behest of the Ship Owners' Association, of which Dollar is ex-president. They have committed no crime but have merely protested at such conditions as Dollar and others of his type would impose upon them.

Our story is told. Think it over and decide whether you are willing to seek blindly for the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, or whether you prefer to work for your own interests by joining the Industrial Workers of the World, with the ultimate goal in view of receiving the full social value of the product of your toil.

# Plute Conscience Stricken?

By COVINGTON AMI

JUDGING from the flood of anti-Russian, anti-Communist, pro-capitalist propaganda that has been pouring through the news columns of the kept press the past month or so, our dear old friend Plute is not only resting uneasy on his laurels, but is conscience stricken, to boot.

It may sound queer to those who have not watched closely the recent trend of events to speak of Plute being "conscience stricken," but what save a guilty conscience can account for his present feverish international effort to prove that there is really nothing at all wrong with capitalism, internally or externally; that it is still, as of old, "the best system possible," and that all attempts at common ownership of industry, whether it be the State Capitalism of Russia and Queensland, or the Co-operative Movement of Britain, Denmark and other countries, all, all are "total failures".

Something surely is troubling Plute these days and nights, so what is it if not a guilty conscience?

Yet it seems strange that with **ALL POWER**, industrial, political and financial, to say nothing of religion to fall back on, in his hands that Plute should today be so badly worried over the future of the world, and worried he is.

What hurts the Fat Boys so? Haven't they just swept the elections everywhere, especially in the United States and the British Empire? And don't these two empires today absolutely rule the world, morally, financially and everywise, especially financially? And can't "Money do anything?" Sure it can! Then with **all** the money and **all** other **power** in their hands, **why don't they get busy and prove so conclusively to mankind that they have made no idle boast when they declared to the hellbound, harried nations that in them alone was incarnated the "brains" and "ability" to "efficiently manage the world" for the general welfare, that the "damned radicals" would never again have a look in at power of any kind?**

But may be it is just this beast coming home to roost, and not a stricken conscience, that is now worrying them so much; for I observe that though they loudly proclaim that the "radicals" are in any part of the world, right in the next column, and sometimes in the next sentence, they rage out that all would soon be well with "this best of all worlds" if only these "damned radicals" would quit "stirring up the people" against their "masters, gods and governments."

Just think of a "ruling class" with omnipotent power in its hands; with the two richest and mightiest empires earth ever knew their loyal and obedient servants, laying its failure to **make good** on a handful of busted and hunted "rebels"! Never in all the range of history has a cheaper bunch of pikers ruled the world than the bunch that now lords it over mankind, nor a more cowardly. Just look at them! Look at the millions of men, women and children they have slain, and the billions of treasure they have looted, and then listen to them whimpering and complaining that "the workers are not producing enough" and demanding under threats of further slaughter and starvation "lower wages, longer hours and less liberty" for the toilers of the world! Just look at them!

And, God help us, just look at the working class! Slaying, starving and slaving itself for a gang beside which the dog in the manger was an archangel of generosity!

## INDUSTRIAL UNIONIST NOT AN I. W. W. PAPER

**A paper known as the "Industrial Unionist" is now being sold. Although this sheet usually carries the I. W. W. preamble, and the three stars and the letters "I. W. W." on its front page, it is not an I. W. W. publication, and poses as such without any authority from the Industrial Workers of the World.—ARTHUR COLEMAN, General Sec'y-Treas.**

(Continued from page One)

Constitution which forbids any state making a law to abridge free speech.

But as no one except radicals will pay any attention to this part of the nation's organic law, a little thing like that doesn't heckle Tennessee. Whatever the trial's outcome, those standing for fundamentalism and all that rot shall be aligned against those who concede, believe or know that there is nothing immutable, that all things are forever changing. What the jackass community where Scopes is held need to convince them is for an amoeba to develop into a whale during the forty or fifty years their bosses let them live in semi-starvation.

Those who accept the theory of evolution in astronomical, geological and biological matters are very likely to behold sociological changes which are more apparent, and which are demonstrable even in our brief span of life. Capitalists can not afford to let the idea of machine evolution get a footing among the masses. Capitalism is to last forever, and the profits are to be good throughout. At this time wages are deplorably low in Tennessee industries, and most of the farmers are renting their land or have it mortgaged. They must be given some solace, something to balance their spirits and keep them from too deep immersion in the sink of wretchedness. So they are given "pie in the sky" and they cling to this. It is an escape. It is a dream. It is the opium that robs them of the sharpest pangs of misery and of the power to act against their oppressors. This trial, like wearing nightshirts in K. K. K. parades and outragings, fills them with power.

Meanwhile not only wages are bad, but commission men and stock exchange gamblers are reaping a wonderful harvest from the toil of Tennessee's lanky sons of soil. The prosecution may mark the beginning of a vigorous campaign against evolutionary truth, or it may be an act of desperation. Years ago Bishop McFall, Catholic, of Trenton diocese, said that to send our young men to college (meaning non-sectarian and Protestant institutions) was comparable to consigning their souls to perdition. And when I heard him say it he said **hell.** However, certain colleges require that those going up for examinations swear that what they have been taught has in no way undermined their belief in orthodox Christianity. But Tennessee has a superior method: it nips heresy in the bud. There is no use letting in light and then forcing students to say they have been blind for four years.

At any rate——"My Country, 'Tis of Thee"! Cotton Mather, Shay's Rebellion, Alien and Sedition Laws, conscription, penitentiaries, tar and feathers, espionage, lynchings, and now this noisome and noisy inquisitor in a territory that is just as virginally ignorant, superstitious and bloodlusting as any part of the Holy Roman Empire or the rat-eyed areas of Cromwellian Puritanism.

**VON HINDENBURG**—The election of this arch butcher, a monarchist by birth, family tradition and choice, proves that the political allegiance of any man aspiring to lead has but minor importance. The question that capitalists in Germany and any other state ask is: "How well will this person perform for US?" Tsars, emperors, kings and presidents must pledge service to the ruling bosses, and swear to support every effort in the interests of the bourgeoisie against the workers' welfare.

Hindenburg is peculiarly fitted to meet these requirements. He is seventy-eight years old, has spent his life in rigid disciplining, and he is not likely to develop any ideas not already known to those who engineered his election. If he has a middle name it is Slaughter, and his favorite food is blood pudding. His father was a lieutenant, and his mother was the child of Surgeon-General Schwichart of the Prussian troops. Hindenburg speaks fondly of his

parents, saying, among other extolling remarks, that:

"They also endeavored, by suggestion and the development of the tenderer sides of human feeling to give the best thing that parents can ever give—a confident belief in our Lord God and a boundless love for our Fatherland and—what they regarded as the prop and pillar of that Fatherland—our Prussian Royal House."

Other reminiscences about schooling at home are presented in the autobiography:

"To this epoch I trace my passion for geography, which my father knew how to arouse by his very intuitive and suggestive methods of teaching. My mother gave me my first religious instruction in a way that spoke straight to the heart."

How well the joint efforts of these devoted parents bore fruit is a matter of bloodiest history. The tenderer sides of human feeling and the passion for geography combined most efficiently under the patronage—so the field marshal declares—of the Lord God. In the Mazurian Lakes country he managed to annihilate regiment after regiment of good, Christian, Russian moujiks, and he won a place in the pantheon of killers by his previous victory at Tannenburg, to say nothing of other brilliant achievements in the western theater of war. Look to another part of this magazine for photographs from Germany showing how war acts on these gentler parts of humanity that, under parental tutelage, welled up and overflowed from the Hindenburg fraternal soul.

The general is now Big Business' cringing lackey just as he was Wilhelm's fawning flunkey a few years ago. His election speaks volumes for the level of German intelligence among the masses. These masses were taught for a half-century by the social democrats, and they cannot yet think for themselves. "Vote for me and I will set you free." That was the campaign stunt all these years, and still is. When the German workers, and the slaves everywhere, learn to rely on themselves through their economic solidarity they'll vote for no one, and they'll take the industries they have created.

In the world today there is the force for industrial freedom that attacks the poisonous philosophy of messianic redemption through political saviors, and there is also a desire among many others to pass the power of dictation to "strong men." Germany now boasts one of these alleged prodigies. His record for wading knee deep in blood is very good and romantic and it got him a lot of female votes. His sympathies for despotism also give him high rank for the office of further enslaving German wage slaves. But he is seventy-eight years old, the Dawes plan stares him in the face, and the workers are slowly learning the way to emancipation. After fifty years of voting it's about time.

**OUR WRITERS AND ARTISTS** — Since assuming editorial duties on this magazine it has been my good fortune to have enlisted the enthusiastic and talented support of a host of writers and artists, and to have held the fine assistance of those who contributed previously. These men and women —Labor's best—have devoted their intelligent and inspiring energies to advance The Industrial Pioneer to the position claimed for it—first place in the field of labor monthlies in the English language. The contributors have given their work willingly and with no other compensation than that of experiencing the joys that belong to those who strive to wipe this rotten bourgeois derangement of human relations out of existence. We owe these writers and artists much gratitude and freely acknowledge the great debt. May they persevere with us until this journal of revolutionary industrial unionism leads in circulation as it now leads in excellence.

**PIONEER COVER DESIGN** — Humanity over the great earth is shown mightily striving to break the chains that bind its flesh and hold in subjection its spirit. We regard the drawing a symbol of that struggle in which we are ceaselessly engaged and which animates our whole activity. This work was submitted by Fellow Worker Sarah Egherman but received no mention by any of the Pioneer-Solidarity Artistic Contest judges who gave opinions.

# A New Society in the Making

(Continued from Page Fourteen)

tated by the development of agriculture to the most important industry. To further develop nationalism and make it sufficient authority to insure its stay as society, art was invoked to glorify it. Hence hellenistic art is also the acme of nationalistic art. Its sculptures are modelled so as to impress the populace with the glory of Hellas, its literature one continuous tribute to the greatness and glory of the nation. Finally the nation fell, the ancient empires of Hellas and Rome were conquered by the barbarians, and upon their ruins was built the feudal society.

With feudalism follows a new code of ethics, a new intellectual era. We are told it was a reaction, or at least a stagnation in the general development of Europe's intellectual life. Probably it was nothing but a necessary absorption of cruder elements into a higher form of society in order that the progress could so much more safely continue on a much broader basis. Be that however it may, one thing is certain: Feudal art and literature is distinctly different from nationalistic-hellenistic art. Why? Our only logical explanation is that its creators developed in different environments, which changed environments were due solely to a new form of production—serfdom instead of chattel slavery; isolation instead of concentration in cities.

### The Renaissance

With the revival of nationalism at the collapse of feudalism we find old hellenistic art also revived. We behold the Renaissance. The whole Christian religion had to be modified in order to meet the new material changes that had taken place. In Northern European countries we had the Reformation, which relegated the pope to second place in matters temporal or corporeal, while the king became the most important person in the new nation. Polytheism as represented in hellenism was untenable in a religion that was to apply to many nations and where the church had to be consigned to second place or made to serve the new industrial order which could only be governed by a monarchical form of government. It would not do to have a national saint, who expressed his will through the Pope in Rome, as the supreme power in the nation. Such a saint might ordain something contrary to the welfare of the ruling power in the nation. Hence the Reformation.

In the Latin-speaking countries of the South, Catholicism had to be modified in order to maintain itself. Jesuitism proved to be the remedy needed. A sufficient amount of aggressiveness was added to the original submissiveness of the teaching of Christ so as to get a blend that could be used in class society. Aggressiveness for the ruling class; submissiveness for the subject class. Thanks to this change, Christianity became adaptable to capitalism, yes, especially fit for that form of society, and could be applied under different names in all the European countries.

The cathedrals and the monasteries, as well as all the so-called religious art from the early days of capitalism, had as its impetus not so much a burning desire to glorify God or any of the saints. Granted that the artists themselves were inspired by such a desire, the result of their work became nothing but a means of impressing the masses with the omnipotent power of the church. Those enormous buildings, great architectural works as they are, or those splendid sculptures and paintings, never did convey, and do not convey, to the visitor any conception whatever of what God is or is supposed to be. But it does make an authority of the church, as it signifies its enormous economic power, instills fear in the hearts of those who might otherwise resist it and makes an impression of authority that must not either be doubted or resisted. As the church had already been made the subservient tool of the new capitalistic order of society, its authority was used exclusively for the benefit of the new rulers. Thus art, literature and science were recreated and again made the tools and means by which the new social order would be developed and maintained.

### Monopoly Development of Industry

The new form of society, the completely industrial one, which is now rapidly making its appearance, must likewise create its own means of propaganda. It cannot be brought into being or continue its existence with the aid of capitalistic art, science, education, religion, ethics or any other capitalistic agencies. It must itself create all such agencies and social institutions or else fail in its mission. If the workers, through their new and modern organizations, such as the I. W. W., fail in this respect, those organizations will soon degenerate into nothing else but capitalistic institutions whose sole function will be to barter with the slaves' labor power on the public counter where this and other commodities are for sale.

We must cease to judge our literature from the viewpoint of capitalist standards. Our ethics must be judged the same as theirs, and previous societies, by its usefulness to the aim in view. Capitalist science, art and achievements in general are measured by their value to capitalist society; our work must be measured solely on its merit as a means by which we can usher in our form of society. The revolutionary value of our work must be the sole standard of value applied.

We must cease attempting to build up any literary monuments from the viewpoint of capitalistic literary tests. Our literature is valuable only in such a degree as it conveys to the reader the idea of our proposed form of society, and the

means and methods by which it can be realized. Our art, whether it be a painting, a cartoon, or a poem, is valuable only to the extent that it can impress the masses with an entirely new conception as to what is good, great or beautiful according to our ideal, and not according to the established code of ethics. The value of our work must be measured, not by comparison with capitalistic achievements but by the service it may render our revolutionary activities.

### Productive Modes Shape All Else

But all art, education and social activities in general are secondary in their nature. They are all based upon, and take form and expression from the prevailing mode of production. Those who control the industrial forces in society will control society itself. To establish a free art, or free form of education, or of science that is absolutely free to search the field and bring forth to the whole world its results, it is necessary that we establish such a form of society that shall benefit by this intellectual freedom. Present-day society can maintain itself only through suppression of science and art, or through prostituting it so as to make it serve its purposes instead of serving mankind by demonstrating to all, in a popular form so as to be understood by all, its discoveries or achievements. When we have established such a form of society that it not only permits full freedom on the intellectual field, but is depending upon such freedom for its very existence, then mankind is free, mentally and economically.

No new society has been brought into being by any other means than action. No sculptor has ever modelled it into being, no painter produced it on the canvas, no philosopher speculated it into reality, and no scientist brought it forth as a result of his experiments. All that such persons of talent and genius have done was to glorify what already had been done—explained to us the complicated nature of their working processes or pointed out to the masses the possibilities of the future. And this they have been able to do only to such an extent as the oppressed forces in society have made it possible for them to do. It is the toiling masses themselves, through their activities directly, either on the industrial field or on the battlefield against their oppressors, who have brought about the changes in society by which our much praised civilization and culture has been able to spring forth and develop to its present stage. It will be the same in the future.

No reactionary elements can survive; no form of society that looks for its ideal in the past will ever succeed. Only those who look to the future will gain victory. Those who fail to adapt themselves to the changing mode of society, who insist on living a desert life even after the desert has been irrigated and made to produce an entirely new flora, are bound to become extinct. Hence the future belongs to the irrigators and not to the drones who even fail to note that the desert is gone.

### Activity Is Needed

Only the really active revolutionist is the constructive builder of the new society. He is the only one who constantly adapts himself to the changes that take place in the industries. He does it because he must in order to live. Those who live the life of the parasite do not feel the need; those who devote themselves to speculations and dreams do not dare to face life as it is, as oftentimes it runs contrary to their dreams and their fancies. The only real revolutionist is the one who does the world's work and thereby also adapts himself to the new mode of living required. Out in actual life, facing the enemy in his own entrenchments in the everyday struggle for existence is where the revolutionist is developed, where the creator of the new society is to be found.

A new type of producer is in the making. It is not of the type that originated in the homes of isolation, on the farms or in the wilderness away from the great centers of our civilization. It is composed of the ones who are brought up in these capitalist establishments that have for their purpose the turning out of suitable subjects for the perpetuation of their own system of parasitism and of legalized and sanctified robbery. They themselves create that very type which eventually will establish a higher and a better form of society. For those who start life in the kindergartens or grow up in the slums, the public institutions of slave cultivation, the world will appear in a wider and broader aspect than it did to the farmer boy who found himself with ten miles distance to his playmate, no matter how great the efforts being made to mold them into fit subjects for our present-day order. They will find fewer strangers in this little world of ours and they will learn to understand each other with less effort than it took us whose world was limited to our father's backyard, and who were told that behind the hill lived strange people and that all strange people were more or less bad people that could not be trusted.

### Job Action Must Bring Freedom

This new generation of men, who, from their cradle to their grave, from the kindergarten, through the factory onward to the human scrapheap in the downtown sections of our cities, are forced to live together, work together and starve together, will eventually learn also how to **fight together and win together.** Among their fellow victims of this insane system those who have the vision of something new and something better must preach the gospel of Industrial Freedom, and preach it in a language that all of them understand, in fact, in the only language any of them know. And although that language is not accepted today as the proper one to use in good society, that language will tomorrow become the classic, because it brought about victory.

In this environment they will not only preach, but they will bring about action. There is the field

not only for the propaganda of the new, but for its realization as well. There is also the field where we can and must train ourselves for our task, our school of revolutionary tactics, our field where the new society shall be erected.

Throughout the whole world we find today that the message of industrial unionism as propagated by the I. W. W. is being accepted as the only solution for the liberation of the toiling masses, and thereby, mankind as a whole. It is advanced through various organizations operating under different names in different countries. All of them adhere to the main principle, **action on the job,** which is the fundamental principle of the I. W. W., as contrary to delegated power exercised through some agency of the capitalist state. It is through the faithful acceptance and forwarding of that principle that we shall win. Perhaps victory will not be gained under either the name of Industrial Workers of the World or any of the names under which present-day industrial unionists operate, but that does not alter the fact. One thing is a certainty, namely: **The industrial workers of the world will never gain their emancipation except through their activity applied directly on the job.**

# Upton Sinclair's Mammonart

REVIEWED By KRISTEN SVANUM

THE main thesis of Upton Sinclair's latest book is that art is propaganda. Propaganda is an expression of opinion for the purpose of converting others to it, and this is what the artist is doing, whether consciously or unconsciously.

The other thesis of the book and quite as important is that all propaganda is class propaganda, based on economic motives, and that all really great art is revolutionary propaganda.

This raises the question, if the main thesis is accepted, whether the skill of the propaganda will be a determining factor in appraising art, or whether it should be judged mainly on the purpose of direction of the propaganda.

Upton Sinclair decides that the last must be the case. He does not, in theory, deny the first factor equal importance. On p. 352 he states: "The relationship between the novelist's purpose and his story is very simple; the two things are one, and of equal importance. . . . . I have failed to mention a goodly company of artists who fought valiantly for freedom and justice, but who do not belong among the greatest for precisely the reason that their impulse to teach and preach ran away with their inspiration. That is why you miss such names as Plato and Sir Thomas More and Ferdinand Lassalle and Bertha von Suttner and John Ruskin and Walter Besant and Charles Kingsley and Charles Reade and Robert Buchanan and John Davidson and Richard Whiteing and Francis Adams and Harriet Beecher Stowe and Edward Bellamy."

In practice Upton Sinclair is not adhering to these principles. Even in the quotation cited, it is hard to agree with him when he is claiming to apply it. Can Plato be considered a valiant fighter for freedom and justice? Or do we read him today on account of his dialectical skill?

Is Ferdinand Lassalle lacking in literary skill? Is Ruskin more of a preacher than Carlyle and Matthew Arnold? Isn't it a perversion of revolutionary and artistic ideals to place the reactionary Schiller over Goethe, the author of Faust, and one of the first students of botany adhering to the evolutionary theory?

Are Beethoven, Wagner and Richard Strauss superior to Handel, Palestrina and Rossini, because they were revolutionists? Or is there some other reason?

Upton Sinclair's generalizations are not correct because they are too sweeping. While some traces of economic propaganda can be found in all art, they are not always important parts in it.

In purely presentative arts like music, architecture and the dance they play a less important part, with an increasing importance in the representative arts of sculpture, painting and literature.

We shall find great art with foolish economic propaganda in it, and we shall find bad art with excellent economic propaganda in it. The soundness of the propaganda will not determine the greatness of the art in either case.

Shakespeare and Goethe are not the best defenders of the capitalist system, and Karl Marx, I am afraid, would have cut a very sorry figure as a literary artist.

The sub-title of MAMMONART, "An Economic Interpretation of Art," suggested a problem that has not been taken up by the author: the problem of tracing the different trends in art; the evolution of the different art forms and art expressions and analyzing their connection with and dependence on the economic basis of society.

Upton Sinclair gives us a history of art from its first historical appearance up to modern days, but it is a rather un-historical history. The class struggles of old Hebrew history are retold as identical with the populist movements today. Alcibiades' biography is related under the name of William Randolph Alcibiades in a modern American setting, etc.

The idea of bringing the picture vividly to the attention of the reader is excellent, but historical perspective is lost by an overstressing of similarities.

The method of investigation and representation used by Sinclair is that of the impressionist and individualist. Actual and possible motives and influences working on the individual artist are taken up, analyzed, and presented to the reader, but these powerful forces, shaped by economic and industrial evolution, are neglected in favor of the more spectacular but less important events as the French revolution and the formation of the Holy Alliance.

Upton Sinclair is not absolutely neglecting them, but they are—to him—incidental. His history of art is a kaleidoscopic procession of individuals molded by their closest environment and the most spectacular events of their days.

The result is that we are not getting an economic, scientific interpretation of art, but an economic, impressionist interpretation of it. Instead of a history of art we have got a chronologically grouped set of essays on artists.

His sermons on Musset, Poe, les Goncourts, and others tempts one to call him a radical Dr. Frank Crane. His tendency to point a moral at any conceivable—and many other—occasions, defeats itself. Moral advisers will do better just by showing the facts and leaving it to their readers to draw their own conclusions.

Upton Sinclair has not been successful in giving an economic interpretation of art; but he has done valuable pioneer work in that direction.

MAMMONART is an interesting book from cover to cover. The sophisticated reader will refresh his memory through it, and unless he has been reading very extensively he will find much new material therein.

Readers that do not usually care about histories of art and literature will find that MAMMONART is "different." There is nothing of the pedantic professor or the hysteric male bluestocking in it. It is the book of a man that dares call a spade a spade, and, if need be, "a damned muckstick."

My only reason for not recommending MAMMONART to Pioneer readers is that I am afraid that the majority after having read it will accuse me of having done a shameful injustice to it in this review. The author publishes the book at Pasadena, and the price is $2.00.

# The I. W. W. and Why the Workers Should Join It

By VANCOUVER LOGGER

THE Industrial Workers of the World is a revolutionary labor organization, industrial in character, and international in scope. It was formed in 1905 as a result of the discontent with the inefficiency of the trade unions, which could no longer cope with the growing power of the employing classes, arising out of the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century. From its very beginning up to the present day it has successfully fought numerous battles for labor and, as a consequence, its members have paid for their activities with persecutions at the hand of hirelings of the master class. But nevertheless the I. W. W. stands foremost in the labor movement today, larger and stronger than ever. It is the only road to better conditions and the final emancipation for the workers.

The I. W. W. organizes the workers into industrial unions, instead of into trade unions. The advantage of this form of unionism over the older form of craft organization is obvious. Instead of being split up by trades, each trade with a separate time agreement, the workers in each industry are solidly welded together to show a solid front to the particular industrial trust they are fighting. The I. W. W., however, looks beyond an isolated form of industrial union. It realizes that, no matter how powerful the workers in one industry may be they may be compelled to fight a number of united bosses representing various industries. It also recognizes the fact that all industries are closely interlocked and that a victory of one set of workers is a victory to all and a defeat of one a setback to all. Therefore the toilers are not only organized in industrial unions but all the industries are solidly united in One Big Organization of all wage earners, thereby achieving the solidarity of labor when fighting a united master class.

The I. W. W. admits to membership all wage earners regardless of race, color or creed and through education welds them into one solid, class conscious working class. Not only trades and industries must be united in one organization but also all nationalities . Capital is international, therefore it is necessary to organize internationally. We will suppose there is a strike in the lumber industry in the United States. The strike would lose its efficiency if the lumber workers in Canada and other countries supplied the United States with lumber. With the present means of transportation it is impossible to achieve absolute solidarity of labor unless the workers the world over are lined up in one organization. When the master class can no longer keep the workers divided by obsolete trade unions they arouse their race hatred through the press and divide them along racial lines instead of trade divisions. Consequently the I. W. W. breaks down this barrier and organizes the foreigner so as to have him fighting with us instead of against us.

The immediate aim of the One Big Union is to better the conditions of the workers by cutting down the working hours to relieve unemployment and by raising the wages. Its ultimate aim, however, is to overthrow capitalism and to establish a co-operative commonwealth where the machinery of production

and distribution will be socially owned and run for the use of humanity and not for the profit of the few. As a revolutionary organization the I. W. W. shows its superiority over such organizations, by organizing the workers on the industrial instead of on the political field, thereby fitting each worker to find his place in production and enabling him to carry on industry after the overthrow of capitalism. There is no other revolutionary organization that has a definite plan to carry on production after the present system has been overthrown. The industrial Workers of the World can truly say that "by organizing industrially" we have formed "the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

We have seen that the I. W. W. has immediate demands for the betterment of conditions. By joining the organization the workers will hasten the benefits of better conditions. They will also hasten the day when capitalism shall fail, and by being organized, will be able to save humanity from starvation and chaos. Therefore it is to the interest of all who are being exploited and robbed, who would benefit by living in freedom and health in a decent social system, to join the I. W. W. today and not tomorrow. Just as soon as they organize correctly and not before, will these changes be brought about.

# Ship Owners Wine and Dine Seamen Starve and Beg

By SID TERRY

THE Great Lakes have been open for navigation for a month, but the number of unemployed seamen instead of decreasing, has been steadily increasing until there are armies of stranded seamen in every port. The halls are crowded to overflowing. The ill-ventilated Lake Carrier's halls afford "flops" for the less fortunate. Vile breaths of "dehorns" permeate the atmosphere. Men can be seen in a coma, supposedly sleeping, but in reality almost asphyxicated by the foul air. Many would welcome incarceration as a relief from their misery, and the jail discipline as a happy contrast to their present plight. These men offer all they have for a chance to work. Their bodies are tired, warped and broken by toil. Some of them, as individuals, have struck out in retaliation against powerful and unseen forces which sapped their vigor and burned out their youth; they pitted their own puny efforts against the overwhelming strength of established society.

Individual effort has taught them a lesson and they are now turning towards the I. W. W. Coordination of their individual labor power with that of their class acting together is their only hope. Among these modern nomads a sense of industrial solidarity is fast taking root; the pulse of the pariah of the sea is quickening to the detriment of the present autocracy. The colorless traitor who runs the fink hall cannot meet the eyes of these men. Can it be there is danger of infection from the ideas these men nurse? Can it be that their talk, confided in low tones, will be the nucleus which will eventually develop into the force that will finally subdue capitalism?

In sordid contrast to the undernourished, sleepless seamen who hunt for work, are the well-fed, silken-clad shipowners. In expensive pews they kneel and pay tribute to the system which grinds the bones of the seamen into overstuffed lounges, expensive automobiles, and huge buildings, from which their henchmen direct the activities of the slave machines which plow the Great Lakes, giving no thought to the agonies endured by their "brother associates" of the "Welfare Plan." Is this Christianity? Are these the glories we sing of—the beauty and joy of the present social system?

Fellow workers, act! Let us join together into one big powerful union, the I. W. W. Let us unite and abolish forever the damnable exploitation of man by man. Let us do away with the system which produces paupers and makes millionaires. The I. W. W. welcomes you into its folds. The I. W. W. is an organization which recognizes the irrepressible and irresistable struggle which must go on between workers and employers. Education and organization are the weapons that will finally bring the workers to their own.

Rise in your might, brothers—bear it no longer!
Assemble in masses throughout the whole land—
Show these incapables who are the stronger
When workers and idlers confronted shall stand
Through castle, court and hall—
Over their acres all.
Onward we'll press—like the waves of the sea—
Claiming the wealth we've made,
Ending the spoilers' trade,
Labor shall triumph, Mankind be free.


## INDUSTRIAL WORKER

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## GAINFUL OCCUPATION

A young man arrested on a vagrancy charge was standing before the bar of justice. Looking over his glasses the judge asked, "Young man, did you ever earn a dollar in your life?"

"Yes, your honor," came the quick reply; "I voted for you last election."

## VACUUM

A delegate was trying for more than an hour to make an impression on Mr. Shears.

Suddenly Shears said, "Everything you tell me goes in one ear and out of the other."

"That's because there is nothing between your ears to stop it," concluded the delegate.

## THE MODEL WORKER

Straw Boss: That fellow reminds me of a steam engine.

Foreman: Good worker, hey?

Straw Boss: No, good whistler.

## RESOLUTION

"I'll never again work for that man Dolan," declared Casey.

"And why?" asked his friend.

"Shure, an' 'tis on account o' th' remark he made."

"An' what was that?"

"'Casey,' said he, 'you're discharged'."

## WORKING FOR FORD

The following conversation was overheard on the local "skidroad:"

"Did you ever work for Ford?"

"You bet I did."

"What you quit for?"

"Didn't quit. Got 'canned'."

"What you get 'canned' for?"

"Dropped my wrench on the floor, and before I could pick it up I was four cars behind."

## THE AVERAGE "PROF," TOO

Student: How long do you suppose, Professor, that I could live without brains?

Prof: I don't know; we can only wait patiently and see.

## REQUIESCAT IN PACE

The other day an Italian nobleman, visiting our fair shores for the first time, watched the skyline of New York approach from the boatrail. The Statue of Liberty caught his eye.

"An' what ees tha-at?" he inquired of an American he had become acquainted with during the voyage.

"That," replied the American reverently, "is a statue we have raised to the Goddess of Liberty."

The personage from Italy nodded brightly. "Oh yess," he said, "in Italee we too raise monuments to our ill-ustrious dead."

## BREAKFASTLESS

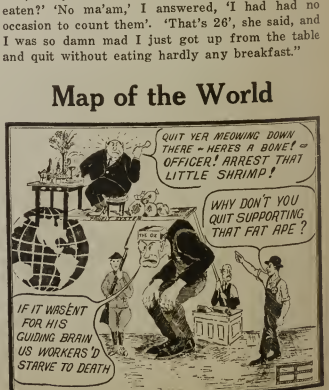
The "hired man" went into the village store to cash his check.

"What's the matter? Quitting your job?" asked the storekeeper.

"Aw, the old woman there was too stingy," answered the man.

"Do you know, at breakfast this morning she said, 'Do you know how many hot cakes you have eaten?' 'No ma'am,' I answered, 'I had had no occasion to count them'. 'That's 26', she said, and I was so damn mad I just got up from the table and quit without eating hardly any breakfast."

## Map of the World



# When the Last Rebel is Hanged

By COVINGTON AMI

When Plute in his infinite wisdom the last of the Rebels has hanged,

And all of the Farmers are peons, and all of the Workers chainganged;

There in the Bankers' Elysium, where the truth it shall never be told,

Where Christ is a criminal syndicalist and justice is bartered and sold,

What a world this will be for the Bosses! how happy our Rulers will be,

With nothing to do but to feast on the fruit of the Usury tree!

But, oh for the Artists and Thinkers the mothers of Labor give birth!

And the mothers, the mothers!—what a hell of a heaven on earth!



# Preamble ot the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

The conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

THE HARVEST DRIVE IS ON AGAIN!

# The Industrial Pioneer

*An Illustrated Labor Magazine*
*July, 1925* *Price 20 cents*



# FRAMED!

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

HE was a down-and-outer, the kind you often see,
A sort of moral rotter, full of iniquity.

He was a down-and-outer of the vilest, lowest breed—
A product of the Bowery slum, a waif of lust and greed.

He'd done time on the "Island," and three years in the pen—
Had run his string of women and sold dope to men.

From foot-pad to porch-climber, he'd learned the robber's trade,
Had shoved the "queer" and for a year his share of liquor made.

He was a down-and-outer, though he often dressed "real swell"
And smoked real smokes and tipped the hop who answered to his bell.

But one day in a shooting fray he copped a guy for fair . . . .
The D. A. pushed the case clean through and sent him to the chair.

He was a down-and-outer of the vilest kind, you bet,
—And yet he had my sympathy and some of my regret;

Because I knew the cards were stacked on him when he was born—
Because I knew him when a kid, ragged and forlorn;

Because I saw him on the streets filled with stench and filth—
While scarce a block or two away there rolled uncounted wealth;

Because I saw him "short-change" men in selling them the news—
And running errands for the crooks and picking up their views.

On law and order, finding out what precinct cap was bought;
—Because I saw the sort of kind of teaching that he got.

He was a down-and-outer, and no damn good at that—
But ah, 'twas his environment that pinned him to the mat!

And I'm stating, and I'm saying, and what I say is no lie:
**The System killed the thing it made the morning he did die!**

# The Industrial Pioneer

Edited By John A. Gahan

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# Editorials

**HARVESTING AGAIN**—According to reports appearing a short time ago in capitalist papers of the Middle West John Farmer was going to have things all his own way with harvest workers this year. It was announced by the associations of farmers and bankers that $3.50 a day was to be the wage. But three-fifty did not stand because the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union Number 110 of the I. W. W. acted as one man in a demand for higher wages. Determined to get results the union forced wages up to $5. Considering high prices prevailing everywhere for living necessities it is imperative that the harvest workers continue to hold fast for common advances. By this action further wage rises are assured.

The cause for the initial wage increase is not hard to find. At the A. W. I. U. Omaha conference in May every officer, delegate and member present pledged himself to solidarity and loyalty to the I. W. W. They understand the meaning of acting together for common purposes, and they have demonstrated the efficacy of such cohesion by this very tangible jump in wages from the miserable three-fifty offered to the five dollars prevailing. This success merits careful consideration and it is entitled to the whole-hearted-support of all harvest workers. It is the better part of wisdom to get all that they can because next winter's unemployment situation is going to be worse than the one now obtaining. These crises assume so chronic an aspect that one may feel inclined to grin derisively when told that "hard times" are coming. However, all things are relative and even this bad state of affairs in the arena of industry can become worse.

The harvest workers lined up in the A. W. I. U. have learned that workers get nothing that is good for them except those things for which they struggle. A few years ago, before the union was in the field, farmers treated the "hands" with less consideration than they would broken-down mules. Wages were very low. There was a workday that began at dawn and continued until the stars were shining. Bad food and scanty rations were given to the harvesters. They slept in barns or out in the fields. These conditions have been improved by organization, by workers with sufficient common sense to stand shoulder to shoulder and battle for decent lives. The worker who turns the other cheek in a world of bourgeois wolves is "out of luck." If you give the boss your cloak after he has robbed you of your coat he'll know you for a sucker and come back to steal your undershirt.

Organize to get as much of the good things of life which you and all workers produce so abundantly. Keep organizing to secure more and more until our class has the organized power to take its own. All that we need is the world.

**CHINA'S FUTURE**—We are living in the era of business empire. Imperialistic practice is bearing out the Marxian theory on an expanding scale that is superlative for the spectacular manner of its operations. Marx analyzed the capitalist productive mode, proclaimed its fatal contradictions, and declared collapse to be inevitable due to inherent discords, to the germs multiplying within itself making for its destruction.

Looking about the world today one thinks not so much of discords, but rather of convulsions. On every side we are witnesses to unprecedented violence, to terrorism with all its murdering, its rapine and arson, its jailing and torturing, and the horrified attention of any person believing in a high future for humankind might well break in despair. The world's foremost exponents of the existing system are saying that unless stabilization of exchanges can be effected civilization is doomed to disintegration. To them civilization and capitalism are interchangeable terms. Periodically world conferences are called at which desperate efforts are made to resolve to order the chaos of our modern scheme of wealth creation.

But this cannot be done. Capitalism is

(Continued on Page Forty.)



# The Harvest Drive is on Again

By FRED MANN

EVERY year about this time unusual activity takes place in every hamlet, village and city of this country's southwestern wheat belt. Towns that were deserted a month ago are now crowded with men. The small merchant is preparing his stock of last year's goods for his usual yearly cleanup. Restaurants that were closed up all winter are doing a rushing business. The farmers are buying supplies. The blacksmith shop sends forth the echo of the steam hammer and the whiz of the emery wheel that is being used in the repairing of binders, sickles and other agricultural implements that soon will be put to use. The grocery dealer benefits most in the immediate preharvest days. The prices of food in the restaurant is too exorbitant for the majority of the workers. On the outskirts by some brook or in the comfortable shade of trees a different and more fascinating activity is manifested. That's where the "Jungles" are located. At a glance the intruder could tell that this is no vacation camp of city folks. Order and discipline of the brand known only to the organized migratory worker is immediately detected. Two fellows are in the act of washing and cleansing the "pots and pans" after their meal, while another is bringing some water from the nearby spring to replenish the amount used by him in the process of cooking. A large placard is nailed on a tree setting forth the rules of conduct, and on the bottom in large letters, "Only members of the I. W. W. are invited."

### Why These Workers Advanced

This freedom was not always enjoyed by the agricultural worker, and it was only through the militant organization of the I. W. W. that a stop was put to the interference of the greedy restaurant and hotel keeper. Some old-timers can relate divers instances how in the old days before the A. W. I. U. No. 110 came into being, and even in some places right now, in the stillness of the night, the receptacles were shot full of holes and everything destroyed.

The county agent, who acts entirely under the orders of the local bankers and the commercial clubs, plays an important part worth while mentioning. His duty during the harvest season is to

see that every farmer is adequately supplied with cheap labor, as it is to the bankers' interests that the farmer pay out as little as possible, for he wants to get it all. The agent is generally on the lookout for the "suitcase boys" who leave the city for a vacation, expecting in the meantime to make a few extra dollars. Usually they are disillusioned. They are too soft to stand the "gaff." Nevertheless, they are warned of the danger that they confront if they should happen to associate with the Wobblies—and before they can think the matter over they are packed into waiting automobiles and driven away by some farmer without knowing anything about pay or working conditions.

These "suitcase boys" are generally sent out from Oklahoma City, Wichita and Kansas City, which are the three main shipping centers supplying labor to the Oklahoma and Kansas harvest fields. The greater amount of the workers are migratory, hailing from every part of the country. Their winters are generally spent in the industrial centers and big cities. With the coming of spring, as soon as the weather permits, they set out in search of employment. These men are seasoned in the work of agriculture and are much more susceptible to organization than the "suitcase boys".

### Waiting For the Harvest

The fields of grain are ripening fast. The scorching sun and hot winds will have the wheat ready for cutting in Oklahoma on or about June 10th. In Alva, one of the biggest harvest centers of Oklahoma, approximately five hundred workers are congregated. Out of these three hundred are organized. A local committee representing these organized members looks after all things executive. Wages are to be five dollars, that is the general sum among farmers and workers alike, and no doubt as soon as the harvest gets under way, the organized workers feel confident that five-fifty will be the prevailing wage. There is no oversupply of labor, although unemployment is plentiful in the industries. The sentiment among the workers and people in general in these parts is not what one would call hostile to the I. W. W. The Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 has gained many concessions in Oklahoma. In the past, twelve hours constituted a day's work, and $3.50 was the general prevailing wage. Contumely, jails and other forms of persecution were resorted to in the stifling of growth of the organization. All these tactics proved futile. The members of A. W. I. U. are treated with respect, as the opposition has found out through costly experience that jailing one or two members made it necessary to deal with hundreds—yes, at times, thousands. As an instance, in Enid, Oklahoma, for two consecutive years the powers that be resented the organization of the agricultural workers, and as a result jailed a score of organizers. To the surprise of many this petty form of persecution resulted in an emphatic protest on the part of the Wobblies, and hundreds of men poured into this little city of twelve thousand inhabitants. This display of inestimable solidarity brought about the release of the organizers, and Enid learned that to jail members of the I. W. W. without cause is a costly experiment. Enid has been behaving since.

### To Feed The World

The first part of July will see the Kansas harvest at its zenith. The crops are good and only unforeseen forces, such as hail and extremely hot winds, will possibly damage the grain. It is estimated that 25,000 workers will be engaged in gathering the grains in the Sunflower State. No serious persecution is expected, although in the past Kansas was one of the first states to pass the infamous criminal syndicalism law. This law has been made inoperative by many favorable rulings of the state supreme court and the economic pressure that the workers used in retaliation. Hutcheson, Kansas, has always been known as one of the most hostile towns in the state, but it recently released two members after detaining them for an hour or two. The authorities gave them back their membership cards and all their personal belongings, contrary to the custom of the past.

The General Defense Committee spent thousands of dollars on literature that was broadcast to the taxpayers showing them how their money was spent in persecuting innocent working men. This, no doubt, helped a lot.

The means of transportation in Kansas are fair, with the exception of the Rock Island Railroad. They police their freight trains. This road is one of the largest transportation arteries leading out of Oklahoma. Workers have to gather in large numbers in order to ride these trains, and they usually succeed. The worker cannot possibly pay his fare during the harvest season, for instead of making a few dollars for himself at the conclusion of the season, his meager earnings will be found in the coffers of the railroad stockholders. The wages, hours and working conditions in Kansas are about the same as those of Oklahoma, though in some spots from fifty cents to a dollar more.

### Organization Opposed By Violence

While the harvest passes its zenith in the Sunflower State, Nebraska begins operation. Conditions and wages are good. Very little persecution is anticipated, except possibly at Lincoln. In the past the railroad and city "bulls" have formed vigilante committees who have beaten up and dispersed members some five miles out of town.

From Nebraska the workers split into two large divisions, as the next center of harvest activity begins in two states at nearly the same time. The usual route followed is through Omaha, Nebraska, and Sioux City, Iowa, and it is here that they fork out. One body makes its way into South Dakota, while the other plods its way up to Central

and Western Minnesota. It is here indeed that one finds more men from the eastern industrial centers than in the South. Only about forty per cent of the workers leave the South at this time. Some of them leave the harvest; the greatest number, however, remain to do the threshing.



SEPARATING WHEAT FROM CHAFF

Minnesota never offered much resistance to organization, while her westerly neighbors have some communities that are and have been hostile to the I. W. W.

Early in 1916 South Dakota showed its hostility toward our organization.

### Getting Rid of a Vicious Element

Redfield and Aberdeen will be long remembered by many pioneers of old "400." The commercial clubs of these towns, with the cooperation of Sioux City, had organized what was then the yellow card men. In conjunction with the village and county authorities these gunman hirelings waged open warfare on members. They used their clubs and guns freely and a pitched fight at Redfield resulted in many wounded. "400" made them show the white flag. In Aberdeen, that same year, it was the general practice to take members out of town and flog them in Klan fashion. The following year as an offensive tactic against this inhuman treatment a general strike was called. A picket line hundreds of miles long embraced the state. The effect was felt. Today only Mollette and Aberdeen remain rather hostile; the latter not very vicious. Organization in this state has been on the increase in the last two years and this coming season holds forth great advantages. A definite organization campaign has been mapped out and the organization committee proposes to have organizers in all centers. Wages here last year were $5 for ten hours although in some places twelve hours is still in vogue. The petty tin horn gambler and his coworker the hi-jack are becoming less numerous. These parasites have for years preyed upon the helpless harvest "stiff." There was no use to turn to the authorities as they worked hand in hand with this despicable lot. The A. W. I. U. No. 110 in its bulletins and general literature warns the workers of these menaces. This education makes it harder for these morons to find customers, and this, coupled with the intelligent action employed when one of the characters is found, has put this menace on the wane.

North Dakota and northeastern Montana are the last outposts of this country's bread basket. Here there is no persecution on any organized scale, although in some isolated spots petty abuses are resorted to. Of course things are taken care of here more efficiently and the workers lose no time in showing their economic power. The farmer in this locality has a better knowledge of social questions, due to the Non-Partisan League and the contact he has had with that organization. He is poorer, therefore more sympathetic. The ten-hour day has become a fact in North Dakota, a benefit that is appreciated by many who remember the 14- and 16-hour work day. Transportation is unmolested as a great number of the railroad workers have become educated and some of them are members of the I. W. W. Before organization wages were $2.50 to $3.00 per day, and it should be remembered that the price of wheat was approximately the same as today.

## CANADA

Good reports are even now coming from Canada. Sam Scarlett has been very active, speaking in halls and theaters all winter. Now that the weather permits he is speaking in the open. A good sized membership will be on the ground when the harvest opens. These members are migratories who stay in Canada, so that the life of the organization will remain even when the harvest is over. For the last two years the organization has conducted what may be correctly termed missionary work in the Canadian wheat fields. This year, however, definite organization work will take place. Fellow Worker J. A. MacDonald will lend his able help in the way of publicity and in an advisory capacity, while Fellow Worker Scarlett promises to be ever busy in the field.

Tentative plans are in the making for a conference to be called in the Empress Theater in Calgary. This conference is to be held immediately prior to the fall convention of the Industrial Union. It is estimated that 6,500 members will be represented there. In Winnipeg, the easterly border, and Vancouver, the western, propaganda in large quantities is being circulated, breaking the ground for the future.

The lumber workers on the western slope are already well acquainted with the I. W. W., and it goes without saying that they will lend their support in organization work. The wages for the last two seasons was a minimum of five dollars and in some communities as high as eight per day. The

working day is much shorter due to the lateness of the year when daylight lasts only from ten to eleven hours. Some years the seasons are so late that threshing continues as late as November the 15th. The Canadian worker, therefore, needs much more clothing than his American fellow worker. Instead of light summer working clothes, he requires heavy underclothes, mackinaws, shoes and other such apparel to protect him from the biting cold northwesterly winds. The opportunity to organize these workers has never been better.

### The Past and the Future

It was in the spring of 1915 that definite plans were formulated with the end in view of organizing the vast army of workers that yearly gathered the grains, plowed and harrowed the fields, picked the fruits; in short, the workers who are employed in the nation's largest industry—agriculture. Attempts to organize these workers were made long before this, but never on a large scale. The structure of the organization was at that time in such a state of inefficiency that no constructive organization campaign could emanate either from the membership or their officials.

Instead of industrial unions with branches as we have today, we had mixed locals embracing members from all industries. The prevalent psychology at that time was divided between two elements, those of the migratory worker and the homeguard. These two could not agree on a continuous line of action as their interests with the employers differed, not fundamentally, but in the pursuance of tactics and methods of organizing. The control of these mixed locals fluctuated from time to time, now being in the control of transients, and then in the control of home-guard or permanently located workers. The result was obvious. Although propaganda was carried on, on a large scale, the workers remained unorganized. In 1914 at Minot, North Dakota there were four organizers representing four different locals. Each tried to get members, and each one presented to the unorganized worker different rules and different initiation fees and dues. This state of affairs brought about an agitation for a National Industrial Union of Agriculture Workers. The old files of Solidarity for the same year show that an article written by Fellow Worker Reese under the heading, "The Need for a National Union of Agriculture Workers," well depicts the structural condition of the organization and called for the discarding of obsolete organization methods and tactics. This was the day of mass organization with an industrial union background. Out of these conditions the Agriculture Workers' Organization No. 400 was conceived. Many looked upon this new organization with disfavor, doubting the possibility of success. They were like the old dog who refused to learn new tricks. A cry of insubordination to the then constitution was raised in many quarters and many locals at that time regarded the A. W. O. No. 400 an outlaw organization. But nothing succeeds like success. The oppressed harvest stiffs and the agricultural workers in general welcomed this new movement and it goes without saying that when the A. W. O. came into the general convention a year later representing thirty thousand workers they were accepted with open arms. This marked the beginning of a new era in the I. W. W. A complete transformation began to take place all through the organization. New life and renewed hopes were kindled in the hearts of many. Industrial Unionism, only a theory in the past, became a fact; it became triumphant.

### Those Who Blazed the Way

The handful of men that pushed the organization campaign in 1915 should be commended for their untiring efforts, their sacrifice and the privations they had to contend with. It was indeed no easy task. At the conclusion of the season a good sized membership was organized. This success made possible the famous drive of 1916, long to be remembered in the annals of working class history. With more experience as their guide and with a small amount of money for literature, one of the greatest offensives against the agriculture interests was waged. From the southern wheatfields of Oklahoma to the Canadian border the burning message of industrial unionism was carried. The commercial clubs became frantic and resorted to numerous outrages upon workingmen who accepted the I. W. W. as a means to free themselves from industrial slavery.

### With Unionism's Success Wages Rise

As a result of this activity wages began to increase, hours were reduced, and working conditions were improved. It had been a common sight to see threshing machines working by moonlight and at the conclusion of the job for the farmer to pay the men off with a pick handle. No one interfered, no one cared. These homeless men were considered anything but human beings and the wheels of exploitation revolved without interruption. The wages were from $2.50 to $3.50 per day, depending upon supply and demand. This law, of course, the masters could not control. Many of the men that flocked into the organization were lumber and construction workers who were in the harvest because unemployment was great in these industries. As a consequence after the harvest was over, agitation was carried on in these industries. In the spring of 1917 the northwestern lumber workers called a general strike. The entire active membership of No. 400 took an active part and the treasury of the organization was placed at their disposal. Contributing factors, such as war conditions and the militancy of the organized, made it possible for the lumber workers to realize their long desired dream —the eight-hour day and an increase in wages. That same spring the formation of a Construction Workers' Industrial Union took place in Omaha, Nebraska. Some independent locals on the Pacific Coast and those who followed this work who were organized in old 400, wanted an industrial union.

# It's Not Last Year, It's This Year

By CARD NO. X10591

**SITTING around philosophizing about LAST year, isn't going to accomplish one thing for the organization THIS year. Saying what should have been done last year, or what WE would have done last year, isn't going to do a thing this year. If we must talk, and with most of us it is a case of talk, let us talk to the unorganized, and show them their need for industrial unionism. Show them the benefits to be derived by joining our organization. Show them the advantages the organized workers have over the unorganized. Talk to them about their conditions. They all want better things in life, but they don't know how to get them; and they'll never know how to get them, unless we can effectively educate them. What is the sort of education they stand in need of? In deciding this question, we must look at what their education has been; sent to schools run by the state, they are taught just what the capitalist class wants them taught. As soon as they are old enough, they are put to work, and their education then is picked up in cheap moving picture shows, (the best they can afford) dance halls that cater to this particular trade, and their chief interest is in new styles, and the wherewithal to keep up with them.**

The kind of education we must propagate among them, is this: we must make them understand that they cannot advance to better wages, shorter hours and good conditions, without united effort, and united effort means concerted action. This is industrial organization. After all, there are few of us who won't move to help ourselves, once we are shown the way.

One of the conditions that we must fight, that few of us in the I. W. W. take into consideration, is the one that prevails in department stores of the various large cities throughout the United

---

Here, too, we find that the agriculture workers extended themselves almost beyond their resources. Organization flourished everywhere.

That same summer the organization encountered many stumbling blocks in all fields of endeavor. Lies of all descriptions were being broadcast that the I. W. W. was burning hay and grain stacks and resorting to all kinds of destructive tactics. Commercial clubs and many chamber of commerce organizations demanded some action on the part of the government. This resulted in the raids and arrests that put to shame the liberty loving Americans. The constitutional guarantee of free speech and press was disregarded and the "Iron Heel" of the censor was felt. The organization was branded as pro-German. In spite of the many raids and the imprisonment of the then most active members the organization weathered this storm of persecution. At its height this persecution was manifested when many states passed criminal syndicalism laws, making it unlawful to belong to the I. W. W. Yet the organization continued its existence. A. W. O. No. 400 suffered much during these years and it was in 1920 and 1921 that the intensive operations began in the organization of the harvest worker.

### The Great Annual Drive

The organization does not confine itself to the Middle West, for out in the Palouse country in the state of Washington, and in the fruit bearing areas of the Northwest and California the A. W. I. U. is extending its organization.

The usual line-up of new members is seventeen thousand. This, with the transferring members, brings the total membership welded together at the end of the drive, to about thirty-five thousand. Large numbers are lost, when the harvest is over, because they disperse in an unorganized manner through the mining, lumbering and other industries and lose contact with the organization. Tentative plans are in the making to remedy this condition of loss of membership. Delegates leaving the harvest in the fall of the year will not be required to turn in their supplies as in the past. A supply transfer system will be put in operation which will enable the delegate to transfer his organization supplies from 110 to any industrial union he transfers to, thereby not losing contact with the organization. Members who leave the harvest will find delegates functioning in the respective industries they work in, and thereby not only will the membership be retained but a greater amount of activity will be manifested in other industries. It is the aim to have organization transplanted from industry to industry and when the next harvest rolls around more and better organization machinery must function.

In this campaign the real future of the organization is being put to the test. The advantages and concessions that we gained in the past are many and there is no reason to question the possibility of greater success. The militancy of the membership can accomplish the feat that will not only put agriculture in the hands of the workers, but all of the industries. For Industrial Unionism must triumph. All power lies with the workers.

States, and, for that matter, throughout the world, no doubt. In small towns it is not so bad, but in the large cities, it is deplorable. The girls who are working in these stores, usually girls who have had little opportunity for education, are paid wages so low that just to exist is a problem for them. For instance, in Chicago a department store will give preference, when hiring help, to the girl who lives at home. Because that girl can, and will, work for less money than a girl not living at home can and must pay a regular rate for room and board. This makes it just that much harder for the girl who does not live at home to secure a job, and it is really more essential that she have one. Do you suppose that these girls who live at home, and work for less money than a girl not living at home can possibly work for, *know* that they are lowering the standard of living for that other girl? They do not. It has never been pointed out to them. Girls who have ever been affiliated with a union are never hired by these large department stores, if the management is aware of it. If one begins to spread the idea of unionism among them, there is very shortly a position vacant, and the employment bureau of the store is looking for another girl who lives at home.

The girl living at home will accept a smaller wage because she can go home and give her mother a small portion of her wages, which goes for room and board, and her parents will no doubt help her to buy clothes . Clothes are a big item for these girls. To hold their positions, they must at least be fairly well dressed. To become shabby and run down in appearance means the loss of their job, and they know it. The 20 per cent discount allowed them on clothes sold them by the store amounts to very little, and when things are marked down for a sale, there is less discount given.

The girl who does not live at home, when offered a wage ranging from $15.00 to $18.00 a week, must figure very closely to meet just her room and board. Then each week a certain sum must be put by for the winter coat, or spring coat, or new shoes or new hat, if she is to dress to hold her job. A room in a large town like Chicago, that is fit to live in, in a neighborhood that is half way safe, will run from $5.00 to $8.00 a week. Sometimes she can lessen it by rooming with some other girl in like circumstances. Meals run high as well, and the experience of the writer has been that during the first part of the week, right after pay day, a girl in those circumstances eats pretty well. But Friday, Saturday, sometimes as early as Thursday, the cash supply begins to run low, and it takes a deal of figuring to get enough for each meal, and still keep the price of the meal within the range of the bank account. Then it is necessary to patronize the soda fountains, for the tempting array of food at a cafeteria, even a cheap one, is too much. At the fountain you can get rolls and coffee, or a sandwich and coffee, without seeing all of the things for which you hunger, and while it may not be enough, it at least tides one over.

Of course there is an alternative, and some of them accept it. Many of them are assisted by "friends". When a girl arrives at work in a new dress this comment is not unusual. "Look at the new dress. Who's keeping you? And usually, if the truth were known, someone is at least assisting in that process, and—collecting for his help. This is not the case with all of these girls, but it is with many of them. It is not their fault, either. They are surrounded with beautiful things all of their working hours. Being girls, they long for these beautiful things, put there to attract the attention of women in more fortunate circumstances than themselves. When they see an opportunity to get them, often without thinking of the future consequences, they grab for it. If they were shown a better way, even though it is a harder way, do you not think they would try it? Of course to a certain percentage of them, it would be the "way of the least resistance," but many of them are intelligent, young, impressionable, seeking new ideas. If we could reach these girls, and imbue them with the idea of industrial unionism, they would assist us in spreading it. Quietly, perhaps, so as to hold on to their poorly paid jobs. But nevertheless, they would be working at it, teaching others.

If you haven't attempted to reach these workers, whose fault is it? Do you not think them worthy of consideration? Or do you think like many others, "Oh, department store help and the white collared stiffs are too hard to line up"? Maybe they are hard to line up. Maybe it is hard to jar them loose from that old idea of getting everything for themselves individually, instead of for themselves as a class. BUT IT CAN BE DONE. Let us not neglect any line of organization work that will benefit any members of our class. Whether they are white collared stiffs, department store girls, waitresses or lumber jacks, let's try to get them into the I. W. W.


## UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE MACHINE

**To be without a job is a bad fix to find yourself in. More workers are being thrown out of employment than ever before. Why is this true in the world's richest country? Read J. A. MacDonald's book and find out why it is a fact and what must be done by you to change the situation. Fifteen cents, single copies. Write to the I. W. W., 3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for this timely and great work.**



# Fascism

## A Frankenstein Monster

By FRANCIS J. MALLOY

**BENITO MUSSOLINI**
**Performs the Murderous Work of the Italian Bourgeoisie. His Reign of Terror is a Negation of All Parliamentary Procedure and Humanitarian Action**

**EX-SOLDIERS who had served in the D'Annunzio army formed the first Fascist troops in 1919 and their attitude toward militant labor was fraternal. They supported the taking of factories by the workers, which caused so great a shock to the capitalists of Italy and sent a few shivers up the backs of their colleagues and kindred spirits throughout the world.**

But by August and September of the following year Fascism became neutral in the matter of class struggle, and under its silence was germinating a new force to which has been flung the vilest machinery of suppression and horror since the termination of the world war. Discovering that the workers were opposed to the social aspirations and movements of Fascism, that they were against constructing a bridge of coalition between Italian capitalism and labor unionism, Fascist leaders threw emphasis upon the nationalistic side, which is the side of the bourgeoisie.

The Fascisti has perpetrated upon its adversaries a modus operandi consisting of methodical violence. Opportunists are always present and Benito Mussolini saw his great chance for power and all that it means. He had been in the labor movement as a radical for many years and possessed some literary skill. More important, though, was his ability to show the capitalists of Italy that in him and the Black Shirts lay a force that could crush out the rising tide of revolutionary labor. How well he succeeded became apparent immediately in the tone of the Fascist Party Program which stated the objects of Fascism in terms that are not ambiguous.

The first sentence of this program says that:

"Fascism has constituted itself a political party in order to stiffen its discipline and define its creed."

The world knows by the long story of bloodshed under Fascism and by its countless atrocities how well was stiffened the discipline that means that if the leader cries to the subordinate to murder his own flesh and blood it shall be done for the sake of "duty." But what was this credo that needed definition, and that repudiated the more vague and idealistic manifesto of the movement issued in 1919?

Well, to begin with, the state is dealt with. Says the program:

"The State is reduced to those functions which are essential, the political and judicial.

"The State should confer powers on certain associations and should entrust to the professional and economic corporations the right of electing the members of the National Technical Councils."

Nothing of so comprehensive a nature was ever put into clearer language, and we see by this ingenious arrangement that to capitalists alone is conceded absolutism in productive operations. For the work of beating the labor movement the Black Shirts were to be given a free hand to receive whatever loot they could put their hands on. Employers were to be rid of troublesome unions and of revolutionary dangers. There was no place in the program for representation or voice by economic associations of workers.

We cannot give the entire program but there are various excerpts that are enlightening. Such for example is the elaboration giving an outline of the functioning by essential wings of the new scheme.

"To the sphere of parliament belong questions regarding the individual as a citizen of the state, and regarding the state as the guardian of supreme national interests; to the sphere of the National Technical Councils belong questions referring to the various activities of individuals as producers."

These supreme national interests are not the interests of the Italian masses but of parasites living on the masses, and the technical councils are purely capitalist bodies exercising control over industry. It should be remembered that members of these councils are elected by the professional and economic corporations.

Then was set down in the program the cardinal article of faith before which the world itself must bow:

"The State recognizes the social functions of private property which is at the same time a right and a duty."

It was while contesting the validity of this claim that Italian workers so shortly before managed to take over a number of industrial establishments. The state is built on private property and maintained by every sort of violence to hold such rights paramount. Whenever private property is threatened the state steps in, in the form of police and military power and stamps out the menace. When the state can no longer succeed in this capacity there shall be no more private property of social tools.

What the Fascist Party thinks about the vital matter of education is summed up in this way:

"The aim of the school should be to train persons capable of insuring the economical and political progress of the nation; of raising the moral and intellectual level of the workers and of providing for the constant renewal of the governing class by developing the best elements in all classes."

It is strikingly evident that the writers of this euphonious document did not believe that governmental participation by workers was conducive to the moral elevation of these silenced elements, and that whatever raising was to be done about their moral and intellectual levels must proceed from the ruling class of capitalists with absolute authority, to be accepted without question. Even the gentlest and wisest of conceivable paternalisms is a damnable thing because the individual comes first and individuals acting together for common objects must develop and maintain their own levels in every field. But we know by the long record of the Mussolini gang how they sought to edify the workers they regarded as beneath the right to voice either in industry or government.

The Fascisti set about with a will and prepared their drive against the unions. Sweeping like a tornado across the peninsula and from end to end of it they captured or destroyed the printing plants of the workers. Union halls and cooperative ones were taken over, and in many cases burned and demolished completely. While these outrages were being enacted the members of the unions were told to disperse and to stay apart. They were beaten and murdered. Even their children were shamefully treated, and the wives of union men were assaulted by the Mussolini idealists who couched their phrases so well for a party program, but who knew nothing in practice but the work of their capitalist masters.

The labor movement in Italy was destroyed. Benito received the smiles and the plaudits of employer, king and pope. He then predicted that his movement that scrapped democracy in practice, though adhering to certain of its forms, was destined to develop throughout the present century.

However, capitalists know that they have nothing in common with workers and when necessary they act unitedly to defeat their slaves, but there are within the capitalist class contending factions, all eager to dominate. Benito ran parliament without opposition, because he permitted no opposition. Elections were farcical even when they were not bloody, and the small bosses weren't getting just the sort of deal they had expected when they sat in the game. Benito said that parliament was subject to dissolution at his command should a majority oppose him. He relied on the Fascist troops.

But when Matteotti was assassinated by his agents the reaction set in quite definitely and all Italy seethed with discussion of the crime. Mussolini refused to permit publishers to comment on this murder in any way reflecting discredit upon Fascism, and, of course, upon the leading light of this incendiary organization. Fascism is on the decline. The ruffians composing its forces have superseded civil authority and made of themselves a general nuisance, and are nothing but privileged thugs. They are now obnoxious to the capitalists who used them so gladly to break the unions. The bosses of Italy are sure to disperse them at last, relying upon their ability to recruit force from time to time as needed for working class enslave-

# Unite!

By COVINGTON AMI

**Let us face the facts, my brothers,**
**Put the isms all aside;**
**In our war for life and freedom,**
**Be Illusion not our guide.**

**Put no trust in futile factions**
**Clashing over paper laws;**
**Only in our solidarity**
**Is there safety for our cause.**

**Know the world in which we struggle**
**Is a world without a right**
**For the men who stand asunder,**
**For the ones who can't unite.**

**Hear me, all ye rank and file men;**
**Hear me, all ye leaders, too;**
**All the hard won rights are lost us**
**When our front is broken through.**

**Away with all the folly**
**That now keeps us on our knees,**
**That divides us from our brothers**
**Who are battling o'er the seas!**

**Close the lines our errors shattered!**
**Build once more our dreaded might!**
**All for one and one for all, boys,**
**In our One Big Union fight!**

ment, but it was easier to steer them on the way they took than it is to eliminate them.

The Italian Fascisti maneuvered itself into a position whereby it remained intact when the bourgeois emergency that remodelled it in its present form had passed. American capitalists of outstanding power have expressed themselves favorable to the establishment of an American Fascisti. They have an American Legion nucleus, and the Pennsylvania Cossacks to make a good start. It is probable, however, that they would know how to keep the agent from becoming the boss of the situation.

It is significant that the International Chamber of Commerce convened its 1923 congress in Rome, and that Gary came back here from banquetting with Mussolini sounding his praises and advocating a similar movement in this country. Gary knows the value of gunmen to keep his slaves in their place. It is about time for the workers to be even a tenth as alert to their own interests. There is a decline in Italian Fascism, but the soil of this land is favorable to a growth of anti-union terrorism beside which the one in Italy may appear to have been of small consequence.

# Man and Monkey

By JOHN H. DEQUER

**Bryan May Think Descent From the Apes An Absurd Theory, And He Is Making Money by Fighting the Truth. Physically He Rather Resembles the Anthropoids.**



THIS article may be of small consolation to Bryan, and at the same time it may add to the merriment of our professors. Unfortunately I cannot control the mental reactions of either. Modernist and fundamentalist alike may take umbrage at my dreams. I should worry. I do not live in Tennessee. What I have to say, I say, and having said, I rest and let others masticate the fabric to their heart's content.

I have a parking place in the camp of the evolutionists. I have studied their domain sufficiently to be absolutely convinced that Charles Darwin did not write Tarzan, and that Herbert Spencer did not evolve the monkey gland idea. But to be honest, I must say that I am not completely at home in the Evolutionary Temple. There are nooks and crannies in it that I do not like. For instance, the idea that man and apes originated from some common ancestor has always seemed a little bit overdrawn to me. It literally gets my angora, which is American for goat, to have some bulge-brain Prof tell me that there is evidence that the soft-eyed gibbon, and the soulful orang-outang, together with the kindly-souled chimpanzee, are even remote causing to a Los Angeles landlord, or a Long Beach oil promoter. It manifestly is unfair to these kindly creatures of the woods. For a great naturalist told me once upon a time that the apes were in no sense predatory. It even hurts me to think of them being related to certain ministers of the Gospel whom I have known and who were guilty at times of very un-apelike conduct.

Of course I recognize that for all I have said here there may be a very close connection, but if so it only goes to show how far we may drift apart in the course of our biologic evolution. Get me right, I do not say the professors are wrong, but I do say, that if they are right it is too bad for the apes.

When, however, we stop to consider the facts, we can see certain similarities which are rather striking. For instance, we know that the ape is a great imitator. He mimics a great many things he sees man do. Man when poor imitates the rich, and when rich he imitates the devil. Again I have been told that in India they catch monkeys by having them put on boots in imitation of a man. This destroys their climbing power. Man, in these days, also drinks bootleg which increases his climbing power.

But the apes in their imitative faculties do not go to such extraordinary lengths that man is wont to go. They may put on man's boots, and on occasion drink his bootleg, but they will not go so far as to imitate him in his system of property ownership, or master and slave relations. They probably are too ignorant. Probably this is another case where ignorance is bliss.

There are many things that apes do which man would like to do were it not for certain paper fences he has built around the objects of his desire. He is different from the happy apes in that he is continually ruled by the hands of dead men. Apes soon forget the dead, but with man it is not so. He goes to the graves of his ancestors for precedents of conduct, as well as for material for his high-sounding orations on liberty.

And speaking of orations, that brings me back to Bryan who, like the Gaderean demoniacs, lives among the tombs. He does not like the theory of evolution. Kinship with the apes hurts him. An artist once told me that no one could appreciate a picture when he was too close to it. Is not that the trouble with our eloquent friend? I have often noticed that a rich man is rather reticent about admitting relationship with impecunious relatives in his neighborhood. But if there be any mental similarity between apes and men, Bryan shows it most pronouncedly. The apes we know make no intellectual progress. They are what they were in the Stone Age.

Bryan is eloquent, that is true. But then, so are the vocal memnon, and the sphinx, but that does not say that they manifest growth. They are milestones along the path of evolution and not evolution itself. But what is the use! There are so many things the apes do that is above the human, and there is so much the humans do that is below the ape, that there is almost as much evidence for the fall as for the climb of man. Man must be related to monkeys, especially those who live in Tennessee.


I WW
BIGGER PAY
BETTER CONDITIONS
GIVE THE MEN ALL THE EGGS THEY WANT!
ANYTHING SUITS ME!
THE CHINWHISKER STOVE CO
AGRICULTURAL WORKERS INDUSTRIAL UNION
110

# Farm Workers, Organize!

By EDWARD E. ANDERSON

That there is a growing inclination among farmers to get together in various cooperative associations organized along the line of the products to be marketed, and that this tendency is very strong, will be realized after reading the following editorial taken from the June 1, 1925, issue of the **Western Farmer.** Under the caption of "Cooperative Marketing Growing" the editor states:

> "While cooperative marketing is not a new idea in the United States, the greatest growth has been within the last ten years. In the last two years it has become of national importance. The following data, at the beginning of 1925, is interesting. The total number of farm organizations in the United States is now in excess of twelve thousand with a membership of approximately two million farmers and doing an annual business of more than two billion, five hundred million dollars. Seventy per cent of all the associations are in the twelve north central states. These states include the great corn producing area. Eight per cent of the organizations are in three of the Pacific Coast states. There has been an increase of nearly 200 per cent in the number of associations since 1915, according to the department of agriculture; the membership has increased 300 per cent and the estimated amount of business has increased 200 per cent as measured in dollars. Secretary Jardine is the friend of stable cooperative marketing and it is hoped that it will be possible for him to encourage the movement, giving it whole-hearted support from every angle."

That there are other reasons for farmers organizing besides the disposal of their products in the most advantageous way must be recognized. One of these other reasons is the setting of wages for farm laborers. For instance, we get the following from the American Farm Bureau Weekly News Letter:

> "You get untold benefits by joining with your neighbors in the Farm Bureau that could not be secured if you were working as an individual. In order to be more prosperous, you and your neighboring farmers must have more money. Either you must get more for your product or pay less for what goes into it. . . . It means a fight. An organization is absolutely necessary."

The average farmer knows just one way of cutting down the cost of production and that is to cut the wages of his hired man. That that is just exactly what is meant with "or pay less for what goes into it" is proven by the fact that in orchard and berry districts the association will set a price for labor, be it piece work or day wages, that is mandatory upon its members, in many instances going so far as to penalize the association members for paying above the scale set by the association. For instance, in the berry fields of Missouri and Arkansas the associations provide a penalty of 25c per crate of berries if members pay above the set scale. In other parts of the country, where they have no fixed penalty, it is customary to give the ones paying above the "going wage" less consideration than others when it comes to grading fruit, and even to use pressure upon the banker so that credits are not so readily extended to the "scabs." It is just plainly a case of the association using sabotage to discipline its members.

The fact that there are in the United States over twelve thousand farm organizations should not be taken to mean that there is no attempt at establishing the One Big Union of the farmers. The American Farm Bureau Federation is such. The general marketing counsel of the American Farm Bureau Federation, Mr. Frank Evans, told the Farm Bureau members in Minnesota that:

> "The purpose of the American Farm Bureau Federation has always been to build up the conservative institution which will be of permanent service to the farmers of America. . . . Reports from nearly all the state bureaus indicate steadily increasing membership in the organization which clearly shows that the outstanding service which it has performed in conjunction with state and county organizations is appreciated by the farmers of the country."

The division of the farmers into twelve thousand associations is merely a division along the line of product, very much similar to the division of factory workers into groups of machinists, blacksmiths, wood workers, painters, etc.; all working in the same factory but doing different specialized work necessary to turn out the assembled machine. Just as there is a growing tendency of factory workers organizing along the line of industry instead of classification according to tools used, so there is a growing realization among the farmers that local organizations, divisions made for convenience in handling local affairs, must be coordinated to the interests of farming as a whole. The American Farm Bureau Weekly states the case in the following words:

> "You get a definite tie-up with other farmers not in your particular line of farm business. The Farm Bureau is the only organiation of state and national scope that includes dairymen, fruitgrowers, market gardeners, poultrymen, tobacco, cotton, onions, grain, and all the various commodities. In principle it is like the Chamber of Commerce which represents all lines of industry, merchandizing and banking."

The ever increasing farm tenancy and absentee farm ownership has something to do with the "farmers" organizing. The moving spirits in the farm organizations in many instances are absentee owners who as a matter of self-protection are active in organizing cooperative marketing associations. First, they do it because they want to increase their monetary returns upon share rents; secondly, they do it to make tenancy agreeable to the ones farming their land, because there is the lurking fear that if tenancy is not a paying business for the tenant he may be expected either to quit farming or organize as a tenant and demand that the absentee owner accept a smaller share for the use of the land. Neither are pleasant outlooks for Mr. Absentee Owner. Hence he willingly gives his time to cooperative marketing associations. It is the one place where he may meet his renter upon a common ground—as a seller of farm products.

Even the bankers are now not only looking with favor upon cooperative associations, but are actively lending a hand. The great after-the-war crash in farm values caused the change of heart and furnished the economic reason for it. During the war, when farm products were in great demand and commanded high prices, land values rose far out of proportion to any rise in such values that could be accounted for under the heading of pressure of population, and as such be considered permanent rises in value. Farmers under the urge of the high prices and the consequent bulge in their pocket books, and also under urge of the bankers and business men who were looking for business, started deflating their pocket books by buying motor cars, new machinery, building new homes, and extending their land holdings if they were owners, or buying land if they were renters. In most instances they secured their purchases through crop liens and mortgages in the shortsighted hope that the war would last and the prices be high long enough for them to pay off their liens and mortgages. When the crash in prices came the farmers were unable to meet their obligations and the bankers had on hand a lot of almost worthless paper. To reestablish these values the bankers were forced into a position of having to assist the farmer in selling his products in the most advantageous manner. Hence we see the banker behind the move for organizing cooperative marketing associations for the farmers' self-protection.

Once upon a time the farmer believed that he could better his material welfare by joining a political party and voting its ticket straight. "Them days is gone forever." He has had his fill of politics. State owned elevators, state owned flour mills, state owned banks no longer have any appeal to him. He has seen the control of these politically obtained economic necessities slip out of his hands through a sudden turn in the political fortunes, and actually used against him by the opposition party. No more of that for him. He has learned his lesson. It is economic organizations to obtain material ends from now on.

That farmers' economic organizations have their trials and tribulations the same as labor unions is, of course, an undeniable fact. They suffer from bad or treacherous management, lack of understanding on the part of their members for the need of solidarity, and the anarchy in production and distribution of the so-called independents. The most outstanding example of this is the debacle of the Raisin Growers' Association, the fall of which was caused by a combination of the above named three factors. The association was feared by the banking and business interests, and by the independent raisin buyers and packers, and the so-called Sherman anti-trust act was invoked against the raisin growers. This placed somewhat of a curb upon their organization activities. It made it impossible to establish anything approaching a hundred per cent organization, and was done in the holy name of free competition. The high tide of raisin grower prosperity brought disaster when it receded on account of a glutted market. This glutting was brought about as the inevitable result of uncontrolled grape planting. Under the stimulus of high prices for dried grapes everyone who had a chance planted grapes. Alfalfa fields were plowed up and planted with grape cuttings. When they came into bearing at the time of the initial fall in prices they caused the bottom to fall completely out of the market. The association tried to stem the tide but was helpless in the face of intimated treachery within and the anarchy in production without. The crash came with the bankers finding themselves holding worthless paper to the tune of nine million dollars, or thereabouts. The countryside was bankrupt; the business in the raisin growing districts at a standstill. The shoe now hurt on the other foot, too. It didn't take the bankers and business men very long after the crash to realize that a mistake had been made on their part in opposing the association. They are now not only boosting for an association in partial control of the raisin market but one with as nearly one hundred per cent control as is possible with a few independent raisin packing houses in the field.

There is no attempt here made to glorify the farmer in his struggle to gain economic liberty for himself and his class. He is and ever has been, when considered as a class, a labor hater. His position in life forces him into this position. As an absentee owner he is a capitalist; as a working owner he gets the full products of his toil except, so he reasons, for what he has to give out in wages to his hired hand (that he is exploiting his hired hand does, on the average, not occur to him); as a renter he is a producer in the position where he has to turn over a share of the crop to the absentee owner for the use of the land in production. As often as not the owner pays no part of the labor cost of producing his share, so it is to the interest of the renter no matter whether he pays the whole bill for the labor power needed to produce the crop, harvest it, and deliver it at the shipping point, or only a part of it, to have as small a part of the crop as possible go to pay labor. This places the farmer definitely upon the side of capital and opposed to labor. He may deny it, which some of them do, but put him to the test and he will react in the defense of the profit system. "If I don't make money how are you going to get yours?" can very often be forced out of even an old-time socialist in response to a demand for a raise in wages. Economic interests speak louder than the weak voice of socialistic altruism.

In the past we have seen abortive attempts at collaboration upon the political field between city workers and farmers. The opportunistically inclined politicians who made these abortive attempts were poor historians and poor economists. Even a superficial study of the past, using the materialistic concept of it as a guide in the study, would have revealed that the fundamental motive in man and the building of his institutions is an economic one . A hasty excursion into the question of labor and capi-

tal as explained by Marx (these politicians claimed to be Marxians), should have proven to them the class cleavage and that the farmer, no matter what his sentiment may be at the time of the political collaboration, must react to his economic interests or go under as a farmer.. Political parties of such a nature are ephemeral. They cannot last because they are founded in discontent instead of economic interest. In Europe we have seen the peasants rise and crush the city workers in more than one instance. Why did the peasants crush out the revolutions of the city workers? Because their economic desires were opposites. The peasant wanted a piece of land and the chance to be king of his own domain, however small. The city worker wanted communal ownership and industrial democracy. In the places in Europe where the revolutions of the city workers were crushed out and drowned in blood the peasants were the many and the city workers the few. In this country, as in Europe, the farmer must be reckoned with as a reactionary, opposed through economic interests to the ascendancy of the workers into industrial control.

The only force that can hope to offset the reactionary tendency of the farmer, to counterbalance it and overcome it, is a strong industrial union encompassing all of the farm proletariat bound to organizations of the city workers by ties that brook no schism; because a split in the ranks of the organized workers must ever be accounted an act of treachery, whether brought about by paid agents of the master class or sincere fools. When a split occurs severe disciplinary methods must be used if honest efforts to settle differences fail.

In spite of the increasing introduction of machinery upon the farm a large part of the work is still done by hand labor. At harvest time large numbers of workers are necessary upon the farm. The harvest is the farmers' pay day. Crops must be harvested when in the best condition to go to market or the farmer will lose money. If he doesn't get his crops gathered he loses, in many cases, a whole year's work. This offers the workers a chance to enforce certain demands provided they have organization to back them in making these demands. To take full advantage of this situation is where unity of labor plays its important role. If there is a split in their ranks, if there be not solidarity then the workers fall an easy prey to the organized employers.

All issues that tend to divide the workers and cause them to fight among themselves are viewed with glee by the master class and it will lend active aid to any minority faction that can be used for such a purpose. Gifted so-called inside operatives are used to this end by private detective agencies. At times these detectives reach places of trust and power in labor organizations from which they are in a position to cause disruption and splits to the detriment of not only the organization immediately involved but to the labor movement and working class as a whole. To guard against such treachery is of utmost importance to the welfare of any labor organization. Not to assist in the stamping out of all attempts at duality is to put one's approval upon treachery. Even acts of sincere fools must be dealt with summarily if they lead to splits in the ranks of labor. There is an old Hindu parable that covers this point admirably. It is about an elephant that was guarding a man while he slept. A fly landed on the man's face and troubled his sleep. The elephant saw the fly and in its eagerness to please its master it stepped on the fly and incidentally crushed the man's skull. Then it trumpeted loud to the world its victory over the fly. Of course, it was just a big dumb brute and much can be said in excuse of its act; but it is evident that it would be very dangerous ever to allow it in the future to stand guard over another sleeping man.

Such is the status of the sincere fool within the ranks of organized labor. He more than likely means well, but being a fool his remedies are very often worse than the disease, so to speak. That he afterwards is proud of his accomplishment merely emphasizes that he is a fool, and a dangerous one, and must be curbed for the good of the organization as a whole. The master class in the past used the same means that are used in labor organizations to keep the farmers disorganized. Now it is leaving the farmers' organizations alone, even aiding them in becoming organized, and is centralizing its efforts upon the labor organization most likely to be of lasting benefit to the workers. It remains for the workers to frustrate such attempts by vigorous and rigorous action. Solidarity must be the watchword, and the only one. They must realize that the farmers are receiving support from the bankers and business men in forming their organizations, while they must organize in the face of all the opposing forces of capitalism—subsidized treachery included. Whenever the farm workers, and especially the harvest workers, be it fruit or grain, come to the further realization that one mighty force is in their grasp and on their side; that in their hands they hold the bread basket of the world full of ripe fruit, and that by organizing, and giving expression to their solidarity, they can dictate their own terms to the employers, things will quickly take a turn for the better, and ultimately the workers may gain not only an increase in wages but the full product of their toil. The time to act is at harvest time when the grain and fruit are ripe.

This brief study and partial analysis of the farmer in relation to cooperative marketing—his definite classification as a capitalist—and of the means used to make labor organizations ineffective, merely emphasizes the great need for the farm laborers to organize and **organize right.** In the past the farmer was considered legitimate prey for the pirates of finance. This attitude on the part of the big capitalists has now changed into one of actual assistance in organizing the farmer, and to recognize him as a power in national economy, as we have attempted to prove. The industrial debacle experienced in

(Continued on page Forty-Three)

# Dear Old Jim

(To James Whitcomb Riley)
By JACK KENNEY

WHERE the sycamores are guarding
And the pensive willows weep
In the land he lived to honor,
Dear old Jim is wrapped in sleep—
He who sensed the wistful minors,
With a master minstrel ken,
Of the fairyland of childhood,
Echoed from the souls of men,
Swimmin' hole and gopher warren,
Bogey man in homespun smock,
Autumn fields of frosted pumpkin,
Fodder bursting in the shock.

DEAR old Jimmy's simple carols,
Thrill with tender themes of life,
Which the country-nurtured toilers
Yearn for in the city's strife.
Where the rabble spawn and wither,
In the stench and noise and glare,
Where the callow plans of boyhood
Vanish in the smoky air,
Where the harvest moon is missing
And experiences mock
Memories of ripened pumpkin,
And of fodder in the shock.

WHERE the constable is handy
If a slave default in rent,
Where our parents' code of morals
Isn't worth a battered cent,
Where the crux of any function
Is a scheme to buy or sell,
Where the cockroach raids for rations
And the bedbug gives his smell,
Where the piecework-stunted shop girl
Barters birthright for a frock,
When the frost is on the pumpkin
And the fodder's in the shock.

WHEN the mortar cakes the trowel
And the brick seems edged with burr,
When the eyes are blear and gritty
And the ledger figures blur,
When the firebox is flaring
And the slice bar scars the skin,
When the hammer bangs the anvil
With a true infernal din,
When the street car rails are fusing
With the reeking pavement rock,
Now we dream of frosted pumpkin
And the fodder in the shock.

NOW we wish that every human
Held in fee his rood of land,
That the acres barred for profit
Might be adequately manned,
But we rouse to stop a crunching
Or to clamp or check or whet,
In the work that fends between us
And the bogey man of debt,
Casting one eye on the straw boss
And the other on the clock,
When the frost is on the pumpkin
And the fodder 's in the shock.

NOW we miss the sunny clearings
Where our fathers plied the axe,
And where liberty is fading
With the flourish of the tax!
For to ramble in the old scenes
We must break the trespass law—
We must prowl among the thicket
To escape the marshal's claw—
We must lurk in mushroom bottoms
Where we stalked the blackbird flock,
When the frost is on the pumpkin
And the fodder 's in the shock.

DEAR old Jimmy's honored ashes
Moulder in his native soil,
While the city-stifled exiles
Burn the city midnight oil,
And the swimmin' hole is brooding
Where the teal and curlew flit,
While the grown-up boys are straining
At the jobs they dare not quit,
For the labor mart is glutted
And the slave is on the block,
When the frost is on the pumpkin
And the fodder 's in the shock.

# Unwritten Books Reviewed

By ROBERT WHITAKER

**Our New Book Department is unlike that of any other periodical in the world. As THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER is emphatically a "forward-looking" magazine this original book department will deal with books which have not yet been written, but which obviously ought to be written, and will be written as the new social order gets more and more control of world affairs. We can say with confidence that the author of this department is peculiarly well qualified to anticipate the publications of tomorrow, not only as to their titles, and the publishing houses which will have the courage and enterprise to put them forth, but also as to the lines of survey and argument which the most worth while publications of tomorrow will follow. Any of our readers who wish to contribute information and suggestions concerning books which they have discovered in the offing are invited to send them to this office, or write direct to Mr. Whitaker, at 506 Tajo Building, Los Angeles, California.**

## Under Freedom's Flag

By Professor Historicus Americus

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IT IS more than four centuries since such a work as this has been put forth, and the earlier publication can hardly be said to belong to the same class though evidently the suggestion for this monumental work came from the writer of the ancient volume, commonly known as Foxe's BOOK OF MARTYRS. This volume is, as the later date of publication would naturally lead one to expect, by far the more exact and scholarly an achievement. In this respect it reminds one, indeed, of a well-known work published by an American author in 1888, i. e., "A HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION OF THE MIDDLE AGES," and the later work of the same scholar on the SPANISH INQUISITION. There is, however, no need to compare this writing in particular either with the famous English text-book on martyrology or with the more scientific studies of the persecutions of the Middle Ages by Henry Charles Lea. Whatever of suggestion and inspiration Dr. Historicus Americus may have gotten from either or both of these earlier authors the work which we are reviewing has a place and character altogether its own. That it will be even more bitterly attacked than were either of its predecessors goes without saying when one takes into account the present activities of our American Defense societies, Better America federations, and similar self-accredited champions of One Hundred Percentism. It is rumored already that the Post Office authorities are being besieged to bar it from the mails, and means are being sought by which the author can be removed from his professorial position in the University of Tenkucky, and if possible put behind the bars for a long period of years. The scholarship which he has here exhibited may possibly save him from his fate, but it is to be noted that none of the standard magazines or leading newspapers have so far noticed the book in their reviewing columns, and there is an ominous silence in those circles of advanced learning to which Americans ought to be able to look with confidence for the defense of freedom of research and publication.

### The Stars and Stripes

The book itself, which is in four parts, deals with the persecution of opinion in America since the very beginnings of our national life. Indeed, it might be said that the title of the book is not altogether accurate as to the first hundred pages or so because this portion of the work deals largely with such persecutions before we were a nation, and before our present flag, The Stars and Stripes, had been adopted as the national emblem. But this

criticism is after all quite incidental. An adequate treatise on American intolerance could hardly be written without dealing at considerable length with the violence displayed toward the American loyalists, that is, those who supported law and order and the constituted authorities when first the movement was made toward establishing a revolutionary regime in America.

Although some work had been done on these lines before the appearance of the present volume we are compelled to admit that the people as a whole have remained almost wholly ignorant of the extent to which the advocates of the American Revolution, the highly honored ancestors of our esteemed SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION carried their lawlessness and violence and scorn of the "better classes" in order to carry out their program of revolt. Dr. Historicus Americus deals with these details most graphically and convincingly, but unfortunately betrays a somewhat unscholarly touch by comparing these insurrectionists of a century and a half ago to the I. W. W. of our time, though he is fair enough to admit that no such violence and cruelties and utter disregard of both equity and legality can be proven against the Industrial Workers of the World as many reputable American historians have admitted concerning the mobs that dealt with those who were disposed to be loyal to government and court in the days of King George. The "spirit of '76," as Dr. Historicus Americus deals with it seems to have been more allied to our Defense mobs of today than to anything that has even been charged against the radicals of our time.

In the second part of this monumental volume the author deals with the suppression of the American negro, and the advocates of negro emancipation in the decades before the Civil War. The third part has to do with the treatment of labor in America from the earliest times, and again our author allows himself to go somewhat beyond the limits which his title suggests, as he deals, briefly but very effectively, with the treatment accorded to labor in the American colonies long before independence, national organization and a flag were realized. With more fullness he takes up the rise of the labor movement in America, and the violence with which the workers' early protests were met a century ago. In the fourth and concluding part of the volume, which is as long as the other three parts combined, the author portrays in detail the story of the last sixty-five years, since the days of Abraham Lincoln and negro emancipation. There is an extended sub-section on Reconstruction in the South, another on The Negro Since Reconstruction Days, another on The Big Stick And Organized Labor Since The Civil War, and a concluding sub-section on The Violence Of American Imperialism.

The book as a whole is an overwhelming indictment of our claim to be a civilized people. Hundreds of incidents are dealt with in such detail and with such citations of indisputable authorities, and thousands of other like incidents are suggestively massed in the background so as to justify the author's conclusion that "under our flag" there has been an almost unparalleled exhibit throughout our whole experience as a separate people of an all but insane vindictiveness against both the conservative and the radical whenever either of these got in the way of an endangered economic interest or a made-to-order popular hysteria. The loyalist of 1775, or the "copperhead" of 1861 find themselves as ruthlessly suppressed in seeking to maintain the policies only a little while before approved by all the orderly classes as do the abolitionist of 1830-1860, or the I. W. W. of the last quarter of a century.

In general the author is exact and fair in showing that American intolerance has manifested with almost equal virulence and ruthlessness toward dissentients of either sort, those who were behind their times, or those who were ahead of the age. Apart from an occasional and incidental utterance here and there his treatment of the I. W. W. is surprisingly just, and he has given an exhibit of American lawlessness and mad moronism in action in dealing with the American pogroms against the Industrial Workers of the World which is quite unanswerable and will remain for a long time to come the standard work of reference for all who are laboring to save the United States from the savagery which has thus far marked its dealings with racial, political, and economic non-conformity.

Every man who believes in tolerance and public decency will thank Professor Historicus Americus for the vast industry and the rare courage and high moral enthusiasm with which he has done this most difficult task. The title, "Under Our Flag," gives a sting to the exhibit of our national shortcomings in the suppression of unpopular minorities and economic prophets which ought to make the work tremendously effective in turning the tides of national sentiment. We cannot afford to remain the laughing stock and the scandal of the world.


## INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY

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# Guarding the State

**Marx said that capitalist states functioned as the executive boards of the ruling class. In his day capitalism was not the full-grown monster we see and feel in this time of excessive industrial violence. Fellow Worker Russo has sketched certain phases of police power development in the article beginning on the opposite page.**

# The Cossacks And The Workers

By PASQUALE RUSSO

**"BRING them to the prison dark,**
**That dare our mandates disobey;**
**And on their brow the Cain-like mark**
**Put plainly so the rest can see**
**That we the spector of might sway,**
**Condemning all that disgrace.**

**"Bring them to the torture hall;**
**Give them the howling third degree,**
**Hang on their feet the chain and ball;**
**That they may limp with lingering pain,**
**And in regretful memory**
**Know all their struggles were in vain.**

**"Bring them to the gallows new,**
**To drink in eagerness their blood;**
**As blowing flowers drink the dew;**
**Wrap around their necks the hempen threads,**
**Pull o'er their eyes the blackened hood;**
**Let go! We want their severed heads!"**

For some centuries now a bitter struggle has been going on between two groups, the masters and the slaves. From time to time the governmental regime of the masters has changed, but in place of it bringing freedom to the workers, it has increased their chains and refinements of oppression.

Society in its upcoming has developed through several well defined steps, such as the arboreal, migratory, hunting, pastoral, feudalistic and capitalistic. Each of these were distinct changes, yet the workers gained no advantage, chiefly because it was a change from one regime of robbers to another. The practice of exploitation remained, but was disguised under another name.

From the earliest times to the present masters and slaves have been at war; the former for the enslavement of the latter, and the later for emancipation from the former. This conflict is now known in history as the class struggle.

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, dealing with a phase of it in the Communist Manifesto, say: "The history of all hitherto existing societies is the history of class struggles. Freeman and slaves, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guildmaster and journeyman, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each time ended either in a revolutionary reconstitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes.

"In the earlier epochs of history, we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of society into various orders, a manifold gradation of social rank. In ancient Rome we have patricians, plebeians, slaves; in the middle ages, feudal lords, knights, vassals, guild masters, journeymen, apprentices, serfs; in almost all these classes again, subordinate gradations.

"The modern bourgeois society that has sprouted from the ruins of feudal society, has not done away with class antagonism. It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggle in place of the old ones.

"Our epoch, the epoch of the bourgeoisie, possesses, however, this distinctive feature: it has simplified the class antagonisms. Society as a whole is more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes directly facing each other; bourgeoisie and proletariat."

In short the history of the class struggle is the story of the bloody battles between the rich and the poor, and in very nearly every instance the parasitic minority has been able to crush the workers. This has been largely due to ignorance on the part of the workers. The masters have been able to divide them and cause them to fight one another while their own ranks were of one mind and they more successfully oppressed the workers. All during the feudalistic and capitalistic regimes the ruling class has employed the church (later adding the newspaper) as an engine of oppression.

In order to protect privileges sanctioned by the church and the newspaper, the ruling class has devised all sorts of institutions to assure and guarantee its sway. One of the most effective defenses of the divine right of private property, which, by the way, was stolen from the workers, is a new monster known as the cossack.

The policeman, like the priest, is an instrument of oppression maintained by the ruling class to protect property and goods. Property and goods are products of labor, but their ownership is vested in men who do no labor. Many workers have their minds poisoned by capitalistic ideas and therefore do not understand the policing system. It was organized to maintain the master class and to fight any inroads that the workers might make. In cases where the workers attempt to free themselves from the rule of the few, the police are used to defeat it.

Charles V, a king of France, was the first to establish a policing system and he did it to "increase the happiness and security of his people." Arthur G. F. Griffith in speaking about it said: "It developed into an engine of horrible oppression and as such was repugnant to the feelings of a free people."

### The Cossack

From France the idea spread to England, where King Edgar, in 1066, following in the footsteps of Charles of France, introduced a policing system to oppress the people. The Bull's Eye, a London police journal, commenting on this method of tyranny, stated: "Since that time the police have been, to a very large extent, simply a tool of oppression wielded by kings, lords and the owning classes against the common people." And Griffith substantiates this by declaring that "The police have become the ministers of social despotism." In other countries the police system has worked more arbitrarily; it has been used to check free speech, to interfere with the right of public meetings, and condemn the expression of opinion hostile to or critical of the ruling powers. An all-powerful police, minutely organized, has in some foreign states grown into a terrible engine of oppression and made daily life nearly intolerable.

Perhaps the most autocratic police force was that used during the time of Nicholas I, Tsar of Russia. It was he who introduced the political spy system that employed thousands of policemen. It would require several large volumes to narrate the sad stories of millions of Russian workers persecuted and killed by Russian police. While it was most severe in Russia, every other country stands convicted before the bar of humanity for having used the police to authorize the slaughter of workers who challenged the system of exploitation called capitalism.

Nor is the United States free from this stain. The cossacks of the United States have slain hundreds of workers.

All the various police departments of the United States have 100 percent loyalty records as servants of big business. In every strike or industrial disturbance the police have contributed their share of clubbing, shooting and killing innocent workers. These records in the American class struggle go back to 1850 and constitute a heinous story of brutality. In 1874, during an unemployment demonstration in New York, police clubbed the workers without reason or mercy. Three years later in West Virginia, during the Baltimore and Ohio railroad strike, the police, with militia and federal soldiers, used clubs and guns on the strikers.

In 1886 the workers employed by the McCormick Reaper Works went on strike to enforce the eight-hour day. The Chicago police were called upon to defend the right of the McCormicks in exploiting the workers.

This same group of police officials who enforce what they are pleased to call the law, violate other laws by interfering with the right of free speech. They club the workers without distinction as to sex. Many are the women and children who have had their heads smashed by the clubs of policemen.

As the strike at the McCormick works progressed, the police wounded many women and children and killed six workingmen. As a protest against the police terrorism of the time, some unknown person exploded a bomb in Haymarket Square. Several bystanders and seven policemen were killed. Immediately, the capitalist class, with its church and press began to cry "Revenge! Revenge!" This was accomplished by "framing" a number of prominent labor leaders. After a farcical trial seven of the labor leaders were sentenced to be hanged. August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fisher, George Engel and Louis Ling were found guilty and their penalty fixed at death. Oscar W. Neebe, another defendant, was given 15 years' imprisonment. Louis Ling, knowing that his doom was sealed, killed himself in his cell at the Cook County jail by exploding a bomb.

Many individuals and organizations appealed to Richard J. Oglesby, governor of Illinois, to commute the sentences of all the labor leaders. To all he turned a deaf ear. However, he did finally commute the decree regarding Fielden and Schwab, who were remanded to the penitentiary.

Parsons, Spies, Fisher and Engels were subsequently legally murdered to avenge the death of the seven policemen. With this outcome the press and preachers seemed to be satisfied, but nothing was ever said or done by the prostitute newspapers or churches to avenge the deaths of twenty workingmen killed during the trouble.

This execution of four noble workingmen made Chicago safe for the Citizens' Association, the Bankers' Association and the Board of Trade from that time to this.

The activities of the police in Chicago has its counterpart in all other parts of the United States.

It would require several volumes to recount all the acts of violence and brutality practiced by the American cossacks upon the workers, but here, owing to limit of space, we must confine ourselves to the more outstanding incidents.

In the Homestead strike of 1892 the workers rebelled against the tyranny of Andrew Carnegie. Carnegie, with the aid of the Pinkertons and federal troops defeated the purpose of the strike.

Much fighting was done and much blood was shed. Among the workers twelve were killed and twenty wounded.

Two years later, during the Pullman strike, under the leadership of Gene Debs, federal troops, state militia and city police were used against the strikers. During this struggle twelve men were killed.

In New York in 1907, during the Reefmakers' strike and again in 1909 during the Waist and Dress Makers' strike in 1909, the police clubbed and broke many heads of workers.

In July of the latter year at McKees Rocks, Pa., 8,000 workers of the Pressed Steel Car Company went on strike. The strike was under the direction of the I. W. W., and as usual in such cases the cossacks were used to crush the strike and defeat the workers.

Regarding the use of police in this strike Vincent St. John, in his book "The I. W. W.: Its History, Structure and Methods," says: "The strike lasted eleven weeks. As usual the employers resorted to the use of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary, known as American Cossacks, to intimidate the strikers and browbeat them back to work. This constabulary is a picked body of armed thugs recruited for their ability to handle firearms. Every strike in Pennsylvania since the institution of the constabulary has been broken or crippled by them. Men, women and children have been killed or brutally maimed by them with impunity. Their advent upon the scene in McKees Rocks was marked by the usual campaign of brutality. Finally one of the cossacks killed a striker. The strike committee then served notice upon the commander of the cossacks that for every striker killed or injured by the cossacks the life of a cossack would be exacted in return. And that they were not at all concerned as to which cossack paid the penalty, but that a life for a life would be exacted. The strikers kept their word. On the next assault by the cossacks, several of the constabulary were killed and a number were wounded. The cossacks were driven from the streets and into the plants of the company. An equal number of strikers were killed and about fifty wounded in the battle. This ended the killing on both sides during the remainder of the strike. For the first time in their existence the cossacks were 'tamed.' The McKees Rocks strike resulted in a complete victory for the strikers."

During the year 1912 there were many strikes in the state of Massachusetts, and police brutalities were frequent. In that year Local 20 of the Textile Workers called a strike in Lawrence and here as usual the police used their clubs freely. In this time five strikes were called, and according to St. John, they involved 29,000 workers of whom 333 were jailed with 320 convictions. It was during this trouble that efforts were made legally to execute Ettor and Giovannitti, two leaders of the I. W. W.

At Aberdeen, Washington, 1912, the workers in the saw mills, under the direction of the I. W. W. went on strike. The bosses sent for the police. The police acted at once, shattering the picket lines, jailing the volunteers, and making it possible for scabs to go to work. Women with babies in arms were knocked down by the use of the fire hose, and strikers were clubbed, in some instances being maimed for life. An armed mob of business men, aided by the police, raided the homes and boarding houses of the workers, herded 150 of them into boxcars at Hoquiam, sealed the doors and made ready to deport them to the Oregon cattle plains. Fortunately the mayor stopped this last illegal act.

October, 1916, found the workers rebelling against the conditions in Tidewater and Bergen Port Standard Oil plants. This day at Bayonne, N. J., the police, as usual, were called upon, and trouble ensued. Two workers were killed and twenty-five were wounded. George Gorham of the University of Vermont said: "Lack of organization beat the strikers. But more effective than anything else was the violence and thuggery used by the Bayonne police and by the armed guards employed by the company."

The miners of the Mesaba Range, Minnesota, went on strike June 2, 1916. Carlo Tresca, member of the I. W. W., was one of the chief leaders. During this strike four were killed by police and deputies commanded by Sheriff Meinn of Duluth. A State Commission reported to Governor Burnquist in the following language: "Miners have been exploited by the contract system, cheated, oppressed, forced to give bribes to their mine captains, arrested without warrants, given unfair trials and subjected to serious injustice at the hands of the mine guards and police."

The Ladies' Garment Workers called a strike in Chicago on February 14, 1917. Here again the police demonstrated their brutality. They clubbed women without mercy and arrested over 1400 members.

The lumber barons of Everett, Washington, instructed the police and Sheriff Donald McRae to carry a campaign of terrorism into the ranks of the I. W. W. At that time the I. W. W. was fighting to maintain the right of free speech. As a result of the instruction a number of members of the I. W. W. were massacred. Five bodies were buried, but others fell into the water and were never found.

During the summer of 1917, police helped in the deportation of 1200 strikers from Bisbee, Ariz., to a desert where they were dumped without food or water for forty-eight hours.

In 1919 there was a great steel strike in Pennsylvania. It was marked by most spectacular violence and resulted in the killing of Mrs. Fannie Sellins, a trade union organizer, on August 26, 1919. This murder was committed by cossacks. Twenty workers, all told, were murdered in this gigantic conflict.




USE THIS WEAPON TO DESTROY THESE CURSES!

The Mill Workers of Lawrence, Mass., went on strike in 1919. Again the bosses called upon the police. Regarding the violence of the police on this occasion, the Reverend John Haynes Holmes said: "For weeks these strikers were outraged by every indignity and violence that could be imposed upon them. Mounted cossacks swept the streets, repeatedly, riding down women and children into the gutters; processions and meetings which were orderly and legal in every way, were wantonly broken up; leaders were arrested on false charges, run out of town and in one case barely avoided being lynched; scarcely a day went by but some striker rushed into headquarters with blood streaming from his head, where he had been beaten by the police.

### The Man on Horseback

Great violence also marks the year 1923. In San Pedro, California, the police crushed the strike of the longshoremen. The members were held in a stockade. To protest this Upton Sinclair decided to speak upon the subject. Sinclair and his party of four persons were arrested and kept incommunicado for 18 hours.

One of the many acts of violence was perpetrated upon Salvador Rose and his wife in Toledo, Ohio. Rose's statement is as follows: "About 10 p. m. August 7, 1923, while listening to my wife Mrs. Jane Rose, speaking from a public platform, I noticed a group of police in uniform jump from automobiles. They surrounded Mrs. Rose and myself and told us we were under arrest. We then were ushered by the police to a waiting automobile and whisked away to a lonely country road about 23 miles out of Toledo with two more of the kidnapping motors following. We then stopped and I was taken out of the car, a noose was put around my neck, the loose end being swung around the limb of a tree. They proceeded to lift me off the ground by tugging at the loose end of the rope and then letting me down again."

One of the first victims of cossack brutality for 1925 is Michael Kraynick, killed at Pittsburgh, Pa., in his own home, by the police. This murder was committed February 22, 1925. The cossack who killed this worker is Teofil Cavaleski. Reverend Charles P. Irwin of the Wilmerding Presbyterian Church praised the cossack for this murder. He mentioned the courage of the man in doing his duty. A silver loving cup was presented to the cossack by the preacher. The police have fought the battles of the capitalist class; they have clubbed and killed workers; they have served as strikebreakers for the masters; they have invaded homes, brutally handled women and children for no reason other than that the workers asked better living conditions. And to make their work more effective the police have been the chief agents in the suppression of free speech and peaceful assemblage.

### U. S. Commission Report

By way of proof of this charge we submit a portion of the report of the Industrial Relations Commission regarding police brutalities: "One of the greatest sources of social unrest and bitterness has been the attitude of the police toward public speaking. On numerous occasions in every part of the country the police of cities and towns have, either arbitrarily or under the cloak of a traffic ordinance, interfered with or prohibited public speaking, both in the open and in halls, by persons connected with organizations of which the police or those from whom they receive their orders, did not approve. In many instances such interference has been carried out with a degree of brutality which would be incredible if it were not vouched for by reliable witnesses. Bloody riots frequently have accompanied such interference, and large numbers of persons have been arrested for acts of which they were innocent or which were committed under the extreme provocation of brutal treatment by police or private citizens.

"In some cases the suppression of free speech seems to have been the result of sheer brutality and wanton mischief, but in the majority of the cases it is undoubtedly the result of a belief by the police or their superiors that they were 'supporting or defending the government' by such invasion of personal rights. There could be no greater error. Such action strikes at the very foundation of government. It is axiomatic that a government which can be maintained only by suppression of criticism should not be maintained. Furthermore, it is the lesson of history

(Continued on Page Forty-Three.)

# Three Word Pictures

By A Member of Butte Branch M. M. W. I. U. No. 210

## PREPAREDNESS

THE scene is main street. Flags floating. The strains of "America" wafted on the breeze. A brass band comes down the street followed by a troup of marching conscripts, one and all more or less under the influence of drugs or liquor to keep up their spirits.

Sidewalks are lined with sobbing mothers, proud tear-stained sisters, sweethearts.

In the foreground is the usual well dressed, well fed "Parasite".

The lines halt for a moment, he steps forward, grasps the hand of one, slaps another on the back, with the words, "Good-bye, Lad, God knows I envy you. Wish I was your age. If I were ten years younger—say! — nothing on earth would keep me from going over. The chance to fight for my country, the honor of Old Glory.—Never mind, we'll keep the home fires burning, and when you return . . . . " For one instant through the daze of drug and whiskey the rebel spirit flares, the conscript clinches his hand, curses him, "You hypocrite!" They march on.




## WAR

The scenes change. It is a trench, half filled with mud and water, cursing, desperate, half-crazed men. In front a steady rain of shot and shell. Behind them the knowledge that retreat is cut off by the sure aim of their superior officers, stationed at a safe distance in the rear.

Out upon the open, hundreds, thousands of bullet-riddled mangled forms. Sightless glassy eyes turned to heaven. Intermingled heaps of dead and dying. Cries, groans fill the air.

Slowly the sun goes down in a flare of red. The whirr of circling buzzard wings is overhead.

## AN AFTERMATH

Another day dawns. Armistice. Home again. We see him cold, hungry, penniless as timidly he—BEGS for a chance to BEG for a job—.

Off in the distance another. In mud-stained, faded uniform. Once again as of yore, above the cruel memory of it all the rebel spirit flares, as fiercely, defiantly he whirls on the river bank and faces the horde.

The close of day, darkness shrouds a mutilated, blood-soaked corpse on the prison floor.

## NIGHT

The bright lights flare. . . .

"The cymbals crash, the dancers walk,
With long silk stockings, and arms of chalk—
Butterfly skirts, and white breasts bare,
And shadows of dead men watching 'em there:
Shadows of dead men stand by the wall
Watching the fun at THE VICTORY BALL."

# A Story of the White Navy*

## HOW A PROUD NAVAL OFFICER WAS BROUGHT TO TERMS BY A PASSIVE STRIKE

By SAM MURRAY

**FEW men have had the satisfaction of participating in a strike aboard an American warship, so I consider the incident and circumstances leading up to it of sufficient interest to justify its being submitted to the readers of the Pioneer. Particularly when we consider that it took place over thirty years ago among a bunch of men, practically none of whom had any organization experience and it is a verification, to a large extent, of the statement I have often heard Fellow Worker George Speed make that the workers, in a crisis, will instinctively act intelligently and right if not misled by designing leaders.**

It is also well to note that the men in the navy at that time were raked up from the waterfronts of the world and were supposed to be just what "Fatty Bill" Taft meant when in Japan, about 25 years ago, he was pleased to refer to us as the scum of the earth. However, I am inclined to believe that we were fully equal in character and intelligence to the men who are being lured into the service through a scientific system of advertising among the graduates of the Sunday school classes of inland small towns, for Mrs. Babbitt's former hired girl would be scandalized to learn what the navy is doing to her little Willie in some of our naval centers in these days of bootleggers and dope rings. The most noted characteristic of the product of American country districts is the facility with which he exchanges his cow ranch psychology for the vices and customs of a new environment.

It was during Cleveland's second administration. I was a member of the crew of the cruiser San Francisco. Our captain was J. C. Watson, who boasted of being the person who when a midshipman on the Hartford had lashed Farragut to the rigging in Mobile Bay. Better known among us, however, as Granny Watson, and on account of his habit of racing around with his long nose stuck abnormally forward, sometimes referred to as Nancy Hanks, the name of the champion trotting mare of that time.

Captain Watson was a familiar combination of a strict and ruthless disciplinarian and religious fanatic. When we had no chaplain aboard he would take it upon himself to conduct religious services each Sunday morning on the forward berth deck compelling all apprentices to attend; the men being granted religious freedom in the navy he could not force their attendance. Now, a naval summary court martial is made up of the officers of a ship, and since they are the subordinates of the captain ordering the court, they are merely a camouflaged committee for the carrying out of his wishes in the matter of soaking a bluejacket a little harder than he can do himself at his daily court called "The Mast," where he is judge, jury and executioner, but his soaking power is limited to ten days' double irons. For this reason the relative severity of the sentences is indicative of the character of the captain in command, and wherever Watson was in command the severity of the jolts was noticeable. He would say: "I am sorry to punish you, but you know I have to do my duty, for if I don't do my duty God will punish me." Then he would order you before a court martial, and the jolt you would get would be a fair measure of the desire of the captain to escape the wrath of God by handing it to you. Outside of administering minor punishments and ordering courts martial the captain had little to do with the men, and although they hated the captain, the "Frisco" was a pretty good ship and the men were fairly well satisfied.

In the fall of 1893 we were made flagship of the North Atlantic squadron and ordered for a winter's cruise in the West Indies. When about one-third of our schedule was finished we were abruptly ordered to proceed to Rio de Janiero. Something seemed to be happening to American interests down there. A few years previous to this Brazil had disposed of her emperor and now—the usual fate of new republics—a rebellion was raging. Of course we were only sent there to take observations and insure an even break so long as the affair promised to turn out in a way favorable to us. In this particular case it seemed as though the triumph of democracy and civilization was in the direction of the defeat of the rebels.

We of the crew were told that the rebels were trying to re-establish that terrible thing in the eyes of the 100 per cent American, the monarchy, and there was probably some truth in it, for Portugal was harboring the deposed monarch and seemed to be anxious to unload him back on the Brazilians.

We found the rebels in possession of one fort and the fleet in the harbor, while the government had the rest of the forts and the towns. When one morning the rebel flagship tried to stop an American ship from landing an objectionable cargo we cleared for action and by a hostile gesture showed them that we would not tolerate any interference with American trade. Most European coun-

* Prior to 1898 the steel ships of the U. S. Navy were painted white.

tries had recognized the rebels, but America had not, so they were outlaws to us. Our warlike move seemed to discourage them somewhat, and besides trouble was brewing for them in the north. The Morgan line had succeeded in unloading one of their rotten ships called the El Sid onto the Brazilian government, and she had been fitted with a large dynamite tube, and with a crew of beach combers from the Bowery and Park Row, was heading for Rio. So one fine morning the "Nictheroy," as she had been renamed, came steaming into the harbor, her big dynamite tube sticking out over her forecastle head and looking, with the aid of a little imagination, like a volcano about to erupt.

However, the rebels had evidently been informed, for we had noticed that morning when we first turned out, that the harbor was full of floating small boats in which the rebels had made their escape to the Portuguese warships and other friendly craft. We were thus robbed of the means of solving the problem that had been under discussion as to whether she would be more dangerous to the rebels or the crew of human derelicts who were forced by their poverty to accept any kind of employment even to that of an experiment with dynamite. This did not end the career of the El Sid, for in 1898 when the Oregon arrived in Rio we were delegated to convey her home under the name of the "Buffalo" for someone had induced the U. S. government to buy the old can, but she wouldn't hold together, and as we were in danger of meeting the Spanish fleet, we dropped her in the first harbor we came to. They managed to get her fixed up, and she later appeared as a part of the auxiliary navy acquired during the Spanish war.

But to return to the Frisco. We had been forced to lay in Rio harbor for four months several miles from the town and nothing to do in our spare time but watch the ships and forts pepper away at one another. The town was full of yellow fever and we were allowed nothing from shore, so, like so many prisoners, we were penned up on our ships subsisting on the immeasurably vile rations that they were serving at that time. Then, one day, soon after the arrival of the Nictheroy, Admiral Benham transferred his flag to the New York and we were ordered home. We were all happy. We were expecting to arrive in New York just about the time that spring was opening up with our pockets bulging with the gold that they had been serving us regularly, with no means of spending it but for the few articles purchasable aboard.

However, we were to meet up with a disappointment. When we arrived at the island of St. Lucia we were given shore leave while the native women coaled our ships. When all our coal was aboard the marines and master-at-arms were sent ashore to round up all the drunks who had failed to show up and we were at once ordered to Bluefields, Nicaragua.

There was a tribe of Indians in Nicaragua called the Musquitoes. They had a chief who gloried in the Anglo-Saxon name of Clarence, and it also appears that Clarence, in addition to his attractive name, was in possession of other things dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart, among which was some very valuable mahogany timber which was being exploited by English and American capital. Some years previous to this the British and American governments, backed up by their navies, had made friendly overtures to the Nicaraguan government to the effect that Clarence was to be given an autonomous government. To insure that this government be stable, which in this case meant stables for the Indians and mahogany for the Anglo-Saxons, a protectorate was to be established by the three governments. The crisis that occasioned our hurried visit at this time was that Clarence had become involved in a quarrel with the small republic which was threatening his mahogany throne. I do not remember that we noted any inconsistency about bluffing the Brazilian rebels out of existence because they were supposed to be monarchist and immediately proceeding to Nicaragua to protect a monarchy against a republic; but, of course, it will be remembered that consistency is not an important part of the make-up of the American scissorbill.

We lay for several months in the open roadstead, far off the bluff that hid the town from our view, and owing to the great panic that was on we received no money while there, but were informed that the exchequer had been exhausted for the fiscal year and that no money would be served before July first. We had been given "liberty" in Bluefields and the "bomboat" had visited us every day with "bellywash" and bananas, which supplemented our ration of "slunk beef" and beans but exhausted our savings from Rio. So when in June (1894) we were relieved by the Marblehead and sailed for New York, we were mostly broke. However, as our money was piling up on the books, we expected to have plenty when we arrived in New York. Finally, early in July, we were again tied up at the Cob dock in Brooklyn Navy Yard and as the new fiscal year had begun we expected our money. We also learned that we were to take the New York Naval Reserves out for a practice cruise. This meant that all the crew but the engineer's force and a skeleton crew of the deck force was to be transferred to the guardo until we returned. Now to those of us who had to stay by the ship the prospects of having to make another trip to sea after eight months in the tropics and two weeks alongside the dock without money enough to "make a liberty" it looked rather raw for the rest, who must remain on the guardo, with nothing to do but gas a lot of rookies for two weeks it was worse.

To make matters still worse we were tipped off by the "underground" that the money had arrived and was in the paymaster's safe. On several occasions, as was the naval custom in case of grievance, we had prevailed upon the petty officers to go to the

mast and request money, and each time the answer of the captain was "tomorrow."

At last the loaded coal barges were alongside and it began to look as though our skipper had concluded that it was his Christian duty to keep us broke and away from the Bowery until after the practice cruise. By this time all hands were extremely sore, but had anyone taken the initiative in any kind of a definite protest he would have, no doubt, spent the next few years in the "brick frigate" in Boston Navy Yard.

Finally all was ready to coal and the petty officers had again been to the "mast" and they had been told that the money would be served out as soon as the ship was coaled, but the men said: "When the ship is coaled they will transfer us to the guardo and take on the reserves, and there we'll be."

To refuse meant, probably, three years, and none relished the idea of three years in the brick frigate on top of eight months in the tropics with the paymaster's safe full of their money and the Bowery only a few blocks away. That night everyone spoke low and serious, and everybody said the same thing: "We are damn fools if we coal ship tomorrow—but of course we can't refuse." "They will get a hell of a lot of coal aboard tomorrow," etc.

The next morning the shrill notes of the Boatswain's mate's pipes were heard, followed by the "word," "All hands coal ship." The men went to their stations in the barges. Immediately the shovels began to rattle and a cloud of coal dust rose from the barges that kept the officers out of sight. The flag of the Brazilian rebels had been white, so someone got a white piece of cloth and made it fast to a squeegee handle and stuck it up in the stern of a barge and soon the barge on the other side took the cue. The Frisco was fitted with coaling ports that led to the berth deck through which baskets were passed to men on the inside who dumped them down the chutes. The shovels kept going; a few lumps of coal would find their way into a basket and it would be passed to the men on the stage by the coaling port but one of the men would accidentally have his foot in the way and in their hurry to get the ship coaled they would let go and the basket would land bottom-up in the barge. Occasionally they would succeed in getting a basket inside, but the anxious men on the berth deck would neglect to dump it before returning it to the barge. The coal passers, whose duty it was to stow the bunkers, lay around the berth deck while the sailors kidded them about the good time they would have on the Bowery while the poor underground savages were floundering around outside with a cargo of seasick naval reserves.

Hour by hour the day passed. The officer of the deck would go to the side and look down into the barge. Everybody was black with coal dust; shovels were ringing and baskets were passing to and fro. Everybody was working but no coal seemed to be getting out of the barge. Then he would take a squint at the stern where the rebel flag was proudly floating from the squeegee handle and go and report to the executive officer who would report to the captain. What they said is a mystery. Some time after the men had been piped to work in the afternoon, the boatswain's mate's pipe was heard and the men paused for the word. It was: "You will get your money as soon as the ship is coaled. Go ahead with the coaling!" Wow-oo-oo! came two hundred and fifty voices from the rebel barges. The shovels began to rattle with the same result as before, and again, in time, came the officer to the side to take a look at the men "at work" in the barges, and again he would report to his superior who would report to the sanctimonious captain. Finally towards evening the pipes were again heard, and when the men paused for the word it was: "Go below to the pay office, all the marines, and draw your monthly money! Go ahead with the coaling!" "Wow-oo-oo!" came the voices from the barges.

Now it had been the custom to pay by divisions the first four divisions being composed of the men in the barges usually came first, but evidently the Lord had inspired the captain to reverse the order of procedure and begin with the marines. Then came the word for the engineer's and powder divisions followed with the command, now beginning to sound like a request, to go ahead with the coaling. However, the men were beginning to see victory in sight and were determined not to let the old man put anything over on them. One by one, the fourth, third, second and first divisions were called in from the barges and paid. However, the strike was kept up each division as it returned from the pay office keeping up the farcical coal-passing until every last man jack of the first division was paid. In the meantime quitting time arrived and the coaling ceased for the day.

We had a main boiler under bank fires to furnish auxiliary steam which was probably burning less than a ton of coal a day. That evening I was ordered by the machinist on watch to go down and get out enough coal for the fireman, and there wasn't enough coal in the main bunkers, where 250 men were supposed to be dumping coal all day, so I had to go into the reserve bunkers and get some of the coal left over from the last trip. However, the next morning when the word was passed the men jumped into the barges with a cheer and the ship was coaled in an unusually short time.

Some of the officers were "sore" and afterwards showed their spite in petty ways that befit an "officer and a gentleman," but a spirit of good fellowship was abroad among the men. Even the old shellbacks who were wont to sigh for the return of the "good old days" of wooden ships and iron men in place of these days of "iron shops and wooden men" admitted that the gang of young fellows had some of the spirit of the good old times after all.

Captain Watson's sea service having expired, he left the ship shortly afterward one of the most

humiliated officers that ever crossed the gangway of a man-o'-war.

Four years later a brutal Spanish general ordered the Spanish fleet to make a dash out of the harbor of Santiago into what was virtually the jaws of death. Thus took place the naval battle of the third of July, 1898, the truth of which so far as I know has never been really told. A carnival of bloodshed and horror where 360 Spanish sailors were torn to pieces by our shell fire, or smothered and baked to death in the water-tight compartments of their burning vessels, and twice as many maimed. Our secretary of the navy called July third a red-letter day for the American navy —red is right. After this slaughterfest the Oregon was ordered to join Watson's squadron for a proposed raid on the Spanish coast, and as I saw him come aboard one day all rigged out in the regalia of an admiral I wondered what he considered his Christian duty to do to the rest of the Spanish navy that was left after the two disastrous battles of Santiago and Manila. But the signing of the protocol stopped it all and soon we were again bound for New York where, this time, four million patriots were waiting to shower the scum of the earth with praises and lager beer, and then forget us until we were needed for another slaughterfest. For such is the glory of war.

# New Schools for New Workers

By COVINGTON AMI

LABOR is more vitally interested in free and scientific education than is any other class in modern society: all its will to emancipation, all its power to achieve it rests finally on education for workers, by workers, of workers. All class struggles are in their last analysis struggles to control education—always the ruling and profiting classes have sought to train the subject classes to accept the existing order and their subjection as part of the "God ordained" and "natural order of things," which, no matter how bitter the exploitation and degradation of the subjected might be, it was "unpatriotic" to question, "blasphemous" to deny, and "treasonable" to resist—always, on the other hand, the militant minority to which the sufferings of the subjected must always and inevitably give birth, has desperately sought to counteract and overcome this propaganda by pointing out the truth, by educating its class to the actual facts on which its subjection rested, have boldly questioned, denied and resisted the "divinely established order of slavery" in all its realms—economic, spiritual and social—and, in the end, the militant minority has won, the old order has gone down, and a new heaven and a new earth has come into being.

Although all history bears witness to this truth, it was only very recently that American labor again awakened to the menace to its interests involved in the present handling of this great necessity of life—education—and began to give it more than apathetic attention. It was satisfied to rest on the victories of the past and to hold fast to its naive belief that the "little red schoolhouse," which its militants of yesterday had done so much to establish, was a sacred institution out of which only good could come.

This attitude of labor toward education was undoubtedly due in great part to the fact that the change from an economic, social and political system based on individualistic business and agriculture to one based on a gigantic trustified, collectivistic system of industry and commerce had been so rapid in this country—the masses of the people had been so rapidly and insidiously expropriated of property, skill and economic freedom, they hardly knew what was happening and so did not have time to readjust their thinking to the new conditions confronting them in the new order. They, the masses, and especially the wage workers and working farmers, though the order in which they had been born had been swept from the earth forever, were still taught and still continued to believe that the facts and theories they had learned in the schools of yesterday were still gospel and still applied with equal truth and full force to the new dispensation, whereunder their labor power was socialized, not for themselves and theirs, but as part of the machinery of production, distribution and finance by which the Morgans, Fords and Rockefellers sapped the foundations of republics, brought kingdoms begging to their feet, ruined empires and filled the world with blood and tears and famine.

But as "Triumphant Democracy," as Andrew Carnegie hailed the triumph of his class over the American people, gained power and extended its dominion over first one domain of our life and then an-

other, militant workers, as was inevitable, began to point out the crimes it was committing in the name of education and to demand that labor take action to save its children from being robotized by and for the plutocracy They, the "rebels," demanded the establishment of a system of education for workers that would turn out of the schools men and women capable of thinking and acting for themselves and of rendering leadership service to their fellow workers instead of, as now, merely expertly trained animals to be used en masse and unprotestingly for the pleasure and profit of the leisured few.

This, of course, was "heresy" and, at first, American labor looked askance at the new schools, shaking its head and making doleful prophecies; for today American labor is inclined, due again to miseducation, to look on all heresies, especially economic and social heresies, with displeasure and disfavor. But as "Triumphant Democracy" became bolder and bolder in its assaults on the workers and farmers and their institutions and in its encroachments on and denial of the toilers' rights, more and more men and women came to see the vital importance of education for, of and by the workers and, then, that which was but yesterday a vague dream took on the form of definite reality.

### The New Schools Rise

Under the pressure of necessity and the urgings of the rebels, groups of devoted workers began, first here and then there, to establish schools dedicated to education for workers and experiment in creating a new system of teaching, one based on scientific principles, better fitted to the age in which we live, and more efficient, therefore, in promoting the economic welfare and cultural interests of the workers. Many of these schools were launched, and many died a quick and painful death; but enough of them struggled through to victory to prove that the idea back of them was sound to the core.

Among the schools to come through its experimental stage and survive was one of the first labor colleges to be established under the new urge—the great I. W. W. college at Duluth, Minnesota, called the Work Peoples College. When this great school was first established only a few short years ago the "wise ones" shook their heads and laughed to scorn the idea of a "bunch of hoboes" showing the world a new and better way to education, though this same "bunch of hoboes" had already and often shown the world the utter falseness of the popular creed which declares that "Whatever is is right."

But this great school and others won through to victory and service, and this gave other rebel bands hope and courage, and still other schools sprang up to help carry on and forward the splendid work of education for workers.

### Commonwealth College

Among these new schools is Commonwealth College, which is devoted to higher education for workers. This school was established two years ago at New Llano, Louisiana, by Professor William E. Zeuch, a noted educator who has taught in several of the largest universities of the country, and Kate Richards O'Hare, aided by an able and loyal group of teachers long known for devoted service to the farmer-labor movement. Now, in its third year, it is located near the town of Mena, Arkansas, close to the Oklahoma border, on its own 80-acre farm. The site is not only one of the most beautiful and healthful in the land, situated as it is with the famed Ozark mountains towering all around it, but was chosen with an eye to its agricultural and water-power possibilities, it being the purpose that the college community shall maintain itself while giving and receiving education.

Commonwealth is founded on two fundamental ideas: first, "To develop in its students power for leadership service to their fellow workers when they leave its halls and go out to take their places on the battlelines of life." Secondly, "To demonstrate the practicability of placing higher education for workers on a basis of **Self-Maintenance**, by which last is meant that each teacher and student at Commonwealth, outside his or her academic work, performs four hours labor daily, on the farms, in the workshops, or at communal services, in exchange for which they receive food, shelter and laundry. The only fee charged students is one of tuition, $50 per semester payable at the beginning of each semester, the first of which begins on September 21, 1925, and the second on January 4, 1926; the academic year being of 30 weeks, divided into two semesters of 15 weeks' duration each."

The college is not a "trade" or "industrial" school; neither is it a propaganda institution. It sponsors no particular religious, economic or political creed or dogma and, while it is open-minded to all "heresies," it is partial to none. It seeks always to put in the grasp of its students demonstrated facts and to develop in them the scientific attitude which challenges an unthinking acceptance of ideas and things as they are. Its study courses cover economics, sociology, history, labor history and problems, and other social sciences, psychology, philosophy, literature, journalism, French, German, Spanish and Esperanto. Commonwealth is not competitive toward the other labor schools but supplementary to them, for only students having a secondary school education or its equivalent will be admitted to its collegiate department, which covers three 30-week years of study.

It is a fascinating experiment and if it can get the support I believe it fully deserves on its past record, Commonwealth should render invaluable service to the new labor schools and the class they are educating to administer the New Society.



A PART OF NEW YORK'S MONUMENTAL SKYLINE TO GLORIFY THE MODERN PHARAOHS OF CAPITALISM

# A Tale of Three Cities

By P. J. WELINDER

## New York

**WONDERFUL New York! The second biggest city in the world, the richest city in the world, the most magnificent city in the world, the city harboring within its boundaries the most poverty, crime, prostitution, vice, degeneration and heartless exploitation of all the cities in the world—New York, the crown of capitalist civilization.**

**Way up at the end of Central Pork is the biggest museum in the world (I suppose it is the biggest in the world as nothing less goes in New York), down at the waterfront on the same Manhattan Island is the biggest mausoleum in the world. (About this latter part there is absolutely no doubt.) Up in the museum we view, in particular, the great Egyptian exposition, the old stone carvings, its sarcophagi and mummies of some 4,000 years of age or more. Down in the Wall Street and lower Broadway district one is reminded of the fact that the world changes aspect all right, but changes very slowly.**

Take a stroll through the financial district of New York early on a Sunday morning, visit Wall Street, Broadway, Bowling Green and down to the Ferry Station and Battery Place from where one can see the Statue of Liberty; recall to your mind the picture of ancient Egypt, presented to you at the museum, and then make your comparisons. Do not the pictures resemble each other almost to the minute? Of course, this new one, the New York of today, is not quite finished yet, but that is only a matter of time. The outline is there so visible that only the blind can fail to see it.

There stands the big pyramid right on Broadway. It is dedicated to the greatest exploiter of his time, King Woolworth. He is considered greatest because he was the first one who proved successfully that pyramids of such gigantic size could be built exclusively with the labor of women and children, and practically without the assistance of male slaves. Then there is the Equitable building, biggest in the world, not quite the tallest, harboring a population of more than 60,000 people, none of whom perform a single really necessary function in society. It is the mammoth hive for drones, parasites—the big parasites exploiting the small ones and the small ones sucking the life blood out of the toilers. The Sphinx in this modern stone oasis is named "Singer." From his towering height he is looking out over the world to behold the glorious sight of the millions of men and women who have been "Sphinxified" through the mind-killing process of his sewing machines.

Down on Wall Street we find the greatest of all the capitalist Pharaohs laboring hard to perfect the biggest mausoleum of all ages. He already has his sarcophagus ready; a big stone coffin with walls several feet in diameter and with heavy bars through the opening holes. Hundreds of slaves are working within the very wall of the coffin every day, and millions are working outside of it, preparing not only one but many huge pyramids of stone and steel, that will remind future generations of the similarity between man and the corals, insofar as both are working with all their might towards petrifying themselves. The Morgan monuments will live through the ages as a constant reminder to future generations of the curse of capitalism and the foolishness of our age. At the rate the building of the

Morgan pyramids progresses, we will soon see this, the last of the "big" Pharaohs, placed in his last resting place, never to be digged up again.

As a totally lost stranger in these surroundings we find the old Trinity Church. Does it not look like an Egyptian mummy who has strolled out of his stone coffin and is trying to orient himself, find out what is going on and when they all are going to a final rest? Surely, it will soon be laid to rest with all the other mummies strolling around between the pyramids.

Out in the harbor stands the Statue of Liberty, proudly announcing to the whole world that here you will find unbounded liberties in exploiting your fellow man, that you are perfectly at liberty to convert as much human flesh and blood into some pyramids for your own self-gratification and glorification as your power permits you; that no restraints based upon humane motives are to be found here that hinder you in the game of Exploit. You, as an exploiter, have all the liberties in the world; **the greatest liberties in the world.**

Thus six million men and women are busily engaged day and night in the city of New York piling up stone, to make stone monuments out of themselves, just as the slaves and their owners in ancient Egypt were doing 4,000 years ago. And just as the Egyptians of the past have left nothing behind them except some stone monuments that prove to us the stupidity and the folly of the age, so shall the present capitalist madness, petrified on lower Manhattan Island, for generations to come bear witness and warning from a time when man had no higher ambition in life than to attempt to immortalize himself in a slab of granite or marble.

Down about 1,000 feet from the Morgan sarcophagus on the same trail, called Broad Street, we find another type, the Israelites of the age, the ones who refuse to be petrified, but who insist upon a full life for themselves. They are the sons of the sea, rebels whose demands on life place them in constant conflict with the pyramid builders. These rebels are building other monuments, monuments to life and not to death; monuments in the form of a healthy and strong human race that will devote itself to the art of living and living well, and not to the art of glorifying the dead.

On the mighty oceans they are fighting their life's battle. Sweating down in the stokeholes, while the pharaohs and their tribe are lying lazily in their staterooms or in the lavishly decorated salons listening to the descriptions of the glory and grandeur of the sea that are being recited to them these rebels (their own mentality being incapable of grasping the great and the beautiful, it can only understand stone) are perfecting that instrument—their industrial union—whereby the wonders of the world and the greatness of the world will be equally accessible to all. When that day comes the Stone Age shall have finally passed away, never to return again.

## Philadelphia

"City of Brotherly Love." Sure, "brotherly." The first, and the only city I have seen where the policemen are carrying guns in plain sight and belts with ammunition. Looks "brotherly," does it not?

It is the city with a great history. In fact, nearly all the history of the U. S. A. is Philadelphia made. There is the Hall of Independence with its Liberty Bell; great bell, it finally cracked and since then we have had nothing but "cracked" liberties in this country, except for the exploiters. At any rate, the bell preserves the date when the accident happened, so we will know the date of Miss Liberty's death.

In the Hall of Independence we find, properly framed and decorated in the national colors, the Declaration of Independence. We also find our constitutional rights stated very plainly. "Congress shall make no law abrogating the right to free speech, etc.," is one of the commandments. What is more logical than right in this city, the only one so far encountered, where a man has to notify and secure from the "brotherly" chief of police a written permit to hold a meeting in the man's own hall? Other cities are satisfied with violating the constitutional provision with regard to meetings on the streets and in the parks, but Philadelphia has gone the limit. It is a true copy of old Tsarist Russia: permit to hold a meeting; bulls present at the meeting; not permitted to speak except what the bulls consider proper, etc., etc.; a very lengthy description given by the gentleman issuing the permit in question.

In the Hall of Independence is also a small collection of art, about as poor as the city's conception of free speech. There are at least a dozen pictures of Washington, and a similar number of Lincoln, and a few relics from the bourgeois revolutionary age to keep company with the cracked Liberty Bell. But America has not yet learned the art of canonizing, of making national saints, although it has certainly developed the art of making commercial saints to a perfection. Just take a look at Washington.

George Washington, evidently, if we are to believe his biographers, was a rather temperamental kind of a man. The pictures we find of him in Philadelphia, and I believe, in all museums, indicate that he was a man immune to everything in his environment. Here we find him depicted at wedding parties, on some state affairs, Christmas celebrations, and several other celebrations, and no matter in what company we find him or what the occasion may be, we find the same expression on the man. What's the matter? Was he suffering from some kind of chronic stomach trouble? Were there no pills at that time that could relieve the patient?

And Abraham Lincoln; have you ever seen a portrait of that man where he is not shown with a face that seems to indicate that he just had notice served on him that his mortgage was foreclosed and he was

unable to meet the payment? Gosh! they must be very peculiar men, those great men. Just like the pictures we see of Jesus Christ. There are probably millions of them and wherever we see them the man looks like he was on the run bumming two bits for a flop.

No, Europe knows how to make national heroes—after they are dead, of course. Take Bror Cederstrom's picture "The Remains of Charles the Twelfth Carried Over the Boundary Line." All you see is a stretcher with a canvas covering something bulky underneath, supposed to be Charlie. But on the face of the soldiers carrying the burden you can read an expression that indicates their conception of the king. When you read that expression you can make your own hero to suit yourself, and sure enough, they have made a national hero of the worst fool that ever ruled a people, so big that it will never get room in a museum no matter what size. But America cannot succeed in that line, she should confine herself exclusively to making money and building stone monuments; the biggest in the world.

Every little alley in Philadelphia is "historic." There are name plates and engravings everywhere. Nothing can be touched as it has "historic" value. As a result there are many slums and streets that have not been swept since the revolutionary war on account of the historic value of the dust. Here the children of the working class are having a happy time, breathing the germs and dust of American history.

Historic as the city really is, so are the conditions under which its workers are living and working. The hours in the factories in Philadelphia are about the same today as in the days of Benjamin Franklin, so also are the sanitary conditions, and the purchasing power returns for their labor. As the rent and the cost of living has been quite modernized—these items being the exceptions that prove the general rule of conservatism in Philadelphia—it is rather hard for the disciples of old Ben Franklin to practice his gospel of saving. The banks, however, are preaching his gospel zealously, for whatever benefit it may have—for the banks.

The workers down on the waterfront, who once were well organized, and as a result, modernized, are again lining up with an object in view of moving straight into 20th Century life. They are tired of living in the revolutionary age with their mental and physical slavery. But outside of the workers on the waterfront there is no attempt being made on the part of the workers themselves to crawl out of the 18th Century. Long hours, short pay, starvation, dirt and filth, revolutionary traditions of liberty and plenty, and a presence of tyranny and starvation constitute the life of the major part of the two million slaves in Philadelphia and its immedite vicinity.

## Boston

America's Hellas, lots of learning, universities, schools, colleges, freaks and philosophers galore. A tradition of liberty not so far back in history caused some of its inhabitants to make a protest against the chief of police inclination towards censorship a la Philadelphia. Recently a big protest meeting was held against the chief because he had prevented the delivery of a lecture on birth control, and the chief had to consent to the very "immoral" and "sinful" act of lecturing on such a subject.

The main industry in Boston is raising kids. They are not exactly "raised," but they are at least produced. In every alley one finds hundreds of them crawling in the dirt. Evidently the department of sanitation in Boston, if there is such a department, has got the terms "birth control" and "dirt control" mixed. Both of them must be sinful in Boston, there is no control on either. Garbage is dumped in the alleys and if it is not dumped the cans stand for many days until one of the scavangers comes around and "dumps" them. He is supposed to dump them in a wagon, which he also does, but usually the wagon gets filled in the first alley, or the first twenty feet, so from then onward it is just dumping the garbage cans on the top of the load and letting the refuse fall down on the ground again. Result: dirt and garbage piled up, millions or billions of flies; germs—there must be barrels of them—and thousands of kids to "play" there. It sure is sanitation.

Organization among the workers is here, as in New York and Philadelphia, taboo. All the three cities are alike. There is a vast amount of philosophy and talk, but no action. The only ones who make any attempt to get away from the gutters are the workers in the marine transport industry. In all the other industries one meets with nothing but apathy and despair.

Politics and politicians have killed all the initiative and all the energy once in action in this part of the country. The politician is like a leper, everything he touches will be infected, rot away and die. Every time the workers in a plant or on a job begin to organize, talk organization, or consider action of any kind, at once the politician is there with his advice and his offer of "Let me do it, I know how." With talk about internationals, that are no more related to the working class movement than is the man in the moon, as being the ones to solve the problem in the shoe shop in Boston, or on a little paving job in Dorchester, or for the employes on the subways in New York, these workers are constantly brought to a point where they sit down and wait for Mr. International to come and do it for them.

Everywhere there is a strong sentiment for organization; industrial organization. It could be done, and would have been accomplished already, were it not for the fact that the philosophers and the politicians have so successfully imbued the masses with the idea of waiting for someone to come and do it for them, that now the workers are waiting for Mr.

Industrial Unionism to come and liberate them. Always waiting for someone else to do it for them. Our fight in the eastern part of the United States, and in the real industrial centers, is not so much with the boss—we always have to fight him and know how to fight; neither is it with the apathetic mass of the workers—we have them everywhere and they always follow the crowd; but it is with the politician, the so-called revolutionary politician. To him an intelligent and active working class is poison, it will leave him with nothing else to do then but to work like other human beings. It will deprive him of "leadership" as the masses become their own leaders.

The main task confronting us is to get the masses to understand the real meaning of the I. W. W.; make them see the necessity for them to act on their own initiative and not wait for some particular party to come around and act for them. It will be up to us to restore among the workers, if it is possible for us to do so, their confidence in themselves, and in themselves only. Once that is done, the battle is won. To do that we can expect to come in constant conflict with the politicians of all creeds. Shall we take up the battle with them or shall we fall for their bunk of being "revolutionary" and specialists on revolutions, etc., as we have done in the past? My trip through the eastern part of the country is enough to convince me of what course to take.



But many of these politicians, in fact the great majority of them, are sincere and honest in their belief, we are told. That's the hell of it. If they were not they would not fight so hard for their Moscow or their other oracles. The old woman who carried fuel to the stake where Huss was burned was also sincere, but that doesn't change the act. Many of the inquisitors of the medieval age were as sincere as sincerity goes. And just thanks to their sincerity did they become the very cruelest. So also here. Because the politician is sincere he will make so much greater impression and fool so many more. Because he is himself fooled completely, he is so much more valuable to those who will benefit by his acts. In our work we must abandon all sentimentality and all considerations for the individuals, whether they be honest or not in their belief, and push vigorously forward our propaganda.

Industrial Unionism is contrary to political action and to all action undertaken by any or all political parties, no matter what their name or their proclaimed tendencies are. The sooner we accept this and act accordingly, the better success will we make. To instill into the minds of the masses a firm belief in their own ability to organize themselves and eventually emancipate themselves, is the gospel of the I. W. W. Let us faithfully carry out this mission and we need not fear for the outcome.


## The Industrial Worker

**America is a land of magnificent distances. It is impossible for any single labor paper to represent all the diversified interests of the working class of the whole country.**

**The Industrial Worker speaks to, of and for the class conscious workers of the West. But no matter where you are, east or west, you will not be able to keep informed on the western labor movement unless you read this virile weekly of Seattle.**

**Since the present series was begun over six years ago, the Industrial Worker has been in the front of the class struggle in the Pacific Northwest . It is the only revolutionary, class conscious, industrial union paper printed west of the Mississippi River.**

**The Industrial Worker is printed where the White and Brown races meet. The American capitalists are now busy here trying to obscure the class struggle with shouts of race prejudice. The workers along the Pacific Coast are trying to keep peace on the Pacific Ocean. You cannot keep informed of the class struggle where it is the most intense unless you read the Industrial Worker.**

**The subscription price is $2 a year. Order from Industrial Worker, Box 1857, Seattle, Washington.**

# Problems Confronting Labor

(CONTEST ARTICLE)

By COVINGTON AMI

WHO rules Serbia?" was a question put to a Serb who recently applied to a United States court for citizenship papers.

"The King," was the prompt reply.

"Who rules the United States?"

"The Superintendent," came the equally prompt but to the court surprising answer.

Needless to say the Serb's last answer, though truthful to the last degree, was unsatisfactory, and he was denied the right to become an American citizen.

But a greater man than this naive Serb has said the same thing, and here is the substance of what he said:

"The corporation is a new form of social organization that has already in many instances risen superior to and above the state."

So declared Woodrow Wilson in an article that appeared in a magazine of national circulation about three months before he was first nominated for the presidency.

This truth, that the corporation has already risen superior to the state, the great war president, like many others, clearly saw; but when it came to dealing with and solving the problems posed by the rise of the corporation to power, he, again like many others, fell back on the exploded idea that the state, if only "honest" politicians could be found and elected to administer it, could control the corporation and compel it to serve the welfare of "all the people." He tried it, and died a broken and a beaten man. The record of both his administrations, especially the second, proved beyond cavil the falsity of the idea—just as the seizure of political power by the Communists in Russia, the Socialists in Germany, the Fascists in Italy, the Laborites in England and the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota and Minnesota have disproved it, and this though the Communists in Russia were undoubtedly honest, in earnest, and sincere in their desire and effort to abolish capitalism. They all failed, and simply because they put the cart before the horse—the political before the economic—the shadow before the substance—the effect before the cause.

So far, here and elsewhere throughout the world, the capitalists have beaten back and down the revolutions of the workers and farmers, not because the capitalists were wiser and abler than the proletarians and agrarians, but because they, the capitalists, saw to it, that, come what would, **the control of the corporation, that is to say, the control of industry and agriculture, remained in their hands.** Never have they suffered the politician really to interfere with this control. In the Americas, in Europe, Asia and Africa, and on the Seven Seas, it was through making themselves masters of the corporation, of the "new form of social organization," that the capitalist class has been able to assume the dictatorship of the world.

Never since its birth has the fundamental principle on which the I. W. W. rests been so conclusively proven correct than in the events arising out of and following the World War, for the events show one long, unbroken record of the triumph of the industrial over the political, of the corporation over the state. It was because it rested foursquare on the law of economic determinism that the I. W. W. was not totally wiped out of existence by the onslaughts made on it from all directions before, during and since the world war. It will be by standing foursquare on this principle that it will finally achieve victory over all its opponents and win the real emancipation of the working class.

### The Proof

"The eating of the pudding is the proof thereof," so runs the ancient proverb. Then let us see what proof there is, in our time as well as in Marx's that the economic is the final determining factor in the evolution of human society.

To all save the simple-minded, it is clear today that the world war originated in capitalist economics, arose out of capitalist economics, and was fought from start to finish on economic issues. All the "peace" treaties signed prove this; for all, without exception, deal solely and only with the economic "right" of the capitalist class to exploit the workers and farmers of the world. Even where superficially and on their face the treaties seem to deny this assertion, the actual facts in the case will prove it true; for it can be clearly seen today that the "Great Powers" of capitalism did not set up Finland, Poland, Latvia, Esthonia, Checko-Slovakia and the rest of the chickenfeed nations with which they have cursed Europe and Asia because of any abiding love the "Powers" had for "liberty, democracy and the right of self-determination," but solely, as they at the time thought, to secure them in their "right" to exploit the economic resources of Russia and other socalled "backward nations." Everywhere, in all the treaties it was industrial power that was aimed at, economic

monopoly, and not political freedom, for which the capitalists plunged the world into wholesale slaughter.

In their very first attacks on her, Russia's "allies" sought but three things: first, to seize all her ports and thus place her commerce at their mercy; second, to grab her oil fields, not for the United States and Britain, but for the Standard Oil and Dutch-Shell Oil companies; third, to expropriate her forests, mines and other natural resources from her people for their capitalists. Always in dealing with Russia the political representatives of the Anglo-American Plutocracy have insisted that she first "respect property rights" before they would talk "recognition" to her, and exactly the same attitude has been taken toward Mexico and all other nations that have dared to question in the slightest this "holy of holies" of capitalism; and correctly, for without the right of private property in the common means of life capitalism cannot exist.

Greater by far than the State is the mighty corporation. Witness it in the midst of war, with millions of fool German, French, British, American and other working and middle class "heroes" dying by divisions on the front—witness the corporation that controls the iron mines and steel mills of France and Germany "fixing" things so that their mines and mills were not fired on by either of the contending armies! Witness the German branch of that infamous corporation, the most infamous government the world has ever known, selling annually hundreds of thousands of tons of iron and steel to the "neutral nations," well knowing it was being shipped to England and France to be used for the slaughter of German soldiers, and this when the German army was short of munitions! Witness the French and German branches of the iron-steel-coal combine exchanging metals of which they were short with each other so that there would be no let-up in the slaughter and no decline in dividends. Everywhere, then as now, the corporation was "superior to and above the state." Throughout the war, and through all the persecutions of labor since then, the state has been nothing more nor less than the "common whore" of the corporation.

"Who rules the United States?"

"The SUPERINTENDENT!" Well and truly said, O, innocent son of Serbia!

As witness the cold fact that even in war, the most inefficient of all man's activities, the politician is an inefficient—the State is incapable of managing and directing industry of any kind, even the industry of murder. For it was not until the politician, that the state was pushed aside by the great corporation leaders, not until the "Captains of Industry and Finance" took over directly the management of "their" country, that the United States made any headway at all in fighting the world war. Graft as they did it still remains true that the United States was put in the war by the corporations and that the whole business was managed by industrialists and not by politicians.

It was no accident that this thing happened here and throughout the world, either. It was merely added proof that the territorially organized, or political state, has to all intents and practical purposes been superseded by the industrial corporation as the government of nations.

In further proof of this contention, witness what is going on in Germany today under what is called the "Dawes Plan". Under this "plan" what is really happening but this—that the Corporation headed by the House of Morgan has literally taken away from the German State its railroads and all the rest of its property that is worth the owning?

What could be more ridiculous than the fact that the French and German steel, iron and coal magnates make treaties directly with each other and calmly ignore their "sovereign" governments and then to hear the politicians who make up these "sovereign" governments talking about "controlling" the masters of their grub and cash!

Look where you will throughout the earth, there is not a single instance where the corporation has not finally subjected the state to its will or crushed its congresses and parliaments. And all this the corporation has done because it IS the NEW FORM of SOCIAL ORGANIZATION—it is through its conventions and boards of directors that the peoples are governed today, and not through the politically elected parliaments and congresses; and this is so because the men now elected to the legislatures no longer represent anything or anybody—they do not come to Washington, or London, or Paris, or Tokio with a mandate directly from the industries and agriculture and, so not coming, cannot in this day and age possibly administer sanely, however honest they may be, the affairs of society.

When one pauses to consider the manner in which the great industrial capitalists like Ford and Stinnes, for instance, have recently swept aside the political government, the utmost contempt with which they speak of it when not handing out hokum for the "dear people"; and not only that, but further observes their attitude toward the banks and bankers, one must be convinced that the real governing power in society is today vested in the corporation and not in the state; for had the state any real power to govern, or the politician any capacity to manage industry, the state would not so tamely submit to the contemptuous orders given it by the "Captains of Industry."

So far has the quiet assumption of governing power by the corporation gone that not many months ago a representative of the Dutch-Shell Oil Combine appeared in Washington with power to act for the British Empire and was there met by a Standard Oil representative with like power to act for this government; and both governments then did exactly what the two great Oil Empires agreed between themselves should be done. To behold such sights as these now being done openly before all men and then not know that the real government of the world has passed from political to industrial

hands is to confess one's self incapable of noting facts and drawing self-evident conclusions therefrom.

The truth is, the state is dying, whatever its seeming appearance of power may be, and the industrial corporation is rapidly taking unto itself the administration of all the affairs of society, social, political, spiritual, and economic as well. Hence the first great problem that today confronts the working class in its fight for better conditions and final emancipation is, or should be: **How it can control the corporation and so reorganize its administration as to make it serve the workers and farmers, the interests of the producers alone.**

### Industrial Democracy

This is the first, great problem of the workers today.

Their next great problem is to achieve international and inter-racial SOLIDARITY.

These two problems solved, all of the rest of the problems that will confront the workers in their passage from capitalism to socialism, from serfs to freemen, they will be able to settle almost automatically.

Hence the writer contends, and has always contended, that the I. W. W. was, is, and always will be right in laying all stress on the necessity of INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION as the first effort of the working class in its struggle to better its condition and revolutionize the system.

It is here, in this contention, that the I. W. W. has differed and still differs from all other organizations and parties: It, the I. W. W., **seeks first to control industry and through its industrial organizations to become the general administration of society.**

This being true, the I. W. W. has had the good or ill fortune to clash with the politicians of all parties; and this, so long as it continues to insist that the unions, the economic organizations, shall come first and ahead of all other endeavors of the workers, will be the fate of the I. W. W. until it is triumphant over all opposition, as it is written in the stars that it yet shall be.

Out of its insistence on the all-importance of the industrial organizations, out of its great preamble, came its creed of industrial democracy—came its insistence that the workers alone had the right to say how their lives should be governed. It was the I. W. W. writers and speakers who first popularized the term "Industrial Democracy," and this they deliberately did in order clearly to distinguish the difference between the Industrial Commonwealth as conceived by the I. W. W. on the one hand and political democracy, state capitalism, state socialism, and state communism on the other.

To the true I. W. W. the workers are all in all and there is no other creator beside, and to him the industrial union is what the state is to others. And so, he seeks always to make the "One Big Union the Human Race," and to that end uses all other organizations and brings to bear the "might of folded arms" and all other force he can conjure with to achieve his end—a society of the workers, by the workers, and for the workers.

Not being able to conceive of this society as being organized outside of industry, or from the top down, the I. W. W. goes to work building up the new society at the only point where the power of the workers is clearly manifest—**at the point of production.**

This being the case, he is at once at war with all the old order, social, religious, economic and political, and all this alone is sufficient to explain the bitter persecution of the industrialists and syndicalists by all the states of the world, including Russia; for the Industrial Commonwealth cannot arise without displacing everywhere the political states—Industrial Democracy cannot come into being and power—the working class cannot emancipate itself—without building up its own machinery of social administration and, today, its only hope of doing so is through the industrial unions, by which alone it can seize and administer sanely and efficiently the industries, in which we, the workers, live, move and have our being.

This, then, is the first great problem of the working class—how to organize industry and agriculture of, by, and for itself.

Second, how best to achieve international and inter-racial SOLIDARITY, without which its hope of final emancipation is vain.

Third, how to supplant the Industro-Financial Autocracies of today with an Industrial Democracy.

But all this the I. W. W. shall yet do.

"We shall batter down their prisons,
We shall set their chain-gangs free,
We shall drive them from the mountainside,
The valley, plain and sea!"

**CORRECTIONS:** On page 28, of the June issue of The Industrial Pioneer in Vern Smith's "Was Morgan Wrong?" a serious typographical error caused the first sentence of the first paragraph in the second column to read: "But this gentle sort of slavery, and ceremonial rather than remunerative type of nobility, is just the normal type of both institutions." It should have read: "But this gentle sort of slavery, and ceremonial rather than remunerative type of nobility, is just the normal type **in the origin** of both institutions."
On page 38 of "Memoirs of a Modern Pirate" the word "discuss" in the last line, first column, should have been "dismiss."

# The Shadow of Jehovah

By WARREN LAMSON

WHEN I was a little boy, of six or thereabouts, my mother being dead, I was taken to live with an uncle and aunt. They resided in the slightly rolling country some forty miles east of Columbus, Ohio. The nearest railway station was six miles away. The postoffice, general store and small cluster of houses where we received our mail and purchased a few of our very few needs, was a mile and a half distant.

We had no money excepting the few pieces of silver and copper derived from the sale of poultry and eggs to the huckster, or from the sale of rags and old iron to an occasional wandering junk man. The huckster, whose wagon regularly passed on the road that ran a few yards from the farm house, drove a covered wagon. It was a house of wonders to us, containing many compartments filled with everything from candies and spices to figured bolts of calico. It is true that twice a year, when the hogs were fattened and sold or when the crop of timothy hay was cut, cured, bailed and hauled to the distant railway station, we had an evanescent sense of wealth; but when our yearly supply of clothes was bought and the interest upon the mortgage paid, nothing was left.

In spring the country was scented and beautiful with myriads of fruit trees in bloom and the sugar-sweet sap ran through the maple trees which we gathered and reduced to syrup.

In summer the bountiful land gave up a generous treasure from orchard, garden and farm. We children, the chores done, barefooted trudged the dusty road, romped through the orchards and dipped in the streams which traversed the land.

In fall, after school hours, we gathered the rich nuts with which the country abounded, and raked the wondrously colored leaves to make bonfires.

In winter we sometimes took our books home from school and studied by the fireside. We had marvelously illustrated geographies and hateful grammars and language books. There were histories which pictured our national heroes in thrilling poses. There was Washington, face resolutely set, crossing the Delaware. Arnold charging the British lines yards ahead of his troops; we all felt it a personal hurt that he had turned traitor. Phil Sheridan's return, where he hailed his retreating army crying, "We're going back, boys! We're going back!" was a picture over which we boys spent hours.

On holidays we trudged about the frozen snow-covered soil, applying our geographical knowledge to the hills and streams about, pointing out promontories and isthmuses here, and capes and plateaus there.

Our evenings were passed in reading the books of the school library and the few sentimental journals which reached us, "Comfort," "The Youths' Companion," etc. The school library, purchased with funds torturously raised by giving ice cream socials, etc., consisted of some two hundred books. Wonderful tales of heroism and self-sacrifice for patriotic causes, and in our young bosoms our hearts swelled with the spirit of emulation. Not one of us questioned. Not one of us but would have freely yielded our lives for our country's welfare. Of the great class conflict in the industrial world without we knew naught. The journals, usually sickly sentimental, were filled with tales of newsboys and bootblacks who slept in dry goods boxes and huddled over bake oven grates for warmth.

Nearly every home housed an organ. These were manipulated to such tunes as "Poor Joe," "One Night in June," and "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

The folk of the community were reasonably honest and industrious. They knew nothing of scarlet crimes of passion of the outside world, nor of the mean vices of the slums of our great cities. They were generous with their limited stores. All had economic security and were relatively independent. Yet a canker gnawed at the hearts of this placid community; their contentment and serenity was muffled by a loathesome spell.

On the farm adjoining my uncle's lived a childless couple, Hiram Eagle and his wife. This man was industrious, never meddled in his neighbor's business and, as I remember, was probably the most worthy citizen in the community; but he did not go to church.

Now the folk of this rural community were extremely devout, Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians. During certain times of the year some of these held camp-meetings in tents. Anyone passing these meetings not informed as to the nature of the gathering might well have supposed that he was in the vicinity of a perturbed animal show, or a low resort of drunken brawlers. This, of course, was only the devout shouting their praises and going through their yearly act of being saved, casting their plug tobacco away, and so on, all to the tune of a most discordant hallelujahing, groaning, moaning, amen-ing and shedding of tears.

Hiram Eagle never got saved, never cast away his tobacco only to purchase more. He quietly stayed at home and was supposed to commune with the ungodly works of Ingersoll and Voltaire.

We children, too young to think for ourselves, readily believed and passed along the mental rubbish recited in our presence regarding this non-conformist. Sometimes we passed his house in force and behaved with unrestrained insolence; but when alone we slunk by as though we were passing some mythical dragon's cave.

Hiram Eagle never, to my knowledge, covering some seven years, cast even a reproach at us little heathens, nor at his benighted neighbors, but pursued the even tenor of his ways. Thus only one discordant influence occurred to disturb the serene contentment of the community. **The shadow of Jehovah fell athwart the land.**




WILL THE IMPERIALIST HOGS FIGHT OVER THE SLOP?

# An Old Story Retold

By ROBERT WHITAKER

THE young chap had everything except a real job, so he wasn't happy. He had so much that he thought because he wasn't happy with all of that truck on hand there must be something the matter with **his soul.**

There was, but not just the way he figured it. He reckoned that as he had a cinch on this world what he needed to be wholly satisfied was to get a first mortgage on a good corner lot and an up-to-date mansion in the next world.

So he asked the soap-boxer on the corner how he was going to fix it up with the Big Boss above.

"Why, you know the rules, don't you?" said the soap-boxer. "Don't kill anybody —except when you are told to do it by the government. Don't steal — at least not small stuff, or out in the open. Don't get in bad on the women."

"Oh, yes, I know all that," replied the young chap, impatiently. "I've walked the chalk-line all my life. Somehow it doesn't fill the bill."

"Well," said the soap-boxer, "if you really want to know what's the matter with you try a turn at a man's job. Unload all that graft your dad handed out to you, and join me and this bunch of fellow workers who are out for a new deal for everybody."

But "the young man went away sorrowful, because he had great possessions."

(Continued from Page Two)

far too groggy ever to recuperate. Restoratives born of financial ingenuity and political aspiration such as the Dawes plan, to cite a single "panacea," do not revive the system but add to its vertigo.

Shanghai has been occupying the center of the world stage for several weeks because 150,000 Chinese workers and sympathizers struck against methods of excessive exploitation in factories owned by Japanese capitalists. As soon as the strike started United States marines landed, while battleships of Japan, Italy, France and England —eighteen altogether, counting those of the Dollarica — steamed up for action against the Chinese strikers. Bitterly contending among themselves for rich China's choicest morsels, these rivals united as one force to break the strike. Their uniformed assassins murdered strikers and students, thus inaugurating in China a reign of bourgeois brutality which is an old story to the wage slaves of the Occident, but a new one for the Chinese. Industrial development under capitalism means violence to workers. Capitalism is just getting a good start in the Celestial Republic.

If you understand the theory of surplus value you grasp the significance of industro-financial imperialism. Wage slaves of industrially advanced countries are furnishing the wealth which is used to keep them in subjection and to give their masters power over their fellow slaves in other countries. Bosses use workers for the purpose of taking profits from their labor. These profits pile up and are invested at home until there is room for no further domestic expansion. Then business sends its agents, among which warships are very potent, to get new markets and to find new fields in which to invest capital. In the case of all these warships rushing up to protect the "interests" exploiting China we are again reminded of Rear-Admiral Fletcher's statement before a banquet of business men some years ago. Fletcher said: "Navies are the insurance for the wealth of leisure classes invested abroad."

Central Americans understand this very thoroughly, having been educated by our brave sea dogs.

South America used to be regarded as the heaven of bourgeois investments but certain of the more important republics are going ahead rapidly with their own factory system development, and they are exporting the products of industry. This adds to the contestants for markets and reduces the area of virgin soil for bourgeois rapers. China, on the other hand, has incalculably great natural resources and a population of more than 400,000,000 which can be used to create wealth for foreign bankers. No more palatable prospect was ever set before the glittering eyes and watering mouths of world imperialists.

What is to be the outcome seems to be known by certain liberal emotionalists, for in an editorial in The Nation (June 17) we read in connection with the situation:

"For ourselves we are happy that this issue is to be forced, that China is beginning to drive out the foreigners who have so long imposed their ways upon her."

This is unadulterated bosh. The Chinese are without sufficient unity to expel these invaders. They cannot do the work with arms because they lack them, and the labor movement there, though militant and promising, is still too small to be effective.

China is to be developed by foreign capital. American wage slaves, because they constitute the most efficient of all slave groups, are destined to furnish a large part of the surplus value — profits — used by their masters to get factories in China started, mills running, mines dug, and railroads thrown across the vast territory.

And after a while the goods produced in Chinese factories are going to be on the world market. Another erstwhile backward country will have advanced to industrial prominence. Chinese workers, in common with those of America, England, France, Italy and other lands, will be given just enough to eke out a miserable existence and to keep up their race. They shall ex-

perience low wages, long working days, machine mutilation and deforming, premature deaths, speeded labor, insanitation and various other blessed features of factory economy.

There shall be wars for markets again as profits mount, and capitalists, with an industrially progressed China, shall look more searchingly for new worlds to conquer. It seems as though they'll have to get into the Congo next, and after that to the Australian bush. That is, of course, the slaves who do the work. The bosses have winter and summer resorts and all else save one very important item—numbers.

We have numbers. Let us organize our class to upset the dear boss, and to take the land and machines for our own purposes.

**LA FOLLETTE**—We have just been apprised of the death of Robert M. La Follette, Wisconsin United States Senator, who ran in the last election for the job that Mr. Coolidge secured. La Follette is regarded by many as a progressive, yet there could be nothing further from the truth. He championed the cause of those petit bourgeois forces that, though numerically considerable, are being yearly pushed from an estate of competence into the propertyless condition endured by the industrial workers, the machine proletariat.

The ambitions of this small capitalist group is to go back to a time of industrial growth and land ownership in which concentration of wealth into trusts and banking firms of national and international force played no part. The evolution of machinery, and the centralization of control which more and more aims at the elimination of competition between ruling class factions is a social inevitability, and he who seeks to retard its progress or to force back the irresistible tide is like the king who wanted to force the ocean flood to ebb before his scepter when it was on the inflow.

It is not a great number of small capitalists, all getting some of the product of the toilers and cutting one another's throat in bitter, wasteful competition, that is the way of human advancement. Machines have grown to gigantic size and the social manner of wealth creation points not to divisions of the spoils among a numerous, inefficient horde of little bosses, but rather is progress with another movement which the late Senator La Follette regarded, as a true politician should, with disfavor and hatred.

The workers must unite on the industrial field in one big union and take the machines and the land for common ends. It is slight comfort to the worker who is robbed of the major part of the wealth he produces to know that a dozen or a thousand thieves have been going through his pockets and withholding the fruits of his labor or that one great exploiter has done the same thing. La Follette represented the small robbers and the glory that was given him by poor farmers and some workers only shows how little they understand social forces, and it emphasizes the need existing for a more general reading of our literature and an extension of our educational work. It is up to us to build up our industrial unions, and to carry on the work of true education. In proportion to its dissemination is dispelled romantic gush about progressive champions who spend their lives in most direct assaults upon progress.

**NAILING A LIE**—In the March 31st issue of The Daily Worker, communist organ, Chicago, a tirade against the I. W. W. signed by Harrison George included this statement:

Gahan, editor of The Industrial Pioneer, is invited by the reactionary labor fakers of the Barbers' Union of the A. F. of L. to speak against the Workers (Communist) party to the local. He did so on March 26.

I wish to say that the barbers did not invite me to speak and I did not do so. I addressed a letter to this effect to Engdahl, editor of the paper that ran the lie, but he refused to make a correction. Since that time I have received the following letter which is conclusive:

JOURNEYMEN BARBERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION OF AMERICA

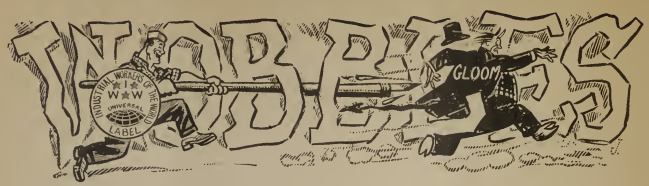
Local Union No. 548, Chicago, Ill., May 25, 1925.

John A. Gahan,
Managing Editor, Industrial Pioneer,
1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

This is to certify that John A. Gahan did not speak at our meeting of March 26th, or at any other meeting of our local.

Yours sincerely,
W. S. LEIDIG,
Pres. Local 548.




## PROGRESS IN THE SCIENCE OF ENGINEERING

The **Professional Engineer**, a monthly journal of the American Association of Engineers, leading society of technicians in these lands, contributes the following to the advance of the scientific world: "Love is a great spiritual truth finding expression in the highest type of religion within human range, service to one's fellow creatures. All of Christ's teachings were supremely expressed in the giving of his life as a token of his love. (Omission of the reverent capitals not ours.) Whoever has missed the fact that love is the central truth of human life, has missed the most important fact of life."

## EVEN IN DEATH

It is said that a Ford slave had a dream in which Henry "shuffled off his mortal coil," as even millionnaires sometimes do. As they were about to bear him away he suddenly came to life, sat up in his coffin and looking at the six Ford slaves who had been selected for pallbearers, his efficiency wizard exclaimed, "What are you six men standing around here for?" "We are your pallbearers," they replied.

"Well," ordered Hank, "Four of you find another job to do and two of you put wheels under this thing and push it along."

## THE CLOSEST RACE

It was in a bunkhouse they were telling of the close races. Poney Pit said that his horse ran at one time in which it won by the length of his tongue. "God, it sure was a close race, and I had all my money on him."

The next story was told of a boat that had won in the last year's race and so was entered for this year's race with a new coat of paint on it, and they had won by the thickness of the new coat of paint. Admitted a close race.

A dry Irishman was in the act of lighting his pipe when he said, "I was up in the North of Scotland." Silence for awhile and then someone said, "well tell us of the race." "Well, that's the closest race I ever saw."

## OFF THE MARKET

Judge: "Do you wish to marry again if you receive a divorce?"

Liza: "Ah should say not! Ah wants to be withdrawn from circulation."

## BIBLE PROPHESIES BRIGHT FUTURE FOR COMBINE

**The Lumber World Review**, a deliberative journal of the national lumber industry, imbibes courage from the word of God. It states editorially, "If—in the book of Proverbs, and in the Gospel as set forth by Nehemiah—it has been determined that those who counsel together get the best results in the affairs of life; then the lumber industry of the United States is hovering right now on the edge of a commercial millennium."

## SPECIMEN FOR ANALYSIS

"The study of the occult sciences interests me very much," remarked the new boarder. "I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were and to—"

"May I help you to some of this hash, professor?" interrupted the landlady.

## ECONOMIC DETERMINISM

When anyone is injured in the steel mills at Gary, the foreman in charge of the particular department where the accident occurred is usually "called on the carpet." Sometimes he loses his job.

One day a straw boss by the name of Andy was running ahead of a heavy crane-load of steel, shouting to everyone to keep from under the load. One group of workers seemed slow in heeding his warning. A look of terror spread over Andy's face as he ran towards them and screamed, "Get out of the way! Some of you damn fools will get killed, and I'll lose my job!"

## ANOTHER ECONOMIC URGE

I'se gotta git me a husband somewhuh," said a brown-skinned maid as she stood up to rest her back from "floor scrubbing; "I'se gittin' tiahed o' dis wuk."

# Farm Workers, Organize!

(Continued from Page Sixteen)

Europe is finding its lesser counterpart here in the United States. The European experience with peasants as the butchers of revolting city workers taught the industrialists of this country that the backbone of the present system is the farm population, and they now figure that it is poor business to scrape this backbone too clean. So we now see them busy aiding the farmer in order to bolster up their own regime. But this change on one front has caused the industrialists to increase their hostility towards the organizing of the workers. Open shop plans are the order of the day.

This just means that there is a greater need than ever for a really strong organization of wage workers. The strength and efficiency of such an organization of wage workers depends upon how clearly and correctly it reflects the trend of the times. There must be the tendency in it upon the part of its members to give unstinted financial support and personal service. There must be in it a strong keynote of class solidarity, or strength and efficiency vanish. The realization of class interests must come to the workers and be acted upon as speedily as did the owners and controllers of industry when they came to realize that the unorganized state of the farmer was a danger to the capitalist system. The unorganized state of the farm worker is a menace to the welfare of the working class as a whole. Organize, farm workers, organize!

## ANNOUNCEMENT OF BOOK REVIEWS

**We have arranged to present a number of book reviews each month and in the August number we are running the opinions of competent critics on such prominent works as Cabell's "Straws and Prayer Books;" Lewis' "Arrowsmith;" Fitch's "The Causes of Industrial Unrest;" Brodney's "Rebel Smith;" Calverton's "The Newer Spirit," and Trotsky's "Literature and Revolution."**

## CORRESPONDENTS, NOTICE

**When writing letters concerning the management of this magazine and Industrial Solidarity, address them to O. N. Peterson, Business Manager, as he is the new manager of these publications.**

**Letters dealing with matters regarding publication should be sent to the respective editors. Vern Smith is editor of Industrial Solidarity and John A. Gahan of The Industrial Pioneer.**

# The Cossacks and the Workers

(Continued from Page Twenty-Four)

that attempts to suppress ideas result only in their more rapid propagation."

The international capitalists are now intensifying their campaign of terrorism against the workers. In Italy, Bulgaria, Poland, Germany, Hungary the reactionary governments are killing and jailing thousands of workers who are opposed to the rule of capitalism. This is done in the hope of averting the coming storm, the Social Revolution.

Nor are the capitalist class of this country sleeping. In California the police are suppressing free speech and jailing workers for their insistence of that right. There is reason in believing that the strike-breaking President Coolidge will inaugurate an era of terrorism in an attempt to quiet the present agitation. And Charles Dawes, the American Mussolini, is prepared for the drive against the workers of America.

Labor is the producer of all commodities, therefore the originator of all wealth. The workers raise all the corn, wheat and potatoes, but they are starving. The workers build beautiful mansions as homes for their masters while they live in tenements. This is due to the fact that they are not united.

The workers feed and clothe the police; the capitalist orders the police to use their guns on the workers; this also, because the workers are not united.

The workers manufacture guns, clubs, bullets, the equipment of the police and find they are used upon the workers. This because they are not united.

In order to change the system; in order to abolish exploitation; in order to stop the brutalities of the police, the workers must unite industrially.

By uniting you will gain the power to overthrow and change the system; by uniting you will come into the enjoyment of the full product of your toil.

# An Address to the Brotherhoods of Railroad Men, Galion, Ohio, on their Memorial Day, June 14th, 1925

By BISHOP WILLIAM MONTGOMERY BROWN

My Friends:

If I were a politician, or if I were the sort of clergyman I used to be, I would probably begin by addressing you as "Fellow Workers". That would be a nice way to begin, but it would not be so. I am not a worker. I am a parasite.

The workers are those people who create the wealth of the world. The parasites are those who take it, without doing any work. You earn your living by the sweat of your brow. I get mine in exactly the same way—by the sweat of your brow. Under the circumstances, I have not nerve enough to address you as "Fellow Workers." I am afraid some realistic railroader out there in the audience would yell, "bunk!" And what could I answer to that?

I might say that God in his infinite wisdom has arranged things that way. But I do not believe it. I believe that we in our infinite stupidity arranged things so that some of us shall have all the work and worry and others have all the pay and play.

It is easy to charge all our mistakes up to God, especially those mistakes which give us an easy living and give the fellow we are talking to such a raw deal that we are ashamed to take the responsibility for it.

I do not know anything about railroading. I know a little something about railroaders, however. I know they are heretics.

Do you know what a heretic is? A heretic is a person who does not believe all the things that people used to believe. He is also a person who believes a lot of things which never were believed before.

Please get both of those statements. Many people seem to think that a heretic is simply a person who does not believe something. Study all the great heretics of history, and you will discover that such a definition does not fit. The heretics all believed something. They were great believers. They believed too much. They believed so much that they made the authorities feel uncomfortable.

Some of them did not believe in the divine right of kings. But they did not stop there. If they had only stopped with that, the kings would not have minded it much. But they believed in the divine right of the people to get rid of their kings. That is what made the kings mad. These noble souls were not put to death for their unbelief. They were put to death for their beliefs. They believed in changing things. They believed that things could and must be changed.

I said that railroaders are heretics. If you had not been heretics, you would not have organized these brotherhoods. That was a terrible thing to do. It shows that you did not believe that God had everything fixed up exactly as it ought to be. You believed that things ought to be changed. You believed that they could be changed. You are heretics.

There are a lot of things which you believe in which would have shocked your great-great-grandfathers. You believe in steam. You believe in electricity. And you believe in the laws which govern these forces, instead of assuming that they are controlled by good and evil spirits.

If your great-great-grandfathers could come back today, and see one of your trains whiz through their farms, they would conclude at once that the Devil was going by. They would go to their knees before such a supernatural demonstration. The chances are they would confess their sins and cry out for mercy.

You take such things as a matter of course. You have a general idea in your mind of how railroads happened. You do not think of them as supernatural. More and more, in this industrial age, the tendency is not to think of anything as supernatural.

Does this mean that we have less faith in these days than in the good old times?

My answer is no! That is where I seem to differ most from my brethren in the House of Bishops, who have been trying me for heresy. I claim that this so-called age of unbelief is an age of great and growing faith.

The old dogmas, to be sure, have lost their hold upon us. It is harder than ever to stampede us into the ancient gestures of devotion; and threats that once filled us with terror are now heard with a grin. Hell, if it has not been abolished, has cooled off perceptibly. It does not blaze in our consciousness in the way it used to do.

But this does not mean, I maintain, that we are less religious. It does not mean that we are less humanitarian in our impulses, or that we have less of the Christ spirit in our daily lives.

You railroaders today, I believe, are more devout, in the best sense of the word, than were the high priests of the day gone by. You know more than they did: and because you are better acquainted with the laws which really govern us, you are living far more holy lives.

You firemen, for instance. If you were holy, in the sense that holiness used to be understood, you would not be worth anything at all to your fellow

men. If your fire did not burn, you would attribute it to some evil spirit, and you would begin to burn incense instead.

And you engineers would not like that. Not that you are irreligious, but you happen to know that incense does not make a boiler boil. You may believe in the supernatural yourself, and, though I do not, it is not my intention to attack anyone's belief, you do not want your fireman to take his supernaturalism too seriously while making a run.

The holy man, under such circumstances, is the man who knows the laws of combustion and brings his own actions into conformity with those laws. Such a fireman may not know that he is religious. He may even use some supposedly irreligious language while he goes about his job: and people like myself—idlers and parasites and professional moralists—may hold our hands to our ears.

Nevertheless, if we are waiting for a train or we are riding on one, we are not much concerned with the theological theories of the men who are manning it; but we want to know that they are thoroughly acquainted with the laws that govern steam engines and air brakes, and that they will hold those laws in reverence.

This, I am aware, is a very shocking view of religion. It is shocking because everybody understands it. It is shocking because it is practical: because it can be applied.

Religion, according to a long-standing theory, is something apart from life. It does not have to do with this material world, with the world of force and motion, with electricity and steam and engine failure, with flues that leak and coal that will not burn and general mismanagement from which you men are principal sufferers. And when we think of religion as not having anything to do with these things, the religion we think of presently becomes a religion we can not use.

It is no accident that we save such a religion for Sundays, and for funerals, and for special occasions. It is no accident, since we can not do anything with it in this world, that we shunt it all over into the next world. And it is no accident, since we can not live by it, that it means nothing whatever in the practical affairs of life to speak of a man as being "religious."

A man may be religious, according to a common use of the term, and not be a whit more honest than some notorious "infidel". He may be religious in this sense and be infernally mean. He may be religious and devote his life to piling up wealth. He may even be religious, in this sense of the word, and hire little children to slave away in factories and oppose every attempt to liberate them as being bad for business.

But he can not be religious, in my sense of the word, and be any of these things: for he can not be any of these things, if he understands the laws which actually govern human life. Just as the fireman who understands the laws of combustion has comparatively little trouble getting along with his fellow men.

He may not believe in hell. He may have serious doubts as to the special divinity which is supposed to reside in certain names. The dogmas he hears from the pulpit may have little meaning to him, or they may seem to him to be hideous travesties of truth: and it is even possible that such a man may think that he does not believe in God.

But see what the man believes, if you want to get his real religious measure. See what he is driving at—what he is actually living by, not what sort of words he uses or what Psalms he sings.

Has he discovered his fellow men, and does he believe in them? Has he observed the marvelous laws which govern human nature? Has he discovered that the life is more than meat and the body more than raiment? Has he observed how profitless it is for a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Has he noticed that human beings can not live unto themselves, and that they can realize human life only to the extent that they live in lives of other human beings?

And has he observed therefore, that he that saveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for the Son of Man's sake, the same shall find it? If he has discovered these laws and observed them—do not tell me that he is not religious. He is a saint.

It is quite conceivable that he may be tried for heresy. He may even be crucified in some way: and the tribunal which condemns him to crucifixion will maintain, of course, that they did it because of his unbelief.

But that need not fool us any longer. Those who want to hold the world still are never disturbed because people lack belief. What disturbs them is that people are beginning to believe. They are developing convictions, and there is real danger of their doing something about it.

I wrote a book a few years ago. I think you have heard about it. It was a terrible book. It was an impolite sort of book. Perhaps it was not a nice book, judged by ordinary standards, for a bishop of the Church to write. But I insist that it was a thoroughly religious book.

On the front cover of that book, I printed this slogan: "Banish the Gods from the Skies and Capitalists from the Earth."

Now, that book has given me all kinds of trouble. It seems to me that I have been in court ever since. Incidentally, I have been officially branded as a heretic by two tribunals, and one of them has recommended to the House of Bishops that I be deposed from the Christian ministry.

I do not intend to argue that case before you. I shall just refer to it in passing. The situation at present is this: if the House of Bishops, or the Church itself finds it possible to define heresy—if they can set forth some statement concerning Gods in the Skies—some confession of literal belief to which they are all willing to subscribe and which shall be used as a standard of my fitness to remain in the ministry—then there will be no further controversy. I shall know at once whether I can sub-

scribe to it or not; and I shall either subscribe to it and remain in the House of Bishops or refuse and come away. But up to date, no such standard of literal belief has been agreed upon: and there is no intention, so far as I know, of attempting to erect such a standard.

We have our Creeds, to which we subscribe; but no educated clergyman, so far as I know, accepts them as literal standards of belief. When we say that Jesus sits "on the right hand of God," we do not mean that we literally believe that God has a right hand and that Jesus has been sitting on it all the time during two thousand years. We use it merely as a symbol, just as you speak of the sunrise, although you know very well that the sun does not rise. But many of my brethren take some of the statements in this creed literally, while taking others symbolically, whereas I take them all symbolically.

They think I ought to accept some of these statements literally: and I could not object to that if they would only tell me what ones. But I have objected, and do object, to being thrown out of the Church for heresy by persons who are not willing to say what they mean by the term.

So much for my trial: we have more important things to talk about here. What did I mean, a lot of good people are forever asking me, by proposing to banish Gods from the skies and capitalists from the earth? What did I have against God? What did I have against the capitalists?

The answer is, first, that I had nothing against God. I believe in God. I am searching for Him. I want God. I believe we need Him in our business. I believe we need God in our railroading. I believe we need Him in the organization and promotion of all human affairs.

And because we need God in all our human activities, I do not want Him reserved for funerals. I do not want Him, moreover, as the mere ruler of a kingdom beyond the clouds which, under the circumstances, we can not possibly know anything about. I do not want Him kept up in the skies where we can not see Him. I want Him brought down to earth, so that the real laws of human relations may supplant the present absurd guesses on the part of politicians and priests.

We have made what we call laws, but they are not laws. They are not the laws of human life, because human life, does not thrive under them. They are nothing but a book of rules: and I do not need to tell a group of railroaders that there is a vast difference between actually understanding railroading and simply following the book of rules.

We have made laws, for instance, which make it necessary for the millions to spend their lives in toil so that the few can spend their lives in luxury. We have made laws which divide the human family into classes, which compel certain people to perform the most disagreeable services and then punish them with poverty for their heroic efforts. We have made laws which put a premium on idleness and try to make a virtue out of greed. Of course, such laws do not work; and in spite of all our marvelous scientific achievements, we are constantly falling into chaos and war.

This, I claim, is because we do not obey God. We could not obey Him, for He has not been real to us. The world has been superstitiously worshipping a lot of unrealities up in the skies instead of observing and obeying reverently the great realities of life. Therefore, it was a truly religious motive, I believe, which, prompted me to begin that book with the cry: "Banish the Gods from the Skies."

And certainly I did not mean any irreverence when I suggested banishing capitalists from the earth. I had nothing against the capitalists, except that we did not need them. How could I have anything against them, when I am one myself? I did not suggest abolishing any human beings; it was only their function as capitalists that I proposed abolishing; that peculiar quality which they have which sets them apart from their fellow men.

I do not like classes. I believe we are all the children of God, and I believe we ought to play together decently. If we could all be capitalists, that would not be so bad. If we could all sit down and let our money roll into us—the way it rolls into me, month after month, whether I turn my hand over to do anything or not, and I have not turned it over for forty years—why, I would not have any particular quarrel with such a system.

But we can not do that. Somebody has got to do the work. The workers can get along without the capitalists, but the capitalists can not get along without the workers. You can do without me, but I cannot do without you. And so, since we can not all be capitalists, I proposed that we be brothers anyway; and the only way I can think of to accomplish that is through our all becoming fellow workers.

"Fellow Workers!" I am back where I started from or where I wanted to start from but could not.

In these words, I have tried to present to you my religion and my politics complete. But if there is anything lacking—if you still think that we should reserve a place for that which we can not possibly relate to life itself—that we should have something up in the skies to adore unceasingly, while not allowing it to interfere with our practical affairs—well, perhaps I can revise my slogan so that it will fill the bill.

After we have searched out the realities, after we have brought God into human life, after we have established a classless world—then perhaps we might fill up that vacant place in the skies by sending the capitalists up there. The world could treat them then with all the meaningless reverence it shows to its unreal gods today. We could worship the things the capitalists stand for, like war and poverty and greed: for none of those things would hurt us, if we were careful to keep them in another world.

In other words, summing up all I have tried to say: Let us make religion a reality and capitalism a myth.

This is the Memorial-day of the Brotherhoods of

Railroad men—the day when you meet in honor of your deceased members.

The Galion organization has not suffered loss by death since the last meeting, but there have been many losses within the forty-two years since I began my ministry here as a deacon, and among them some dear friends of mine, Conrad Pfeffer, Arthur Ball and Jerry Wemple, members of the Episcopal Church, not to speak of others with whom I did not have an intimate acquaintance but who were greatly respected by me as by all who knew them.

Therefore, I can join with you on this day in living with the dead, one of the most precious privileges of humanity.

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world."

This is also Flag-day and in the minds of a certain type of patriots, it should be dedicated, not to what the flag really stands for but to a dogma of flag-worship.

The flag is a symbol and can be used only as a symbol. But these well-meaning people are trying to endow it with a certain literal quality instead. They seem to think, and they are frantically trying to make other people think, that red, white and blue are intrinsically more sacred than green, yellow and black. The results, from every point of view, are disastrous. These super-patriots not only make general nuisances of themselves, but they defeat the very aims of patriotism and bring dishonor to the flag. Let me illustrate.

There is a parade on the street and the American flag is carried by. Some onlookers, recognizing the genuine symbolism of the flag, reverently take off their hats.

It is a beautiful gesture. Personally, I like it. So long as the symbolism is unsullied, I find myself thrilling to this gesture of reverence.

But there are other onlookers, who also remove their hats, yet for a very different reason. They do not think of what the flag means to them, personally, but they are accustomed to do whatever the crowd does: they see others take off their hats, so off go theirs.

That is not quite so good. I do not mean to criticize it harshly, for there is something within most of us that makes us want to fall in line: a certain reverence for people's reverence, whether we have any particular reverence on our own account or not.

But there are still others in the crowd—some who take off their hats and some who do not—and these who do not remove their hats may be honoring the flag, without being at all conscious of the fact, while those who think they are honoring it most may be dragging the emblem in the dirt.

Let me repeat that, so you will all get it. It is a strange statement on the face of it, it is true: and if we can understand that, we can understand not only the great religious controversy which is now shaking up the mind of America, but we will understand much of our political and social dilemma too. So let me repeat:

It is quite possible, in every large crowd which sees the flag go by, that those who do not seem to honor it are honoring it greatly while those who think they are paying the highest tribute to it are dragging the emblem in the dirt.

Suppose, for instance, that one of the persons in the crowd is an Italian section hand. He has had the meaning of the red flag explained to him: he knows that it means that the trains must stop, but that may be as far as his flag education has gone. In Italy, we shall suppose, he was a Socialist. He did not know much about Socialism, perhaps, but he knew that Socialists were with him in his labor union aims and that the government was against him. As for American politics, however, he is an absolute beginner. He does not even know what it means when the flag goes by, and he does not take off his hat.

Now, let us suppose that there is a one hundred and six per cent American patriot observing him. He is offended because the "ignorant foreigner" does not remove his hat: and the patriot proceeds in his own way to make that foreigner honor the flag. He may assault the man. He may have him tarred and feathered: and the Italian, being a section hand, it is possible that he might have a red flag on his person, and evidence might be found in his home that he was a Socialist in Italy, and no end of complications might ensue.

Other workingmen, you may be sure, would hasten to tell him that he was all right. They would say that a man does not have to take off his hat to the flag unless he wants to: and they might illustrate this lesson in Americanism to him by refusing to take their own hats off.

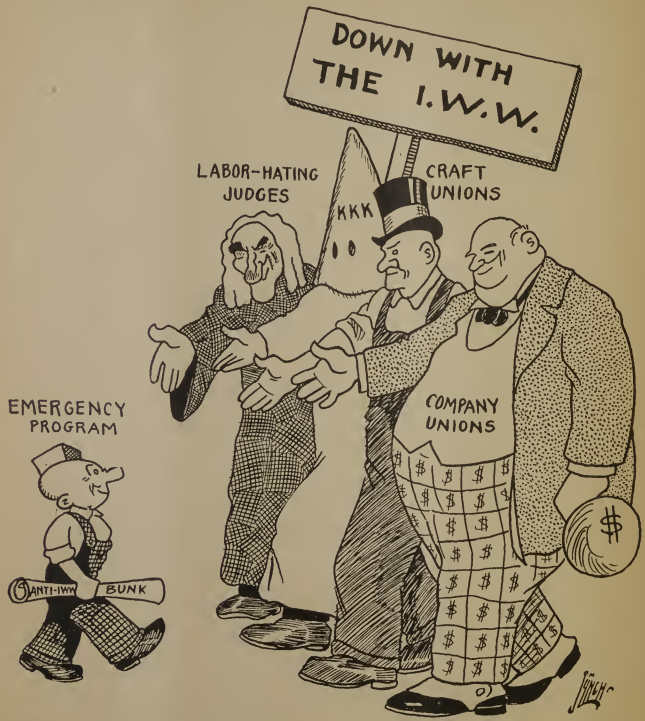
In that case, who is the patriot? The literal flag worshipper, or the American workingmen who stand out in this particular situation with the poor Italian for the fundamental principles of freedom?

I leave the answer to you. Those who once understand the question cannot help answering it right. But you cannot understand the question until you see the danger of taking symbolic things literally.

The flag is a symbol. In the very nature of things, it cannot be anything else. By forgetting that it is a symbol, however, and attempting to make it literally sacred instead, we are in danger of turning it into a symbol of oppression.

The misguided patriot I mentioned set out to teach Americanism to an ignorant foreigner, and gave him a lesson in bigotry instead.

# WELCOME!!!




**The Emergency Program faction of labor divisionists is composed of three elements. At the top are the stoolpigeons who work for the bosses within the "program," and the unscrupulously ambitious and egomaniac tribe who give orders in tsarist fashion whenever necessary and who resort to any means to accomplish their ends. Under this hierarchy are the dupes who pay the bills. To follow this shabby, vicious, dwindling and treacherous crew one must be either a fool or a stool. Emergencyites, take your pick!**

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

The conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

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### INDUSTRIALISTI

(The Industrialist)

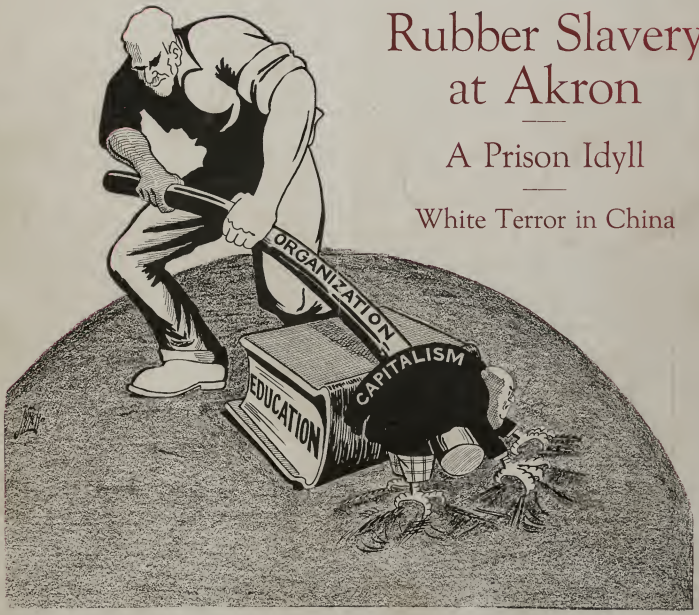
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# The Industrial Pioneer

*An Illustrated Labor Magazine*




## Rubber Slavery at Akron

## A Prison Idyll

## White Terror in China

*August, 1925* *Price 20 cents*

# OSSAWATOMIE

By CARL SANDBURG

I don't know how he came,
Shambling, dark and strong.

He stood in the city and told men:
My people are fools, my people are young and strong, my people must learn, my people are terrible workers and fighters.
Always he kept on asking: Where did that blood come from?

They said: You for the fool killer, you for the booby hatch and a necktie party.

They hailed him into jail.
They sneered at him and spat on him,
And he wrecked their jails,
Singing "God damn your jails,"
And when he was most in jail,
Crummy among the crazy in the dark
Then he was most out of jail,
Shambling, dark and strong.
Always asking: Where did that blood come from?

They laid hands on him
And the fool killers had a laugh,
And the necktie party was a go, by God.
They laid hands on him and he was a goner,
They hammered him to pieces and he stood up.
They buried him and he walked out of the grave, by God,
Asking again: Where did that blood come from?



# The Industrial Pioneer

Edited By John A. Gahan

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**Volume III. No. 4 AUGUST, 1925 Whole Number 28**


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# EDITORIALS

**SELF-RELIANCE**—In a society cleft into distinct and profoundly antagonistic economic elements with the producing strata occupying a subject position, it is to be expected that independence of thought and action on the workers' part is discouraged by the dictatorial minority. In every walk of life workers are trained to rely upon others for direction. An age of intense specialization giving to individuals, professional and technical groups wide knowledge of particular subjects lends itself admirably to continued subjugation of the masses through deprivation of initiative and control on their part.

We do not question the social importance of technicians because we recognize their ability, but we are equally cognizant of their disabilities and lack of social vision. Workers, to say the least, should not regard themselves as one whit less necessary, therefore less desirable, to society. Scientists could not use test tubes, lenses, microscopes and a whole array of other tools of their callings without the prior labor of glass workers and other mechanics, and these skilled workers could not perform their trades without the assistance of common laborers, both before, during and after the operations peculiar to and constituting their skill. The proud labor aristocrat pulling the throttle of the locomotive depends very basically for his success and his life on the gandy-dancers, and the man who drives the spike is quite as socially necessary as the one who drives the locomotive.

Creative processes complement each other and in any sane community there could prevail no caste distinctions bearing honors for certain productive strata and odium for others. To consider again caste differences it can be said with all assurance that the wage slave sweating in the ditch with pick and shovel frequently holds loftier ideals of human progress than the lauded genius of the laboratory. Moreover, his ideals are, on the whole, of infinitely more scientific value than those of the great technician or scientist who often knows nothing about society. We have men and women of these professional elements who do contribute worthily to human advances, and to them we accord the same homage that we have always extended the street sweeper who safeguards our lives. But there are another, and perhaps more numerous, group of these experts whose work, directed by their bourgeois masters, contributes nothing but misery to the vast majority of mankind. Their labors evoke scorn. In this category are the chemists who are so assiduously engaged in perfecting death-dealing forms for warfare, and the engineers who are tirelessly toiling to outdo all others in the designing of engines of human destruction.

But in the control of capitalists the scientist and technician discovering laws and making devices that should really benefit the whole race, such as finding cheaper units of energy and inventing instruments to increase productivity, are actually working against the masses. This obtains because with every machine invention more workers are thrown out of employment than previously swarmed the labor market, and there is no solution except through working class ownership of the means of life. The laborer who understands this fact knows more than most of the scientists. The expert in science may be like a pilot who would steer blindly, intent only on manipulating the machinery properly, not seeing rapids ahead; or like one becoming so absorbed in motor car transmission on the road that he plunges over a cliff.

Workers must cease holding those with

(Continued on Page Forty-One)



THE GIGANTIC GOODYEAR PLANT LOCATED AT AKRON, OHIO

# Rubber Slavery at Akron

By A RUBBER WORKER

**WITHIN the last few years the rubber industry has assumed the proportions of a basic industry in this country and it is hardly receiving the attention from unionists that its importance would seem to merit. The production of rubber goods in the United States this year will be valued at about a billion dollars, over half of which will be produced in Akron, Ohio, where some forty or fifty thousand workers are employed without a vestige of organization.**

The only rubber workers' union in this country is at Carrolton, Ohio, where a hundred or so workers are employed by the Tuscan Tire and Rubber Company. They are organized by the company for the use of the A. F. of L. union label which is expected to sell their product and save them from the fate that is in store for the small scale, inefficient manufacturers.

Akron is the center of this world-wide industry and is the home of many of the larger manufacturers, including Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Miller and a score or more smaller ones. With the exception of Firestone all these larger shops and many of the small ones are owned or controlled by New York financiers.

These larger shops are giant horizontal trusts with their tentacles reaching out to all parts of the world and with distributing agencies everywhere, all under one management. The trend at present is to save transportation costs and tariff duties by establishing manufacturing plants in all the principal consuming countries.

Some conception of the ramifications of these imperialist industries can be had by a perusal of the holdings of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber company, which is shown in the diagram. It is a 156-million-dollar business with 113 acres of floor space in the two Akron plants which have a tire producing capacity of 35,000 daily beside all the thousands of other hard and live rubber products. In 1923 this company produced, in Akron, California and Canada, 9,250,000 tires, 81,000,000 pairs of heels and 25,000,000 feet of hose. They used 50,000 tons of crude rubber and 15,500,000 kilowatt hours of electricity. These plants combined have a floor space of 166 acres.

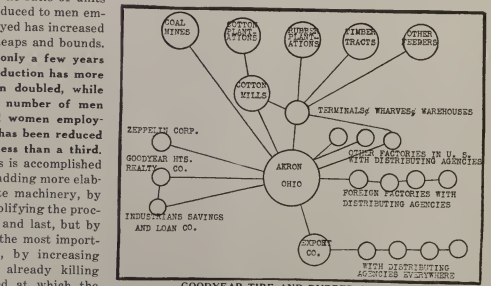
This company has some thirty-five subsidiaries which include coal mines, rubber plantations, cotton plantations with irrigation projects, textile mills, timber tracts, a banking institution and rubber

factories in at least ten foreign countries. This list is constantly growing, as they have within the last few months added the million and a half dollar Marathon Tire and Rubber Company at Cuyahoga Falls, a suburb of Akron, and have paid several million dollars for two more textile mills at New Bedford, Massachusetts. The Zeppelin Corporation is also a recent acquisition, although they have for several years been building balloons and airships of the non-rigid and semi-rigid type and have an immense hangar and field near Akron. The Dodge Brothers Company of Detroit, Michigan and Walkerville, Ontario, Canada, has been purchased by Dillon, Read and Company of New York who own the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. It is reported that they expect to add several more automobile plants to their string. These will not be a part of Goodyear but will be owned by the same group of capitalists, and E. G. Wilmer, who is chairman of the board of directors of Goodyear is expected to be president of the new company. If he holds both positions at the same time it can be seen that cooperation between them will be very close.

It can plainly be seen that capital is truly international and that narrow nationalism is intended to keep only the workers divided.

Apropos the concentration of capital, it is interesting to note that despite the marvelous growth of the industry in the last few years the number of rubber companies in the United States has decreased from 300 to 100 or 66 per cent since 1900.

The ratio of units produced to men employed has increased by leaps and bounds. **In only a few years production has more than doubled, while the number of men and women employed has been reduced to less than a third.** This is accomplished by adding more elaborate machinery, by simplifying the process, and last, but by far the most important, by increasing the already killing speed at which the men have to work.




**GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY**
**35 Subsidiaries Operating in All Principal Countries.**

These large companies are firm believers in industrial unionism and have powerful organizations. They will not tolerate it among the workers, however, and will ruthlessly crush even an A. F. of L. union with spies and intimidation if necessary, but in most cases it has been found more effective to amuse the workers with many diversions and schemes to keep their minds off their troubles. Of these schemes there are many, including sports and athletics, clubs, etc., and the Goodyear has the best one of all. They call it "Industrial Democracy."

### Goodyear's Industrial Democracy

The Industrial Assembly was established in 1919 and is patterned after the National Congress. It is composed of a Senate of 20 members with at least five years' service and a House of Representatives of 40 members with at least one year of service. These are elected by the Industrians. The Industrians are American citizens, 18 years of age or over, and have at least six months' service with the company. Note how they promote race consciousness and division among the workers.

Members of the assembly are in perpetual fear of their jobs and of course are very servile. Once however, when the assembly was first organized, some of the more intrepid started a move to raise the wages of all workers by fifteen per cent. This passed the House and Senate but was vetoed by the factory manager. It was passed again over his veto and went to the board of directors where it was again vetoed, their action being final.

There are always plenty of candidates for office as members of the Assembly as these members, while attending to their duties get their regular pay plus ten per cent and have other privileges. They have no difficulty in getting out the vote. The factory manager makes the statement that to vote is a privilege and a duty and the votes are cast. In my department at last election there were but two who did not vote. I didn't hear who the other was or what happened to him, but I've been doing all the most disagreeable work ever since.

The department managers actually make work for the Assembly by imposing some petty tyranny on the workers, then very obligingly adjusting the matter when it is taken up by the committee, thus giving the Assembly a great deal of credit. Strange as it may seem there are a few workers who believe this "Democracy" to be a great blessing conferred upon them by a benevolent employer.

It is a dandy little plaything to keep the children out of mischief.

### Flying Squadron

Following the 1913 strike, which crippled the shops here for some time, the Goodyear formed what they called the "Flying Squadron." It is



GOODYEAR COTTON PLANTATION IN IRRIGATED SECTION OF ARIZONA.

composed of about 60 men, two added each year, and who are carefully selected for "character" which means loyalty to the boss. They are given three years' training, then given a regular job in some department where they are treated the same as anyone else except that they would be the last to go when workers are laid off and that they are subject to call in case of "emergency."

During the three years these men have to work in every department and learn practically every operation. They are also given physical and some technical training in Goodyear's private head-fixing institution, The Goodyear Industrial University. There is also a lot of folderal that it designed to make the squad man feel very superior to his fellow workers. The object of the flying squadron is to provide a body of loyal workers trained to break a strike in any department should one occur. It is, however, mainly effective as a moral influence or threat and would be powerless in case all the workers in the shop were organized so as to make possible a shop-wide strike.

### The Old Game of Debt

One of the very effective schemes this company has for keeping the workers' noses on the stone is to keep them in debt. Goodyear owned several tracts of land in and near Akron, and one of these, known as Goodyear Heights, was consigned to a subsidiary known as Goodyear Heights Realty Company, which operates in close cooperation with another subsidiary, The Industrians Savings and Loan Company. The Goodyear Heights Realty Company subdivided this tract into very small lots, constructed streets, sewers and other necessities and built what they had the nerve to call houses. These houses were very pretty when first built, but were constructed as cheaply as possible. It has been said of them that there is just enough house to hold the paint and wallpaper in a vertical position. These houses sold to Goodyear employes on the installment plan for from three to seven thousand dollars, with the understanding that if the purchaser stayed with the company a specified period of time a portion of the purchase price would be deducted. Consequently, those purchasers are very careful not to do anything that would bring about their dismissal.

Many of these homes will be mortgaged when they have fallen down.

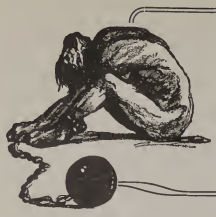
### A. F. of L. Treachery

Early in 1923 a few hundred tire and band builders employed at Goodrich came out on an unorganized strike against a cut in wages. They went to Central Union hall and elected a strike committee led by two individuals who were later found to be private detective. This committee, at the suggestion of Sam Newman of the machinists, sent for an A. F. of L. organizer to come and try to organize the rubber workers. Let me say here that Sam Newman, despite his affiliation with that group of autocrats known as the A. F. of L., was as sincere as anyone could possibly be, and he worked hard and long, even when he could no longer hold a job himself, to induce the rubber workers to organize and fight. If the rubber workers had started to form an independent or an I. W. W. union I believe Sam would have given them all the help he could. I have seen him out in the early morning with handbills to give the workers on the first shift when the rubber workers themselves would not get up and help.

Thomas J. Conboy, an A. F. of L. organizer, was sent to Akron in response to the request, and proceeded to organize a union of the strikers and some other rubber workers who had made inquiries of the C. L. U. Conboy was loyal to the machine and demanded that the union be loyal also. The rubber workers, however, demanded that the first consideration of the union be effectiveness. As the union couldn't be both loyal and effective, a struggle for control soon started and the rubber workers won, electing a group of progressives to office. Conboy wouldn't give in and called in the police one day to oust some reds. Thus it was that the union exploded.

The craft unions were very anxious to organize the rubber workers because their little groups were unable to function effectively with the great majority of Akron's workers unorganized, but to help them the union must be loyal so they adopted the "Rule or Ruin" policy when the union was first

(Continued on Page Forty-Four)



# A Prison Idyll

By "AUSSIE"

II

EARLY in 1916, the Labor Party in the Federal Parliament in Australia were busy "winning the war." Senator George Foster Pearce, a lugubrious, rabbit-faced ex-cabinetmaker from West Australia, was the Minister of Defense, and woe it was to anyone who did not have the same viewpoint as to the righteousness of the war as he did. Needless to say his chief, William Morris Hughes—who had emigrated from Wales to Australia by walking along the sea bottom—backed the gloomy and misanthropic Pearce to the limit.

At this time I was publishing "Direct Action," while Tom Glynn was acting as editor. I published a cartoon by a young artist showing a soldier crucified on a huge field gun, while beneath were gathered several vulture-like capitalists catching with bowls the blood which flowed from the dying soldier. Under the cartoon was a quotation from the prospectus—issued by the Labor Government—of the War Loan of the day, in which people were urged to take the loan as a patriotic duty—and the point was made—quite a telling point—that the interest was "far higher than that paid in normal times."

Some weeks later an intelligence officer found this cartoon and a warrant was issued for my arrest. After getting off to a false start, I was finally convicted by a magistrate with a very bad breath of "prejudicing recruiting" and senteneed to one year's imprisonment in a Labor Party prison with an alternative of a fine of £100.

The sentence was appealed at the Quarter Sessions but the judge upheld the lower court. On May 4 I was taken to Long Bay Penitentiary to begin my sentence for the heinous crime of not taking the same attitude on the war as the renegades, who were within the same year to be expelled with ignominy from the Labor Movement.

After two weeks in Long Bay, where I washed prisoners' clothing in the wash-house, I was put into irons with 17 more prisoners and sent to the big prison at Parramatta. Parramatta is a prison of the old type, used only for prisoners who have three or more convictions. No one is sent there who has a sentence of less than three months. The inmates include a large number of murderers, forgers, garrotters, thieves, hold-up men, sly-grogsellers (bootleggers), methylated spirit hounds, vagrants, ordinary drunks, and all kinds of offenders who have previous records. I was the only political prisoner in this hungry bastile.

The cells in some of the wings are narrow, and unheated in winter time. A watery electric light bulb would give a gleam of light until 8 o'clock. The first two weeks I was in "Mad Mick's" wing. "Mad Mick," alias Daniel Ahearne, was a colossal Irishman with beetling brows and enormous black and filthy hands. He was a senior warden, and wore three stripes on his arm—they said that he had "bummed" his stripes. In the old days he had been a member of the famous Parramatta Gaol football team—the gang of huskies who used to charge a prisoner in his cell and then kick him about the body as he lay in agony on the floor. It was said that Mick had taken a vacation some months previously—the first one in ten years. He went to Melbourne in Victoria and hired a room near Pentridge Prison—and got a permit to visit this latter prison daily. He was lonely away from his business, was Mick.

I was very lonely in this prison, there being no one I could talk to, nothing to read. The nights were cold in the cell, and the bedding old, smelly and insufficient. Like every prisoner I thought of what I would eat when I would get out. Corn mush—with weevils and all—16 ounces of poor class bread and a chunk of wiry gristle and bone is not a very satisfying diet.

The governor, known to prisoners as "Micky Dripping," kept pigs. The pigs lived well even if the prisoners starved. "Micky Dripping" had sufficient of the Emerald Isle in his make-up lavishly to admire a lardy and grunting hog—his idea of earthly beauty.

After a week in the wing where "Mad Mick" reigned and hollered, I was sent to another wing mainly occupied by pimps, petty thieves and vagrants.

One night, I was carrying my corn meal "mush" into my cell to eat it hastily before my bed was thrown in and myself searched—when my door suddenly opened and a gruff voice demanded "How is your light burning, lad?"

I answered "All right."

He then said in a quieter tone "What's your name?"

"Aussie."

"All right, Aussie, you have a friend in me. I

know all about you. I've been round your meetings in the Domain. Where do you work?"

"In the bookbinder's shop."

"Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Would you like a newspaper—a "Direct Action"? I can get it to you in the shop where you work."

"Sure I would like a paper. Thanks."

He gave a door a rattle and hollered out again—his superiors were down below—"How's your light now, lad?"

"All right" I answered again.

I shook hands with myself. A friend IS a friend in jail.

Two days later he visited me in the workshop and he dropped a copy of "Direct Action" into an open drawer. I hastily smuggled it inside my shirt. In my cell that night when search was over, I read it under my hammock. The big headline was "SET AUSSIE FREE"!

The warder's name was Charley Keys—an appropriate name for a prison guard. But as the advertisers say, he was "different." He hated his job, had got into it somehow. But his job had a new zest for him now, he could aid a militant member of his class. He was outspoken, too, for he would sometimes call the attention of other officers to the door of my cell and say "There's a fellow in there with more brains and guts than all we fellows have got together. He's fighting for us and we turn the key on him."

During this time a big agitation was afoot outside to force my release. The unions and the political labor leagues were indignant at the Federal Labor Party for my arrest and imprisonment. Holman, the Labor Premier of New South Wales, went to Broken Hill for a poliitcal meeting. When he arrived there miners stopped his train and told him that he could not speak in the city until "Aussie" was released.

Little by little the federal ministers were getting tired of having me in prison. Big meetings were held in Sydney, which my friend Keys reported to me. He watched every newspaper and kept me supplied with cuttings about my case. Every Monday, when his duty brought him near me, he would detail what the speakers said about my case at the Domain meetings.

It was remarkable how his attentions to me were not noticed by some of the higher-ups nor by some of the pimping and snitchy prisoners—who are always present.

One cold Saturday morning, the iron tongue of the prison bell woke us from our fitful slumber. It was still dark and one had to grope to dress and make up his bedding.

A second bell and the officers unlocked the cells. My door unlocked and a dark figure handed me a piece of paper. A familiar voice whispered, "A note from the boys, Aussie. The government has cut your time from a year to three months. Congratulation, boy! Read the note and then get rid of it."

We passed out in the yard, I clutching my precious letter in my shirt. My heart was joyous, even if the morning was cold and dark—the surroundings grim and forbidding. The Australian workers had been true, my good fellow workers had triumphed over the government. For the second time in two years the government had been compelled to yield, and to release me before the expiration of my sentence.

The letter told me all. And at 11 o'clock the Scotch chief warder marched me in front of "Mickey Dripping" who was impressed very much apparently by the very unusual action of the government in cutting my sentence down 75 per cent.

"Phwat's yer name?" he asked—as if he didn't know.

"Aussie."

The chief warden nearly dropped dead.

"Sir-r-r" he screamed.

"Sir-r-r" I shrilled falsetto-like.

He turned purple all over the face, it spread to his ginger hair and suffused his skinny and wrinkled neck—nothing very edifying to Scotland.

"Aussie," sniggered "Mickey Dripping," "yer sentence has been reduced by the guverment to three months, and yer fine to twenty-five pounds. I note ye have sufficient to pay yer fine. If ye care to do so, ye can go free this marrning."

"No," I said, "I don't pay for the privilege of speaking or printing what I think is right, even if the government doesn't like it. I'll finish the term."

And so out I marched, with about four more weeks to serve.

A week later I saw my friend Charlie passing through the shop. He looked glum, miserable, discontented. He spoke to me.

"I cannot stick this lousy job any longer. I am going to turn in my clothes and go out navvying, laboring, anything rather than do this rottenest of all jobs. I can lock up drunks and vags, for it is THEIR home. But I draw the line on turning the lock on men like you. To see you marching in that line of old-time habitual prisoners acts like the sear of a red-hot iron on me. The food I eat in the boarding-house when I think of you with you weevily corn mush, the bread like sawdust and the lousy morsel of worn-out bullock which they glorify by the name of beef, nearly chokes me. I am going to quit this week. The only thing that has held me here so long has been the fact that I was able to help you."

He was too useful to me. "Hang on, Charlie, for another month," I said; "you may be able to help me some more."

"All right," he whispered. "I'll sit on my feelings and principles a litle longer."

The days dragged away one by one. How one gladly sees his life's days pass away when in prison! Weeks, hours, even minutes, seem to go with

leaden wings. The long, bleak, cold nights in a narrow cell, when the prison is wrapped in a yellow mist. When violent rain and wind storms eddy and careen around the grim and hostile walls, while the guards on watch curse their fate and growl the call, "All's Well!" and long for the call of the iron-throated bell that wakes the living dead to another day of torment and misery.

"If 'all's well' with you, then 'all's well' with me," I used to say as I turned in my mouldy blankets to make another effort at wooing good Mother Sleep.

On the second of August I saw Charlie for a brief moment. "You're going out tomorrow? Good. I'll see you in Sydney."

Later in the day I was in "Mad Mick's" wing. Mick received them and Mick checked them out. My beard was a good month old. "Now," said Mick, "here's a rayzor, and here's a strop and here's some soap and here's a looking glass and here's a br-brush. Now when 'oo shaves does 'oo use hot wather or cold wather?"

"Hot water."

"All right; if 'oo wants hot wather, 'oo can have hot wather. Does 'oo know where the boiler house is?"

"I do, Mr. Ahearne."

"Then, go down to the engineer, and tell him that Mr. Ahearne send 'oo for some hot wather."

And so I shaved and took a bath after which I undressed to the skin in the corridor. Then Mick pushed me into a cell where my civilian clothes were waiting for me. This method was used to prevent prisoners taking out letters from inmates.

After being searched I settled down for the night. I did not steep, but counted the chimes striking the hour from a neighboring church clock. At 5 a. m. I arose and put on my own clothing. At 5:45 a rattle of keys was heard and the second warder on night duty opened up and said, "What is your name?"

"Aussie."

"All right, come on. There's a car waiting outside. Maybe it's for you—?"

"I don't think so."

A few minutes later I received my valuables from the Deputy-Governor. I started for the gate, the only time-expired prisoner that morning, in a jail with 300 prisoners. A squad of prison guards passed me in single file, going on duty for the day. The first man in the file was Keys. He gave me a keen look, a sardonic look, I thought.

Outside the walls a car was waiting for me. Joe Fagan, Billy Teen and one of the Franks had come up to take me home in style. We rolled into Sydney on a stormy and squally morning. Breakfast, I remember, was roast pork with stewed apples. I was back among real folks again, among fellow workers, human beings with red blood in their veins, with courage and a class-conscious spirit.

We drove around Sydney. I was welcomed back to work by the people who had compelled my release.

At night the Sussex Street Hall was lit up in my honor. An enormous crowd was there to meet me. The I. W. W. band played in the street. The women fellow workers, always hospitable, were giving out sandwiches and tea.

Speeches were made by men who were themselves soon to taste of prison, to taste a far greater punishment than that which had befallen me. My few months was the forerunner of many years, of a violent persecution by political renegades and charlatans, of political cowardice by so-called labor parliamentarians.

At the height of the festivities a man came straight through the hall to me. For a moment I did not recognize him. Then as he clasped my hand—for the first time—I saw that it was Charlie Keys—whom I had only seen in the uniform of a prison officer.

We were in a place where we could talk freely. We embraced each other. I forced coffee and cake on him. His face was shining.

"Now," he said, "I am going to join the I. W. W." "You're a great fellow, Charlie," I said; "you've acted whiter than lots of men I could call fellow workers, but the I. W. W. bars both policemen and jail officials."

He smiled. "Listen till I've finished then you'll know that I can join the I. W. W. This morning after I passed you at the gate, I made up my mind that my job was no longer good to me. We let the prisoners out for wash-up, and then locked them up for breakfast. Then we had our own breakfast. After that we were all standing around in the yard waiting for the bell to unlock the cells to get the prisoners to work.

"You know Churchman the senior warder on the gate?" I remembered him as one of the tough birds in the administration. "Well, Churchman opened up his mouth. Says he, 'I see that **bastard** Aussie went out this morning in a motor car. A **bastard** like him ought to have been carried out in a hearse.'

"He was standing near the gate, which was still ajar, for some of the warders not yet back from breakfast. With a glance at the open gate I sprang for his jaw with my left. My right got him in the wind as he staggered backwards. He fell like a pole-axed bullock. He lay still. In a brief second while everyone stood thunderstruck, I unhitched my belt and ran my fingers through my coat butons. In a flash they were off. I threw them on Mr. Churchman's carcass and sprang for the gate.

"Yes, Aussie has left, and now I'm leaving too. Goodbye!"

"So now," he said, "how about me getting a card?"

And he got one.



MILITANT CHINESE STUDENTS CLASHED WITH FOREIGN SOLDIERY WHEN THE FORMER TRIED TO SET FIRE TO THE FOREIGN ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDINGS.

# White Terror in China

By FRANCIS J. MALLOY

SECRETARY of State Kellogg has communicated with the various imperialist governments concering the advisability of holding a conference on the Chinese situation. The capitalists of this country with Chinese holdings, and the ones who have designs upon China, wish to maneuver themselves into a position of undisputed preeminence in China. This means that they are not satisfied with China's treaty governing foreign relations. Great Britain and Japan are well entrenched in China. America has not been so long in the business of Chinese penetration, but her industrial position is the world's foremost and the world war placed her indisputably at the head of capitalist nations. Consequently, anything less than domination must be distasteful to American banker-industrialists.

Press reports say that Foreign Minister Chamberlain made the following statement in the House of Commons relative to the American state department's communication: "Britain is not prepared to renounce extra-territorial privileges in China." In other words, England has a select position for exploiting China which she has no intention of relinquishing.

A few weeks ago nearly a score of battleships steamed up to Shanghai to quell the strike of 150,000 Chinese wage slaves and their sympathizers. The foreigners murdered a number of strikers and students, American marines being the first to land. And that is significant. It shows that the bosses instigating the movement of these marines are not a bit backward about the matter of initiative. Significant, too, is the fact that the strike was against a Japanese employer, but the warships were flying the polychromatic fetishes of the United States, France, Italy, England and Japan. Fight among themselves as they will for the best points in the grab game, they evince a solidarity that has its lessons for us, and that gains its successes through a demonstration of organized strength in attacking its adversaries.

### Marks of Capitalism

Penetration of China by foreign capitalists means the introduction of Western wage slavery. Wherever capitalism enters its dehumanizing marks are speedily impressed. Its development in England furnished the classic examples of fearful stories in the not too roseate history of the race. Destroying home industries; filling the factories with men, women and children, with the women and children at a ten to one numerical ascendancy over the males; driving peasants from their land to make sheep pastures to supply the woolen manufactures; and filling the highways with ragged, hungry, homeless and hopeless vagrants unable to find employment capitalism rose in Nineteenth Century England. Then was it that the great English fortunes ceased to have their roots in piracy and found a more profitable, God-ordained source in the grinding of the masses through the machine process. So

rapacious were the early English employers under capitalism that they emptied almhouses and orphanages for slave flesh. Their factory conditions were so destructive of human life that they were rapidly decimating and enervating their slave population. It became imperative to place a curb on their own greed, which is immortalized in statutory form under the Factory Acts. Thus did they keep themselves and one another from killing off all the wage slaves. The goose that lays the golden eggs was not to be destroyed.

China has a system of wage slavery corresponding to that of the older systems. There is widespread child labor and employment of women of all ages and conditions. In America we are used to this driving, this hurrying, worrying, torturing thing that is monstrously unfair, unscientific and a cancer eating at the social body. We have been trained to accept our slavery with our national holidays and our unemployment and Christianity . But the Chinese have another way of viewing life, and evaluations that are quite different. They don't like the "New Freedom". They have their own traditions and their own religions. They have their nationalism to develop, and, with us, a working class internationalism to learn of.

Going into China Big Business pursues the same course as it has elsewhere. The missionaries on one side and the factory managers on the other constitute a holy alliance that has stamped its characteristics on every land beneath the sun. This alliance went into Africa, and is having some difficulty there with the Riff tribesmen at this moment as it experienced hindrances from Congo tribes in the past and from the Boers at the other extremity of the Dark Continent. The alliance entered India and the Americas; it went to the East and West Indies, to the Far North and Far South, and to all the islands of the great oceans. Always with bibles, hymnals and the policy of exploitation.

### The Example of Hawaii

Hawaii well illustrates the point. It is a picturesque example, with a French gunboat going in to open a rum trade suggested by Franch molasses interests in the West Indies. Under the frowning gun-turrets squatted Jesuits. The blessings of civilization came to Hawaii. The population was nearly wiped out by diseases introduced by the invaders. Then American Protestant missionaries came to the scene, stole the lands, and succeeded in "annexing the United States," as they say in the exclusive clubs of Honolulu. But they did not quite succeed in proselytizing the natives. Nor are they going to do the trick in China, whose civilization is older and greater, and whose potentalities are so vast.

The student movement in China is the voice of nationalism. It is a clear voice commanding attention and worthy of respect. The Shanghai strike embodies the two-fold aspect of nationalism and awakening class consciousness. But there can be no industrial organization without industries, and these are new in China. The Chinese workers, headed by the militant and broadminded Chinese Seamen's Union, have made the great gesture. Their strike is the opening gun. So long as there are factories owned by private individuals to make profits there will be strikes. Our Chinese fellow workers have definitely set about the task of uniting to oppose the mailed fist of international capitalism. Our greetings go out to them, and we owe them our solidarity. The best way to show it is to organize right here in the United States where are made the bulk of the resources being used to beat down the Chinese.

### Internationalism

Nationalism fills its basin to the brink before it overflows into internationalism. Capitalist progress bears out this statement. When the resources of a country have been exploited to a point of overflowing capital looks abroad for expansion. American capitalism developed domestic resources to the limit before it spread to foreign fields. Bankers know that in human relations the era of isolation has forever been passed, that we live in a period of internationalism. Wars prove this. When they appear they drag into the maelstrom most of the strongest states. There is no time of comparative prosperity or of unemployment in any country that does not reflect itself to the ends of the earth. Capitalists fully understand these matters. They are alert to their class interests. By organizing they prove that they have this understanding. They perceive the gigantic enemy, the terrific menace, and they act together from base to keystone to keep this powerful foe from waking and uniting. If once the working class learns its strength down go the bars that cage its flesh and soul, and snapped are the chains weighing it in the shambles.

We rejoice in the Chinese protest; we recognize the difficulties. Alone the Chinese workers can but continue to build their unions. With the workers of the world they shall one day use these unions to smash their exploiters with the blows from which there is no recovery. Capitalism is worldwide. Capitalist organization opposing the workers is worldwide. Industrial unionism must be equally international, equally universal, equally aware of the existence of one enemy, and equally prepared to destroy that enemy when the final clash comes.

There is a white terror in China. Wherever business empire enters there stalks the white terror, with hands red with blood. We have its expression in America. Battle scenes of the class war in this land of the free and the home of the brave are far-flung. Until now we have not, as an American working class, learned to be class conscious. So the white terror here has walked over our bowed backs to world domination.

The vigorous action of our Chinese fellow workers promises a class consciousness there that may well became an example for the workers of the world to follow.

# To an Orthodox Minister

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

YOU stand for him? You stand? Don't make me laugh!
You with your wise smug saws, your well filled board,
Your canting sermons and your goldrimmed specs,
Your portly deacons and your church-made lord.

YOU stand for him! You fool, you dupe, you knave,—
Whichever of the three you hap to be,—
What know you of the simple working man
Two thousand years ago spiked to a tree?

YOUR kind was there, rich, arrogant and proud,
To see him framed, thorn-crowned and crucified;
High priests and Pharisees, the Temple crowd,
To seek his death, to spit on him, deride.

"HE stirreth up the people," was their cry;
"He damns the rich and lifteth up the poor;
He is a foe to Caesar —crucify!
Away with him, the bastard of a whore!"

YOUR kind! Remember that! The likes of you!
The Church's own anointed ones, the rich,
All banded there to hound unto his doom
The migratory casual from the ditch;—

THE hungry, homeless carpenter, so poor
He had not where at night to lay his head,
Who saw the wolf of want at Labor's door,
And cried aloud "give us our daily bread!"

THE working stiff, the lowly tramp, the vag,
Whose only vice was love, whose only crime
Was preaching brotherhood, was reaching hands
To lift his mired fellows from the slime.

YOU stand for him? You fool, you dupe, you knave,—
Whichever of the three you hap to be,—
The haloed Christ you've dragged within your church
Is not the murdered slave,—it is not he!

HE had no spotless robes, no gamboling lambs,
No gloried crowns upon his matted hair,
He did not live with rulers, bless their lands,
Consort with gold,—you lie!—he is not there!

BUT daily past your church the bleeding slaves
Go fainting with their cross to Calvary;
Your eyes are stopped with gold, your ears with pride,
Fool, knave or dupe, you look but do not see!

# The Essence of Industrialism

By WARREN LAMSON

THE conception of a new social order, in which many of the evils of today shall be eliminated, is not new. But the conception of an industrial democracy, based wholly upon labor, is a decidedly new idea, an outgrowth of mass production. It differs from the Utopias of the ancients that were to be executed by fiat, and the social democracies and cooperative commonwealths of the socialists, that were to be inaugurated and administered through bureaucracies and legal processes, by depending upon the liberation of present suppressed or unorganized social forces for its birth.

It also differs from all former concepts of a new social order, in resting wholly upon labor. Labor is to be its creator and no other class than those engaged in socially necessary labor would find place in its proposed scheme of life.

This new social theory originated in the unions of the workers, and has been nourished and developed mainly by the Syndicalists of Europe and the I. W. W. of America. While faint anticipations of this concept may be found in the literature of their forerunners, it has remained for these to incorporate in their structures and philosophies provisions for the development of the idea, and the realization of the ideal. At the same time it would be a serious omission to overlook the fact that many of the ablest scholars of modern times have by reason of their training and knowledge, made valuable contributions to the unfolding of this conception.

Humanity has undergone many changes. Today the race is facing the greatest change of all, one in which the working class will follow the procedure of the bourgeoisie, and perform its "historic mission," or society will fall apart, its institutions crumble, and a new "dark age" envelop the earth, the effort of the past be wasted, with the race doomed to spend weary centuries of blind groping. This idea was expressed by Arturo Giovannitti in 1912 in the following words: "No, we do not covet your ass, your ox, your maid-servant nor your wife, but we do covet your factories, mines, mills and railroads. We rigidly insist and maintain that, outside of the working class, there can be no salvation in the social hereafter."

It is not the purpose of this work to submit proofs of the basic theories upon which these organizations rest, and which will at times be noted, i. e., theories of economics, etc. These theories have been developed, and published, in works upon which the writer does not feel able to improve.

The term "Industrialist," derived from "Industrial Unionist," which in all English-speaking countries roughly covers the groups advocating this concept, will be used in referring to them hereafter.

The evils of inequality are today vivid, and perceptible to most; they are obvious and need not be stated here.

New ideas have never been welcome, and their utterance has ever been and still is accompanied by personal risk, from individuals, associations and governments; still modern man is far from being as conservative as the man of past ages. Social and industrial innovations are too often introduced today without the average man being consulted, at least the average worker, for such inherent conservative states of mind to remain unaffected.

The world is still, despite its mechanical progress, full of misery, ignorance and ugliness, and for the majority of the working class, insecurity, until it has become not a duty but a necessity for the workers to develop associations that will in some measure protect them.

Yet the foremost advocates of this new social order do not blame those who might properly be termed oppressors. They view them as products of the "system" and individually helpless to alter it collectively without the social vision, or the necessary knowledge of the needs of the workers and the life of society as it is today.

The concepts and theories of these groups rest upon the following premises:

1. That labor produces all wealth ,and that wages are drawn from products already created, not from any vague thing, of no beginning or no end, "capital." To use the words of Lester F. Ward, "The 'wage fund' is a myth."

2. That society is in the play of social forces that today are neither controlled nor directed, nay, not even understood.

3. That just as the present social order depends on specialized, massed, human labor, the welfare and progress of humanity depends on that labor's ability to administer industry, and other—more incidental phases—of society.

4. That ability is as widely diffused among the workers as any other class. That it is opportunity that is lacking.

5. That it is not sufficient to leave the social development to the slow processes of evolution, but that organization is necessary to facilitate the process of change and to prevent social disorder which otherwise would accompany it.

6. That religion is but the idealization of the things we do not understand.

7. That any state, association, or social organization whatever, that rests upon and enfranchises all must be one in which education must be an important factor.

So far as the first of these premises is concerned,

it will not be further dealt with, it being already thoroughly expounded in Marx's "Capital."

Second premise: That society is in the play of social forces that today are neither controlled nor directed, nay, not even understood.

This assertion will be doubted by many who think that some connection can be seen between so-called wise statesmen and events.

It is not intended here to represent the Industrialists as ignoring such attempts as have been and are being made to control social forces. But on the other hand they assert that only a very small measure of success has been achieved and that no worldwide attempt has been made by the race as a whole to interpret these forces and work in accordance with them.

The action on the part of a corporation to exploit natural resources with human labor for the benefit of its stockholders—often to the detriment of the people as a whole—sometimes leading to disastrous wars—cannot be regarded as such: the attempt to boost the prices of farm products while millions are in want; the erection of tariff walls for the protection of infant (or bribing) industries cannot be classified as such, but only serve to demonstrate the premise. For what are social forces? A corporation of ten millions capital, unemployment, the liberating of fuel values from coal or oil, are all social forces.

They are today to some extent controlled and regulated by institutions like banking combines, national governments and chambers of commerce. But it is a one-sided control, exerted by a small group, only offering temporary and unsatisfactory relief for the first evils; and at times the unbridled and nonunderstood social forces break out in wars between nations, industrial crises and so on. The war between the working class and the employing class is furnishing a constant accompaniment of strife, at times breaking out in thundering discords of giganitic strikes and revolts that are crushed in blood and starvation.

Third premise: That, just as the present social order depends on specialized, massed, human labor, the welfare and progress of humanity depend on that labor's ability to administer industry, and other —more incidental—phases of society.

The civilizations of the ancients—Rome, Greece, Persia, China and Arabia—produced men of fully as much talent as the most enlightened statesmen of today. One thing they could not do with all their talent was to make the standard of the livelihood of the toilers, even remotely, approach that of the workers of modern industry. This requires the development of mechanical and engineering apparatus, which by producing an abundance cheapens the article. Our statesmen of today are in most cases mediocre men, agile politicians, and are not the cause of the present productivity of modern labor; nor could they indeed prevent it, though they have sometimes tried to do so.

The amazing productivity of modern industry was made possible by massing labor and machinery in hitherto unheard of proportions. The trusts were a necessary, if disagreeable, by-product. Political representatives of the petit bourgeoisie, that rightly feared being wiped out by the coming of modern industrialism, failed to see that the present "trust-busting" tendency of all the so-called progressive political movements was the result; movements tackling the problem of how to make time move backwards.

The industrialist accepts the modern mode of production; yes, even the trusts. What he wants is to have the workers who are now employed by the trusts to choose and supervise the administration of the trust, and to create a super-trust, controlled in the same manner by all the workers.

The industrialist looks and works towards the future. The reformer and trust-buster look to the past or try desperately to maintain the status quo.

Fourth premise: That, ability is as widely diffused among the working class as any other and that it is only opportunity that is lacking.

The opinion is often held, even by members of the working class, that this class lacks the talent and ability to manage a society successfully in which all would be workers. They forget first of all, that all other classes would be merged in a classless society of producers, and that all of the genius of the degenerate nobilities, and the real ability which is not denied, of the bourgeoisie and professional classes, would then become a part of the property of the working class, or the new society, as the possessors became members of the new classless race.

However, the premise as stated affirms the innate ability of the present, despised working class.

The working class comprises not only the so-called manual laborer, but as well the so-called intellectual worker, a university professor, a mechanical or any other engineer; in short, anyone who works for wages belongs to the working class. The trend in modern industrial life tends to equalize the conditions of all workers, depressing the brain workers down to the low wages and insecurity of the manual laborer. Their interests become identical, and the sympathy between them increases.

There is no reason to believe that the manual laborer has inherited mental inability. The higher strata—intellectual as well as unintelligent—of society are continuously recruited from the lower. The reason that the manual laborers produce few intellectual achievements is that those of them who do, when recognized, are transferred into other groups of society.

The superstitions, errors and blunders of the working class are not due to lack of potential ability, but to lack of proper and accurate information. They reason as well as they can with the materials at hand and if their conclusions are wrong, the cause will not be found in any inherent mental deficiency, but in erroneous data.

Fifth premise: That it is not sufficient to leave the welfare of humanity to the slow processes of evo-

lution but that organization is necessary to facilitate the process of change, and to prevent the social disorder which would otherwise accompany it.

Despite popular opinion, created by newspaper writers on the subject ("les petits scienteste" of Sorel), evolution, or the blind mechanical forces do not necessarily, unless directed, make for continuous progress.

Some of the man-like apes are in all probability products of evolution starting from the same point as man. Lester F. Ward in relation to this says, "Every deviation from a straight course increases the tendency to deviate still further, and this goes on until some insurmountable obstacle is encountered."

What men believed to be decayed and obsolete, they, if it obstructs them, have a wholesome desire to change, but of course such desires can only proceed from the possibility of benefiting therefrom. One reason why many attempts to modify the social structure and abolish the evils that afflict mankind have failed is that the social forces were not understood, and those who attempted the work were consequently unable to direct or employ them. For this purpose an organization free from major antagonistic interests is necessary, which for that reason could continuously follow up such work.

With minor exceptions, the only ones who will wholeheartedly support a policy are those who will profit from it. The working class are primarily the ones who would profit by the establishment of an industrial democracy. That this might raise and improve the entire human race does not mean, and is not sufficient to call forth the support of those who benefit from the present social order, for they view the world through the spectacles of immediate interests. Industrial Democracy is the mission, and must be the work of the working class and of it alone.

Those masters of today are little people, pompous but with petty visions. They who would create new values, establish a new social order, and once for all lift man from the status of the brute, where he is the plaything of uncomprehended social forces and make him the master of the world, cannot proceed by half-hearted methods. On the other hand organization is necessary to arouse the workers to action, to create the spirit of the warrior, for such a new order requires new men. The social institutions, states and empires of man have crumbled many times in the past, and of late in Russia, and whether capitalism shall fall, or be overthrown, or be torn apart by its contradiction an international organization, an organization ready to reorganize society on new lines and carry on production, may save untold suffering, and prevent a debacle carrying the race back centuries in development.

In effectually organized labor lies the hope of the future salvation of the race. Modern labor adequately organized must be the redeemer of modern times.

Sixth premise. That religion is the idealization of the things we do not understand.

No attempt shall here be made to draw the reader through the philosophical systems that have been given to the world, with their endless arguments about the known and the unknown. It shall here be shown only why such a movement should not accept any religious dogmas, nor accept, as an organization, any religious guidance.

True there are some religionists who claim that their visions have all the purposes, and awaken all of the emotions of a social movement of this kind. In proof thereof they point out that all religions have attempted to unify the race, and that they have called forth at times all that was best in man.

However I must insist that this is mere quibbling, for all religions direct the thoughts of man away from earthly affairs, while the organizations themselves direct their attention themselves in a most odious manner to "mother earth" and her wealth, and if they call forth great effort on the part of their followers, they direct it for political and economic purposes. There is no democratic church!

Today, in all parts of the world, no matter what the dominant religion, there are hundreds of thousands who belong to no religion whatever, and this number contains the best minds, the most civilized people. Such persons' actions are usually in line with their ideals, while the difference between religious men's professed beliefs and their everyday acts are obvious, even to children. But an organization such as is necessary for the work with which we are dealing requires men to act in accordance with their conclusions.

True, we are not content with the actual present, we imagine the possible, we organize to reach it, but we do not leave the domain of which we have knowledge and contact, for one of which we have no knowledge, about which we must speculate. For to introduce such questions violates men's prejudices and creates the opportunity for the introduction of antagonisms of a nature to prevent unbiased administration, and research.

Many religious organizations and persons have interested themselves in the affairs of the workers, but their effect has been in every case bad; they do but muddy the waters, already murky.

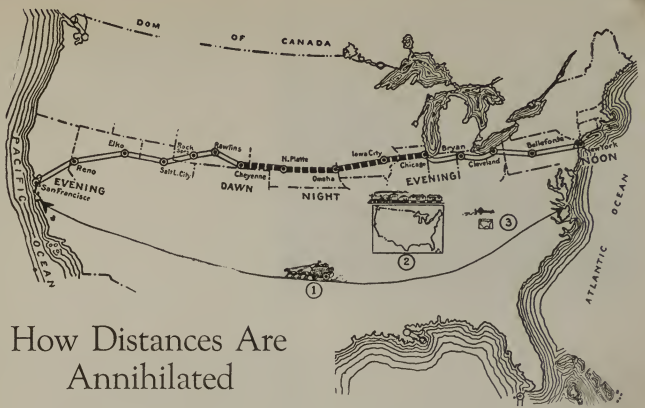
In the place of endless sermons and hosannaing of a bigoted creator, in the place of religion, we place humanity.

In the place of celestial paradise we substitute Industrial Democracy; for never ending bliss, economic freedom; for superstition, "a systematic conception of the universe."

However the various industrialist groups, which have developed the idea of society as an industrial-social organization, have a philosophy, a positive philosophy, a scientific philosophy; we refuse to take an idea and make the facts fit it, as all religious explanations do; neither do we accept the rigid philosophical systems of any particular philosopher. Ours is a philosophy based on demonstrated knowledge, to which many have contributed.

All errors in the administration of the affairs of man are derived from philosophical errors. Every

(Continued on Page Forty-Five)




# How Distances Are Annihilated

IN the map above a sense of distance elimination brought about by evolution of transportation methods is conveyed. The diagram marked 2 shows how the distance between places, for practical purposes, was reduced through railroad transportation. The tiny inset marked 3 illustrates progress in this respect due to airplane service. This map was prepared by the Division of Topography of the Post Office Department.

Early days of western development depended upon the stage coach for passenger and baggage transportation. Then to gain speed in carrying small packages and letters the pony express was established with riders and horses relaying at each fifteen miles. These means of transportation gave way to the railroads.

Now the air mail service has made it possible to carry mail from New York to San Francisco in a little more than one day, and from Chicago to New York in six or eight hours.

While these advances are being made perfection of sending photographs by electrical means from one end of the continent to the other has almost been secured. This is called "telepix." And all are familiar with the radio.

The world that used to be so large has grown smaller, and men now go around it in the same time it took a hundred years ago to travel from New York to Pittsburgh. Go around it in comfort that was undreamed of at that time.

In ancient times with marauding bands, tribes of nomads and conquerors seeking expansion, Egypt preserved a civilization through many dynasties covering thousands of years because the Red Sea and a narrow desert protected her from eastern foes, while the desert to the west and the highland and jungle to the south aided in this isolation. In parts of India there are peoples surrounded by mountains so effectually that they are strikingly different ethnologically from their neighbors. And, indeed, they are not neighbors in the sense of social intercourse. Railroads and airplanes would tear down this aloofness.

Because it was so difficult to transport troops and means of communication were so slow the Amerıran colonials were able to defeat the British. General Burgoyne proceeded southward expecting to meet a northgoing army of English in the Hudson valley, by which fusion would be smashed the "rebel backbone." But it took a long time to send the order across the Atlantic after an official in the war department in London had remembered to mail it. Today news flashes over the earth by cable and wireless, and men having conquered the land and the sea have made quick strides to conquer the air.

The peoples of the world are taught by patriotism to hate one another, and where the spirit of universal fraternity should prevail there is only bitter competition fostering race prejudice and fostered by it. This situation obtains because capitalists own the means of transportation and communication as well as the land and the factories. This also gives them ownership and control of the educational agencies.

Let the working people of the world that has become so accessible join in economic organization to utilize the means of life and communication in furtherance of cultural growth cognizant of universal brotherhood. This means the movement of the entire human race through the action of the organized working class to the commonwealth of cooperation.



FIGURE MARKED 1 IS WM. D. HAYWOOD.

# These Twenty Years

By WARREN LAMSON

**JULY 20, 1905, marked the beginning of a new epoch in the world's labor movement. On that date the first convention of the I. W. W. adjourned with over fifty thousand members committed to the overthrow of the wage system through general organization of the working class and the inauguration of a classless social system based upon democratic administration of industry.**

Prior to this time the unions existing in America were not in any sense class instruments, but only combinations of individuals engaged in particular crafts. The new organization brought the struggle of the workers as a class directly to the point of production, and emphasized the cardinal principle that its object was the control of industry to be obtained by the efforts of the class itself and not through the legal processes and legislative enactments dreamed of by utopian socialists. The conceptual powers of political socialists were limited to the idea of capturing political government and they were always theoretically unable to devise any means of transforming society into an industrial democracy, the desired state. Transition periods worried, and still worry, these worthy ones.

The I. W. W. refused to be stalled in this labyrinth of creation by government fiat and looked upon the new society as the necessary product of a growth of desire and method of expression of the working class. It cut the Gordian knot of transition by building the structure of the new society within the shell of the old. It recognized that the working class correctly organized would be a greater arbiter of social destiny than the state; that those in control of the means of life control all social development.

### The Real Enemy of Capitalism

It was this structural weapon that immediately made the I. W. W. the greatest menace to the ruling class. It is this conception of revolution that placed the I. W. W. in the forefront of all revolutionary movements. It is this conception that enables it to maintain that position regardless of fluctuating numerical strength. The working class permeated with such a concept will accept no peace but victory. The I. W. W. was conceived and launched as the evolved product or previous revolutionary action. It was a fusion of many elements not identical with and superior to any single constituent contributing to its make-up.

The organization's early years were necessarily wasted in clarifying its position. It declined in membership, but its aggressive program still stood. About 1908, having freed itself of those who would pervert its principles, it began to make bid for leadership in the American labor movement. Its entire membership, not including strike membership, was small, but it was successfully demonstrating that its methods were the kind that win. In this short time it proved to the working class of the entire world that revolutionary industrial unionism was a superior weapon to political action or trade unionism.

During this time it had on its payroll a small battery of the ablest and sincerest organizers the American labor movement has ever possessed, of which Joseph J. Ettor, William D. Haywood, George Speed, William Trautman, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, James P. Thompson and Frank Little were the outstanding figures.

Early in this period attempts were made to organize the loggers in the Northwest. This work proceeded successfully until thousands were held within the organization, while its principles were understood and accepted by the loggers as a whole. Finally a Brotherhood of Timber Workers of the Southern timber belt joined in a body. This organization, formed in the home of racial friction and hatred, admitted members of both the negro and

white races to all of the privileges of the union, proving that race prejudice is no serious obstacle to determined and clear-thinking men. These lumber workers of the South and the Northwest formed the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers.

During these same years the I. W. W. conducted an aggressive campaign in the textile industry. Strikes were conducted in Lowell, Lawrence, New Bedford, Massachusetts, Paterson, New Jersey, Little Falls, New York, and many other places. In all of these places they had to contend with many nationalities, but they never permitted these obstacles to prevent them from achieving their ends. They taught them, Italian, Polish, Belgian, Turk, Armenian and all of them, women, children and men—to fight as a unit. Out of this series of successful strikes came the National Industrial Union of Textile Workers which at one time had some 40 locals located in the textile towns of the East.

Another series of strikes and activities were conducted in several ports, notably Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Pedro, California. These activities brought forth the National Industrial Union of Marine Transport Workers. Its largest local was in Philadelphia, but there were some half dozen locals in other ports.

The organizers of the I. W. W. during these fruitful years also made a titanic effort to secure control of the steel industry. In 1909-10 they bearded the steel trust in cossack-ridden Pennsylvania, conducting strikes in McKees Rocks, Butler, New Castle and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In practically all of these strikes they had to fight the discredited internationals of the A. F. of L. Thousands were organized.

### Many Nationalities United

These mills, like the textile mills, employed workers of many nationalities, oftentimes hereditary enemies, but the organizers of the I. W. W. did not for one moment allow these national divisions to hamper them. They were not organizing nationalities but workers. In McKees Rocks, the scene of the most spectacular strike, they tamed the famous Pennsylvania cossacks and beat the steel barons at every point in tactics. In Bethlehem, where the I. A. M. was in charge, the I. W. W. organizers were at first welcomed, as they were needed to get the workers out of the mills. The I. A. M., however, fearing that it would lose control, managed to bar Ettor and Schmidt, the I. W. W. representatives, from the strike.

One of the most promising developments of the strike at McKees Rocks was that both the railroad men and the steamboat employees refused to haul scabs, this over the protests of their union officials.

Two things were demonstrated in the raids on the steel and the woolen trusts. First: that the rank and file of the working class is revolutionary enough to bring about a social revolution the moment that an adequate machine is devised through



JAMES P. THOMPSON
Forceful Orator of I. W. W for These Twenty Years.

which this revolutionary energy can manifest itself in an organized and concerted manner. Second: that religious belief has but little to do with a worker becoming a revolutionist. In these fortresses of the trust barons the workers, regardless of religious tenets, spoke of a labor trust, sang the International, and put their trust in the One Big Union. They were not troubled about the past failures or splits of the I. W. W., nor by the bad reputation given to it by capitalist agencies. They recognized that the program and tactics of the I. W. W. filled the workers' needs.

### The First Struggle for Structure

The organization in 1913 was torn with dissension which caused a cessation of its activities in the East. This was a struggle for structure. The organization had a universal structure, which was that of national industrial unions and local industrial unions. Mixed locals or recruiting unions were established where there were members, but not sufficient to charter industrial locals. These were supposed to bring about their own dissolution by organizing sufficient members to charter industrial locals, but this never worked except in theory. There was a universal per capita rate for the industrial local to pay to the National I. U. All of these matters were determined in the general convention and not in the conventions of the N .I. U.'s. The migratory workers of the West had always accepted the idea of industrial unionism, but functioning unions did not result; the mixed locals did not meet their needs. A decentralization movement arose, and while it had some good points, it had many that were absurd, such as abolishing the G .E. B. and all general authority. The decentralizers were defeated in the 8th Annual Convention. The organization, however, remained dormant till 1915.

### Tapping a New Field

In 1911 a small group of members met in Kansas City, and laid out a plan for organizing the harvest workers, who were then, as usual, gathering for the annual wheat harvest. They organized many members that year and formed what was known as the Agricultural Workers' Organization. It had no locals but was in reality one large local with branches covering the entire industry. These branches had no membership nor treasuries. The members had the branch, but the branch had no members. This temporary structure suited the mobile personnel of the harvest hand well. In 1916 they again organized thousands, and when they came to the general convention that winter their program was adopted as a universal structure for the organization. This change in structure permitted functioning unions to be developed in the logging, general construction, and agricultural industries and among the sea-faring workers. For several years the organization grew in strength and prestige in these fields, but on the other hand it did not permit growth in the stable industries, but on the contrary killed off what union had been built in them with much effort. This growth continued till war having been declared many of the ablest organizers were removed by arrest. Despite the removal of many of their ablest men the union still held some 30,000 or more members, though it now initiated more members in a year than paid dues in any one month.

Battles were fought and won. The agricultural workers, faced with persecution both from state and municipal authorities, forced up the wages and cut down the hours. Hundreds were arrested, but the work never stopped. In the Northwest the lumber workers during the war gained the eight-hour day and many improved working conditions which they still hold. This organization was achieved



JOS. J. ETTOR
Who was Tried for Murder in Lawrence Strike and Acquitted.



ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN
at the Time of Her Activity in the I. W. W.

only after a fierce struggle. The Everett Massacre was enacted in 1916, where the hirelings of Big Business were deputized to fire upon a landing steamer filled with unarmed men, and in which the powers of the state were used to persecute the outraged passengers rather than the thugs who, from the dock, had fired upon a helpless and unarmed group of singing workers.

Many men were organized in the steel and railroad industries, but due to the fact that these workers were seething with revolt, with its structure and tactics fitted to the migratory personnel of the agricultural, general construction and logging industries, functioning unions could not result and the organization could not hold them. Thus the universal in structure and methods was again bringing about dissension and it was only logical that a struggle would again take place.

### The Factional Fight

In 1924 the General Executive Board and the general administration officials split into two factions, one upholding the need of a powerful general organization, and one adhering to the idea with certain modifications the decentralizers had put forward in 1913. Those adhering to the idea of the decentralizers being prevented by a group of the membership in the vicinity of the headquarters of the general organization from destroying the general organization, without a convention adopting such a program, withdrew and set up a separate organization. This attempt to inaugurate a separate I. W. W. without the consent of the general convention, and without traversing the regular legislative channels of the organization, coupled with the fact that this faction appealed to the jurisdictional wing of the capitalist state rather than to the membership for support, caused their support to be limited, the majority of the membership and all of the machinery of the organization remaining with the parent organization.

This split, however, though small, has awakened the membership to the necessity of once and for all time solving the struggle for structure, and it

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# Industrial Observations

By CARD No. 264978

**WE were recently told by no less an authority than the Secretary of Labor that the army of unemployed in the United States numbers more than six million workers. In this figure is not included the great army of migratory workers, who never enter the records of the Depatment of Labor. By including these workers in our figures it is safe to state that the army of unemployed exceeds the 7,000,000 quota.**

Where do we find all this unemployment? A trip through the Eastern industrial centers will disclose, even to a casual observer, that the figures quoted above cannot be very much exaggerated. Having recently had an opportunity to visit the large industrial cities and centers in the East, I will endeavor to set forth, as exactly as it is possible, the conditions encountered.

New York is really too immense in its dimensions anywhere accurately to estimate the prevailing unemployment. All one can do is to venture a guess. However, a worker looking for a job in almost any industry will find it very difficult to obtain employment. The only exception is in certain trades in the building industry, such as carpenters, bricklayers, painters, etc. So far as the majority of the workers, even in the building construction work are concerned, they are confronted with a large surplus of labor power and a scarcity of buyers of that particular commodity.

You will be informed, while in New York, that the various trades in the building industry are making big money, ten, twelve, and fourteen dollars a day. But if you inquire as to the pay received by the laborers, digging the cellars, packing the cement or mixing the concrete for these giant mansions of the idle rich ,you will find out that 50 cents an hour for the hardest kind of work paid ahead at top speed for ten or more hours a day, is rather the rule than the exception. You are also told that it is mainly Italians who perform this kind of work, and that they cannot be included with building workers proper.

Even the so-called skilled workers find themselves oftentimes working for 25 to 50 per cent less than their scale calls for. The steel construction workers are supposedly paid at the rate of $1.50 per hour, but there are buildings in New York being erected where those workers toil for half that price. Besides we find among this group of workers a very great percentage unemployed.

Outside of the building industry there is hardly a decent job obtainable in the city of New York. Thousands are gathering around the various factory gates, at the waterfront and at all places where workers are engaged in productive activity, offering themselves, or their power to labor, for sale for almost anything the employers see fit to offer.

The cost of living is so out of all proportion to the pitiful wages paid in New York that it is impossible to understand how the workers manage to exist. A poor dwelling of a couple of out-of-date rooms with a smoky, dirty and dark kitchen costs from $60 per month upward. Foodstuffs and clothing are in proportion. How to balance the monthly financial sheet with those expenses and a four dollar a day wage to enter on the right side of the ledger is a problem that requires a greater economic genius than the writer possesses.

What is said of New York and the working conditions there holds equally good in regard to the Eastern metropolitan centers. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo and others are in the same class, with the possible exception that in those cities the building boom is less pronounced than in New York, but then the influx of labor is also less, so that the one balances the other.

In Boston the painters went on strike demanding fifteen cents increase an hour, from $1.10 to $1.25. Of course, being conducted on a strictly A. F. of L. basis, with all the other building trades working, and besides part of the painters signing up a temporary contract with their bosses for the duration of the strike, the strike was a failure. Similarly with a little strike staged by the Italian building laborers in that city.

In Worcester, Massachusetts, the slaves in the United States Steel Corporation wire mills are working ten hours a day. The wages are very low, 40 to 50 cents an hour being the limit, and the work very hard and rushed to the limit. Most of the work in the various factories in that city is being done by the piece-work method, and the slaves are lucky if they can eke out five or six dollars per day by exerting every ounce of their energy.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is called the "Smoky City." If precent conditions are to prevail it will be well to change the name. Half of the steel plants are staying idle and those in operation are working only part of the time, three or four days per week. Starvation and misery are rampant among the workers on account of the great unemployment. Cleveland, Ohio, is somewhat more fortunate, as there are quite a number of large construction jobs in operation. Besides, it was the only city encountered where the workers really made some attempt on the job to better their conditions, and also succeeded to some extent.

If one wants to study the unemployment problem in detail, it is well to drift away from the

large cities and venture out to the small industrial towns and mining centers, where the results are more apparent. Especially is this the case in the coal mining industry.

Not half the mines in the Ohio Valley are operating, and those which do operate keep running only three or four days in the week. The miners of Mannington, Ferry, Tiltonville, Bellaire and Dillonville were mostly idle, and the reason offered for their idleness was that the mines in West Virginia were running full blast with scabs working 20 per cent cheaper than the union scale calls for. As a remedy the union officials in the United Mine Workers as well as the mine operators advocate that the union consent to a similar wage cut. Of course, all that can be gained by such a procedure is that the miners of West Virginia will either be laid off or else forced to work still cheaper. It is significant that the only remedy offered is to take steps towards crowding out the miners in other localities by means of underselling them; organized workers underbidding the scabs in the sale of labor power.

At Bentleyville, Pennsylvania, a mining town of approximately 3000 miners, in addition to the nickel snatchers who exist upon the miners, every mine was closed. There are ten mines in the vicinity of that town and not one of them was in operation. As the miners have been only partly employed for the last year it is needless to state that conditions among those workers is as terrible as one can possibly imagine it to be. And among those workers their union has collected, through the check-off system, 80 cents every month for union dues and one-half cent on the dollar earned to go towards organizing the miners in West Virginia. So far the United Mine Workers officials have been very prompt in collecting the dues and assessments, but they have stayed at a safe distance from West Virginia.

To all appearances the once-powerful United Mine Workers of American has dwindled down to nothing more than a company union. So far as being a power among the miners that is respected by the mine operators it amounts to nothing. It is nothing unusual to find mining operators openly violating the contracts, and when it is called to the attention of union officials their only reply is to accept what the bosses offer, as "we cannot afford any troubles with the employers at this time."

So much has been written and said about the "apathy of the workers" that the phrase has developed into an axiom by this time. Nevertheless, if one is fair, one must admit that the workers, at least in the mining industry, and I dare say in all industries, are no more apathetic today than they have been in the past, and not that much. On the contrary, one finds audiences everywhere willing to listen to any speaker who deals with industrial conditions, and the questions that are being asked and the interest displayed prove everything but apathy. It certainly ought to be self-evident that millions of workers, thrown out of employment and on the verge of starvation or actually starving, can not be disinterested in questions pertaining to their own material welfare. The reason for their present deplorable condition is to be sought rather in the form of organization under which they have fought in the past, than in some peculiar psychological disposition among those workers.

For years those workers who are today members of the old form of craft unions, or influenced by them, have been so used to finding some particular individual taking charge of their mutual affairs that they have lost all confidence in themselves. To them a "union" means an institution to which they pay dues and from which they expect some particular official to come and straighten out their difficulties. In the early days when the A. F. of L. still had many sincere and devoted officials who really urged the membership onward to better conditions in life through their organized strength and their ability to fight for such betterments, those officials gained confidence and accumulated a great reputation for being "great labor leaders." The successes or failures of the local have been either credited or debited to the individual in office. Usually the debit was wiped out providing the official in question was sufficiently smooth-tongued to talk it away.

However, the officialdom in the A. F. of L. has deteriorated to the lowest stage possible. Graft and greed are the dominating factors, and the welfare of the membership plays no part whatsoever in their calculations. One finds officials in the United Mine Workers of America who are shareholders in the mines where their constituents are working; the major part of them are obviously bribed by the mining operators; their expense sheets show conclusively that they are living on a standard much closer to the one enjoyed by the mining operators than by the men they are supposed to represent. In my travel I ran across one case where a worker paid a $300 initiation fee to join a certain international, and when told that even at that "the books were closed" he was asked to contribute $500 in bribe to the officials in charge to get him in the union. "It is not much as we are nine to divide it," he was told. Under such conditions, is it any wonder that the unions lose their strikes? As the matter stands today in the whole A. F. of L. we find that every time the union wins its officials lose and vice versa. As a result the unions always lose, thanks to the actions of their officials.

This state of affairs is clearly understood by followers of the various new creeds operating among the craft unions. In fact the whole program of the Trade Union Educational League is built upon those facts. As the members are fairly well aware of those facts they gladly listen to any and all criticism of the officials and thoughtlessly adopt the

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# ELECTRICITY

By T-BONE SLIM

JUICE is stranger than friction.

A friendly stranger is half as strange as a strange friend.

The world's champion friend has 198 friends—two, former friends —are no more.

China has 440,000,000 opportunities for a man looking for friends.

The thinning out of the Chinese, in favor of western civilinsanity, has started in earnest—earnfest—to enslave the rest.

The idea is to get the 440,000,000 Chinamen to support the world —an impossibility without thinning them out, and impossible after.

China industrialized will number about 200,000,000 workers, and will be able to do much of Europe's manufacturing, when not conducting an engagement with rice and chop-suey—and, when Europe's unemployed hold extraordinary sessions with soup and petrified biscuits.

Europe's civilinsanity, too, will feel safer after China is deflated: remember how rosy the school girl complexion of "our" capitalism got after labor was deflated, 1920—?

But, (note this) they do not deflate labor in America any more—they use a stomach-pump: they grab a man in the street, full of compulsory temperance, rush him to a hospital, and pump the constitutional sobriety out of him.

Sometimes they save the man. Good! Bravo! But, **neverthelittle,** prohibition has killed more men than we lost in the last war—this is not favoring war nor prohibition—prohibition is the worst stuff I ever drank.

I would not mention it if it wasn't a thinning-out process—why carry on war when—when you can give the victims wood alcohol, hair oil, chloral and torso-ointment—?

If you want to thin 'em faster, re-introduce saloons, legalize moonshine and denatured "gas."

Not much prohibitionary stimulant is being guzzled—little is SO effective, and SO cheap. Really, prohibition seems like a concession to the mounting gas bills—with what would you buy a radio if the people were allowed to spend the money for liquor? Only saloonkeepers would have Fords and "Neitherdynes."

Leaving all jokes aside, I would rather listen to a radio than a drunk, yes I would—as much as the **pufformers** stagger in their igloo —Sixon—but I would rather be half shot while doing it, yes I would.

How helpless we Americans are. Law tells us when to work, what to eat, what to drink, what to chew and smoke, where and when to sleep; tells us what to think; tells us where to live; tells us when to die—where would we be without law? What would we do? It tells us not to celebrate our Independence with Chinese fire-crackers.

I suggest—patriotically suggest—that we loan our laws to China, just as soon as we can spare them.

Another thing in our favor is cheap food. It's really astoundful!

You can get two spoonfuls of oats and a tube of milk for 10 cents—everybody, too, seems to have a dime—ah, may the dimes never grow extinct!

I stood by the cashier's desk and watched the breakfast customers pay their bills. Here is what the register registered: 10, 15, 10, 05, 05, 10, 10, 10, 10, 05, 10, 20, 10, 10—I wonder where all that money is coming from.—A hundred years from now they'll celebrate this prosperity and Coolidge—the one-man PROSPERITY.




# The Road To Autocracy

By HUBERT LANGEROCK

**NOTE: This is the second article of a series aiming to prove how the necessities of trustified production are, under our very eyes, leading to a transformation of the institutions of present day society from a political democracy into an oligarchy of capitalistic magnates consistently developing autocratic methods of government while the institutions of political democracy are left in existence in the shape of an empty shell with the purpose of deceiving the ignorant and the gullible.**

**The first article of this series appeared in the May Day issue of Industrial Solidarity under the title: "If You Don't Like 'Em, Vag 'Em." The next article will appear in the next issue of the Pioneer and deal with "Government by Injunction."**

II.

Much of what has been said about the abuse of the vagrancy law could be repeated about the thousands of prosecutions for disorderly conduct which crowd the dockets of the lower courts. Again it will be throwing the crude light of common sense upon the subject, if we go back to the fundamental notion of a guilty act. In order that there may exist a punishable offense, there must be present at the same time a material deed and an anti-social intent.

It is a matter of common knowledge that these elements are not present in the vast majority of disorderly conduct cases. The material deed is there but the anti-social intention is generally lacking. The anti-social character of an act is not a matter of fact but a question of appreciation and that appreciation generally rests with the police. Thus it came about that many people have been and still are found guilty of disorderly conduct for the commission of deeds of which the police happen to disapprove without having a legal right to stop them or a law on which they can fall back to obtain a direct conviction based upon the principle of lawful repression or prevention.

The interpretation of a certain act as disorderly is purely a matter of arbitrary appreciation. There is not in existence any kind of a fixed standard by which a judge may be guided in administering the law. Disorderly conduct covers anything and everything which the arresting officer chooses to label in this manner and when the hearing in court takes place a conviction is secured not on the basis of what has actually taken place but on the strength of what is not stated in open court or made part of the record and has been whispered into the ear of the judge or brought to his knowledge by devious methods which leave the defendant without any real opportunity to defend himself properly because he is generally not aware of the nature of the real charges held against him.

The law books and law journals are full of decisions in matters of disorderly conduct which are so opposed to every notion of justice and fair play that they would reach the domain of ridicule if one was able to forget that those legal vagaries are gambles for which the life and liberty of the down-trodden class generally provide the stakes.

I want to quote a few instances to illustrate that statement.

### Pawns For the Law Game

Recently the owner of an automobile was brought into court on a charge of disorderly conduct because a policeman objected to the sound of the horn on the man's car. The owner claimed to possess as good or even a better musical ear than the complaining officer and stated that he liked the sound. Nevertheless, he was convicted.

In another case a man stood in front of a bar talking to a few acquaintances. The complaining officer admitted that he was talking in an average tone of voice, not loud at all. The man was giving his opinion of the police and stated about half as much as can be read any day in thousands of books, newspapers and magazines. He was arrested, placed in jail, held incommunicado for five days, and when the police, after a laborious investigation, were unable to place any kind of a charge against him, he was brought to court under a complaint of disorderly conduct, and convicted.

Now, the main point which I want to bring out is that these actions of the police are not vagaries of stupid individuals intoxicated with the possession of a certain amount of restraining power of which they are not deserving either by their personality or their character, but deliberate acts which find the reason for their existence in the class struggle.

The following instance will illustrate this general statement. In this case, the defendant was an employee working under a woman boss. In the course of his employment an argument arose upon a matter connected with the work in hand. The employee had the better of the argument whereupon the woman, in a fit of anger, charged her subordinate with disorderly conduct. The latter happened to be a foreigner and the judge handed him a severe sentence and lectured him upon the respect due to an American woman. The case went to the superior court on appeal. On the witness stand the lady straw-boss admitted that there had been no loud talking, no bad language, nothing beyond a somewhat acrid conversation. The defendant established that on the technicalities of the question in dispute, he was right and the woman wrong. Since there were no witnesses, the court had to dismiss the case.

It is only too evident that the judges who lend themselves to such inconsiderate judgments are no judges at all. For them the facts of the case have not the slightest importance. What really matters with them are the things which are understood but not mentioned. The performance in court is a joke, a kind of ritual through which the parties to suit go mechanically, the real matter at issue, the reason which causes the sentence is never stated.

If this is the case, where is the difference between such a performance and the methods of an out-and-out autocracy where sentence is pronounced without trial? What is the practical value and the real tangible significance of that day in court which so many uncritical people consider as one of the fundamentals of Anglo-Saxon liberty?

The autocracy and bureaucracy which trustified capitalism is slowly building up within the shell of a pretendedly democratic government reduced to the status of camouflage evinces first of all a thoroughly hypocritical character. It proceeds by indirection. It is too cowardly or too clever to make a frontal attack upon the beloved commonplaces of the ignorant mass and prefers to punish unpunishable opinion under the pretext of technical crimes.

### "Justice" Applied to Unions

After the war was over, the Lever Act, a war measure, was used to prevent the coal miners from striking.

A few years ago, when the officials of the Structural Iron Workers were brought to trial, they were not prosecuted for blowing up jobs on which scab labor was employed. They were accused of transporting explosives on passenger trains from one state to another but, in the course of the trial, nearly all the testimony offered had no reference to the crime with which they were charged. It referred to the explosions of which they were not accused and for which they were not on trial. One of the consequences of such an underhand method of framing social rebels is the lack of proportion between the penalty imposed and the technical offense charged, proving once more that the conviction was brought about in a roundabout way and aimed to punish for crimes not mentioned in the indictment.

Such a treacherous method is pregnant with untold possibilites. During the war, second class mailing privileges were withdrawn from a magazine on the ground that it had spoken disrespectfully of Samuel Gompers. About the same time Thorstein Veblen's book on Imperial Germany and the Indutsrial Revolution was barred from the mails although it had been issued in 1915.

Most of the war legislation is still on the statute books and capitalism may be relied upon not to overlook the fact that, let us say, a petty struggle with some diminutive Central American republic would provide an opportunity to deal a smashing blow to every form of revolutionary thought by a resurrection of all the restrictive legislation enacted during the last emergency for the suppression of discordant opinions.

The pious camouflage of free press still stands but what are, in reality, the facts? There may not have been recently any outright suppression of working class papers, but the post office is still empowered by law to deny transportation in the mails

at second class rates to any opinions of which it does not approve and, under the benefit of that rule, it maintains a censorship of ideas and principles which Congress would not dare to translate into a direct law. To commit the liberties of the citizen to the mercy of a political appointive officer, like the postmaster-general, is worse than entrusting them to a mob, because it is safeguarding tyranny by law.

### "Pay Streak for Reaction"

The growing capitalist autocracy is under the impression that the indirect punishment of socially discordant elements by underhand methods constitutes a regular pay streak for reactionary purposes and it is daily inventing new variations of this primary theme. Some of the most recent ones deserve to be mentioned with some details.

The first one of these up-to-date tricks consists in dragging an obnoxious individual away from his place of residence where it is questionable if a conviction could be secured, to an out of the way locality where an ignorant or supine jury can be easily secured which is willing to convict at the behest of the district attorney.

Those who may have followed closely the criminal syndicalism trials in California are familiar with the type of jury which will convict when the master class cracks the whip. The question at issue, in a criminal syndicalism case, is always whether or not the I. W. W., as an organization, is committed to the methods of physical violence whose presence the law considers as the character of criminal syndicalism. It is a matter of descriptive sociology. The task of the defendant is practically identical to that of a college professor lecturing to his class in economics. If, at that particular moment, one takes a look at the men in the jury box, he is convinced by the empty stare on their faces that they do not understand. Those men picked from the four corners of a cow-county, or a backwoods district have never heard of any of the many points covered in the argument of the defense. They are men of the soil or from some small shop or store and vague echoes of the industrial conflict have seldom reached their lonesome dwellings. They lack every form of preparation for the understanding of a plea which marshals arguments borrowed from economics, sociology and social psychology. The look on their faces is a confession that they are unfit for the task which they are performing.

### How Wobblies Are Convicted

Up gets the district attorney. They know him, he belongs to their lodge or to their church. Their votes have put him in office. He is their neighbor. He leans over the rail of the jury box and talks to them in a familiar way like an old woman gossiping over a back fence and then he steps back two paces, draws a deep breath and winds up his speech with a re-hash of his last Fourth of July oration. He wins, he gets a conviction and yet, he has not even tried to bring a shred of relevant proof.

In order to drag a man from an industrial center where a conviction would be harder to secure, to a hole in the ground where the product of many cumulative atavisms can be readily swung by a mixture of intellectual crookedness and local clannishness, a brand new device is at hand. It is known as constructive crime.

In our poor workaday world one has done something or he has not done it. The make-believe world of lawmakers and jurists has improved upon that simple situation. It has created constructive crime which is a hocus-pocus under which you have done something when you have not done it.

Here is the way it works. If they want to secure a conviction against a certain individual in some rotten borough of their own choice, in spite of the fact that that person has never set foot in that particular neck of the woods, all they have to do is to maintain that he was there constructively, which puts him in a position of having been where he has not been.

It is the easiest thing in the world. The man is probably an official of an organization which may count a hundred thousand members or more and employ a score of organizers. One of the latter may have passed through the isolated district where it is thought easy to secure a conviction. He is arrested and brought to trial and with his own case is connected that of the man whom they intend to reach. As an official of his organization, he is the arrested man's employer and that makes him constructively present with his employee. Thus the stage is set for extradition proceedings and a citizen is made to face a prejudiced jury in a hostile community. The result is obvious, vindictive capitalism lands its man.

No unprejudiced onlooker will dignify such proceedings with the name of justice. It is parody or vaudeville or anything you feel like calling it and even the individuals who benefit by such warped trials must, in the intimacy of their conscience, if they have one, admit to themselves that the whole performance is a joke staged for the special benefit of the benighted ones who lack class consciousness and may, in their simplicity of mind, be led to consider class revenge as the logical application of a just and equitable law.

Any man who is not blinded by the bias of his class interests will readily admit that punishment of social rebels by the arbitrary methods of an avowed autocracy would not be different as to results and a good deal more honest as to method.

# Book and Motion Picture Reviews

JAMES BRANCH CABELL continued his allegorical, philosophical rambling in **Straws and Prayer Books,** but the book is sure to disappoint those folk who are thoroughly disgusted with this Sumnerized America and who smacked their lips over Jurgen's amours. Because the latest book calls for no Sumner on the run, and had the author resorted always to such literary advertising of his own wares and those of his friends I am sure that his name would never have been placed in the Puritan pillory by the elements of our Babbitteria who regret that Flaubert did not die at the stake, that De Maupassant was not crucified and that M. Anatole France passed out of his quietly chuckling life in the peace of a bedroom.

Between the elegant advertising and the verbiage—Cabell has a matchless verbosity, previously unsurpassed in H. G. Wells—you gather that the author is insistent that the literary artist is not primarily concerned with making money, or with pleasing his friends or displeasing them, for that matter. He is moved to write for his own amusement, his own diversion. Perhaps that is why there are so many half-starved writers, whose number we can but guess at because they have no patron saints in publishers. But why anyone should write several hundred pages on that foundation is as unjustifiable as that ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent books are written at all.

Cabell has a pretty way of saying things, and yet he can be quite coarse, not that our epidermis is too thin, but that of the ladies certainly must be when he describes them as perambulating graves for slaughtered kine, swine and sheep for all their veneer of refinement. Their hostility may not stand up when they recall **Jurgen,** and whatever they feel about the matter it must more than be made up to Cabell by his literary buddies, whose "stock he has nicely boosted."

For those who are carried away from perception of reality of the whole by the brilliancy of certain passages the advertising stunt may not become apparent, and the book cannot suffer in this respect so far as they are concerned.

Altogether a book with little meat, a number of playful thoughts about death, some flowers, and the recurrent tributes to his friends (who also sell their MSS. to publishers) which I insist upon calling elegantly contrived advertisements.--**Thos. Senn.**

STRAWS AND PRAYER BOOKS, by James Branch Cabell. Robert McBride and Co., New York. Price $2.50.

AFTER reading **"The Causes of Industrial Unrest,"** by John A. Fitch, my impression was that he analyzes carefully as far as he probes, and that he cherishes an eminent desire to be perfectly fair. The first sentences of his opening chapter run: "The term 'industrial unrest' is used here in the sense in which it is generally understood, referring to dissatisfaction on the part of the workers, rather than on the part of the employer. This is because the struggle between the two parties that grows out of the feeling of unrest is generally, though not always, precipitated by the workers. Strikes are overwhelmingly more frequent than lockouts. Labor seems to be the aggressor in the struggle. It is battering at the employer's defenses, seeking a change in the **status quo.** The employer is generally on the defensive, since he either desires no change in conditions or he favors a revision downward. When the employer reduces wages or increases hours, he is really the aggressor, but he does not appear to be, because he does not attract attention unless the workers protest. . . . However, the majority of the strikes are for improvement in their conditions instead of against a reduction."

In spite of this percipience and his arraignment of capitalists for their almost universal reprehension of collective bargaining, for their employment of spies in factory and union, and for their using courts and other governmental branches against workers, Mr. Fitch's conclusions smack of class collaboration, and one gathers that he would not view an extension of Civic Federation influence as incompatible with the will of the workers for an improvement in their conditions.

The concluding chapter is synthetic and the author divides society into the working and employing classes and the public. All have rights, he contends, and the harmonious relations of the first two insure the wellbeing of the last. A summary of this sort exhibits a woeful lack of understanding of the nature of wealth creation in connection with its ethical aspects, by one who stresses moral considerations. Profits in the Marxian analysis are surplus values, and surplus values are extractions by capitalists from workers through the capitalist ownership of the means of life supported at all times by force—police, armies and navies, to say nothing of the later auxiliaries masquerading as fraternal or religious bodies.

This places the capitalist in the position of a robber, which he is. He is a parasite, and there is no solution to industrial unrest possible or desirable

until the capitalist is deprived of his class position. It is quite true that when a strike occurs the noncombatants are regarded as the public. But in this age of rapid means for communication, and of intense struggle for life there are no neutrals, none whose sympathies, if not actual support with resources, do not go out to one or the other of the disputants.

That employers are on the defensive is truer than Mr. Fitch probably imagines, because in the course of evolutionary development the hour is striking for the working class to assume its place of dominance and to subordinate all opposition. Social operation of great machines cannot forever exist under private ownership of these machines. Capitalism is in its death throes for all its pompous strutting. About one more world war for democracy to end war will end the bourgeoisie.

But Mr. Fitch's work reminds us of the liberal attitude, and when one sets out to look into the causes of discontent among the workers it is impossible to strike at the roots of the matter with the scratches of palliatives and the salves of reforms. The workers are discontented because they are robbed of the wealth they create. There is no change possible without their complete emancipation from wage slavery, based on their seizure of the tools of production.

The book is worth reading, having much documentary evidence and fair statements of position by various working class organizations as well as those of employers. There is a wealth of allusion showing how broad has been the author's research. And in the hands of a Marxian the same material could certainly be worked into an irrefutable indictment of the system Mr. Fitch seems unwilling to see swept aside without attempting to have patched up.

—**Mary West.**

**THE CAUSES OF INDUSTRIAL UNREST. By John A. Fitch. Harper and Brothers, New York. Price, $3.00.**

SPENCER BRODNEY'S play **"Rebel Smith,"** is the story of an I. W. W. organizer in Australia who entered voluntary retirement from activity due to a sense of hopelessness induced by observing proletarian apathy. Laboring on a farm in the back-country he makes frequent trips to a nearby public house where he is regarded as a disreputable character. The proprietor is a supporter of the treacherous labor party government and Rebel Smith is known as a brainy agitator for the One Big Union. At first the proprietor's daughter, who is a bar-maid, refuses to have anything to say to Smith, except quips of an abusive kind, but he manages at last to engage her in conversation and to make her catch the first glimmerings of class consciousness by showing her how both of them are victims of social conditions, of capitalism which makes them slaves.

Smith's employer was to have married Kitty, but she is awakening to a realization of what a dreary, bestial existence awaits her if she joins him, and the agitator confirms her convictions. Thereupon she begins to see Smith's possibilities, which are materially slender, but he is good looking and young and he speaks well. When an ex-Wobbly who sold out to get into the labor party government offers Smith a lucrative post, Kitty wants him to jump at it. He is taunted by his employer about Kitty. Smith has just quit him. The farmer tells Smith he can have "his leavings." Smith then takes his challenge and says he will marry Kitty, and in order to do so he accepts the offer from the politician. Later he reverses his position and says he will not be a rat.

He leaves Kitty, feeling that he is unable to compromise and to attach a wife to his meager baggage. Then he goes away to become active once more in disseminating the philosophy of revolutionary industrial unionism, which will make it possible for men and women in economic security to live natural lives.

Kitty's parents wanted her married and they were inspired by the economic urge, as was Kitty herself. Love was a minor note in their considerations, just as it is in most marriages.

When the third act ends the play Kitty is sitting in a depressed mental state and Smith has gone. It is just one more of the tragedies of modern society, told in a simple manner.

—**Lewis Enright.**

**REBEL SMITH. By Spencer Brodney. Published by Siebel Publishing Company, 32 W. 20th St., New York. Price $1.00.**

THE novel **Quo Vadis** was a short time ago made into a moving picture by some Italian film company, and posters announcing it teased my curiosity enough to make me go in and see what it looked like. I was about ten or eleven years old when I read the novel the first time, and I attempted unsuccessfully to read it a second time at a more mature age but my interest flagged so much that I never succeeded in finishing the second reading.

The impression the novel made upon me was that it seemed especially adapted for exciting the emotions of adolescent children, sentimental unmarried females, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, Babbitts and other creatures unable to assimilate strong and healthy mental food. It is a Polish counterpart to Ben Hur, but written by a better craftsman.

Its author, Henryk Sienkievich, has written a wagonload of moralistic and nationalistic novels of which I have only succeeded in plowing by way through one called "Without Dogmas." In this novel the author has been diluting Dostoievski's themes of gigantic sins and absorbing penitence to such an extent that they will be acceptable and understandable to the class of readers that I mentioned above.

The author is showing his literary preferences

in it. They are Octave Feuillet, the most saccharine author in French literature, who spent his life describing heroes that resembled the sickly fantasies of a Sunday school superintendent and judiciously punishes each misdemeanor recorded in his novels before he lays away the pen.

Sienkievich shows his sagacity and knowledge of sociological problems by denying the validity of Darwin's theories and on the same page using them for proving that the capitalist system is the best possible and the only possible.

When we remember that Poland has been raving about liberty and Russian oppression for a couple of hundred years and is now using its "national independence" to institute a white terror every bit as bad as the tsarist regime, we may understand why Sienkievich has been acclaimed the interpretor of the Polish "national spirit."

The moving picture is naturally going its prototype one better. It is of one cloth with all other moving pictures. Same trash, to put it short and sweet. For a student of history it is full of all kinds of "discoveries."

He finds out through the subtitles that the Christians were opposed to property and militarism and will be sitting wondering why it is that people having the same beliefs are persecuted in Christian countries today.

It is rather hard to be excited about the atrocities committed against the Christians on the screen, when one remembers that they in turn committed the same atrocities against the heathens and heretics when they had the big stick in their hand.

It struck me as a rather curious piece of mob psychology that the spectators were sitting through the various atrocities only showing a rather mild interest until it was the turn of the heroine. While it apparently was considered right and proper that a few thousand Christians should be tortured to death in accordance with the teachings of standard textbooks of Roman history, it seemed like anything interfering with the hero and the heroine getting married and living happily ever after would be a grave breach of moving picture etiquette and morals.

In the beginning I was tempted to ascribe the weak impression the picture made on me to a godless skepticism and sophistication on my part, but later on I noticed that I was not the only one that laughed at the wrong places, that, in fact, most of the public seemed in the same sacrilegious mood of levity, as myself.

The acting seemed rather colorless at times and at other times downright idiotic. It seems as though moving picture acting resolves itself into a few stencils that can be used at all occasions, when judiciously selected: anger by frowning heavily and shaking the fist; fear by rolling the eyes and performing motions like a shimmy done by a victim of St. Vitus dance, etc.

The actor performing the role of Nero seemed to have the making of a good fat man comedian in him. But as there were no slapsticks and custard pies in the picture he was handicapped in exploiting his possibilities in that direction.

—Kristen Svanum.

# Education Shall be Free

By COVINGTON AMI

Hear me, all ye Fundamentalists, ye Legions and ye Klans,
The truth shall go to Labor in defiance of your bans!
In spite of all the Usurers, the Great Ghouls of the earth,
In spite of all the Hirelings their gold has given birth;
In spite of Press and Parliament, of armies, courts and laws,
The truth shall be full spoken in Science's holy cause!
The youth of Toil shall hear it—the Word that sets men free—
All-conquering, invincible, through land and air and sea,
Its message shall be cried aloud, or else in whispers blown,
Through all the censored Continents till all the facts are known!
Yea! till Education's halls are freed of all the myths that blight
The flowering of the spirit and the dawning of the light,
And till Truth shall stand triumphant on the dead Lie's shattered laws,
The Word shall be full spoken in Science's holy cause!

# A Militarizing Phase of Imperialism

By JACK BRADEN

**Past President of World War Veterans, Who Picketed the White House for Release of Class War Prisoners**

**For the present purpose, it is not a pressing need to trace the general path traveled by American capitalism to its present dominant imperialistic world position. Be it deemed sufficient merely to say here that imperialism, as any other epoch of society, is given birth to and mirrors certain definite economic and political pressure, gains momentum or weakens in accordance with its form and intensity.**

In this regard, in its present stage of development, we find American capitalism confronted with a multitude of unprecentended, course-determining factors: keener competitive commercial expansion —the very life-blood of modern imperialism. Protection of investments in foreign countries, which must be increased if the enormous accumulations of finance capital are not to remain idle, and are to bring the expected profits. It is faced with the necessity of propping up tottering capitalist governments so as to enable safe exploitation of their workers, resources and markets.

By the very nature of its well developed capitalistic competitive system, and in obedience to the command of evolution, "Forward!"—it must forge ahead, and increase its holdings and widen its influence. It cannot turn back, nor stand still! It resorts to all means to keep open the road of its ever onward speeding chariot.

The many obstacles in its path must be removed, but, above all, it must subdue its natural enemy, the working class, whose development parallel to capitalism has taught it many a bitter experience—ruthless expolitation, unemployment, injunctions, and war. As a result, this working class, as yet, is in a hazy uncertain sort of way, but still, it speaks of a labor party, governmental ownership of industry, abolition of judicial powers, injunctions and wars, and its left wing, though still pitifully limited, both numerically and influentially, already thinks and speaks in terms of civil war—the overthrow of capitalism.

American capitalism is comprehendingly aware of these apparently indistinct and seemingly distant potentialities, that are foretold in the symptoms of awakening of the American working class, corroborated so glaringly by the meaningful occurrences of our own times, in front of our very noses, so to speak, such as, the Russian revolution on the one hand and its temporary antidote, the Hungarian, Italian, Bavarian, and other white dictatorships on the other hand. It is these experiences that lend immeasurable support to the already irrefutable fact that a bayonet on either side of the clas struggle is equally achieving.

American capitalism, having assimilated the lessons of many past and particularly more recent experiences, both at home and internationally, is more firmly than ever persuaded that a "reliable" army and navy of proper size and proportions is the most convincing language in its international dealings and that a "dependable" company of infantry will break a strike where a bushel of injunctions fail.

So, quite naturally and not illogically, American capitalism, in adaptation to changing conditions and its own new role (so outstandingly proven by its increasing prestige, as seen by current international political and commercial events, in which it is a dominant participant, and the undercurrent among the exploited against its rule in its colonies and at home) is proceeding in a cautious, systematic manner to shed its age-long cloak of "democracy and civil rights" and is diligently and shrewdly pushing to the fore the idea of militarization.

It is compelled to pursue this course to meet the indispensability of keeping its military arm abreast of its commercial and political stride—at home and internationally. In a word, the symptoms that announce the blending of capitalism into what we may justifiably term its summit, at the same time its greatest danger point of development, namely, imperialism, is marked not only by its increased prestige and holdings, commercial dominance and political forwardness, but also, by its far-fetched militarization program, and by the latter, proportionately speaking, even more than by any other single factor.

It is this, its military phase, that is of concern here, careful scrutiny and understanding of which ought greatly to influence the timeliness and manner in which we approach and deal with this question.

On occasions the radical and pacifistically inclined liberal press has called attention to the numerical increase of the armed forces since the prewar period. It seems unnecessary, therefore, to dwell on that point. Instead let us focus our attention upon the militarizing schemes employed. All sorts of psychological trickery, rules and regulations are introduced tending to imperialize not only the standing armed forces, but also the various sections of the population, in accordance with their potential military role and importance.

Some of the methods used appear insignificant on the surface and easily escape attention. But we must not be unaware of the fact that capitalism voluntarily introduces ideas only when beneficial to it—particularly upon fields of operation where it




enjoys unchallenged full sway, as is the case with its armed forces and to a somewhat lesser degree, with its conscious and unconscious militarization agencies among the population.

**Prussianizing the Army**

Of the many changes that have taken place in the army since the war—purposed to swing it into step with the economic and political imperialization of American capital, two will be pointed to for the purpose of exemplifying their seeming insignificance on the one hand, and their effectiveness on the other, as well as to stimulate alertness upon the activity of the imperialist on this field.

About two years ago in place of a dark blunt and rather unattractive button and insignia formerly worn by the soldier, bright shiny paraphernalia was introduced. This substitution was accompanied by a general improvement in the appearance of the soldier. For instance, instead of issuing ill-fitting, ready-made uniforms, post tailor shops were instituted which now fit the soldier with a uniform at the small cost of thirteen fifty, etc., etc.

Before going further let us examine the effect of a seemingly harmless brass button, the value of which must among other things be correctly appraised as a prerequisite to any effective opposition to the aims of the imperialists.

The soldier's own improved appearance greatly impresses him as being an outstanding chosen defender of the government, as something apart, and having little or nothing in common with the civilian. The more conspicuously the soldier is separated from the civilian in appearance, the wider is the gap between them, from the soldier's viewpoint.

The admiring glances directed at the spick and span brass button soldier by the citizenry generally and woman particularly, serve to emphasize the gap in his relationship to the civilian. This, indeed, is a very desirable feather in the hat of the militarist who understands well that the soldier must not suspect himself of being part of, or as having any sameness of interest with the civilian. Such a concept on the part of the soldier may cause him to hesitate when an order to shoot at the civilian is given (one of the chief reasons that the soldier is forbidden to vote, or participate politi-



WAR STRIKES AGAINST THESE.

cally with the civilian is to keep the two from mingling, and thereby recognizing or establishing some commonness of interest.)

The citizen does not escape the effect of the shiny button. He instinctively couples the glare of the uniform with the efficiency of the army. It gives him a proud feeling of ownership, and aids to dispel such inclinations that he may have against the appropriations for maintenance and extension of the armed forces. (Talk to the average citizen on the side lines of a military parade, and you will inevitably find that the appearance of the paraders ha a molding effect upon the opinions of the spectator.)

Another and more directly accomplishing effect of the brass button and its accompanying regalia is its influence upon the young man. A shiny button makes a splendid recruiting agent! True, some are driven into the armed forces by adverse economic periods. But this number is small. It is the adventurous, and not necessarily patriotic young man attracted by the glitter of brass and the uniform, who make up the bulk of the army, navy and national guard. So, despite its seeming unimportance, even a brass button is introduced with a purpose and proves its worth.

**The Army's New Pay Adjustment and Its Effect**

The following partial table, though roughly prepared, will serve the purpose of showing the reduction made in the private's pay on the one hand, and the increase of the non-commissioned officer's pay on the other, creating an unprecedented gap in the compensation of the two.

MONTHLY BASE PAY (Base pay excludes any of the "extra" pay, such as re-enlistment, qualification of gunnery or marksmanship, foreign service, etc.):

| | Private | 1st Class Private | Corp. | Serg't | 1st Seg't |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pre-War | $15.00 | $18.00 | $21.00 | $30.00 | $45.00 |
| During war up to 1922 | 30.00 | 33.00 | 36.00 | 38.00 | 54.00 |
| Present | 21.00 | 30.00 | 42.00 | 54.00 | 84.00 |

The above pay adjustment is not an accident. It is based upon the experiences of different European and other armies, during various social manifestations, and is designed to serve certain definite ends. As will be seen, it prepares a foundation for maintenance of discipline under tense military operations, which apparently the militarist expects.

The pay arrangement provides a great temptation to the private to rise above his rank. It stimulates keener competition between privates for promotion and so serves to improve the efficiency and obedience of the soldier. As individuals, out of formation, it estranges private from private, since in the race for promotion one private is attempting to outdo the other.

Promotion of the private to a corporal in addition to doubling his pay, and dignifying and lightening his work, magnifies his status not only to the soldiers about him, but also to the civilian whom he chances upon, but above all to the ladies (the weakness for favoritism and admiration from woman is more prevalent among men who live the life of a soldier, sailor, lumberjack, etc., than among men whose daily pursuits make for continuous contact with the opposite sex. This feature of promotion is usually underrated, but nevertheless plays an important part. The writer's ten years of military service and consequent contact with the innermost confidences of the soldier is responsible for the expressions as to the soldier's feeling in the several matters touched upon here.)

The non-commissioned officer, due to his increased pay and accompanying importance, becomes more determined to keep his rank; the private who has been animated with added temptation for promotion becomes a serious bidder for the former's job, and is viewed by the non-commissioned officer as a pressing and quite dangerous competitor. This breaks up much the closeness that has formerly

existed between private and non-commissioned officer. In consequence, many misdeeds of the private that have formerly been overlooked by the non-commissioned officer are promptly dealt with, or reported to a superior. The breach thus created between non-commissioned officer and private, and between private and private, is of great significance, because it makes impossible, or at best highly difficult, any sort of organized mutinous action.

The non-commissioned officer is considered the backbone of an army. Nepoleon popularized this belief, the soundness of which is accepted by militarists universally. There was only one thing wrong with this "backbone"—it was closer to, and more confidential with the private than the commissioned officer. The recent pay adjustment creates a necessary gap between the private and non-commissioned officer, and thereby brings the latter closer to the officers, who in the eyes of the rulers are the most loyal element in the military service. The trust placed in the commissioned officer is easily explained by the fact that the overwhelming majority of the officers are chosen from a social stratum which is well satisfied with things as they are, because of its favorable economic and social status.

Upon being commissioned an officer in the armed forces these "proper minded" men are further influenced in the "right" direction by the caste system that has been developed within the armed forces. Their income, environment, and life generally make for loyalty to those whom they serve. It will readily be seen then how much more desirable it is to the militarist to maintain a breach between the private and non-commissioned officer than between the non-commissioned and commissioned officer, particularly when we are mindful of the fact that the privates by themselves, due to training, are pretty much of a "headless body", but in alliance with the non-commissioned officer they become units quite capable of operation on a moderate scale, and in cases even on a large scale, quite independent of officers.

Having given some consideration to the pay adjustment and its influence upon the morale of the army, we reasonably reach the conclusion: that deliberate, open-eyed preparations are being made by the militarists to so fortify the morale and discipline of the armed forces as to enable the handling of those forces, not only in such operations as will have been seemingly approved by the population, but also in such actions as may be antagonistic to the civilian, or even unpopular with the soldier himself.

In a word, the armed forces are being prepared to meet the dangers that may threaten the imperialization program of the American dollar, both at home and on foreign soil.

### Militarizing the Population

To weaken the anti-militarization sentiment of that part of the population whose collective moral wound, inflicted in the last war, has not yet healed, the militarists employ ingenuity of the keenest order. An example of two of the methods used, it is hoped, will provide a searchlight, which if used, enlarged upon and adequately supplemented by the true anti-imperialistis, will eventually expose to the full view of the working class of the country the manipulations of our imperialist rulers, who are ever ready to sacrifice countless millions of the working class on the altar of dollars.

The imperialist is not slow to determine which of his agencies among the population is most effective in the performance of a given task. The ex-service men organizations are a very useful implement with which to popularize among the population given programs of the war department. Their frequent method of procedure is as follows: At a national convention of the American Legion the military affairs committee makes a report and recommendations in accordance with the will of the war department. The convention, of course, accepts these recommendations along with other recommendations and resolutions reported upon by various other committees.

The convention adjourns, the delegates return to their homes, sober up and read in the official organ of the Legion the complete program accepted by the convention. They find among the resolutions accepted such that provide for the care of the disabled, of orphans, etc. These resolutions are commendable, but wedged in between them is also a resolution that the Legion endorses wholeheartedly "Defense Day," or citizens' military training camps, military drill in schools, extension of the armed forces, etc. The members of the Legion are informed of those convention mandates not only in the Legion press, but also in the general press which makes a great splash in support of the convention's doings. Even if some member of the organization is not keen for the militarization resolution, he views it as part of the Legion's program, and being a good loyal member of his organization he supports the entire program even though some feature of it displeases him. This displeasure is soon dispelled by the speeches that he hears in his local post by this or that reserve colonel, retired admiral or national guard major who are aptly assisted by spokesmen from the civic and commerce associations and the local press.

The effectiveness of the Legion to popularize militarization lies in the fact that an ex-service man is considered an authority on military matters by non-service people. It is necessary, therefore, properly to persuade the ex-service man that a defense day is the proper thing to have, so as to make of him its proponent in his daily contact with others.

In addition to the ex-service man's authority outweighing that of the civilian on a military matter, he is well equipped by the Legion press and patriotic speeches to make an argumentative, emotional appeal to his listeners. The most frequently used arguments are, "that war has always been, and therefore will always be." Why not then be prepared for it and keep down the losses to a "minimum"?



WORKING CLASS MISERY IS GUARANTEED BY BAYONETS; MILITARISM IS THE ARCH-FOE OF MOTHERHOOD.

"That if we had been adequately prepared for the last war there would not be so many 'little white crosses' in Flanders Field."

The above arguments sound logical to the average mind, and make of it either a proponent of militarization, or blunt its opposition to the point of passiveness. The program of the war department is thus carried out by many unsuspecting, but effective ex-service men, who look upon militarization programs as their very own. Did not their own convention sponsor them?

The militarist's use of the Legion as a legislative whip is of importance. Due to the imperialistic use of the Legion's political pressure, many votes for measures of militarization are cast in legislative halls, contrary to the conviction of the legislator. It usually works along the following lines: the federal or state legislator is informed of the legislation wanted by the Legion in accordance with its past or "future" convention mandates. The legislator knows that to vote contrary to the Legion's program is to face its opposition in his re-election. So, aside from few exceptions, most take the road of least resistance and vote as desired by the Legion.

The above procedure enables the war department to influence militarization legislation in a most indirect blindfolding manner, since to all appearances the constituency of a given legislator is responsible for his vote, rather than the pressure of the war department.

The Legion is not by any means the only ex-service man's organization through which the war department operates. Despite the writer's activity and intimate contact with the ex-service man's movement since the war it can be said that the World War Veterans is the only ex-service man's organization that has not been an agency of the war department.

The militarist does not overlook any bets. In carrying out his program he resorts to every means at hand, as is evidenced by the fact, for instance, that even the post office stamp cancellation machines are used to advertise the citizen's military training camp. He utilizes his most effective agency, the ex-service man's organization, in a multitude of ways: the frequent parades of those organizations is of great value to him. They serve to bolster up the mob, war spirit of the paraders, who are made to feel by the applause and admiration of the spectators that, after all, their part in the war was worthwhile. They are made less opposed to doing it over again and to advise others to do the same. It aids to make of the parading ex-service man a militarization proponent at least until the next parade or patriotic speech. We have already seen that the ex-service man is considered an authority on military matters, at least in his own particular circle of non-service people. It is therefore very needful that he nurse a "favorable" opinion if he is to be an effective agency.

Those parades have a many fold effect upon the watchers on the side lines, and appear to influence each according to age and even sex. The boy in the early teens wishes that he were a bit older so as to become eligible for a uniform and to become a hero, and thus share with the other paraders the admiration of the people. The smaller boy, judging from the eagerness with which he views the parade, is undoubtedly angered at his parents for not having married and given birth to him a few years earlier so that instead of watching the parade he could be a participant and applauded as are the paraders. The school training, the movies, and general environment help, of course, to prepare the boy to be thus psychologized at the sight of military display, all of which goes for the making of future cannon-fodder. Aside from a few exceptions the woman parade watcher is emotionally subdued by the age-long weapon—the uniform. To the non-service man a parade serves to emphasize the fact that he is a follower rather than a leader in military affairs, and he is thus easily reconciled to the belief that those boys who did the fighting in the last war know best what is needed in preparedness for the next war, etc., etc.

The plans of the imperialists merrily go on unhampered. Its octopus tightens its grip upon young and old, and the enthusiastic opinion expressed by a radical or pacifist "that the war instigators cannot repeat the last slaughter" becomes meaningless. As long as there is not a united, well formulated opposition to the imperialist carried on such lines as will weaken his most effective agencies there will be no difficulty to plunge this nation into war whenever its rulers deem it desirable.

### The Reserve Officers' Corp

Last year this organization reached the height of 81,706 officers of all ranks from second lieutenant up to and including two major generals. Its value lies not only in the fact that it, together with the enlisted reserve, comprises a nucleus around which an army of millions can be organized in a comparatively short time, but among other of its war and peace capabilities the reserve officers' corps is a powerful connecting link between the war department and the population.

Its militarization influence is felt in the fraternal, religious and civic life of the population. The social strata which the reserve officer belongs to, or is drawn into by his fellow officer, through clubs and so on, makes possible his appearance as a leading, honored, responsible citizen before the members of his church, fraternal organization, etc. He is thus placed in a favorable strategic position effectively to defend the plans of the war department, as well as to oppose its antagonists.

There are but few cities among whose political, industrial, church or fraternal leaders that a few reserve officers are not found. It is their conspicuousness in the various phases of community life, not unaided by their military titles, that enables them effectively to propagate militarization.

The reserve officer, in addition to his contact with and influence over great numbers of the civilian population, does his bit in the national guard. In 1924, there were five thousand three hundred and eighty-four of those officers assigned to the national guard. There, together with the national guard officers, they aid in the work of Prussianization.

The reserve officers in overwhelming numbers are members of ex-service men's organizations, in which, together with national guard officers, retired army and navy officers, they are the dominant factor, and see to it that those organizations are on the "right" path, that the desires of the war department, with which they are bound up, are sanctioned at conventions and are actively assisted with.

The reserve officers' corps, due to the combined influence of its members and its ability to sink its roots among the different groupings of the population, becomes the strongest militarization influence among, at least, the adult population.

It is the reserve officers' corps due to its contact and growing grip upon the population, and its own economic and social status and training, that becomes the greatest potential "white guard" center in this country. But this phase, to be comprehendingly conveyed, must have more space than could be given to it here.

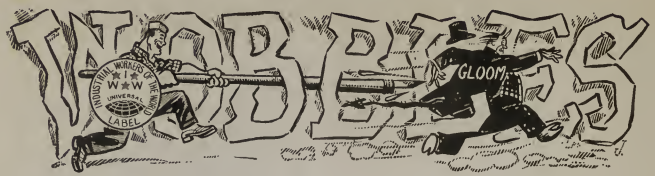
### Conclusion

Despite the inexactness of the wording, the crudeness of formulation and coherence of this article, it is hoped that the few militarization methods cited will serve to call attention to the fact that along with the economic and political imperialization of American capitalism, there goes on a relative imperialization of the armed forces. That the militarists' activity among the population is unprecedented, and that the agencies carrying on this work are smooth and effecive, and therefore merit the closest scrutiny of those who recognize the necessity of challenging imperialism, both at home and in the colonies, on this field, as well as the political and economic. A close inspection of the imperialists' methods, used in the armed forces and among the population, will disclose such openings, that if taken advantage of will overshadow and defeat their intention. For instance, the pay adjustment spoken of, admirably serves certain militarization purposes. Still there is an opening; it will be noticed, that the private who does all of the "dirty" hard work, and upon whom discipline rests the most and privileges least, had his pay reduced, while those who boss him had theirs raised. It is not difficult to convince the private that he should have more pay, and that no matter how diligently all the soldiers perform their duties to increase the pay by promotion, only a limited number can be promoted, since a unit is only allowed a definite number of non-commissioned officers. The private is the material factor in the armed forces and while his attention is glued upon certain abuses of the private in connection with those imperialization schemes, the private will make himself heard, or at least felt, in such manner as greatly to hamper the plans of Prussianization.

With few exceptions there are openings in the methods of the imperialists that could be taken advantage of similarly, provided that the anti-imperialists of this country become such in deed and not merely in word.



ONLY THE WORKERS CAN UPSET MILITARISM.




## EXECUTION ECONOMY

Abe Goldberg had shot a man and was sentenced to be electrocuted.

On the morning of the execution the warden told him how sorry he was, and how it was going to cost the state five hundred dollars to electrocute him.

"Bum business," spoke up Goldberg. "Give me fifty dollars and I'll shoot myself."

wIw

## "WHEN THE DEVIL WAS SICK"

"I'm very sorry to hear that your wife is so ill, Samuel. Not dangerous, I hope."

"Thank'ee, Miss, but she be too weak to be dangerous."

wIw

## IN ADDITION

"Organize Deaf and Dumb"—headline in Daily Worker.

My God! ain't there enuf of them already organized? What's wrong with the A. F. of L.?

wIw

## SPORT

"What is Sport? queries the Literary Digest.

Well, as near as I can get at it, it is 10,000 setters watching 10 sweaters kick or swat a ball around a stadium.—Gogetterism jazzed up and pop drunk.

wIw

## IN THE HEADLINES

"Garbage Peace Near"—headline, Kansas City Star.

That's what we always thought capitalist peace was—garbage for the workers, angelcake for the warmakers.

wIw

## A WELL-EARNED REST

"Fellow citizens," said the candidate, "I have fought against the Indians; I have often had no bed but the battlefield and no canopy but the sky. I have marched over frozen ground till every step has been marked with blood."

His story took well till a dried-up looking voter came to the front.

"I'll say you done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow."—**The Continent.**

## FRANK ADVOCACY OF THE ILLEGAL BLACKLIST

**Asbestos,** house organ of the Asbestos Trust, discloses the practical benefits which may accrue from shady operations conducted by employers' associations by stating, "Careful records kept on each worker, ready on call by the members of the association, do much to lessen the labor turnover. A man who knows his record is kept and can be obtained by any shop in the city, is much more careful, in the first place, to have the record clean, and in the second place he is more likely to stick to one shop instead of floating around through the different shops."

wIw

## IN A BAD PLACE

A man taken to a hospital to be mended after an accident was asked by the M. D. how he came to be hurt so seriously.

"I got between two automobiles," he replied; "one was a taxtcab and the other fellow didn't care, either.

wIw

## "GOD'S VICEROY" ROBBED

News comes from the "Holy City of Rome" that "God's Viceroy," the "infallible Pope," has been robbed of "precious objects valued at more than one million lira," and that all Italy, including the atheistic leaders of the Fascisti, are frightfully shocked at the occurrence. As the thieves did their looting right in the midst of the very holiest of "holy places," St. Peters's cathedral, it is no wonder they are all shocked, for the raid clearly indicated that God was either sleeping on the job or that he doesn't care a continental about how soon his "Viceroy" is bankrupted. Personally, I believe it is the last, for I remember that in an old and forgotten book it is told that his son Jesus said to the rich young man: "Sell all thou hast, give unto the poor, and come and follow me." That's it!—God was trying to make his "Viceroy" obey the orders given him through his one, only and crucified son! Good old God! Soak him some more! He deserves it.

—**Ali Baba.**

wIw

BOOST THE I. W. W. PRESS!

# In The Making

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

LUCY was young and pretty. That is, she had a slim, graceful figure, a well turned ankle, smooth, soft flesh, white teeth, dark eyes, abundant brown hair. She had taste, too, and knew how to to dress. Men turned to look after her on the streets. Lucy had come up to the big town to look for a job. That is, it was a big town to Lucy. Compared to the small Kansas village it was an immense town. She had kept house for her father, a tenant farmer, until the Lord—or overwork—chose to call him hence; then with the little cash left after everything was settled, she set out to face the world. Beyond keeping house there wasn't much she could do, so she got a job waiting table in a restaurant. All the girls that waited table with her were "live ones". The boss would hire no other kind—unless they were "lookers". The town was a railroad center and pretty girls drew trade. He paid them twelve dollars a week, with meals while working. The patrons were mostly rough men or slick traveling gentlemen of the bounder type who kidded the waitresses. They weren't always particular what they said. Some of them were fathers with girls as old as Lucy, but that made no difference. At first she was indignant; but the boss wouldn't stand for disgruntled customers; and a job is a job, so she learned to take what they said with a smile, to return vile insinuations with a ready quip.

For the sake of economy Lucy and another girl roomed together. Her roommate was a country girl too. Her name was Marie. Like Lucy she was an orphan. The two girls had much in common. For both it was a maiden essay into the world beyond home confines. For both the world behind the counter was at first a sordid and a smutty place, where women told questionable stories and cooks took liberties. A common distaste drove them together. Later they made dates, went to dances in company. By this time Lucy was an adept in "picking up" the men. She didn't go out with everyone who asked her, however, only with the "nice" ones. She met one boy—he was really twenty-six or seven, though he seemed boyish to her—whom she liked—at first. But soon he bored her. Instead of the small talk to which she was accustomed, he talked of Wells, Shaw, Marx, Ward, even going to the extent of quoting poetry—radical poetry. He told her of problems which only addled her pretty head. When he tried to show her that waitresses were underpaid, she took exception.

"You are wrong there," she said. "My friend and I room together. We pay seven dollars a month each for an awful nice room. Laundry comes to another ten; and the clo'es we buy to another twenty. Waiting table is a darn sight easier'n working on a farm, let me tell you. Why, I have nearly a hundred dollars in the bank now. That's more'n I ever had on the farm!"

He tried in vain to make his meaning clear. When it developed that he was an I. W. W. she ceased speaking to him. Down in Kansas, where she came from, the Wobblies had a terrible name, and only loafers and the worse sort of crooks belonged to them. This she believed. So the lad who might have been her salvation went his way sore-hearted, and if she thought of him at all it was as "that fool who didn't know what he was talking about."

When Lucy's bank balance was exactly one hundred and thirty-five dollars and sixteen cents she had a pain in her side. When she came out of the hospital her bank account was nil and she was three hundred dollars in debt. Marie stood by her, however; but when after two months' absence she approached the boss for her old job, it was filled.

"Sorry, my dear," he said, "but you know how it is. Can fill you in on off days, though. Best I can do."

So Lucy made four dollars working, two days a week, scanning the want-ad columns for better employment, walking miles with weary, dragging feet.

But it was a dull season. Hundreds were out of work. The few positions vacant called for skill she didn't possess, or were given to girls with more experience in that particular kind of work. Without the aid of her girl friend she would have starved. As it was, it taxed both of them to the utmost to get along. Clothes became shabby. There were no more pretty frocks picked up at bargain sales. Lucy felt her dependence on her friend keenly.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," she said to the boss one day.

"A nifty skirt like you oughtn't to have to worry about that," he leered.

The implication sickened her. Yet as the weeks passed she became desperate. Something had to be done. She knew of course that some of the waitresses made money on the side. She had always thought that that was because they were "bad" women. Now the remark of one of them came back to her: "How do you think we get by in the off season if we don't hustle?"

When Glandon stopped his car on the street and said, "Hello, kid, do you want a lift?" she stopped too. Glandon was an oil man, a promoter of sorts, with a big home down the valley a ways, and a whole floor of offices over the Woolworth department store across from the restaurant. He was a man of about fifty odd who affected a fatherly manner to cover the remorseless approach of the confirmed libertine. He took many girls out in his luxurious car. She knew what for. She knew his reputation. But she was tired. Her side hurt her cruelly. Her head ached and she was faint for food. The walk to her room was a long one and she had no carfare. When he urged her into the limousine she did not resist. It was heaven to sit down on a soft-cushioned seat, to be wrapped in a rug. Glandon saw that she trembled. He drew something from his pocket and pressed it to her lips. "It'll do you good," he said. She knew what it was. She knew what the effect would be on an empty stomach, on a head unaccustomed to potent liquors. She knew that he knew too. But she did not care. His arm was about her possessively, holding her close. What did it matter? What did anything matter? She drank.



# What Is The Economic Situation?

By COVINGTON AMI

**UNDOUBTEDLY the plutocracy, the upper strata of the middle class and a handful of skilled craftsmen holding key positions in the industries are now, and have been for some time, enjoying great prosperity, but it is also true that the direct reverse is true of the great mass of unskilled and semi-skilled workers and the farmers.**

During the last four years I have travelled from North Dakota to Louisiana, from Texas to Illinois, to Oklahoma, Missouri, Alabama, Tennessee and Arkansas, crossing and recrossing the territory bordering along the Mississippi River. I have talked to men of all trades and businesses and have been very closely associated with farmers and their organizations, so that I am judging conditions first-hand as well as from reading and observation. Having, therefore, given close study to the situation, I believe I can make a fair general estimate of the economic conditions now prevailing in the United States.

### Farmers Steadily Fail

First, the economic position of the farmers has steadily worsened ever since the great "deflation drive" was made on them in 1920-21 by the Federal Reserve System and the Wall Street banks. They are actually and relatively far worse off than they were in 1920. Hundreds of thousands of them have been driven from their farms and into the mass-production industries, while other thousands have been reduced to abject and hopeless tenantry on the farms they and their fellow workers dug out of the wilderness and desert. Thousands were also thrown so deeply into debt that they will never be able to pay out; they are what the Southern farmers so well call "debt tenants," which they declare to be the "worst form of tenantry on earth"—and it is, for it is a form of peonage from which they have no hope of escape this side of a revoluiton that will overthrow the wage system. That this raid on the remnants of the free-holding farmers was deliberate on the part of the plutocracy, cannot be doubted when one reviews the "deflation campaign" of 1920-21. Its purpose was, first, to teach the rebellious farmers of the Northwest a lesson so that they would "know their real place in society and stick at their "God-appointed tasks" of producing plenty for parasites and getting poverty for theirs; and, second, to drive the younger men off the farms and into the mines, mills and factories in order to produce a large reserve army of unemployed and semi-employed to the end that wages in the industries might be lowered and greater profits accrue to the plutocracy. Also the bosses figured that the greater the number of men and women hunting for work could be made, the weaker the unions

would be and the slower the unorganized worker would be to listen to "radical talk" and begin to organize. With the bankruptcy of the farmers went, of course, the smashing of wages paid agricultural workers, who, already miserably paid in 1920, are today worse off than ever in the history of the country. Hundreds of thousands of these agricultural workers have also been driven off the farms into the industrial centers—there to compete with their former employers and other wage workers for a bare subsistence. That this drive against the agriculturists was deliberately planned, is borne witness to by the whole course of the movement. Speaking in Chicago to a group of business men not long before he died, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace said: "Two hundred years ago England was facing the same dilemma that now faces the United States, and she solved it by sacrificing agriculture to industry and became the leading nation of the world." That was the "remedy" advocated by "Secretary of Agriculture" Wallace—to sacrifice agriculture to industry—"the wisdom of England," he called it—and that policy has been steadily followed by the plutocracy with the able assistance of both the Harding and Coolidge administrations. Wallace's idea seemed to be to turn the whole United States into one vast steel trustized hell, with the notion that "we" could find foreign markets for "our" surplus products, though he did not tell his business men audience how a nation of 110,000,000 people hitched to the most perfect labor-saving (?) machinery ever possessed by any ruling class could find foreign markets that would absorb the surplus profits they intended to rob from the American workers and farmers. Anyway, they went ahead steadily with their "deflation" of the farmers and unskilled workers, with the result that today "our" guns are booming from China to Germany and from Mexico to Morocco in a vain effort to force "our" products into foreign markets. Tomorrow, unless the workers and farmers of this country wake up, organize and stand together, they, the plutocracy and its allies, will be marching millions of toilers to die on distant battlefields in order to "create markets" for "our surplus products." So much for the condition of the farmers and agricultural workers—they have been stripped naked and are headed for peonage like to that of old Mexico and China unless they can organize and deliver battle in their own behalf. Everywhere I have been, in all the states, the great mass of the agriculturists have their backs to the wall, and there is no hope for them within capitalist society. For them capitalism has writen over its doors: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." They have, literally, "nothing but their chains to lose and a world to gain."

As to the industrial workers: save for the handful of highly-skilled craftsmen in the building, printing and railroad industries, the mass of the industrial workers have not only not gained any real advance in wages and living conditions since 1920, but they have actually lost in both respects. Rents everywhere are about 100 per cent above prewar levels and the tendency is for rents and all costs of living to increase and not decrease—this though a great building boom has been going on in all the larger towns as well as in the cities for the past several years.

### The Wage Situation

Down in Texas and Louisiana the wages of the lumber workers are back to prewar level with the ten-hour day or longer prevailing practically in all the mills. Two years ago even, the mills in Western Louisiana were paying the miserable wage of $1.25 a day for a ten-hour day to unskilled labor, which, at the present cost of living, meant that these workers were working below the cost of subsistence—that they were coming out at the end of every month deeper and deeper into debt to the Long-Bells and the rest of the autocrats who have stolen our forests. Abject peonage is again the rule in the Southern timber belt, and all because the workers did not have the guts to stick in the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union of the I. W. W. and present a united front to the lumber barons.

Over in Alabama I found white men working in basic industries and getting the enormous wage of $2 a day for a ten- and twelve-hour day! In Tennessee it was the same. In Birmingham, Alabama and Chattanooga, Tennessee, I found union (?) men, some of the railroaders, who were afraid to let it be known that they were for La Follette for president! This, of course, merely shows to what extent they have been enslaved economically, for had not their economic enslavement been almost complete they would never have admitted to such cowardice. But, then, of all forms of cowardice, economic cowardice, the fear of the boss, the god of the job, is the wildest and worst of all, the most unreasoning—for the workers need not suffer this shame a minute longer than they choose to suffer it—all they have to do is to stand together in one SOLID UNION of INDUSTRY, and then it will be the boss's turn to bow to the god of the job—the industrially-organized working class.

### The Miners' Position

Coming back onto the track. Everywhere I went I found the coal and other miners fast going the route being travelled by the farmers and agricultural workers—hitting the long, hard trail that leads directly into the hell of peonage. From all I can gather there is practically no union organization left in the metalliferous mines, while the United Mine Workers of America preserve today only a shadow of their former mighty power. In Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and other states that once were strongholds of the U. M. W. of A., the coal miners are fast losing out. On one side of them are the big non-union coalfields of West Virginia, Kentucky and Alabama, and on the other a bunch of either brainless or traitorous union

"leaders" and officials, so that the bosses do what they please to the union, disrupting it first by slow starvation and then by open and brutal war, such as was declared in Herrin and Nova Scotia, and other places. Not only are the miners facing unemployment on a wholesale scale, but they are being headed for peonage with lightning-like rapidity. While their boneheaded officials are twiddling around talking about developing "super-power electric plants at the pits," the bosses are actively organizing **nationally and internationally**, to subjugate not only the American miners but the miners of the world to their unrestrained will. In their drive for the world-wide open shop in the mines, the international bosses have already played the trick of using the German miners against the British, then the French and Belgians against the Germans, then the American against the British and German, and the British against the American. That is to say, when the miners of one country were striking against starvation wages, inhuman living conditions and hellish social surroundings, the coal mined by union miners in another country was used to supply the struck market and thus to break the strike. So far, the British miners are the first and only ones to see this crooked game of the international owners of the mines and to move to end the boss's advantage by uniting all the miners of all the countries into one compact fighting body of organized labor, which is the only way in which the miners can today effectively protect themselves and their class from still further degradation at the hands of the gold-crazed, profit-mad plutocracy. This is the only way, yet to watch the antics and listen to the gabble of the "leaders" of the U. M. W. of A., one would think that the only miners in the world were located in the United States who still pay Lewis and his henchmen taxes for the privilege of working two or three days a week and starving while doing it. It is the great "District system" bearing its logical fruit—the disruption of the miners' union here and throughout the world. All this I get not only from reading but from talks with men fresh from slaving in the mines, union and non-union. During the past five years the economic position ofing the America miners of all kinds has, like that of the working farmers and agricultural and lumber workers, steadily worsened—and it will grow worse and worse unless the miners turn and compel their officers either to lead them in a fight to organize the non-union fields and to reorganize the unions, nationally and internationally, or to get out and let men who have the brains and the will to lead take their places. This is today the only hope of the miners of America and the world—ONE BIG UNION of MINERS, lined up solidly in ONE BIG UNION of the INDUSTRIAL and AGRICULTURAL WORKERS of the WORLD. That is the only hope of the miners, and the sooner they "go to it" the better off they and their class will be. They too "have nothing but their chains to lose, and a world to gain." For them, the miners, there are but two choices today—freedom through and in One Big Industrial Union, or American-wide and world-wide peonage in a world-wide open shop.

It is the same with the textile workers.

It is the same with the lumber workers.

It is the same with the boot, shoe and leather workers.

It is the same everywhere I have been, from Dixie to the Dakotas with all that great host who are today contemptuously spoken of as the "unskilled" and "semi-skilled" workers— the economic condition of the mass has steadily worsened during the past five years. Not only are their real wages lower but their standard of living will from now on rapidly fall unless they can organize industrially—unless they can develop the power to take and hold what they produce for themselves and their children, a right they have under all the laws of God and Nature, as you choose.

To themselves alone can the toilers look for any relief from the adverse economic conditions that are new confronting them, and which conditions are pre-destined to grow steadily worse and worse as the days go by unless the workers unite in ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION and proclaim INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY—equal rights and opportunities to all, and special privileges to none.

"Workers of the world, unite! You have nothing but your chains to lose, and a world to gain!"



# Making a Social Revolutionist

By LLOYD EMMONS

WITH shattered ideals and hopes, the wage slave is now wondering, in despair, if the future holds for him any rays of sunshine. In a retrospective mood, he again sees his master's mansion with its spacious lawns, surrounded by the choicest of shrubbery and trees, and in the center of all, a fountain whose dancing sprays are kissed by the sun's bright rays, which are then reflected away in variegated hues to the formation of a miniature rainbow of beauty.

He sees through the dining-room window choice viands; fruits and sparkling wines, bought with his (not the master's) money. He sees servants darting here and there, ever ready to answer to the master's beck or call, or tinkle of the bell.

He sees the master and his family leaving the beautiful home to the care of the servants, and going forth in a high priced, high-powered motor car, to enjoy the beauties of the boulevards, and the cool, refreshing air of the parks and neighboring lakes.

In the master's family are—his own "Lordship," "the Mrs."—"a boy of about twelve" and a little girl of about ten years of age, and two thoroughbred Pekinese dogs.

The most of the "Mrs.'" time is occupied in caring for the Pekinese.

Then he (the slave) recalls his children telling him how the master's children are taken to and from school in a nice coupe. His master's children are also receiving private music lessons.

His (the slave's) children are walking to and from school in patched clothing, with holes in their stockings and shoes. His children are handicapped in their studies by hunger gnawing at their vitals. Sickness is ever ready to pounce upon them because of their undernourishment and insufficient clothing.

He knows that if **Pestilence** in its journey comes near, it will attack his children before it will the well-nourished and well-clothed children of the master. He, too, knows that **Death**—ever lurking near, waiting for an opportunity to claim its prey —will take his children before it will those of the master.

He sees that his children must enter into the "struggle for existence" handicapped physically, mentally and financially.

He muses to himself, "Did I commit a crime by bringing children into this struggle?"

He again thinks of the master's mansion. He is living in a shack.

He again sees the high-powered motor car. He walks.

He again sees the fine silk clothes of the master's wife, and the good clothes of his children.

His wife wears ginghams and his children rags.

And then he says to himself, "Oh, well! I should try to be optimistic. I'll use a little Pollyanna Philosophy: It might be worse."

**Yes, indeed! And it gets worse!**

The next day he is handed an envelope with his check in it, and a note informing him that he is indefinitely suspended from his employment.

He and his family could not LIVE on the wages he did receive, but the master is going to show them how to live on nothing.

In a few days his money is gone. The grocery man is in business for "profits," and can see no profits in trusting a wage worker that is earning NO wages; so credit is denied him.

The rent comes due, and he has nothing to pay it with.

The JOBS are NOT his, so he goes forth to BEG the PRIVILEGE of working.

### Mutual Prosperity

He fails. He goes to his former master, and the former master tells him, "Well! There is a depression in business, and you know prosperity to me means prosperity to you; and so when business picks up, maybe I can place you again, but you'll have to accept less wages, for you know living expenses have come down, and I can hire hundreds of men for less than I was paying you."

If the "boss" had told him that LIVING had come down, he would have told the truth.

The slave—the former slave (he lost his master when he lost his job, and was first made a bankrupt, and then pauperized)—returns home.

His wife and children meet him at the door. He does not need to speak—the look of despair in his face tells the story more completely and more accurately than could spoken words.

He downheartedly stumbles across the room, and despairingly drops into an old, wooden rocker. He takes from his pocket the daily paper, which he had paid for with his last three pennies, thinking that perhaps "the latest current events" might rest his troubled mind a little.

In the first column he sees in bold headlines, **"Mr. and Mrs. Rich to Tour Europe."** (His former master and wife). "Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Rich sail from New York next week to tour Europe. They are to visit Liverpool, London and other places of interest in England. They will then visit Berlin, Vienna and Rome, after which they will spend one month in Switzerland, and then, returning via Paris (where Mrs. Rich intends to add to her already rare collection of art works) will arrive in New York in the early fall."

He could read no further. His mind was in a whirl. He kept repeating over and over—"Prosperity to me means prosperity to you."

He gets his hat and goes from the house, and has not gone far, when he meets his friend Bill.

Wisdom, who at once detects the troubled look in his face.

"Hello, Jack!" says his friend. "What's on your mind?"

"Oh, hell!" Jack replies. "All is dark; wife and kids hungry; no job and can't beg one. I've struggled for years to get by, but have failed, just failed, that's all."

"Listen, Jack," says his friend; "you have nothing in common now with your fellow workers but misery, and the privilege and duty to organize and fight to correct the errors of society and thereby do away with hunger, want, misery, prostitution, crime and a hundred and one other results of the profit system. You have nothing in common with your boss—."

"Hold on," says Jack. "My boss told me that 'prosperity to him meant prosperity to me,' and—"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," says his friend Bill. "Before the war, The Rich Equipment Co. was declaring 6 per cent dividends. In 1918, they declared 25 per cent and put a few millions into a reserve fund, which they called undivided profits, or interest on accrued investments—or something else that you and I don't quite understand. Did your wages increase five or six hundred per cent? If Mr. Rich's profits increased five or six hundred per cent, and your wages did not, was his prosperity your prosperity? Had you interests in common? Say, Jack—just do a little thinking and studying for yourself, and as you do, say, 'I'm going to STUDY, THINK and ACT for my interests and welfare,' and by doing that, you will be doing something for your fellow workers—for HUMANITY."

"If you THINK, ACT and WORK for Mr. Rich's welfare, instead of your own, you are simply 'kidding' yourself more than he 'kidded' you when he said, 'My prosperity is your prosperity.' And as you are thinking for yourself, always keep in mind two words—POWER and PROFIT. They are big words in the economic question.

"Under the present system, PROFITS are what we are all after, and the division of those PROFITS is the principal cause of most of our struggles and wars, with the employing class. POWER is the deciding factor in those struggles and wars.

"They (the oligarchy) now have the preponderance of POWER and so give us the small end of the PROFITS and call that small end 'wages'. They take the big end of the PROFITS and call it 'dividends'.

"If they had to call the big share they take WAGES, the same as we do the small end we get, maybe it would set you and some more of the workers to thinking more clearly.

"But say, Jack! Here is a book—"What Is the I. W. W.?" Read it, yes, two or three times, and then get some more I. W. W. books—**they are all good.** And then read 'Looking Backward' and 'Equality' by Bellamy. Follow these by 'The Iron Heel' by Jack London.

"After you have read these books and done some thinking for YOURSELF, I'll bet my interests in the capitalist system against your interests in The Rich Equipment Co. that you'll be a damn good SOCIAL REVOLUTIONIST. Goodbye, Jack."


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(Continued from Page Two)

special technical, scientific or academic training in awe. We are no less expert in our functions than they are. We must rely upon ourselves, feeling that, in addition to being capable builders of the present world, we are far in advance of all pledged by environment and training to this rotten system. We have no superiors if our vision is for a classless race working, sharing and playing together in plenitude and harmony, and if we are doing all that we can to carry this vision forward to the members of our class. This outlook makes us culturally superior to the bourgeois-minded. Why should workers feel humble before "professional men" when these latter, as a class, subscribe themselves heartily and brutally to war on fields of battle and wars in the arena of industry? They are the ones to feel ashamed, to be conscious of inferiority. Workers must think for themselves and fight for themselves in order to right this topsy-turvy world, this world of misery for the masses. Industrial unionism makes such thinking and fighting effective.

**INDUSTRIAL WASTE.**—England recently received the report of a government commission created to inquire into the comparative effects of strikes and unemployment on production. They found that unemployment crises are eight times as destructive to productive capacity as are strikes. Since capitalism has the same general features everywhere, it can be ventured that a very similar result would ensue such an investigation in this country.

Discrediting strikers by accusing them of being anti-social in their stoppage of work can hardly hold its ground after this report. If workers fighting for the means of life by the use of their strike weapon are anti-social, what epithet fits bosses who stop industry's wheels to an extent eight times as great as that of the strikers? If strikers standing together against starvation wages and conditions of peonage are anti-social, what can we term employers who shut factory gates when they can no longer sell goods at a profit, even though the masses are in dire want of these goods? In this country the courts have acted for employers to outlaw strikes and to declare strikers criminals. American jails have been filled with this new kind of "criminal," and they are well represented in the penitentiaries of the immediate year of light and Our Lord, 1925. But if they are criminals we are criminals, for we hold the same faith and espouse the same kind of action.

Engineers in industrial research have said that the usual management of industry—while operating in "good times"—is far more responsible for losses in production than strikes and lockouts combined. The evidence points very clearly to capitalist inefficiency all along the line. It is sufficient, however, to say that when men, women and children need food, clothing and shelter, and men and women are eager for the chance to apply their labor power to the raw materials and machines to supply their own and the wants of humanity, the dominating class hindering and forbidding this application is criminal, anti-social and just about ready to have the skids put under it.

Organize and sweep capitalism into oblivion!

**LAW IN CALIFORNIA.**—The **Sacramento Bee** for June 27, points out editorially that state laws of California on adultery are in effect dead letters; that from 1914 to 1924 inclusive there were never more than four persons confined in the state prisons under these statutes. It says: "At San Quentin in three separate years there were no such inmates, and at Folsom none in four of the years above specified. . . . In a total of 2,312 prisoners at San Quentin in 1914-15, not one had been sent there for adultery." The editorial gives the statutory definition of adultery and goes to show that numerous divorces secured on grounds of adultery prove its widespread existence among

married persons. It is common knowledge that adultery in the definition by law is very prevalent.

We have no wish to argue for enforcement of so stupid a brace of laws, but we do wish to employ this chance for comparison of enforcement in that benighted state. The California laws say so-and-so about adultery and constitute it a felony. Admittedly it is flagrantly violated. There are practically no trials and no convictions in this connection. But a very different attitude is demonstrated regarding enforcement of the vicious Criminal Syndicalism Law under whose vile provisions hundreds of I. W. W. members have been arrested and a large percentage of convictions secured. There are seventy-six victims of this law now in San Quentin and Folsom penitentiaries. Why is the Criminal Syndicalism Law enforced, while bootleggers go free and violators of the adultery laws are not apprehended or sentenced?

Well, it is like this: California courts are the property of California industrial kings, and it is natural that members of the I. W. W. attract legalistic hatred because the owners of the industries do not like the I. W. W. They do not like the I. W. W. because they are robbing the workers to the very limit and there is only one weapon that workers can grasp which is an effective one to stop this robbery. The I. W. W. plan of organization on the jobs is this weapon, and it is the one instrument able to destroy exploitation of labor. Of course it is treason to tell the slaves to seize this industrial union weapon. It is high treason. It marks the advocate a literate slave, and since mankind took the bloody trail through the valley of class rule a literate slave has been deemed worthy of death and persecution by each succeeding dominant group.

Industrial unionism means right here and now in this blessed era more of life's good things for workers and less profits for the dear boss. It means better and more food, an improved kind of clothing and sufficient of it, adequate and comfortable shelter for workers who are now largely deprived of these necessities. It means an end of child labor and speeded industries. It stands for safeguarding the workers' lives and providing for educational and amusement features for them that will constitute definite cultural growth. All this together means greater power to the workers and less to the bosses, and in the day when the former have gained enough organized strength it means the final overthrow of rule by industrial autocracy, and in its place democratic rule by the whole working class in the industries.

There is nothing utopian about industrial organization. Employers unite their economic units in such manner. The time of the individualist among bosses has forever passed. The present is a period of combination, of wealth concentration, or business solidarity. Bosses understand how their power has grown since adopting this broad and provident viewpoint which is expressed so successfully by them through their preying on slaves. It would be a very bad thing for the slaves to adopt the tactics of the master. Very bad indeed. Especially bad when they reflect that the numerical aspects of the case are favorable to the slaves. And not only the numerical but the industrial, as well, for the workers can live without bosses because the workers create all the food, all the clothing, all the shelter of the world and the bosses create nothing but wars and want and waste.

Because employers so persecute those teaching the industrial union idea every worker should be able to see without further argument that the industrial union idea is good for workers and bad for bosses. Masters will always attack with their utmost resources the foremost opposition to their operations. The I. W. W. in California and wherever it exists, constitutes a menace to the exploiters of labor. These exploiters know what threatens them and they desperately strive to prevent growth of industrial unionism among workers. Conscious of this situation, if you are a worker you belong in the I. W. W. We need one another in order to advance our class interests. Get into the union of your class and speed the day when all laws shall be made in the union halls of an emancipated humanity.

# Two Poems for District No. 26 U. M. W. of A.

*By* LAURA TANNE

## THE LOOT

The clouds were clean as new linen in the blue sky
When the fathers and mothers came out of their houses.
Long poles of sunlight slanted to the earth
As the fathers and mothers marched up the street.
The children thought the long poles of sunlight
Upheld God's linen underwear
As they followed their fathers and mothers up the streets,
While soldiers watched. . . . .

The children saw rickety wagons and boxes and bags
Come from buildings ripped open by force,
And filled with things to eat and wear.
They heard the mad words on fathers' and mothers' lips:
We must eat. We are cold. Our children suffer.

When night came the children thought:
A bundle of wind will blow God's underwear
All over the blue grass—
And was that Uncle Ned that got shot by the soldier?

## Soft and Easy

Lewis of the U. M. W. of A.
Nestles so many green babies
In his vest pocket every night
For being president of the U. M. W. of A.
He sleeps softly. He talks softly
To rebel men and tells them
To take it easy.

Men with steel picks on their shoulders
And empty dinner pails
Listen to Lewis talk softly
Thinking of their women
Blowing a kiss to summer
By an empty coal bin . . .
Thinking of dream-empty babies
With a heart of powder
Leaning against the kitchen corner . . .

These men listen to Lewis
With so many green babis
In his vest pocket
Talk so soft and easy.

## RUBBER SLAVERY AT AKRON

(Continued from Page Five)

started. They had circularized the entire American labor movement for funds with which to conduct the campaign, and nearly two thousand dollars was collected from Canada, United States, Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama, Hawaii and the Philippines. As soon as they lost control this money was misappropriated to other uses and everything possible was done to disrupt the union.

**"Labor Shortages" and "Law'n Order"**

There is considered to be a labor shortage in Akron when the number of unemployed drops below 5000 men and women and steps are immediately taken to remedy the matter. Advertisements are placed in Southern papers to bring men here. When they arrive they are told "Nothing today, sorry; but if you will leave your name and address we will send for you;" or, "Come in again." Thus they keep an army ready if anything should happen, and they keep more than a hundred deputy sheriffs, all klansmen, scattered through the shops so they will know beforehand if anything is going to happen. The presence of these deputies was brought out clearly when the grand jury was investigating the liquor traffic among other deputies who would raid a bootlegger and sell his liquor. The governor ordered the sheriff to discharge his army which numbered several hundred. According to this order they were all dismissed "except slightly more than one hundred who are employed as special police and watchmen in the shops" to use the sheriff's own words. The sheriff and all his deputies are klansmen and these deputies work without pay from the county.

**We Must Educate the Rubber Workers**

Incidentally, these workers brought here from the South are the greatest obstacle to organization. They come from the rural districts of Louisiana,



RUBBER PLANTATION WORKER LABORING FOR GOODYEAR IN FAR-OFF BRITISH EAST INDIES.

Alabama, Tennessee and other points in the "Pure Americanism" belt where wages are low and they feel deeply indebted to the rubber companies who pay a "living" wage.

Here are thousands of men and women working in an atmosphere heavily laden with the dust from a large and choice variety of chemicals, at a speed that warps and kills and in constant dread of that surveillance and the army at the gates.

## "Germany's Artist of the Masses"

**This is the title of Agnes Smedley's wonderfully appreciative article of the matchless art of Kathe Kollwitz. We are running in The Industrial Pioneer for September the article and a number of photographic reproductions of the paintings that have no equal in expressing the life and spirit of the proletarian. This is a very unusual offering and we ask all to send in their subscriptions and orders for bundles as early as possible because the issue is sure to be rapidly sold out. This magazine is the world's outstanding journal of revolutionary industrial unionism and by continuing to give its readers the best in working class literature and art it deserves your heartiest support. Let's make the September number take a big jump in circulation! We can do it by acting together.**

religious system is based on ignorance of the so-called laws of nature. The founders of these absurd system did not know the nature of the human mind, nor the history of the race, they thought that they, though relatively primitive men, knew all the race would ever know! They based their conclusions on the wholly insufficient knowledge of their times.

We refuse to travel ahead of the actual knowledge we possess, and when we speculate upon anything unknown, we do not assert our conclusions as facts.

Seventh premise. That any state, association or social organization whatever, that rests upon and enfranchises all must be one in which education must be an important factor.

One thing that the reader should bear in mind, is that those who propose an industrial democracy, are proposing it as an industrial-social system in which all who are able to will be producers, between certain ages, and as producers they will be members or citizens; first, in the local unit of industrial endeavor, with such groups autonomous, self-governing, in all matters of local concern; second, a citizen or member of the industrial division or state, likewise autonomous, self-governing in all its domestic affairs. Local industrial units would be limited or circumscribed only in their relations as producers to others of the same industrial division, or the units of other industrial divisions in the locality. Industrial divisions would be limited by the welfare of the whole body of such divisions.

It is sufficient at this place to show that the proposed new social order is to rest upon the producers all equally enfranchised, consequently the need for education.

The object of education, from this standpoint, is primarily to secure the smooth working of the social organization, for upon this depends the carrying on of production, on broad enough a scale to liberate the producers from long and exhausting toil, and provide the leisure and equipment for the development and completion of the individual. Individual freedom from a constant struggle for the needs of existence depends upon social regulation of production. Only by such regulation can the individual secure the means of life, and have the leisure and equipment really to become a complete individual, and reach his fullest capacity, upon which depends the development of a more perfect type of individual.

Education as conducted today is not sufficient. It has in most cases been entrusted, at least that of the working class, to young girls and feeble men, who when not too ignorant to teach the full knowledge of the race to their pupils, are too furtive to do so, because they are dependent on their work for a livelihood, and the control of positions and policies lies in the hands of usually illiterate, always corrupt political machines. The consequence is that a hodge podge of chaff, exploded theory, and unconnected truths are supplied to the pupils, in the school period, when impressions are most vivid which often obstructs the acquisition of real knowledge later in life. New truth is debarred by previous impressions, is the substance of a summing up of this subject by Ward.

These facts render it necessary to develop a method of separating popular fiction from real knowledge, and presenting information in an intelligently organized manner, and preventing the teaching of well known errors, and the forming of false conclusions.

"In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that opinion should be enlightened." Let us change this statement of Washington to meet the needs of the social order proposed, as follows: "In proportion as the structure of a social organization enfranchises and places power in the units and individuals comprising these units, of the structure, it is essential that all should have access to all of the accumulated knowledge of the race."

(To be continued.)

# Tenements

By MARY HOPE

TWO naked children pull a mattress onto a fire escape asking a sleep-god to give them a little wind and sun. Behind the bars of the fire escape tiny blue hands and a cough tell the story of tenement swords slashing to death the sleep-god.

The Polish family upstairs scattering god-damns everywhere while downstairs Rosie and Bennie talk over the day's work. Rosie says: "The boss' wife, she comes in and says, 'Good morning and how are you girls?' like she was climbin' golden stairs on stilts and the foxie woof-woof 'round her neck nearly knocked us coo-coo. And Bennie answers, 'You got a cinch. Come and see me spittin' lead from rubber mixin' for 9 hours and my guts lined with it . . . . . .'"

Evening comes like a dark shame-blush. Their papers lie scattered in the dust. Headlines awry. Coolidge and a west-end murder look at a cat's belly pausing to sniff at them on his way to his faithful love, the garbage.

A shop girl comes home, tired. Black streets snap at her with the tongues of long hungry hounds. She sees a rough fellow staring at her. His overalls are dirty. He says to himself: "If I wasn't always fighting I could marry a girl like that." . . . . She hurries on, weary, while the pitter-patter of many footsteps on the pavement says to her, "Don't-you-care, don't-you-care."

The tenement-night clothes itself with that sweet liar, the darkness. And stars and diadems of far-off moons adorn it, like a heavenly smile on the face of a leper. The tenement-night is like a priest in soft clothes and soft words and linen clean as a baby's first tooth. While underneath disease and fat and lies eat him to the core. Tenements.

# And They are Still Coming

By T. P. and "X"

THE following is merely an incident taken from the life of the "white gypsies" of California. The actors of this little drama are just a few straws caught in the sucking whirlwind of California real estate advertising, carried high—in hopes—and none too gently dropped to earth. If it were desirable it is quite possible to recite thousands of such heartrending tales . But one straw is like another. The incidents are all similar, differing only in details.

The average family that comes to California from the East seeking health and fortune in response to the deceptive advertising carried in eastern papers by California real estate brokers and chambers of commerce, leave a home life behind it to become a wandering unit of the ever increasing horde of "white gypsies"—the automobile traveling farm proletariat of California. As often as not these families come from the petit bourgeoisie, had in the past small places of business that provided them a somewhat secure living.

To get a bit of first hand information of this process of what we might call proletarianizing it was decided to make inquiry from some victim in one of the auto camps where the "white gypsies" abound.

After getting several rebuffs, because a great many of these families still retain their bourgeois pride, we finally succeeded in engaging in conversation a matronly appearing woman with a look of utter despair in her fine face. At first it was just a few remarks about the weather and the outlook for the summer's work. It was raining then. Not thinking it advisable to use a notebook the gist of the woman's story is all we can give. We didn't even ask her name—but her address is the open road.

It appears that this particular family had come from some small town in Michigan where they had owned a little store that had furnished them, and the parents of the mother before them, a fairly comfortable living and enough to put away for the proverbial rainy day. But as the little town increased in population during the period of the war, and immediately after other stores started up and competition made inroads into their little savings. It was after the Atlantic & Pacific Coffee and Tea Company had opened its store that they decided to quit and go to California. No use bucking the trust with what little they had, and hard times, too. So it was California bound in response to the advertising lure. There had been a longing through the years for something better. Why not try?

The store was sold at a sacrifice and the Ford, the same dilapidated, rickety old thing we were looking at, was loaded with what earthly belongings were deemed necessary for the long overland trek, and it started. It was the most pleasant experience of her life, this overland auto trip, so she stated, with its splendid outdoor life. "Of course, we had a little money then and there was no immediate worry—as there is now," she thoughtfully added.

To come from Michigan to California in the Ford had not been very expensive. It was not until reaching California that expenses started to pile up. There was so much to see—years of pent up curiosity to satisfy. It cost money and lots of it. California lay before them in the gay beauty of a harlot, her blemishes concealed—her favors to be had for money only.

After a few short months of this their little capital, which had originally been a little over three thousand dollars, had dwindled to a very scant two. In order to save what little was left it was decided to buy a piece of land. But where? Land was so high.

In their travels they had been through the town of Madera and had noticed in passing that land was for sale at $400 per acre, in 10 acre lots, and terms. So they came back to Madera and "bought" ten acres of unimproved land on "terms."

How little these people knew of California farming! Canals, and main ditches, and laterals, and headgates, and intakes, and water rights, Jackson pumps, and so forth, was like so much Greek to them. That the soil would not produce enough from ten acres to feed a family unless the land was irrigated was not realized at the time the eight hundred precious dollars were paid the glib-tongued real estate shark, and papers were signed to make payments of five hundred dollars each year henceforth until four thousand dollars and interest was paid.

That they had to build a house they realized, of course. It was unimproved land. But that the land had to be leveled and ditches and water gates put in preparatory to irrigating they merely had a vague idea about. Even had this been done before they bought there would still have been the all important question of water for irrigation.

The real estate man had told them that they would have to put down a well temporarily and use a pump until they could get the "gravity" water from the mountains. The dam was surveyed and so forth. Well? What a silly thing to mention. Where they came from everyobdy had a well and a pump. Of course, they had to have a well and a pump. The real estate man must think they knew nothing. It was not until they later started to inquire about the cost of a well and a pump that they grasped what the real estate man had been none too anxious to tell them—and the great amount of water needed to irrigate ten acres of thirsty California soil. They found out too late that a fully equipped well capable of furnishing enough water to irrigate ten acres would cost about two thousand dollars. It was a staggering blow.

Another thing was the leveling of the land and



THIS IS HOW CHILDREN OF "AUTO TOURISTS" LURED TO CALIFORNIA BY REAL ESTATE SHARKS MUST TOIL IN FIELDS WHEN PARENTS ARE "BROKE".

putting in the ditches and water gates, etc. All in all they discovered that it would take at least three or four thousand dollars merely to get started. Had they had sufficient for this there would still have been the problem of making a living until fruit trees and vines came into bearing—and the mighty problem of making payments ,these "easy" payments, at the same time.

They tried to dry farm the first year but merely exhausted their meagre funds in the attempt. When the payment came due they were broke and had to leave the place. They left a house and a well fenced place behind them to be used by the real estate shark as a further inducement and bait for catching the next sucker. Mr. Shark benefitted, from this deal, a neat little house, a good fence, the leveling of ten acres and was paid $800 besides. Another sucker or two and this particular plot will be worth double.

It was just about two years ago that they had loaded their earthly belongings into their Ford for the second time and had left Madera. Since then the family had tried to make a living in the fruit. It had been a hand-to-mouth existence. And here they were now owing rent for the use of the camp grounds, and there were cherries to pick if they could just get to where the cherries were. A hasty search of pants pockets brought forth a couple of dollars which were gratefully accepted.

* * * * * * * * * *

Statisticians tell us that for every success in the business world there are approximately four thousand failures Among the homeseekers that come to California from the East the percentage of successes is much smaller—about one in seven or eight thousands.

The step from comparative independence to actual acceptance of alms is in California a short one. But they are still coming.

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# These Twenty Years

(Continued from Page Eighteen)

now appears that in the near future this old struggle, which has obstructed the organization more than all other agencies combined, will be successfully negotiated.

This will mean that a general organization will be obtained which will not only be powerful but to which all subordinate parts will bow on general questions and which will be of great value to all units. It will be the true instrument and expression of the working class as a whole, rather than the tool of a single union or combination of unions with similar needs. Once this is achieved the road is clear for a tremendous growth, for the working class is already cognizant of the need for a more adequate form of organization. The future social development of man rests with an aggressive, properly adjusted, revolutionary industrial organization, free from all philosophical errors. If these last twenty years place in the hands of the world's workers such an efficient vehicle they will have been well spent.

# Industrial Observations

(Continued from Page Twenty)

program of "reliable officials" that are supposed to be developed by the new creed.

This program makes matters worse instead of better. Whatever we have to say about the A. F. of L. officials they generally originated in the crafts of which they became the officials, and understood the work thoroughly. As a result, if they really had a desire to serve their fellow workers in the union they were also more or less qualified to do so. The new type is different. He is the professional official, the "leader type" similar to the professional politician as contrary to the common citizen who had politics merely as a public duty and not as a profession. Unfamiliar with the work as well as the psychology of the workers in the union the result of this new leadership means only added confusion and expensive blunders, resulting in disillusionment and discouragement among the workers.

The main task confronting us is to prove to the workers the failure of all "leadership," that only in their own ability to fight the battle and to direct their progress lies the solution of their present industrial and economic difficulties. We must instill confidence in the workers and endeavor to stimulate the initiative among them, or else it will be nothing but an endless experience with new leadership that will eventually land them in the same old predicament.

We will find among those workers a fairly good understanding as to the aim and object of the I. W. W., and its philosophy is quite well understood also. But what is lacking is a clear and concise conception of the working operation of industrial unionism as propagated by the I. W. W. What we need in those fields are not speakers as much as educators and organizers; men who are willing to go among those workers, to teach them how the I. W. W. is composed of industrial unions with job branches; how those branches operate, what their jurisdiction is and what duties rest upon the officials, and what power they have. It is a big job and a slow one, but it must be done. With a little patience great results can be obtained.

A very large percentage of the workers are foreigners, and what little they have of organizations that can be characterized as labor unions is mostly among various foreign-language groups. It is estimated that more than 75 per cent of the miners in the East are foreigners. As a rule those foreign workers look toward the English-speaking workers to take the lead in the union and to fill the offices. Whenever they find one who proves to be really sincere and able in his work, any amount of support is offered. What is needed in the East are a couple hundred of the old type intelligent and courageous job delegates we had on the Pacific Coast when we built our industrial unions there. If that type of delegate can be prevailed upon to enter the industrial field of the East, they will be able to accomplish an organization drive the result of which will make the 1917 lumber workers' drive appear to have been small by comparison.

In the Eastern industrial centers we have a field to win for the I. W. W., and win with very little effort. It is less a question of finances than a question of getting members with the necessary qualifictions to instruct new delegates how to proceed with the work, to carry on our educational program, not with oratory and large meetings, but through the constant contact with the man on the job; to supply our press with live news directly from the industrial field, thereby making it more valuable to the whole organization; and first and last: instill confidence among the toiling masses; create a revolutionary spirit that not merely expresses itself in lengthy resolutions but in actual deed on the industrial field. The workers in the Eastern industries are waiting for us to come and point the way. Let us not fail them.

HAVE YOU SENT IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE

**INDUSTRIAL PIONEER?**

DO SO WITHOUT DELAY, AND MAKE YOUR

WORKING CLASS MAGAZINE GROW!

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

The conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

# California's Class-War Prisoners

## IN SAN QUENTIN PRISON

| Name | Number |
|---|---|
| Pat Casey | 35563 |
| M. J. Dunn | 35564 |
| George Ryan | 35567 |
| Henry Matlin | 35717 |
| James Olson | 35718 |
| Frank Sherman | 35768 |
| Omar J. Eaton | 36627 |
| R. W. Minton | 37492 |
| P. Mellman | 37637 |
| F. Franklin | 37635 |
| James Martin | 37636 |
| Frank Bailey | 37647 |
| Wm. Joozdeff | 37649 |
| John Orlando | 37650 |
| C. A. Drew | 37654 |
| Frank Cox | 37701 |
| C. F. McGrath | 37702 |
| R. Kuilman | 37703 |
| Joe Vargo | 37752 |
| H. Cederholm | 38108 |
| J. B. Childs | 38109 |
| H. R. Hansen | 38114 |
| Francis Hart | 38115 |
| Pierre Jans | 38117 |
| J. J. Johnson | 38118 |
| James LaLonde | 38122 |
| Wm. Minton | 38124 |
| John Pugh | 38126 |
| George Roeschlau | 38128 |
| Chas. J. Smith | 38131 |
| G. J. Terrill | 38132 |
| Joe Varella | 38133 |
| H. M. Edwards | 38292 |
| Tom O'Mara | 38293 |
| Jack Nash | 38294 |
| Bert Kyler | 38307 |
| Wm. Rutherford | 38308 |
| C. Pedersen | 38360 |
| Arthur G. Ross | 38361 |
| A. Bratland | 38363 |
| B. Johanson | 38364 |
| A. E. Anderson | 38376 |
| Ivan Barnes | 38530 |
| Fred Bammon | 38531 |
| Roy Carter | 38533 |
| Roy House | 38535 |
| E. D. McNasser | 38536 |
| W. H. Wright | 38537 |
| Ed Dawe | 38578 |
| F. W. Thompson | 38579 |
| H. B. Stewart | 38794 |
| J. C. Allen | 39343 |
| Wm. Bryan | 39344 |
| L. V. French | 39345 |
| Wm. Longstreth | 39346 |
| John McRae | 39347 |
| Alex. Nicholson | 39348 |
| Henry Powell | 39349 |
| R. V. Taylor | 39350 |
| D. C. Russell | 39458 |
| John Bruns | 40054 |
| Jack Beavert | 40628 |
| Tom Connors | 40950 |

## IN FOLSOM PRISON

Joe Clohessy
Herman Suhr
James Price
Jas. McLaughlin
Joe Wagner
Leo Stark
Richard Ford
Louis Allen
C. J. Sullivan
P. J. Gordon
John Hiza
H. C. Duke
Earl Firey

**Letters to San Quentin must carry the prison number of the addressee on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.**

**Letters to Folsom must be sent in care of Warden, Represa, California. The return address of the sender is required on all mail going to inmates of either prison.**

**IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN SECURING THE RELEASE OF THESE INNOCENT MEN, WRITE TO:**

**LEE TULIN, BOX 574, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**

Printed by Printing and Publishing Workers' Industrial Union No. 450, I. W. W.

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KATHE KOLLWITZ'S "THE UPRISING"
Lent by Emil Richter Verlag, Dresden, Germany.

## Germany's Artist of the Masses

Evolution and Labor

Bill Stroud Does it All

# The New Religion

By COVINGTON AMI



HE Unadaptable shall perish. They who cannot meet
The changing of Environments must die. On City Street
Or Country Road, wherever life has cast their bitter lot,
However high their dreams or great their love, it matters not;
However noble be their aim or fine their work, the Unfit die.
The Weaklings fail. The Strong ones win. Thorn-crowned the Christs go by
Golgothaward, while smiling Caesar mounts his golden throne
Triumphant. The Fittest shall survive. The Best the World shall own."

* * *

This is the New Religion, this the "Scientific" Creed,
Under which the Magons hunger, under which the Morgans feed;
Under which the Emmets perish, under which the Georges reign,
The shamanism blessing all the frightful works of Cain;
By which the Sons of Jacob from the Sons of Esau take,
By which the mighty Usurers the will to freedom break;
By which Love's angels vanish with Hope's fairies from the skies,
Under which the truth is smothered in an avalanche of lies!

* * *

This is the latest reason why the Knaves and Morons rule,—
**The Mind that made Environment the convict of its tool!**
This tells us why the Masses are the servants of Machines,—
**They are helpless in Environment as shadows on the screens!**

* * *

Ye fools that slave in darkness that the Few may dwell in Light
'Twas **You** that made Environment,—'twas born of Labor's might—
And Yours is all the **power,** and to change it is your right.

# The Industrial Pioneer

Edited By John A. Gahan

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# Editorials

**BRITISH LABOR SOLIDARITY WINS—** Mine operators of England posted notices at the collieries to the effect that after July 31st wages were to be cut twenty per cent. Over a million miners replied that they would strike against the decrease. Negotiations followed, resulting finally in a government subsidy to the operators calculated to be equivalent to twenty per cent of the miners' wages for a period of six months. The sum is $50,000,000, and a beer tax is to be levied to raise the amount.

This unique action in peace time conciliation, guaranteeing, as it does, no loss of profits to the employers and none in wages for the miners, has roused the ire of the British premier, who was obliged to initiate the subsidy, and on August 6th Mr. Baldwin rose in the House of Commons to announce that the precedent constituted a "grave menace." He charged the workers with "anarchy" and declared that if they go too far they will be met with united national opposition.

What called for this warning was the solidarity pledged to the miners by railroad and marine transport workers who said that they were ready to strike with the miners if called upon to do so. Such an expression of class consciousness certainly does constitute a "grave menace" to the coal robbers of England and all other bourgeois thieves who live in indolence and luxury, surfeiting while the workers of the world endure intermittent starvation.

The miners' victory is an object lesson of tremendous import to labor everywhere. It shows how the solidarity of labor can defeat all opposition, emphasizing the fundamentally industrial nature of modern society. Mr. Baldwin, acting as the spokesman for British capitalism, may well display the greatest concern at the spectacle, realizing as he does—but as the world's wage slaves do not—that the matter of industrial power, of industrial ownership which gives this power, is based on strategy. The triple alliance of mine, rail and marine workers forms a triune keystone of working class power in England that will yet learn to play its full part in the coming upheaval that is to dump the world's parasites from the backs of the workers.

Meanwhile the pledged concert of action of the unions of miners, railroaders and seamen of England has forced the government to act to save the mine operators, and wages for miners are not going to be slashed. Militant workers throughout the world hail this victory with rejoicing and cry "Long live the solidarity of labor!"

**WE ARE NOT GANDHIS**—Even leaders of reactionary trade unions occasionally refer to their organizations as being militant, implying that militancy in associations of workers for economic advancement is effective. Usually such references mark anniversary orations, while in the everyday relations between their members and the employers class collaboration is stressed and militancy is discouraged. But whatever we may think about militancy or its lack in the trade unions it is a fact that aggressiveness, the will to hold fast to every gain that has been secured and ceaselessly to struggle for additional improvement is as necessary to a real, functioning union as red blood is to a healthy, living body.

I. W. W. ideational soundness and the eager determination of its advocates to propagate the message of revolutionary industrial unionism, to establish the correctness of its theoretical position by the evidence of victories crowning its practical application, early aroused employing class antagonism. As circumstances and their tempers dictated they have seen fit to jail our members, to deport them, to lynch them, to deny free speech and press and to raid our halls. Now had we been appalled with a sense of our unworthiness or oppressed with hopelessness; had the bosses been able to beat this red devil of industrial union conviction out of us there would now be no I. W. W.

Aggressively and defiantly our speakers delivered their message to the workers; our delegates and organizers continued lining up new members; for every man sent to prison in the struggle many others joined the organization; Wobblies deported for agitating returned to agitate some more, and when the ruling class forbade our presses to operate we published our opinions notwithstanding. These are not the acts of pacifists. We are engaged in class warfare. Recognizing this belligerency between workers and employers the capitalist press does not regard it as an insoluble problem, but the fierceness with which the battles of industry are waged has compelled reflection in the language of bourgeois publications. "Wage disagreements" as they were called a few years ago are now headlined as "Industrial Warfare." With these journalistic sciolists evincing such an advance in terminology is it not time for the workers to regard their struggle as a class war?

Moreover, it is also time for well-meaning liberals to cease mentioning Wobblies as pacifists, as men and women imbued with a "turn the other cheek" spirit, or with the non-cooperation philosophy of the Indian leader, Gandhi. Recognition of class war leaves no place in our tactical program for such systems, but their influence has been active in our organization. Whenever a labor union loses its militant spirit it is in a dying condition. We have no other business as industrial unionists than that of opposing the employing class at all times and striving for the enlistment of other workers to the struggle's support.

Christianity itself, which is usually glorified as a pacifistic philosophy, hid away in the darkness of catacombs so long as its leading protagonists adhered to a non-militant philosophy, and it came out of the hole to spread over the world only when its mission was propagated at the sword's point. Gandhi's philosophy already betrays inconsistencies, and we find him quite recently saying that it is all right to fight to defend what you have. No passivity there. The I. W. W. is abreast of the times, and we are not in the age of the spinning wheel any longer; neither, then, should our mental processes hark back to ancient pacifism that proved a failure. The working class is faced with a machine development that steadily throws larger and larger numbers of workers out of jobs; that contributes continually to capitalist concentration and working class misery. This class operates the machines socially and the solution to its problems is in the abolition of private ownership of these wealth producing tools. The I. W. W. is fighting for possession of these tools by the working class.

Martyrdom is incidental to the progress of this battle for proletarian freedom; it is not the objective, and any who have entertained such an idea have not grasped the purpose of our organization.

**SOLIDARITY IN FARGO.**—The Chamber of Commerce of Fargo, North Dakota, recently ordered its police to arrest members of the I. W. W. going through that section carrying forward organization work among agricultural workers. Twenty-two members of Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 of the I. W. W. were jailed as a result and they are being held. When release was offered to all but three of the group it was refused, the men saying that all must be freed.

This kind of concerted action is very bad for the bosses and they know it. An expression of it through the entire harvest belt has resulted in higher wages and better conditions generally for the workers. Our fellow workers started the drive properly by declining to work for the "going wages," which were around three dollars a day. They held out for five and got it. John Farmer does not know that when he beats his "hands" down in wages and living conditions he is only saving that much more to hand over to the bankers when the harvesting is over. But the bankers know it and they fight the I. W. W. to insure a substantial "steal" by fall.

Let the membership hasten at once to the support of the jailed men at Fargo and

(Continued on Page Forty-One)



# Germany's =Artist of= The Masses

By
AGNES SMEDLEY

=

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ

**Whose Art Is A Sword Carving a Way For The Working Class**

## "Every Talent Carries with it a Social Duty"

IN THE never-ending tide of our human history ride the laboring masses, toiling, struggling, dreaming; enslaved by their own ignorance and disunity; occasionally becoming conscious enough to revolt; and now and then throwing up personalities to show the world the wealth of suppressed beauty and genius which lies buried in the depths—genius that the human race can ill afford to do without.

One of such personalities is Käthe Kollwitz, of Germany, a woman artist of world renown who is a convinced, unbitter and earnest champion of working class emancipation. She stands among those artists who, during the past half century, have demonstrated the intimate connection between social forces and creative art. For, just as aristocratic, feudal and bourgeois society each in turn are mirrored in the art of those periods, so has society produced and continues to produce today—with historic naturalness—artists who picture the struggles of the working class. The first of such artists was the Frenchman Millet; then Delacroix, Daumier, Courbet, and the master sculptor Rodin; the Belgian Meunier, creator of the Statue of Labor; the Hollander Joseph Israel; and the Germans, Klinger, Liebermann, Fritz von Uhde, Heinrich Zille and Käthe Kollwitz.

The only woman among these artists of the period is Käthe Kollwitz. She is of special interest to us for of all these she is the most conscious, convinced pleader for the working class; added thereto, she is a person of great simplicity, sympathy and richness of character; and not only is she one of the greatest living artists, but she is a clear product and expression of the present historical epoch. Her father was a master mason who fought in the Revolution of 1848 in Germany, and it is undoubtedly to his influence that she owes her philosophy. For he aroused in her the consciousness of social duty and always held before her the words of her grandfather that "every talent carries with it a social duty." "The Song of the Shirt," by Hood, was the first poem he taught her, and from this earliest childhood impression has sprung one of her well-known etchings, showing a miserable, poor home worker,—a mother sitting by a cradle and sewing shirts far into the night until she falls into exhausted sleep on the table.

It is not without significance that, in days when



**THE PLOUGHERS**
**(From the cycle "The War of the Peasants," showing conditions which led up to the War.)**
Lent by Emil Richter Verlag, Dresden, Germany.

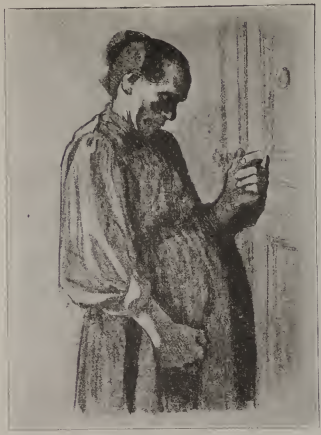
women were supposed to be capable of nothing more than housework and of caring for a dozen children, Käthe Kollwitz's father arranged for her training in drawing and painting in Konigsberg, then later in Berlin and Munich. In her early twenties she married Dr. Kollwitz, a young physician and socialist who, upon graduating from Berlin University, went into the workers' section of North Berlin and, from that date 35 years ago until today, has remained the patient, often unpaid physician of the working class. The young wife not only nursed her husband's patients, but she reared two sons, and she turned her little flat into a studio.

Motherhood did not prevent her from working with great intensity at her art. Her first work was "The Song of the Shirt." Her second brought her before the art world of Europe. It was a series of etchings entitled "The Weavers' Revolt," planned after having witnessed the first production of Gerhard Hauptmann's drama, "The Weavers," in 1893. The drama was subsequently suppressed by the government, but the misery of the weavers of Silesia as therein depicted had swept over the soul of the young artist; it gave her the impetus to labor for four years on six etchings which, when exhibited in the Great Art Exhibition in Berlin in 1898, won not only the medal for graphic art, but caused one of the most noted art critics of the day to write that her creations revealed "visions wrung out of a frightful reality by a steady, strong, healthy hand; unfanatical, humanly-clear drawings, with simple, almost chaste lines."

### "War of the Peasants"

The work which placed her on the pedestal of fame was her "War of the Peasants," inspired by a history of the War of the German Peasants in the 16th Century. This cycle of seven great etchings covers the following themes: (1) peasants, instead of horses, drawing ploughs; (2) the body of a peasant woman, raped and left dead in a marsh—these first two themes showing conditions which led up to the war; (3) a peasant woman sharpening a scythe in preparation for the coming conflict, her face sinister with hatred; (5) the "Outbreak," showing in the foreground the great figure of a peasant woman leader, her body tense with passion and inspiration, her arms upraised as she calls to the oncoming tide of peasants who, like the waves of an angry sea, sweep onward with mad cries. The words of Edwin Markham in "The Man with the Hoe" are recalled—

"O masters, lords and rulers of all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute questions in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?



THE HIRED WOMAN
Lent by Emil Richter Verlag, Dresden, Germany.

How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?"

The sixth drawing of the cycle shows the imprisoned peasants, bound and coralled like wild beasts: great shoulders, upturned faces of defiant hate, crushed but not defeated; the bound, drooping body of a little boy who, with the others, had "done his bit." And, lastly, the field of slaughter at night, —the black horizon, the heaped, brute-like forms in the darkness, the bent body of a peasant mother with a lantern stealthily turning over the dead in search of her son—the ghastly face of a dead man cast in relief in the light of the lantern. This cycle of work, as well as "The Weavers' Revolt," hangs in the National Art Gallery in Berlin.

**Kollwitz a Revolutionary**

Only a strange kind of Jesuitical reasoning can force a person to say, after gazing at this cycle, "Käthe Kollwitz is not a revolutionary—she is **above** all that!" as some do say as they sit in evening dress about drawing rooms discussing great personalities. Yet to those who are close to life—who have touched bed-rock as it were—on the pencil of this woman artist rides an emotional conviction as deep as life, compelling them to rise with the peasants or weavers, fight with them, and lie with them on the field of battle with their dead.

Her well-known drawing entitled "The Carmagnole" pictures bloodthirsty women dancing about the guillotine of the French Revolution as members of the aristocracy were given to the knife. A wan, half-grown boy, in rags, stands in the foreground and beats a drum, his face mad with blood-lust; a stream of blood runs from under the guillotine through the cobblestone pavement; and the mad women dance and sing "The Carmagnole," one of the songs of the French Revolution.

Käthe Kollwitz is sometimes referred to as the artist of social misery. But she is more than that, although it is true that the dark side of life of the poor has occupied her more than the joyous. One of her etchings bears the inscription "Aus vielen Wunden blutest du, O Volk"—"You bleed from many wounds, O People." And in that phrase is summed up her life-work, for she has indeed shown the wounds of "das Volk" to the world; she has pleaded, she has warned, and she has stormed the gates of heaven with them. In the first twenty years of her artistic activity her themes dealt chiefly with revolt, with uprisings and revolutions. We can follow this thread that runs through her life in all her famous works, the source of which were, as we have seen, literary.

**New Concepts Born in War Period**

With the beginning of the world war, however, new motives crept into her work. Life itself becomes more overwhelming, more commanding than literature or history, and thenceforth her themes deal with poverty, famine, hunger, illness, death; the **motif** of deep human love, especially between mother and child, is predominant; the **motif** of death recurs endlessly. And since her art is an intimate part of her own life's experience, we must know that her youngest son, a youth of 18, was one of the first volunteers in the war. She was deeply opposed to his enlisting. He was among the first soldiers to fall, and this tragedy in her own life may be studied in her war posters—in the misery of mothers waiting in death-like calm for news, in the posters of death; in crouching, animal-like forms expressing the grief of mothers over the dead bodies of their children. During the war she produced a series of seven woodcuts entitled "War," all expressing the deepest human tragedy. One is entitled "The Volunteers"—faces of young men, insanely intoxicated, their eyes closed, following Death beating a drum; another entitled "The Mother," picturing a woman, her face turned in fear in one direction as her outstretched arms enclose and try to protect many, many men, youth and boys; the last is "Das Volk"—in the foreground the form of "das Volk"—a face of calmness—unearthly calmness—surrounded by mad, fierce faces shrieking at it; and yet it remains calm.

Apart from many of her concrete drawings picturing death, the best-known of her works on this theme is entitled "Tod und Frau" (Death and Woman), showing death and a little child struggling for

the body of the woman—a creation of deepest subjective origin. Such art critics as Kaemmerer * state that this work can be classed with any of the masterpieces of the immortal Michael Angelo. But to class it with the symbolic masterpieces of Rodin seems more appropriate. Certainly it is majestic: the beautiful, strong, nude body of the mother struggling against the grip of death from the back, while the tender hands of a little child cling to her from the front. The work, like other deeply human symbolic creations, is capable of many interpretations: we may say it is life struggling against death; we may say it is life and death struggling for the mother; we may say it is the working class struggling for emancipation; we may say it is subjected peoples struggling against oppression.

By this one drawing alone—not to mention others—we see that the creations of this artist of the oppressed are not only historical, not only social, but that they touch also the eternal, elemental, primeval instinct of Life, as old as the first amoeba, —to picture which gives immortality to any work. Added thereto is her techinque, for—apart from her pen and pencil drawings, her woodcuts, and the sculpture on which she privately works—she is classed as one of the greatest living masters of the art of etching. Her technique can be understood by the simplest and most unlettered of us, and it is typical of her that she did not choose a form of expression which could be understood only by the initiated, the learned, in art. Her technique, on the contrary, is as close to our understanding as are her themes to our hearts. It is a simplification of the idea of the forces driving the masses—forces as primitive and elemental as the sea or the storm: fear, hatred, rebellion against injustice; and the hunger for love, for happiness, for freedom that is the right of all that exists. In a few lines only she will picture her idea—suppressing detail. With the exception of a few of her creations, the details of the body concern her little, and throughout it is the expression in the face and hands at which she aims. The sophisticated might laugh when told that she has made innumerable etchings of the worn, character-full faces of working women, as well as numberless sketches of the hands of workinmen,—large, rough, strong hands which to see is to love for their beauty and strength.

**Moving With the Battle of Life**

Added to her other works of art, we find countless studies taken from the working class of today

* KAETHE KOLLWITZ, A History of Art of Spiritual and Social Purpose, by Ludwig Kaemmerer. Published by the Emil Richter Verlag, Dresden, Germany, 1923.



THE PRISONERS
(From the cycle "The War of the Peasants")

Lent by Emil Richter Verlag, Dresden, Germany.



DEATH AND WOMAN

Lent by Emil Richter Verlag, Dresden, Germany.

—the theme of the mother and child predominating. And there are many other productions, such as her "Gretchen" drawings, inspired by the immortal Goethe, of whom we, in America, unfortunately and to our loss, know practically nothing. One of her drawings is of a hired woman, soon to become a mother, her head bowed in pain, as she stands in the act of knocking on the door of her elegant mistress. Perhaps the most gripping of her posters is the one entitled "Bread." Another poster is "Nachgeboren"—meaning the children born after the war; half-starved, stunted children gaze dumbly upon the war-torn world into which they have been brought. Still another poster of note is a crude outline of a miserable old woman, her arms upraised in hopeless questioning, as if she has come to the end and merely awaits the hand of destiny.

In later creations the artist has thrown her whole soul into forms of pathos and solicitude. We see sick mothers gazing into the faces of hungry, questioning children; a working mother laughing in the joy of her baby: "Unemployed"—a man sitting and gazing into space, his thin chin sunk on one hand, while his wife lies with one tender baby in her arms, two other children sleeping in exhaustion on her sick bed.

**Her Greatness Recognized By the World**

Today the world brings honors to the door of this artist of the masses; the National Art Gallery in Berlin, the famous Art Gallery in Dresden, as well as other museums of art throughout Germany, consider it an honor to own and keep her originals on exhibition; valuable medals have been presented to her; the Ministry of Education of the German government has conferred upon her the

title of Professor—and in Germany "Professor" is an official academic title of the highest order. Lengthy, learned books, such as Kaemmerer's book already mentioned, as well as others* have been written on her life and work, and all parties try to explain just how it is that she is, or is not, a revolutionary, and therefore a follower of their programs. But she belongs to no political party, nor is she interested in them. She is now 58 years of age, and remains unimpressed by attentions, medals, books, or professorships. Her ceaseless physical activity would lead one to believe she is no more than 40. Her life is as simple as that of an ordinary working woman, and she still lives in the Workers' Section in North Berlin. Her gaze is direct and her voice startlingly strong and she sees far beyond those who bring her superficial, external tributes or who try to use her for their own propaganda purposes. She is a silent person, but when she speaks it is with great directness, without trimmings to suit the prejudices of her hearers. Many people, before meeting her, expect to see a bitter woman. But they see, instead, a kind—very kind—woman to whom love—strong love, however—is the rule of life. And in speaking with her one always has the impression that truth alone is of value to her.

### "A Product of the Working Class"

She could have wrung a fortune from her art, for she is famous throughout Continental Europe; but she considers that she is a product of the working class and that her talent belongs to the masses. "Every talent carries with it a social duty" is written large upon her soul. Her countless posters, which may be seen throughout Europe, have been drawn for all kinds of relief committees, for labor organizations, for famine committees, for exhibitions of the work of home workers, and many of them have been done without cost. She has not, as have many artists, considered her talent as her personal property; she is a product of certain social forces, to which her talent is due.

. . . . . .

"What has been the purpose of your life's work —what have you tried to achieve?" the writer of these lines once asked Käthe Kollwitz.

"I have tried to arouse and awaken mankind," she replied.

"And why have you devoted yourself to the working class instead of to the upper class, like many other artists?"

"Why? Why—the working class has beauty and strength and purpose in life. I have never been able to see beauty in the upper class, educated person; he's superficial; he's not natural nor true; he's not honest, and he's not a human being in every sense of the word."

The work of this woman artist shows us that the working class is not only as she says, but that it has all the human weaknesses, pettiness and often anti-social passions, as well a real human strength, greatness and social purpose. Yet, whatever may be the immediate effect of the work of Käthe Kollwitz, two things are clear to us: when the present historical period has passed into time, her art will stand as a record of the struggle of the working class to build a new world; and, on the other hand, it will endure, as do the dramas of the ancient Greeks, because it has, with strong, simple technique, brought to conscious expression certain deeply-human and psychological problems and truths which are common to all men through all time.

* DIE ZEICHNER DES VOLKS: Kollwitz and Zille, by Adolpf Heilborn. Published by the Rembrandt Verlag, Berlin—Zehlendorf.

## BOYCOTT — Harvest Hands Take Notice!

**Working men are being arrested in Fargo for riding trains to the Harvest Fields.**

**As the Citizens and Business Men of Fargo have made no protest against these arrests of Harvest Hands, therefore they must approve of the arrests.**

**A Boycott has been declared against all restaurants, hotels, rooming houses and business houses in Fargo, until the 73 arrested workers are released and arrests for train riding ceases.**

**It is the duty of every working man and woman to support this Boycott.**

**Don't spend any money in Fargo until these men are Free!**

**Signed: COMMITTEE.**

**For further information apply at Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union Hall, 110 Front Street, Fargo, N. D.**

# The Lust for Power

By W. C. OULD

MANY innocents abroad are greatly worried lest "all incentive" to the exercise of executive ability will be destroyed once the profit incentive is abolished by society. They need not be. The lust for power will more than offset the loss. This all my experience in the labor movement and with cooperative enterprises, plus my experience in political parties, plus a wide reading of ancient and modern history, seems to bear out.

As a matter of fact, the profit incentive is the lowest of all urges determining the action of a real executive, while the lust for power is among the highest, strange and heretical as this may sound. It all depends on what lines, and for what cause, the executive is lusting for power.

Already there are hundreds and thousands of men and women in the labor and radical movements who could make far bigger wages if they were governed by the profit incentive in their actions; but, consciously or unconsciously, the lust for power drives them on to so-called sacrifices for The Cause. This applies as truly to a Debs and a Mother Jones as it does to a Lenin and a Trotsky, to a Christ as it does to a Mahomet.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, the lust for power has been a far greater motive force in human evolution than "democratic" historians want to admit. The working class, and especially the American working class, is today in its present subject state almost solely and entirely because it has no real, true lust for power. This applies especially to all craft unionism regardless of affiliation. It not only has no lust for real power—it fears it. Everywhere it dodges industrial and social responsibility, is content to take orders so long as its belly is reasonably full. So ludicrous on the part of the A. F. of L. "leaders" is this fear of the assumption of power that they hardly ever open their mouths that they do not immediately assure their enemies and the world that they have no intention and no desire whatsoever to interfere with any of the fundamentals of wage slavery, or capitalism, as this form of robbery is euphemistically styled. So greatly, indeed, do they fear the assumption of power by the working class that they not only fight all workers who dare raise the cry of "All Power to the Workers!" in the most vicious and treasonable manner possible, but they have gone to the shameless length of separating themselves entirely from the world labor movement and to O. K-ing every move of the rotten American imperiaists on the world checkerboard, leaving to the lords of the plunderbunds the dictation of the policies to be pursued by the American government regarding international labor and all other problems.

Here, though, the "leaders" of "organized labor" are merely casting the intellectual shadow of the groups they represent, for they speak not truth who assert that the Gomperses and Lewises, the Johnsons and Farringtons do not truly represent the aims and ideals (if willingness to sell oneself children and class into eternal slavery for a cent an hour advance in wages can be called idealism) of the A. F. of L. The "leaders" are what they are because their rank and file are what they are, and all of them are what they are because the American working class has not yet developed a lust for power.

That is why, because they fear the assumption of power, which always and inevitably means the assumption of economic and social responsibility and all the penalties and dangers thereof, that "organized labor" in the United States was scared almost as stiff as was the plutocracy when the Russian revolution hurled the tsardom into the sea of blood and terror that is crimsoned off on the map of history as "Capitalist Civilization."

Whether it be a subject race, a subject nation, or a subject class, not until it develops a lust for power can it hope for freedom—for the powerless are always slaves, and that whether their chains are gilded or not.

The sooner the American working class wakes up and learns this and recaptures and reincarnates in inself something at least of the fighting spirit of its frontiersmen forefathers, the better it will be for the American working class, the republic and the world.

Lastly, in this highly industrialized, supertrustified naton, the working class has but one road left by which it can march to the real conquest of power, and the name of that road is "Industrial Unionism," for it is only through its **economic** organizations that the working class can hope to hold for itself what is taken by it, whether the takings be higher wages, shorter hours, better social conditions, or the world and all that is in it,—for it is the **holding** and not the **taking** that counts, a fact the workers should always remember.

Finally, remember this: In all organizations, "God—Power—is on the side of the heaviest battalions, but the heaviest battalions are composed of three-quarters spirit and one-quarter matter." This has been proven time after time by the I. W. W. Let our young men and women prove it once again and more gloriously than ever before!

**All Power to the Workers.**

# Bill Stroud Does it All

By ALBERT WEHDE

This powerful story by the co-author of "Finger Prints Can Be Forged" sets forth an incident of prison existence which is just one tragedy of the endless line of tragedies for which the system of incarceration is guilty. We think no more impressive evidence of the effect of prison environment on conduct has ever been written.

VISITING days were always the hardest for me at Leavenworth. Sightseers came in droves on Tuesdays—curious persons, mostly from other towns and frequently from far away, to whom the sight of caged humans, moving automaton-like at their tasks, was a thrill to be remembered for years. Obviously many of the visitors had no legitimate business there; those who actually came to talk with relatives or friends behind the bars were in the minority. . . More than half of those who came were women—glib flappers, older women wearing too much rouge, unsatisfied ones in the dangerous age, who played their own emotional needs against the needs of starved men within the walls, and made the hunger of these men more desperate than before.

Escorted through the prison by guards, they gazed upon the gray-clad inmates of the workshops, where shoes and shirts were made and where printing was done. A talkative crowd these visitors for the most part, courting adventure, dropping notes to be found by prisoners, soliciting clandestine correspondence, and thus paving the way for affairs of passion after the men concerned were free again. Some of the women were social exiles, as much outcasts as the men they pitied in the prison, even though they had the freedom of the streets. . .

But there was one woman who did not come on regular visiting days. The first time I caught sight of her I was struck with wonder. It was on a Sunday, which is not a day for callers. She came toward me in the corridor of the main building. I was new to the prison, and almost spoke to her, but remembered in time the rule which forbids inmates to address visitors. . . . She was in black, and her dress was worn and rusty with age. Her hands and face were those of one who had been battered with storms. At the end of the corridor she turned to the left, into the brick-paved alley, passed along the mess-hall and beyond to the right, where I saw her enter the door of a house that is synonymous with burial alive—the house of permanent isolation.

"Who is that?" I asked an old-timer near by.

"Bill Stroud's mother. She has a special permit to visit him on Sundays. I don't know how she got it."

My dormant imagination was aroused. It is the way with all prisoners. One gets to musing and if one stays long enough one becomes prison-simple. The mind wanders, things appear in an exaggerated light. Surrounded by evil, day after day, year after year, one learns to disbelieve the existence of all virtue, to deny it, and to ascribe sinister motives to every human act. Some men succumb to this mental aberration in a few weeks, others withstand it for months, for years perhaps—but it gets them all in the end. I tried consciously to retain my belief in the inborn good of all mankind and looked for virtue everywhere. I hungered for company of decent people—a boon denied to those who need it most. Association in the flesh being barred, I sought for it in the spirit, and dug out of the dead past the memories of all the fine characters which had touched my life. My days and nights were spent in reveries of the long ago, blessed reveries, for they took me away from the ghastly and unclean present; made me forget, for hours at least, the faces of my fellows, most of whose eyes mirrored vice and depravity, weakness and insanity. Scrutinizing new faces, always trying to fathom their tragedies, and struck by the unexpected sight of a woman in a man's prison, and on a day not a visiting day, my interest was doubly aroused. I must learn the story of her sorrows.

From that day on I looked forward to each Sunday hoping to catch a glimpse of this old mother who occupied my mind quite as much as did the memory of my own mother awaiting the day of my return home. With my face pressed against the bars of my cell, eagerly scanning the yard, I saw Mrs. Stroud often, but only once did I have the opportunity of passing near her.

I was called to the deputy warden's office one Sunday morning and as I neared the entrance of the building within which this functionary's quarters are located and which also contains the cells for permanent isolation, I met the old woman coming out. There was the pathetically sweet look on her face that I had observed before, and I dared whisper a "good morning." She answered with a

glance of warmhearted friendliness. My eyes followed her and I saw her turn to cast one lingering glance at the red brick walls of her living son's coffin. Then she passed on, tears hanging from her lashes, though her face illumined with a glow of faint but exquisite happiness.

I inquired into her son's history.

Bill Stroud came from Alaska on a ten-year sentence for homicide. His lack of mental poise culminating in the taking of a life, was to be corrected by lengthy intimate association with oil stock promoters, bootleggers, dopeheads, counterfeiters and sadistic prison guards. The cure, though prescribed with the best possible intentions, did not take.

The most absorbing chapters of human history are devoted to man's errors, though few occupy themselves with it. Unlimited energy is spent in throwing the limelight of investigation on the accomplished deed; the thought which impelled the deed, the source from which the thought sprang, the conditions which developed it, are persistently ignored. Swat the fly is the maxim, while its breeding place remains undisturbed. I know nothing of the details of Stroud's first homicide. But it was not a premeditated murder—that much appears from the measure of punishment pronounced upon him. It was a deed of passion, and men giving way to passion must be restrained. Prison life is physical restraint for the time being. The spirit roams in an imaginary world, breeds thoughts of revenge; fantasy develops weird pictures, a breeding ground **par excellence** of all that is evil and vicious and dehumanizing.

Prison guards are constitutionally devoid of ambition. Aversion to creative effort is the only mental prerequisite fitting a man to become a keeper of caged unfortunates. Drowsing idly in the sun, watching others stall at their labors, year in year out, does not improve man's mental nor physical make-up. Lack of exercise spoils the digestion, and when dyspeptics are clad in blue cloth trimmed with lace and gilt buttons they are certain to take advantage of their authority by venting every ill humor on their hapless charges. For a prisoner to complain against his keeper is to invite the most ruthless persecution. He is beyond the pale of every law.

Detailed to work with a gang whose overseer was particularly given to practicing subtle chicaneries on prisoners, Stroud brooded and grew bitter. He abhorred his surroundings and hated in particular the guard who every day showed his unfitness for the job he held. Bill could have done away with himself; prisoners do sometimes, but that was not his way. He decided to take the guard with him to eternity.

He managed to conceal a table knife, blunt enough not to be considered a weapon. During many unobserved hours he sharpened and pointed it by whetting it on a stone. One day, during the noon meal, his persecutor stood near his table. He raised his hand in token of a request he wished to make. The guard approached and Stroud plunged the steel into his heart.

Prisoners and guards stood aghast, pale and trembling. The murderer brandished the knife. None dared approach him. He pointed it at his own heart, then laughed raucously, threw it to the floor and said:

"Take me to isolation!"

They did. He was tried for first degree murder. There were no extenuating circumstances, at least none could imagine any, and he was sentenced to be hanged.

His mother came from Alaska. The small home he had provided for her was sold to enable her to make the long journey. She arrived penniless. No matter to her, she must be near her son, hold him to her heart once more, and bring him her blessing.

Sometimes the wheels of human justice work like the mills of the gods. They are damnably slow, but there the similarity ceases. The gallows were built, in the prison yard, but the day of execution was deferred. The old mother, without means of support, scrubbed floors in Leavenworth village and did washing, anything to earn a crust of bread. She visited her doomed boy as often as the rules permitted and brought him the few permissible luxuries she was able to procure.

On the evening before the hangman was to discharge his duties came a commutation of sentence —condemnation to a lingering death in permanent isolation.

"He is a tough guy," other prisoners said. "He would kill you as quickly as that!" and they snapped their fingers to indicate how easily and quickly Bill Stroud would take a life.

I pondered, trying to figure out what deep-seated emotion would induce a man to commit a deed that would only render his condition more acrid. He could not hope to evade the most stringent punishment, that would at once and forever do away with every possibility of freedom and a life worth the living. I felt sure that I never could do such a thing no matter what sinister influences might be brought to bear upon me. And when I considered that every violation of prison rule, even the slightest insubordination indulged in by a single prisoner, necessarily compels the warden to introduce still harsher measures of restraint under which all inmates must suffer, I felt bitter towards Stroud. If his fellow prisoners were not worthy of any consideration, how about his own mother? Should he not have behaved himself and abided in patience for her sake? Like the Pharisee, I thought myself better than he.

Soon after the morning's meal has been disposed of, the signal is given for "sick call," and all the ailing lined up according to their places of employment, march to the hospital where they await their turn standing outside in long lines. Gang after

gang enters, the men file past a little window where they state their "symptoms," receive a few pills or powders, and proceed to their stations. Only the visibly ill are ushered into a small operating room where their temperature is recorded and some pretense at treatment is made. Prisoners are detailed for that work, only the severest cases being taken in hand by the prison's solitary physician who must look after the physical ills of 2600 men—3300 now (May 19, 1925).

It was in the early spring, the "flu" had made its appearance, and the hospital was overcrowded. There was a paucity of nurses, the warden had issued a call for volunteers for sick-room service, and the response was a credit to the inmates. Great numbers solicited the opportunity of ameliorating the sufferings of their companions.

I had spent a restless night, I was feverish, had pains in muscles and bones, my throat was raw. In the morning I joined the "sick call" and went to the hospital building. For half an hour I stood in line outside in a drizzling rain. At last our file was permitted to enter and in due time I went in the operating room. Its walls were lined with sick men and dope fiends. There was no privacy. Venereals received their treatments in plain view of all. Disgust increased my ill feeling and my turn came none too soon, for I was becoming nauseated. My temperature was noted.

"Number 16576 has 104 fever; put him to bed!" the attendant, a Saint Louis counterfeiter and forger, called out, and I was taken to an upper story.

The room I was taken to was a large one and would have been airy had it not been overcrowded. Normally there were two rows of beds, heads towards the walls, feet to the center, with ample passage-way between. Now the beds were moved close together, a foot apart, and the gangway leading across the room, between the foot-ends of the two rows, was likewise filled with cots. I was put into one of them.

Just what treatment I received I do not know, for I have no recollection of seeing the physician. I know that ice bags were put on my head, but that is all I can remember of that first day in hospital. Night came, and what happened then is forever graven into my memory.

A voluntary nurse, nicknamed "Frenchy" was assigned to stay with me. He was solicitous, even tender, took my temperature at intervals and made the required cold applications.

In a regular bed, the foot-end close to my head, lay a red-headed military prisoner who was recovering from an operation for appendicitis. As the hour grew late the redhead and my nurse considered themselves safe from interference. The former turned in his bed, so that he lay with his head at the foot-end of it and in close proximity to where my nurse was ministering to me. The two conversed in low tones, and though their words were whispered, each one resounded on my ears with painful loudness. Both were serving sentences for unspeakable crimes, and now they boastfully gloried in their degenerate impulses.

Footsteps emanated from the next room, connected with mine by a passageway, along one side of which were several enclosed toilets. The redhead quickly reversed his position, Frenchy occupied himself with the ice bag and quiet ensued. I felt sickened, jumped out of my cot, ran toward and entered the first toilet. Instantly a rough voice yelled:

"Get out of there! Can't you read that sign? Get out, I say, that toilet is for venereals-"

It was Beck, the hospital guard. He said much more than that, but it was not what he said as much as the way he said it that upset me completely. My impotence galled upon me, my helplessness embittered me and engendered in me the wish to commit murder.

I went into the next compartment. It had no door, and from here I could see a table upon which were the rests of the night nurse's meal, with spoon, knife and fork. "If that knife could only cut anything," I mused . . . . and I thought of Stroud. . . .

Then my eyes became riveted to the fork. Its prongs seemed sharp enough—there was no small, still voice to detain me, there was only urge: "Take the fork and jab it into his belly—deep, deep"—and I argued with malevolent logic: "It is unclean, full of food-rests. It will penetrate his intestines. It will cause gangrene which is sure to kill him, and he will live long enough to know why you did it."

Vicious thoughts raced and raged in my brain. What did I care for consequences? Not a bit. I felt that no jury would convict any man for a deed committed under a temperature of 108.

"Hell, man," I said to myself, "you are out of your head; you are not responsible for what you do. Go ahead, run that fork into Beck's guts. Kill him. Be a hero like Stroud is a hero. And what if they do hang you? You will merely give your life for the betterment of the world. Life is such a little thing to give. You will die for your fellow prisoners—it's all right with Christ!"

With these thoughts I sneaked across the narrow way to the table, took the fork, hid it under my shirt and went back to my cot. There I lay, hour after hour, my temples beating as the hammer blows and my brain possessed with the one thought: "Kill, kill!"

But Beck did not pass that way again that night, nor did any other guard. In the morning I was given a narcotic and became quiet.

Would I have killed Beck? I hope not—though I fear yes!

Weeks passed. I had recovered and was working again in my allotted station, which was the laboratory for personal identification. connected

with the photographer's shop where every newcomer's picture is taken.

One day the word passed:

"Stroud is coming!"

It was true. The term of his first sentence had expired and he was now to begin his second term, life. "Doing it all," as prison parlance expresses it. In accordance with the rules he had to be re-photographed and re-booked.

I was eager to see him. My experience in the hospital had caused me to apologize mentally, but sincerely and often, for the unkind thoughts I had harbored against him. Though his act was an error, his spirit of self-sacrifice impressed me. Is it not the same that imbued **von Winkelried?**

He came accompanied by the dressing-in officer. His candid face and friendly smile contrasted sharply with the brutal and vicious appearance of the average convict. He was tall, gray-eyed and slightly stooped. The flesh of his cheeks seemed transparent in its prison pallor. Four years he had passed in solitary confinement. His visit to the photographer was the only break in his monotony, the only one to dwell upon during the rest of his life. It was an adventure to him and he showed it in every glance and by every word he spoke or heard spoken. The eager curiosity with which he viewed every face and every object was pathetic. His guard was not inhuman and while he did not countenance extended conversation, he did permit a few commonplaces.

"What are you in for?" Stroud asked me.

"I am a political," I replied.

"Are you a pacifist?" He looked at me quizzically.

"No, I am German and . . . ."

Here the guard raised a warning finger and led him back to his sepulchre.

# PROCLAMATION

**THROUGH THE PRESS OF ALL COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD TO THE SEAMEN'S ASSOCIATIONS OF ALL COUNTRIES, LABOUR ORGANIZATIONS, LABOUR MOVEMENT PROMOTERS, AND ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED:**

**After three times of shedding the blood of unarmed Chinese students, labourers, and parading girls and boys in Shanghai, Hankow, Shameen and Canton; and four raids of colleges; and dozens of assaults, beatings and severe physical injuries applied to Chinese citizens, the Shanghai Branch of the Chinese Seamen's Union now ranks among the list of victims of the foreign haughty, greedy and barbarous imperialists at Shanghai.**

**The said office was raided, without any reason, nor any official notice, at 5:40 P. M. July 3rd, 1925, by fully armed police and detectives. Officers and members of the Union were driven out without time to take any personal effects, and the office was immediately locked and sealed up.**

**What right has the foreign municipal council to do this? The Chinese Seamen have rendered good service to all countries of the world—that is, to mankind, and now we, together with our race, are suffering from such a vexatious and inhumane torture! Can you bear to hold aloof, without giving your immediate and needed help to suppress imperialism, and to efface the shame of mankind?**

**Our Enemy is your Enemy! Our Defeat is your Defeat!**

**Give us your helping hand without delay for the sake of civilization and the fuutre of mankind! Else you and all of us will always fall!!!**

**THE WHOLE BODY OF CHINESE SEAMEN, WHARF AND TUG WORKERS, Shanghai, July 4th, 1925.**

# Evolution and Labor

By ROBERT WHITAKER

**THE other day a girl walked into my office and laid a large envelope in my hand. The envelope contained a manuscript poem of considerable length, and I thought at first glance that I might as well be done with her at once and tell her that we do not use much verse, and only brief bits, in The Open Forum, of which I happed to be editor. However, she was so quiet about it, and so altogether unpretentious in her manner, that as a matter of courtesy I read it, while she sat in silence at my left. The poem startled me, rather bewildered me, I confess. It had literary quality, which was enough in itself to justify some surprise. And it was frankly, even brutally violent, in its conclusion. "Who wrote this?" I asked, with more show of interest than I had manifested up to that time.**

"My father," she replied simply.

"Ask him to come in and see me," I said, and she went her way. The next day her father called. He was a plain-appearing man, who looked like a laborer of the more serious type, but there was nothing otherwise unusual about his bearing. I satisfied myself that there was nothing violent or abnormal about him, and that his poem was an expression of something deeper than the literal reading of the words would imply. It was a discussion of evolution, certainly not from the standpoint of the Fundamentalists, and quite as evidently not a championing of the scientists. I had felt for days that something needed to be said on this subject which neither side had uttered, and was not likely to utter. And here it was. Perhaps you will like to read the poem yourselves, you who have not already found it in our Open Forum.

# We Miserables

By FRANK FORBES

We both, low born.
As children, we knew the gutter;
Later I, the perils of the sea,
The danger of the deep bored mine,
The toil and risks of foundries,
And now at fifty,
The mule-like lot of daily ditch digging.
She, the factory,
And other benumbing drudgery;
And then, the giving of birth to seven children.

And we quarrel;
And curse our fate;
And twice came to blows!
Once because I took teo beastly to drinking,
And again, during a strike,
When hungry and the children were crying for bread,
She wanted me to scab;
Didn't let me in peace about it,
But nagged, and nagged;
Wherefore I struck her!

Our children, too, are rough-necks and ignorant;
But at that, not really bad.
They are proud and pay their way.
The girls work in laundries and factories;
The boys, in foundries and sell papers.
One is a messenger boy.
One of the girls seems born for better things.
She's pretty, dresses neatly, and reads novels;
But is disgusted with life!
Long hours of drudgery make her unhappy.
She is broken hearted!
One of the boys lost both his legs in the foundry,—
Now sells pencils, and collar buttons,
And shoe strings from a cripple's chair.

Nice looking fellow, too;
But ill-tempered;
And though good to his mother,
Curses me for having had him born. . . .
And so, as a whole, we're not a bad lot,
No, as a whole, we're not a really bad lot!

But my point:—
Why, then, Mr. Science, and Mr. Progress,
And Mr. Evolution, and Mr. This, and Mr. That,—
Why, jeer, and pook, and say:
"You fool, there is no Beautiful City!
You fool, there is no Eternal Summer!"—
And WHY isn't there? . . . .
THERE SHOULD BE. . . . .
For we're cold—we miserable;
And are dying to pitch tent in a warm land.
Are dying to know the glory of a perfect day.

Ah! I know,
You'd like to accommodate us,
For you know we deserve to be,—we miserable;
But you're square, and loyal;
You mustn't falsify facts.
For facts are facts. Two and two make four, not five.
I know. In what I read
In your great, illumming books,
It shows plainly and positively that there's no such world
As we—we miserable, dream of.

No, there's nothing to be expected.
Nothing but six feet under ground.
Yes, I know.
I hear all about that at the socialists' meetings, too.
Also at the Union and at the saloon.
And I tell you, those fellows know.
They're scum and slaves, but they KNOW.
They read all your books;
Everything; and understand.
They know more than a lot of professors.
And they love you, and preach, and spread your gospel.
They'll soon have us all believe in your way,—
In your big, illumining way!
There'll be no more humbug. No more fairy tales.

No more dreams of that Beautiful City.
Even the most low and miserable of the like of me,
Will know that life is to be lived here only, and now;
And that all beyond is emptincss and darkness.
And that we, the such as I,
Will be comforted by the grace of your wisdom,
That if we were fated to live a living hell in this world,
We'll not have to fear to live another in the next! that . . .
W-H-A-T! ? ? . . .
Damn if you ain't mocking me!
There's something wrong in that.
Some terrible mistake.
You're fooling me!—You keep me down,
Live on my hide, and suck my blood!

Up! Up! comrades!
Let's make trouble for these high-brow stiffs!
They're swindling us!
Like staid bishops whom they scorn,
They pass among us and bull us
With their views of "new aspects,"—
And we believe, and crawl. . . . .
Certainly! It pays them.
It's their bread and butter;
The making of their careers and reputations.
No! Let's not stand for it.—
Modern, Pagan, Socialist, Atheist, Evolutionist,—
They give us nothing;
No more than the priests do—whom they scorn.

Look about you and see where you're at.
Nothing to live for now.
And nothing to expect hereafter.
What do we care about their brag
Of what will be one hundred years from now?
No! Quit applaud!—and instead,
Snarl, bite, burn, rape, kill, ruin,—
Or else, make them come through with the healing goods
Right now, N-O-W.
Do that! make them come through—or else help yourself!—
Damn if I for my part won't get my sharp razor;
And I know it's sharp;
For that's my only pastime in my skinny little hour
Of evening rest;
Keeping it going on the honing stone,
Stick my pipe in my mouth,
Grin, and watch the kiddies fight.
Well, that's what I'll do, get my razor
And cut my employer's throat.
He is rich; and I know where he keeps a chest full of gold.
I will steal it,—
And—hell! as you say, when you're dead you're dead!
Take a chance; blow somewhere where it's safe,
And at least, until I get caught,
Give myself one hell of a good time!

There is a chance, of course, that some who read this, being of the invincibly literalist type, may still be inclined to take it verbally, and for their sake I am going to say again that this is poetry, and not prose, imagination and not argument, interpretation, and not advice. Nobody need sharpen his razor on account of this verse, but whoever will read it understandingly may sharpen his wits.

For this writer has seen through the sham of the evolution controversy as very few of even the workers seem to have sensed it yet. He is willing enough to admit the poor foundations of fundamentalism and traditionalism in general. But he sees also what children the scientists are, what pretenders to a wisdom which is not theirs. Because his own approach is from the standpoint of life itself. And what have these scientists to give those who are doing the world's work and are caught in the mess of world affairs? It is not for himself that he makes his hero conclude with a savage reaching for his razor and a proposal to cut his boss's throat. This is not the solution that he would commend. It is rather a reductio ad absurdum of the theorizing of the "advanced" folks of all kinds. "Well, suppose you are right," he says; "what of it?" And then he satirizes them unmercifully by suggesting that if their wisdom is the last word, the poor devils who slave might as well take what they can get, in any way they can get it, right now.

### Newspaper Sensationalism About Dayton

The New Republic complains that the newspapers and the lawyers have made a cheap sensation out of the Tennessee case. Of course they have, for the same reason that this man of the poem proposes to reach for his razor, because there is bread and butter in it—and cake. Well, the workers want cake, too, do they not? And how do the evolutionists propose to deal with their wants? Relief is coming, say the natural scientists, in perhaps ten thousand or a hundred thousand years. The radical revolutionist speeds it up and says, in another generation. But if this life is the whole story a man might as well wait for a hundred thousand years as wait another generation. Why wait at all? Why not take it now? Others take what they want by sensationalism, and any device that will work.

Over against this bold utterance by Frank Forbes, who indicts both sides in the Evolution controversy because they have neither of them anything to give the workingman, and are both fiddling while Rome burns, let me put another bit of verse by one who has made fame and fortune by playing a very different tune. Walt Mason's popularity is not merely a matter of the type device that he uses, paragraphic rhyme prose, but is largely due to the fact that he stays safely within the realm of the commonplace and the neutral zone. Here is his treatment of Evolution. I quote merely the last lines of his paragraph, entitled, "ANCESTRY," but the whole of it is in the same key.

"I strive to dodge the bogie, debt, when buying things
I pay the dough,
And let the four-eyed savants sweat o'er problems of
the long ago.
It may be they are talking bunk, it may be what they
say is true,
But there's no prehistoric monk can stop me when
I've work to do."

### Popular Rhymester Plays Safe

The same mail, and the same letter which brought me this from Walt Mason brought another of his bits of daily doggerel, "THE NORTH POLE." In this he deals with the people who deride the Arctic explorers for taking such risks and enduring such hardships, all on account of a "vision," "a phantom." Here is how he ends this, by quoting the people who say, of the Arctic adventurer, "He is a fool for going away from home and friends, up there where it is snowing, where Winter never ends." And then he concludes:

"But if all men were cravens, and feared to sail away,
from safe and sheltered havens, where would we be
today? If Christopher had faltered, as doubtful of his
dope, the Choctaw's mustang haltered, would be the
country's hope."

In other words, when it is a matter of recognizing the services of the Arctic pioneers, against whom there is no mighty Fundamentalist movement organized, Walt Mason is quick enough to see and say a word of commonsense defense. But when it comes to intellectual pioneering, Mason plays safe, and carries water on both shoulders by amiably laughing at Evolution as having nothing to do with everyday life. Grim as Forbes' poem is, it is a far bigger thing than this shallow cowardice of the other man.

Yet Mason's stuff is also an indictment of the evolutionists, as well as of himself. He laughs at Evolution, because, after all, the Evolution that was so much in evidence at Dayton, and which is being so widely discussed now, is poor stuff, and of slight consequence to the world. Some service it is doing, in the domains of scientific investigation. But it is timidly remote from common life. It is not important enough for the leisure class to take any chances of getting in bad with anybody defending it. And it is not human enough, clear-visioned enough, courageous enough for the workingman to have much use for it. There is

quite another side to it, however. Evolution, when you get to the real thing in its revelation of the meaning and value of human labor, is a tremendous, a revolutionary thing. Here the scientists are as ignorant, and as time-serving as are the Fundamentalists. And it is this doctrine of Evolution that labor needs to know.

With the problem as to how God, or "natural law," made the world before man took over his part of the job labor has nothing directly to do. It is not the creation process in the supernatural realm, or even the natural realm, that concerns the workers of the world; it is the creation process as they have carried it on themselves. There is no irreverence, and no unbelief in the new slant which the workingman is giving to the old saying, "Remember now thy creator." It is himself, as **creator**, with whom he has need to get acquainted, and to keep in lively remembrance every day.

### Man's Active Attitude Toward Nature

Man's active attitude toward nature is the first, and the fundamental factor in differentiating him from the other animals. For untold centuries man was as the other animals are yet, acquiescent to conditions as he found them. He was a food gatherer, not a food maker, an accepter of nature, not an interferer with nature as he is today. The process of interference on his part began very tardily and incidentally, and moved very slowly for innumerable generations. Man discovered that he didn't need all his four feet to walk upon, that he could release his front feet, and use them as hands. With all his inventiveness man has never made quite so big a discovery since, because all the rest of his discoveries came from this one. It is a rather belittling term now to speak of men as "**hands**," though, significantly enough we do it with respect to the working class. But men would never have been **thinkers** or **souls**, if they had not become **hands**. Does that sound shocking? Well, it is what our ablest philosophers themselves are coming to admit today, that thinking comes by doing, and "high feeling" out of everyday life.

Man got his hands free, and then began that "extension course" which he has been taking ever since. He got hold of a club, and found that his hands would reach farther and hit harder and heavier when so elongated and energized. Some time later, perhaps a very long time later, he worked out the bow and arrow, and found out how to throw things so as to make him a formidable assailant of animals naturally many times stronger than himself. When he had learned to stand off the fiercest attacks he learned how to subjugate the more serviceable animals to himself. Meanwhile he had found other uses for the stick than that of making a club of it to kill other animals. He had begun to stir the ground with it, and cultivate the seeds that came his way, instead of waiting upon nature's very irregular and uncertain supply of them. He still liked hunting better than he liked work. but hunting found him too often at the end of the day like Esau, famished and spent, and ready to sell his birthright to the other fellow who had stayed at home and made an appetizing stew out of the garden truck. So, much as he disliked the change he settled down, and took to raising a food supply, both animal and vegetable, rather than trusting to luck to find it, and get it. He made the other animals help him by forcing them to carry heavier loads than he could carry himself, and to pull the plow through the ground instead of merely pushing a burned stick into the soil himself. And having harnessed the animals to serve him, and harnessed nature, he learned the shrewdest and most serviceable trick of all, the knack of harnessing the less clever or the less fortunate man. Then he became a scholar and a gentleman, and in some cases a scientist in a small way, because he had "hands" to work for him.

### Inventions to Protect Masters

So it became worth his while to set up private ownership in land, and in tools, and in products of them both, and thereby make himself more completely the master. And in order to carry out this program more effectively and on larger and larger scale the clever fellows invented religions, invented governments, invented education, invented all manner of parasitical "paps" by which they could suck the substance from the breast of labor. For labor was the Great Mother bringing forth from her womb food and clothing and shelter and cities and temples and ships and highways, and whatsoever else made for the sustenance and the convenience of man, and supporting from her breasts all men, whether high or low, or reckoned common or mighty. Had it not been for labor God himself would have gotten nowhere with man, for it was only when man took creation into his own hands that he rose above the beast of the field, with whom otherwise he would have been a good deal less than equal. It is labor that has made man's world as distinct from the raw material of nature which the earliest man shared timidly and to utmost disadvantage with the other animals.

And Labor has not stood still. However the world got here, and however man got here, there is no denying the evolutionary process that has been going on since Labor took hold of the job. Men haven't grown very much as "minds" in the last five thousand years, if we are to accept the testimony of the best thinkers of our day, who admit that there were thinkers in the ancient world who measure up as to originality and profundity with any that we have today. Men haven't grown much as characters, as souls, since the days of Zoroaster and Pythagoras and Socrates and Jesus. But men have grown as "hands," grown so much, indeed, in the last century and a half that man's hand-reach and hand-power are immeasurably beyond what they were even when George Washington was here. Our thinking wouldn't startle him,

if he came back today, nor would our moral achievement stir him to enthusiasm. But our labor would strike him dumb with the miracles it can do.

### No Missing Link in Machine Evolution

Why don't the Evolutionists tell us something about this evolution, where there are no "missing links," and where the evidence is not pieced together as the fragments of occasional fossils of dubious origin and age? Why argue so strenuously as to whether God made the world of raw material when the thing that concerns us is who made the world as we have it now, and as we use it every day? Why are we so dreadfully upset that young Scopes is denied the right to tell his pupils how the world was made before man took hold of it, and shaped it nearer to the heart's desire, when ten thousand men in ten thousand schools, even the universities themselves where the scientists are in their glory, are forbidden to tell the workers about their own evolution as tool-makers and tool-users, and none of these scientists say boo about it?

Well, it isn't hard to tell you why. You see if we once admit that it is the workers, not the thinkers, who are at the beginning of things they may insist upon knowing why they fare so poorly at the end where things come out. If we let them discover that all our ideologies, and all our moralities are built upon our labor activities, and the uses we make of labor, they may not be so willing to let all the leisure and all the luxuries go to those who "toil not, neither do they spin," except webs of legalism and traditionalism in which to entangle the workers while they suck the blood of their labor from them. If the workers find out that it isn't a "divine providence," or a mere mess of hit-or-miss, happy-go-lucky "accidents," or "genius and executive ability" that gives the fruits of labor to those who do not labor, but that it is a very definite and quite discernible process of appropriation first of all the land, which belongs of right to us all, and then the tools, which are in the main the resultants of the whole body of the labor activity of the world's yesterday, and then the capital and the credit, which are likewise social and industrial in their origin, if the workers get on to this very real and very demonstrable evolution they may evolve for themselves quite another kind of social and industrial organization than that which prevails today. So long as they can be kept diverted by speculating about what God has been at, or what the "chemical forces" have to do with making the earth, and making man, they may be bamboozled, as they have been for centuries, into overlooking what man, particularly and emphatically the working man, has been doing himself.

### The Workers' Great Task

The scientists are just as blind, or just as time-serving as the "sky-pilots" themselves when it comes to pointing at everything except the things which it is most important for the common man to see. They are not telling you the story of the tool, which is a whole lot more important to all of us who depend upon tools every minute of every day than is the story of the Garden of Eden, or the primeval slime. They are not telling you the story of the surplus, which has been a bigger thing in America for the last forty years than it was in any four hundred years of the past, and is vastly more important to the welfare of the world than all the clatter about fossils and vestigial remains, and "missing links," or anything else that the natural scientists have to say. They are not telling you about the class struggle, which is of more vital consequence to the world's workers than all the roarings and wreckings of prehistoric animals in the "lost world" of the antedeluvian ages.

No, they are not telling you this evolution, because they do not know it themselves, and would not have the grit to tell it if they did understand. There is a science that the workers need, but it is a science which they will have to teach themselves because it has to do with themselves. And when this science has been learned, and this evolution is known, and the knowledge applied, then the workers will open the schools to all other knowledge, and then the evolution of the natural order will be told without fear and without favor, because ignorance will no longer be the protection of privilege, and theological traditionalism will no more be the smoke-screen of the robbers of mankind.

## *The Letters of Rosa Luxemburg*

**IN the September issue of The Industrial Pioneer will be run a very absorbing review of the book by Luise Kautsky in which she has given to the world the letters of one of the greatest spirits of the revolutionary movement. Rosa Luxemburg was the highest type of woman, one with indomitable courage carrying forward the workers' cause with a power of expression that showed her great mind and profoundly humanitarian sympathies. For this she was murdered by a conspiracy of junkers and social-democrats which at the same time destroyed that other brave leader of the revolution, Karl Liebknecht. Watch for the next issue for this brilliant feature.**




# What Forces Can Abolish Child Labor?

By THOMAS SENN

WITH the recent failure to abolish child labor under eighteen years in the United States by amending the constitution it is quite natural to look for continued attempts along legislative lines exerted even more vigorously than ever before.

Those who have studied the history of legislative enactments over industrial affairs are not optimistic about the adequacy that a child labor prohibition should have when supported in no other manner than by entry on the statute books.

In such an industrial society as ours the leading industry or industries of a community hold power over the civil government, which operates only as an agent of the economic masters. Passage of all the laws conceivable to the imagination cannot alter this fact, nor cause the employers to heed them in any case which is a blow at their profits.

On the statute books of Colorado laws passed to safeguard the lives of miners and to promote their welfare, which amounted really to an attempt at alleviating their wretchedness, were never obeyed by the great mining companies, and it was for the establishment of conditions **in reality** which were guaranteed **by law** for seventeen years that the great strike against the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, a Rockefeller corporation, was fought.

It has been the writer's experience that child labor laws, even where they are made to forbid employment of children of tender ages, are not enforced. Long after Pennsylvania's laws prohibited child labor I saw children as young as six years working nights in glass factories, and others almost as young enslaved in the canning industry of the Empire State when that "commonwealth" stood similarly opposed to the practice. This exploitation goes on untouched by any real attempt at law enforcement. The writer has seen crippled children working in the textile mills of New England as well as the ordinary type, and child labor in Southern cotton mills is notorious. California has its quota of child slaves working in the fields and elsewhere.

Some will say that this throws individual blame upon parents even before it is pertinent to charge manufacturers, but the miserable wages paid to these parents when they have employment is not productive of a high type of parent. It is a vicious circle, bounded by inadequate income, and there is a demand for the labor of their children, while their

juvenile earnings are sorely needed in the impoverished households. Laws exist in the various states prohibiting child labor, but the practice goes on to the detriment of the young victims and the injury of society. It is profitable to the bosses, and the ignorant slaves are always very busy turning out a never-ending host of their own flesh and blood to feed the machines.

The same force that can abolish child labor is the one capable of increasing wages to the point where parents can support their offspring. This is the force of working class organization. It is a direct onslaught at the citadel of greed, which when mustering to its standard of human decency any considerable part of the working class cannot fail to achieve its victory.

# The Work People's College

IN NOVEMBER the Work People's College opens its 1925-26 season. The college affords an excellent opportunity for students to receive instruction in regular business courses and in subjects of particular value to the workers. History, biology, sociology, economics, industrial survey and industrial unionism are taught in an understandable manner by competent instructors. The classes in English and public speaking aim to train workers in clear expression, to equip them with the power to convey the great message of working class freedom to their fellow workers everywhere.

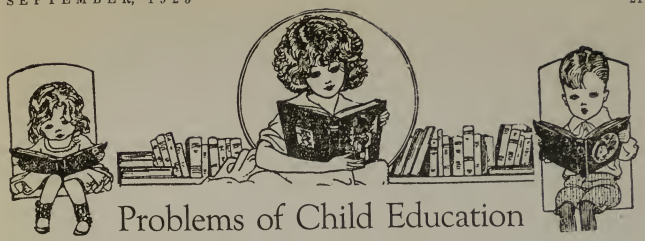
Added to the studies are opportunities for physical exercise. The main college building has a very good gymnasium. Close to the college is Spirit Lake which freezes during the winter affording sport for skaters, which is taken advantage of by the students. The college building is steam-heated throughout, the rooms are attractive, and the meals are wholesome. Those not able to secure rooms in the college building can get quarters in the immediate vicinity without higher charge, and their meals in the college. Board, room and tuition in this homelike atmosphere cost only $39.00 a month, a lower figure than it is possible to live on outside without the mental and social aspects that make the Work People's College profitable and enjoyable.

To spend the five months from November to April at the college should be the intention this year of a larger group of fellow workers than at any other time, and with such response the extent of the educational program can be considerably enlarged. There are a myriad of schools with a bourgeois bias teaching adults, but few, indeed, are the educational institutions of workers where working class bias dominates.

And the Work People's College is frankly biased for the workers in its instruction, existing as it does to fit them better to advance the industrial union idea for proletarian freedom. The opportunity for development of the college is great but it rests with our members and sympathizers and those who want to learn what our organization exists for, to make the college grow and prosper. We look for a larger enrollment this year than in past years, and with this expectation fulfilled we can go onward to finer achievements and make the work of our own working class educational institution a more positive and far-reaching force than may now be conceived even in fondest imagination.

Our organization needs speakers and writers and members capable of stating our position in plain language, but language that compels attention and respect and conviction, and the college exists to give to the I. W. W. such trained members. We can not have too many possessed of these qualifications. In next month's Industrial Pioneer further information will be given concerning the college.





# Problems of Child Education

By WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN

**MY dear Mrs. X:**

**Perhaps I should apologize for inflicting upon you such a long letter as this, but my excuse is at least a compliment to you—and besides, you are under no obligation to read it. In fact, if it did not seem discourteous, I should make it anonymous, since its author should not signify at all—its ideas, if sound, should. Of course, their immediate source does not determine their soundness.**

**Your book—"An About Face in Education"—and the one talk I heard you give seem to me so stimulating and valuable, that I am moved to offer a few suggestions as perhaps germane to the educational problem you are seeking to solve.**

We may at the outset agree, I feel sure, that no one thus far has **solved** or even professed to solve the problem of education. The most any one has done—so far as I know—has been to discuss the problem and offer a tentative approach to it. Of course, no one ever will or can solve this problem—it will change steadily with the evolution of society and of the individual.

But if we are to deal intelligently or fruitfully with our immediate phase of this problem, we shall agree that there are certain fundamental questions which we must answer—answer, too, in accordance with the best knowledge the world now possesses:

First, what is a child? That is to say, how are we to regard this raw material of education, objectively? Second, what is the society or civilization into which, in some fashion, children are to be fitted by the process of education—or, at least, with reference to which education must get much of its meaning? And third, what is—what **must** be—the **method** of education?

It seems to me—and I think it will also seem to you—that these questions are **basic**, that they can be most fruitfully considered in the above order, and that we cannot take any **sure** steps toward building a sound educational structure, until we have found a satisfying answer for these questions.

1. In approaching the first of these questions, I shall assume that you accept, as I do, the doctrine of evolution—that you do not view the human child as a divine creation in any sense, but rather as one link in the long chain, or as one product in the long process, of evoluton from lower forms of life. If we were to accept the biblical interpretation at all, we should have no basis for educational **science**—or for any other. We should be face to face with the **unknowable** in this and in all other matters.

But if every child is a link in the chain of a purely mechanical evolution, in a process with which no reputable scientist associates the notion of an intelligently planning or controlling purpose, we cannot impute to the child moral qualities or even moral tendencies, as we use those terms. To be sure, all life **tends** to adaptation to its **natural** environment—but the environment which we know as human society is an **artificial** thing, and we know perfectly well that the human child has no **innate** fitness for adaptation to this artificial environment. (More than that, no social environment will ever be possible for which any human child will have an **innate** fitness.) Our homes—the creation of adults for adults primarily—are ridiculously unsuited to the needs of the child. Far worse is it in the case of our artificial society, which, because of its legalistic rigidity and its static "mores," at once defeats the innate and wholesome need and desire for adventure in the human child and youth: the most innately **dynamic** thing human life possesses.

It is impossible to contemplate the facts of evolution without coming to the concluson—it seems to me—that, as we use the terms, a child is neither "moral" nor "immoral," but rather non-moral. At any rate, his native interests and instincts tend toward actions which, as related to our artificial "mores," are non-moral viewed from the child's standpoint, and only immoral from society's legal and unscientific point of view.

If, then, it be said that every child responds readily to the appeal of "fair play"—which I doubt—it would merely mean, if true, that in so doing

it is simply adapting itself to a social environment from a certain individualistic motive. For example, respecting the rights of others is seen by the child to be a condition, of gaining desired ends for itself.

Surely, the whole testimony of evolutionary science points to the fact that a human child is not innately or instinctivey a **social** being in the sense required by any conceivable form of social organization, and that therefore its education must bear immediate relation to what we shall decide to be its function in, or with reference to, such social organization.

2. It follows logically that we can make no real approach even to a partial solution of the problem of education until we find a satisfactory answer to our second question: What de we conceive to be the nature of this social organization with reference to which all education gets at least a part of its meaning? And what must we conceive to be the true function of the individual in this social organization: the State, the Nation, the Government?

There is no difference of opinion, so far as I know, as to the fact that education is a **social** process, and observation shows that it is also a **social** function. But it would be saying too much, would it not, to say that educators have as yet a comprehensive understanding of what the above fact implies? Your own book—its very title—carries that implication, surely. If "an about face in education" is desirable, it needs no profound intelligence to conclude that educators, as a whole, have been facing backwards in this matter. Of course, I agree with you in this—heartily.

Let me give you some of my reflections for what they may be worth. One thing we shall agree to at once: these children whose education we as teachers are supposed to be trying to promote, **must** become in some fashion members of what we call society: organized society, the civilization in the midst of which we have been born. We may be profoundly thankful that they do not come into the world already saturated with the inheritances of this society, since then all hope of improvement would be illusory.

Very well. Then the wise teacher will also know what the **proper** relation of the child—its **true function**—as a potential citizen of this organized society is. In other words, the **intelligent and efficient** teacher will find an answer to this queston: What, in the light of history and social science, is the **real function** of the individual in the social process? To attempt or propose to teach future citizens without this equipment is exactly like proposing to travel from one place to another without knowing **either directon or goal!**

Now you know, of course, that the function of the vast majority of individuals in the social process—or rather in the social organization as we now have it—is that of **zeros:** they get any significance at all only in relation to some other individual who does signify in this particular civilization, or else in relation to some **machine** or fixed system. For example, the mass of **voters** in the United States are merely **cogs** in a smoothly working political machine, which is the creation of large **economic** interests and controlled by the paid agents of these same interests: the politicians. May not this fact explain why in the United States a far smaller percentage of those eligible to the political franchise vote in our elections than in almost any other country where voting exists? In our industries—upon which our political system rests—the above principle is even more evident. We indicate this by the term which we apply to the millions who function in industry solely as operatives—almost wholly as mere appendages of some machine—we call them "hands," do we not? A most admirably accurate description. The "hand" is not significant in itself, it only becomes significant as an obedient, unquestioning "servant" of what really does signify: the brain.

I have too much respect for your intelligence to think that you would approve an educational system —or even think it really educational—which, in the name of patriotism or some other reactionary slogan, tended to multiply those **zeros,** or was motived by the idea that the functon of the individual is to fit into the social system **as it now is.** (I am not saying that patriotism is **necessarily** a reactionary thing. Usually it is. But I can conceive of a condition of affairs in which it would not be reactionary. It wasn't during the French revolution. It hasn't been during any genuine revolution. It will be reactionary so long as it connotes loyalty **to a static system of any sort:** political, industrial, religious, social.) This simply makes it imperative for any intelligent teacher or educator to decide definitely just what is the individual's true function in, or relation to, the social organization. What I think about it will appear presently.

From what you said about war—in your talk and also in your book—I can see—or I think I can—that you would agree that the only true function of the individual in society is a **dynamic** one: a function growing out of two facts recognized by all real educators: (1) that society is a dynamic process, changing, growing, outgrowing, and (2) that life itself is also dynamic, not static. You would try in the school to help in the development of **dynamic** individuals. Good.

But, before we can go far in promoting the development of dynamic individuals, we must possess a correct philosophy of history and of social change: that is, of the science of sociology. Indeed, we shall discover no philosophy of history except through a knowledge of sociology. We must know what the social forces are and how they operate. Unless we do know these things, we shall be doing nothing but beat the air. For progress in any sense can mean only the evolution and control of these social forces by human intelligence and for purposes which serve the common good of the social whole. The only alternative would be the idea of

individualistic **escape** from society: an idea entirely consistent with that religious system of modern time which so faithfully mirrors the ignorant guesses of the race's childhood—with its notions of sin, salvation, heaven and hell.

History and society must have for us teachers a meaning that is clear-cut, rational, even dramatic: a meaning that invites to strenuous, even enthusiastic activity. And of course, we can't spin this clear-cut meaning out of our inner consciousness, nor deduce it from our emotions or our desires. Not so is real improvement to be expected. A friend of mine in the East, an ardent disciple of Froebel, a teacher of great talent and long experience, bases her teaching upon the theory—accepted by no inconsiderable number of educators—that the great desideratum in social development is freedom: the freedom of every individual to live his own life to the full; that existing social organization negatives any such condition for all except a mere handful; that the solution of our problem lies supremely in education: if we can see to it that children develop in an atmosphere of freedom and in the practice of it—by being left utterly untrammeled in their school experience—we shall automatically eliminate every social structure that today crushes freedom. Given a generation of young people accustomed to disobey any law which affronts their will to be free, cramping laws and institutions will fall away by disuse, and all will be free.

To me this view, or any view which closely resembles it, is a fallacy. For one thing, no conceivable social organization will ever maintain or tolerate a system of education which undermines it. For another thing, mere existence in our modern world is inconceivable without a definite and complex social and industrial organization. Assume, for the sake of argument, that we could give one generation in American schools a thorough knowledge of the principles of sociology and a practice of democracy, or of individual freedom, in their school life. Can you imagine the result would be a radical change in our present social system?

Take one example. War. What is the **cause** of war? Unless you find the cause of war in the schools or in the lack of schools, you will not find its **cure** in the schools. The opinion is well-nigh universal today among thinking people—always a small minority, of course—that the cause of all modern wars has been **chiefly** commercial rivalry. The root of commercial rivalry, of course, is **capitalism**: a system of industry based on private profit, and not on mutual or common service. If this is true, is it not idle to think of ending war unless we propose to end the regime of capitalism—something not one teacher or educator in a hundred even contemplates?

We cannot go further in our thinking unless we face squarely two questions: (1) What is history? (2) What is the significance of our present society in the light of history and social science? It goes without saying that we cannot educate children in relation to society, or promote their proper functioning in society, unless we have a correct and clear-cut idea of what present society essentially is.

Taking these questions in their order, we shall find that the bulk of our historians to date have no satisfactory philosophy of history. Many of them—most of them—practically admit this. We have a philosophy or explanation of biological evolution, even if the fact has not reached the minds of a vast multitude of devout Christian people—not their fault either, it seems to me; far more the fault of a college and university system largely lacking intellectual integrity. Our so-called scientists, for the most part, have not taken their science seriously, have not seen its intimate and vital relation to world problems, have not accepted the responsibilities which the discovery of truth must always impose on the discoverer. Is there not—must there not be—also a philosophy of **social** evolution? At any rate, would it not be rational to expect such a philosophy? And such a philosophy would be the only possible explanation of history.

Again, would it seem strange if a real explanation of social evolution had existed for decades **without receiving any recognition as such by scholars?** Do you recall the fact that Darwin's epochal discovery—which, by the way, the dean of a Catholic university in Belgium frankly and warmly praised in an address at the Darwin anniversary celebrated at Cambridge University, England—gained no recognition whatever from England's foremost university, Oxford, for 20 years or more after the publication of "The Origin of Species"? Indeed, is not Darwin being attacked today in America, and by some men who are products of our schools, as an enemy of religion, and so of life itself?

Would it, I repeat, seem strange if a similarly revolutionary science of **social** evolution should have to wait much longer for any academic recognition? Financial interests are incomparably more powerful than religious interests—no one allows his supposed religious interests to interfere with his economic interests. Besides, what publishing company would print, what school board in America would buy for use in a school, a history or a book of economics or sociology which taught a philosophy hostile to capitalistic interests?

Now it happens that there is a well-developed theory of social evolution: that of "economic determinism" enunciated about 75 years ago, or more, by an educated German, Karl Marx. Ah! but that is socialism, bolshevism! Away with it! But wait. Have you read Mr. James Harvey Robinson's "The New History"? Mr. Robinson is a joint author of a series of history text-books more widely used than any others in our American public schools. Yet on pp. 50 and 51 of "The New History" he makes some startling admissions. After carefully explaining that he cannot accept some of the claims made by Marx and his followers—it would be a rather large

order for any historian to go that far—he at least says this of Marx's basic theory:

"It serves to explain far more of the phenomena of the past than any other single explanation ever offered."

This book—"The New History—is not a text-book, will never get into the schools. Mr. Robinson's text-books are perfectly innocuous, of course.

But history has had a way of repeating itself, so to speak. Some of us know that the Copernican theory of astronomy and the notions of Galileo were once—and for generations—under the ban of the world's most powerful organization. Today, no one is opposing the teaching of the ideas of those men: they are taught as a matter of course in all our schools. It would not be so strange, historically speaking, if all histories fifty or a hundred years hence should give to the Marxian philosophy at least as full recognition as is now given to that of Darwin. But if they do, it will only be as a consequence of far greater social upheavals than are conceivable as growing out of any school system. The tail will never wag the dog.

It ought to be apparent to any person who reads history and possesses fair powers of observation and reasoning, that society and its institutions are clearly based on economic foundations, that its politics is built on those same foundations and can be explained only from that fact, and that the bulk of our effective "mores"—especially as regards property—reflect those same foundations.

What is the Marxian philosophy of history? Very briefly: that history is chiefly the record of a series of class struggles—struggles between an oppressed and an oppressing class, a struggle growing out of the method of producing and distributing economic goods; that every oppressing class inevitably calls forth in the oppressed class the class solidarity and the class intelligence and will, by means of which the former shall sometime be overthrown; and that always the new society thus created develops within the shell of the old which it supersedes.

That is not at all an adequate statement of the Maxian philosophy, but it will perhaps serve the present purpose. As this division of society into classes whose most fundamental interests—as under our capitalistic industry—are opposite and hostile, involves, in the struggle, the very life of the members of the oppressed class, warfare between the two classes is as inevitable as gravity and condemnation of that warfare is as idiotic as condemnation of gravity would be. **This warfare can cease only when economic class division ceases.** Moreover, the success of the oppressed class in our present social organization brings the end of militarism and war, by **removing the cause of both.**

It is to be borne in mind, however, that this class conflict bears no causal relation to the phenomenon of war, as we know war: to armies and navies and armed conflict between nations. And yet, the class conflict never ceases—witness the strikes and lockouts and labor troubles the world over—and never can cease till its cause—capitalism—is removed. You say, in effect: "We don't want warfare of any kind. Let us do away with it by developing right in the school period of children's lives the practice of 'give and take.'" But this practice of "give and take" has marked every public school in America for a hundred years or more. And it has had no more effect on the breaking out of wars than the phases of the moon. It does not touch in any sense the **cause** of international war—not remotely. Why, there isn't a single section of any nation's citizenship so profoundly committed by all its profession and all its basic beliefs to "give and take," to the "Golden Rule," as the clergy. But experience will prove to the hilt that no other section of the citizenship goes further in sustaining a war than this same group, even bestowing upon any war its nation embarks upon the "dviine blessing." Not that way, in any sense, lies the solution of this problem of war and peace. The philosophy which teaches any such method is as baseless a superstition as the cosmic beliefs of Mr. Bryan.

Think now of a single phase of our educational problem. We shall agree that the need is imperative that these potential citizens—our boys and girls—shall learn in school the facts about the world in which they live: the facts of biological evolution, so that they shall not be the victims of ancient superstitions surviving in a scientific age; and the facts of social evolution, that they may become effective citizens. If, then, we teach them in the schools to think of our present social system as final, or of its basic institutions as just or tolerable, when neither of these teachings is in accordance with the facts, are we not, as teachers, committing a crime against them? Are we not teaching them falsehoods and insuring the continuance of a citizenship that shall be as asinine and reactionary and inimical to social improvement, as people like Mr. Bryan are showing themselves to be? If, on the other hand, we can in some way help them to see that our alleged democracy is a fraud—is nothing but only a camouflage beneath which is being maintained a species of exploitation and enslavement as hopeless and dangerous as any in all past history; that, on the contrary, the supreme urge and virtue of citizenship consists in aligning oneself with the forces of inevitable and benficent social change toward a society of cooperators, are we not then and only then dealing with reality and promoting the best interests of both society and the individual? In a word, must we not, in loyalty to truth as exemplified in the long drama of history, tell these children that our human society is not a sacred thing, divinely ordained (as ridiculous as the exploded and abandoned "divine right of kings" so long taught generation after generation and upheld by no one so devoutly as by the clergy), but rather that our social organization, like all others, is today as really a battlefield of struggle between hostile forces as was the world war, and that it is the crowning merit of every citizen to get into that struggle on the

side whose triumph means the ending of war and the beginning of the real history of the human race? How long will a teacher in the public schools last, who teaches this? Not a fraction of the time that Galileo or any of his fellow scientists lasted in the society of centuries ago.

Of course, too, since we learn only by doing, these children should learn citizenship by living and practicing citizenship—and in no toylike way, as in the sheltered atmosphere of the school room. That isn't either learning or practicing citizenship. At the earliest possible moment they should begin to function as citizens, and be so recognized. As well propose that they learn to swim, but never go near the water, as expect them to learn citizenship with no chance to practice it. No wonder the study of "civics" is an unmitigated bore to the mass of our school children.

3. As I have included above some discussion of what the method of education should be, I will add no more on that point. Let me, however, offer one suggestion: that nothing is more imperative for the intelligent, effective educator than a profound knowledge of sociology—above all, a philosophy of history and of social evolution that will explain phenomena—yes, and that will afford an incentive to life and activity. Without that, we are simply beating the air. Nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Albion W. Small and Mr. John Dewey jointly issued a pamphlet to teachers—a pamphlet whose central thesis was that sociology must become the hub or axis of the whole educational system before the latter can be either symmetrical or rational. While I know of no reason for thinking that either of them had an adequate understanding at that time of this problem, I believe their central thesis was and is sound. But before any such system can be installed here, revolutionary social changes will have to occur: changes in the whole **control** of the State.

If you have never read Lester F. Ward's "Dynamic Sociology," I feel sure you would find it one of the most rewarding experiences of a lifetime to read it. Speaking of this book, Albion W. Small once said: "I would rather have written "Dynamic Sociology" than any other work ever published in America." It seems to me that Ward has sounded the clearest and most rational note in the entire discussion of education—but I also believe that his philosophy requires for its completion the "economic determinism" (and much more) of Karl Marx.

Pardon me for writing such a long letter. But at worst, it is a tribute to your open-mindedness and ability, an expression of my belief that you are performing a real service—and should perform still greater services in the field of education.

# The Fundamental Difference

By COVINGTON AMI

**THE I. W. W. is the most American thing in America," Frank P. Walsh once declared, and he declared truth.**

**It is the most American thing in America, because it was only here in this highly industrialized nation that the working class could fully and first conceive of a labor organization built on the lines of industry and capable, when the organization was perfected, of operating the industries and administering the general affairs of society.**

It is in this that the I. W. W. differs fundamentally from all other labor organizations, and especially from all political parties.

It differs from the craft unionists in that it holds to the idea of the equality of opportunity for all who toil, whether with brawn or brain, as well as in its form of organization. It differs from the Anarchists in that its form of organization is based fundamentally on Marxian conceptions. It differs from the Syndicalists, not in final aims, which are to be achieved in its view as well as that of the Syndicalists, by the building up the new society through the perfection of the **economic organs** of the working class, but in its form of organization and tactics. It differs from the Communists in that it expects nothing from the state, whether capitalist or "proletarian," and so bitterly resists the attempts of any and all political parties to assume a dictatorship over its affairs. For this reason, on this fundamental difference it has fought off the efforts of all political parties to dominate it. It has fought the Socialist, Republican, Democratic, Socialist Labor, and is now resisting the Communist party on this ground, and, broadly speaking, history is proving that the "Damned I. W. W." is right.

Its position on this issue—**the right of the working class to control its own evolution and destiny**




**for itself and through organs of its own creation**—is sound to the core, for if the Mexican and Russion revolutions prove anything at all, it is the soundness of the I. W. W. contention that the economic organization is all-important; that, without this, the emancipation of the working class is practically impossible, whether we "capture the state" with ballots or bullets.

This being its fundamental position, it, of course, follows that the I. W. W. is only incidentally interested in politics. It cares nothing about giving the state more power than it today possesses, and it assuredly cares less about creating a "higher form of the state," as Russian leaders have declared the Soviet Republic to be. This because it seeks to establish, by building up the One Big Union, a cooperative form of society—an Industrial Democracy. This being the case, the I. W. W. member, if he knows the philosophy of his union, will sacrifice all political parties and all other machinery that may be used to attain the goal of working class emancipation always and ever to the interests of the Industrial Workers of the World. We do not oppose political parties merely as a matter of principle, for whether or not we take part in political action is not a question of principle, but of tactics, and tactics are always to be governed by the exigencies of the movement. Politics are to be used or not to be used solely as they advance the building up of the One Big Union, and for no other purpose.

As to armed action, we believe with one of the great German historians that "An army is nothing but a political party that has quit using ballots and gone to using bullets," and we, in common with all American labor unions, are suspicious of politics and politicians. We know that the politicians, be they howsoever honest or dishonest, are incapable of administering efficiently and effectively modern industry. We know this, first, because the political or territorial state is not so mechanically organized as to be capable of handling industry, which pays no atention whatsoever to territorial lines—it is something outside of industry seeking to dictate to that of which its representatives have little or no direct knowledge; and, second, we know this because the political state is not of, by, or for the workers—it is not their creation, but the machinery through which the capitalist class holds the human race in subjection for the purpose of exploiting its labor power.

Knowing this, the I. W. W. then seek to build up out of the working class social machinery that will function effectively and efficiently for all the workers—it seeks a social organization based four-square on the **economic interests** of all the workers everywhere. If this is not sound social doctrine for the working class, then there is no such thing as a working class philosophy of action, and then emancipation is impossible for the toilers to achieve.

It is here—on the issue of whether the **union** or the **state** shall dominate the new world that is being born—that the I. W. W. clashes with the Communists and all other political parties. This may, of course, be "intellectualism" and "mere philosophy," but nonetheless it is true, and it is the fundamental difference that the clash between the Industrialists and Communists comes. The clashing of the two groups comes from wide and fundamental differences of ideas, and has nothing whatsoever to do with whether or not the present ruling class will give place peaceably to the working class or will have to be forcibly ejected from its position. They are blind who argue otherwise.

This is not to say that the different revolutionary groups should not work together harmoniously wherever they can for the common good of the workers, but is merely an attempt to put the I. W. W. straight and to answer back the charge that the I. W. W. is either "dual unionism" or an "impossibilist organization." **It is the only organization proposed on earth by and through which the workers of the world can finally win to real and true emancipation,** and this because the modern working class is essentially an INDUSTRIAL and not a POLITICAL class.

Let the Communist party, especially in the United States, throw all its power into the upbuilding of the One Big Industrial Union, based solidly on the principle of INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, and the quarrel between the two organizations will, I believe, soon end, and a mighty forward movement begin. If this cannot be, then let every member of the I. W. W. in the future as in the past give his first and best allegiance to the Industrial Workers of the World before all other organizations—for only by and through the organized INDUSTRIAL POWER of the workers ON THE JOB can immediate gains be made and held, and final freedom be won.




AS JAMES P. THOMPSON frequently points out in his industrial union lectures throughout the country, the group on the G. E. B. in 1924 who bolted the organization and set up their own headquarters were afraid of the I. W. W. membership and they wished to have nothing to do with the constitution which provided for no dictatorial action. The Emergencyites on the board did not have power to act because they did not constitute the necessary two-thirds provided for by the constitution. But even had they been in such a majority they would not have had the right to attempt destruction of the organization. The membership of the I. W. W. is the supreme court of the organization whose decisions must be observed. The Emergency Program tsars feared that membership so much that they went to another court. They applied to the capitalist court for an injunction to halt I. W. W. activity. But the organization has continued to carry on its work, while the disruptionists have arrived at the last stages of disintegration in an atmosphere of mutual distrust and with accusations of dishonesty openly flung about among the prime movers of the outfit as was displayed at their convention at Ogden recently conducted.

# The Road to Autocracy

By HUBERT LANGEROCK

**Note: This is the third article of this series—Government by Injunction. The next article will deal with the Judiciary Veto.**

THE process of injunction, although judicial in its outside form, is in its essence bureaucratic. In the manner in which it is used today the injunction has nothing in common with the legal process that was, in the past, known by that name.

What we call necessary institutions, says de Tocqueville, are often no more than institutions to which we have grown accustomed. Chief Justice Taft, we venture to suggest, is a victim of this process of self-delusion. For him there never was a time when recourse to the writ of injunction was not a law of nature. In his opinion the world was never without it and, therefore, the foundations of the world are involved in the maintenance of that practice. And yet, 1889 marks the first recorded opinion of an injunction in a labor litigation. In 1896, the Chief Justice of the state of Massachusetts still speaks of injunctions in labor disputes as "a practice of very recent origin." By 1921 the right to an injunction in the case of a labor dispute had become an immutable principle of liberty and justice, world without end!

As a result of the use of the injunction, the "due process of law" clause of the Constitution has become a joke, it does no longer guarantee trial by jury and the cause of this is evident to all: the people who resort to the use of the injunction in a labor dispute do so because there exists, when use is made of the injunction: "a greater probability of a conviction by a judge alone . . . than by a jury which may possibly sympathize to some degree with the offender."

The injunction originated in Rome. People who had been entrusted with the management of the property of orphans took advantage of their position to rob the minors placed under their guardianship. One of their favorite methods was to shift the cases from one court to another, so as to create a confusion which served their purpose of intended robbery. So the Roman judges issued orders to keep the cases before the same court and provided severe penalties for the violation of those orders on the ground that they constituted an insult to the dignity of the magistrate.

Later the process of injunction was carried over into Anglo-Saxon law but only for specified purposes and under strictly defined circumstances. No writ of injunction could apply where an injury could be repaired by money damages. The injunction was strictly limited in its use to differences between individual small business men and supposed to be used only when the contemplated act would have wrought irrepairable damages. For instance, if two farmers had a dispute about the boundary line of their adjoining fields and one of them wanted to chop down a tree located on the disputed land, then the other could obtain an injunction prohibiting his neighbor from cutting down the tree until the case was settled.

It is always possible to find in remote corners of the earth survivals of social institutions of the past and these survivals very efficiently serve the purpose of illustrating the nature and the purpose of such institutions. Anybody wishing a true insight into the nature and the working of the injunction has but to travel to the interior of Scotland where the primitive form of the injunction is still in existence under the name of interdict.

The process of injunction being essentially tied up with the era of individual competition should have been allowed to die when that era was superseded by the corporate form of business made necessary by the advent of the machine process. When, through the appearance of corporations, labor disputes ceased being individual disagreements, the use of the injunction ceased to be an unwarranted extension of a custom of the past and became something entirely new both in form and purpose.

Unlike the farmer whose neighbor wanted to chop down a tree standing on contested land, a corporation threatened by a strike is not menaced with any damage that cannot be repaired by money damages. Neither is that damage itself of an irreparable nature.

In reality, the process of injunction today is a method of taking away from the oppressed class the rights which it theoretically possesses under the constitution and the law of the land.

The writer of these lines was present in the courtroom in Chicago when Attorney General Daugherty secured from a complaisant federal judge an injunction against the shopcraft railroad strikers in 1922. That injunction was a clear instance of class warfare and of the employment of the powers of the government by one class against another class. Nobody in the whole United States was really suffering from the effects of the strike, nobody was starving and nobody was freezing. There were enough trains running to protect the country totally and perfectly against all danger of any real and genuine suffering. The system of craft organization had prevented all the other rail workers from standing by their fellow workers of the shops. Still Mr. Daugherty went into a federal court and persuaded the judge to take jurisdiction over a lot of railroad shopmen who had struck in order to improve their own working conditions and the financial outlook of their families and he induced that judge to call those workingmen conspirators against the interstate commerce of the United States and to forbid to them and to their misleaders all acts necessary to the suc-

cessful prosecution of their attempt to improve their condition.

I saw Judge Wilkerson by every gesture and every look as well as by his final decision make himself not an impartial final adjudicator of a difference between the government and the shop unions but a nodding, smiling partner in a conspiracy to get out a class injunction in the name of a common welfare which was not effectively threatened.

The recent extensions of the process of injunction transform it in reality into a system of government in which the injunction judge takes the place of the legislative authority in the political state.

In the nature of things, owing to the limited number of material possibilities or alternatives, an order to desist from committing a certain act becomes a command to do something else. The judge who forbids to a man by injunction to build a house on one side of the street practically orders him to build that house on the other side for the simple reason that there are only two sides to a street. But injunction judges have gone a good deal further. They have added to their restraining orders regulations of a positive character which constitutes, for all practical purposes, organic legislation. A judge in Denver issued an injunction prohibiting scalpers from dealing in railroad tickets and then proceeded to lay down the manner in which such tickets should be sold. This is practically legislation and an assumption of the duties of Congress.

In all the most recent cases, the original nature of the injunction seems to have been forgotten. What really took place is that the plaintiff wanted a judge-made law which he knew beforehand he would never be able to get from an elective body. Mr. Palmer who, as attorney general, started the proceedings against the coal miners, practically admitted that, in his opinion, the end justified the means. His avowed theory was that, if an autocratic procedure averts a calamity, autocracy is the way out. Those who accept such a theory forget that there always exists a probability and a strong likelihood that such tactics will only postpone and very likely aggravate the dreaded calamity, the latter becoming practically unavoidable as a direct result of the autocratic power used.

Since the war was over, the Lever Food Control Act was practically dead and the highest officials of the government admitted this contention. The abuse of the Lever act as a faked basis of injunction proceedings aiming at depriving the coal miners of their legal right to strike was an act of dishonest despotism.

The state of Washington has a complete set of criminal laws. To cope with what it was pleased to call the I. W. W. menace, the same state passed a law making it a criminal offense for a man to hold the opinions and views of that organization, even if he does not try to apply those views in a practical way and to the extent of violating the already existing statutes. The anti-syndicalism law of that state had already created a crime of opinion but a judge thought that even such drastic legislation was not far reaching enough and he issued an injunction prohibiting the existence of the organization and ordered all persons whose affiliations therewith could be proved to be brought before him on a charge of contempt of court. For all practical purposes, such an injunction was a denial of the right of trial by jury and the judge and his followers frankly and cheerfully admitted it.

The state of Kansas immediately followed suit. It also has a criminal syndicalism law but did not deem it sufficiently harsh. So, on the ground, the purely imaginary ground, that the I. W. W., as an organization, advocates acts in violation of that law, an injunction suit was filed by the attorney general permanently enjoining that organization from maintaining headquarters or having a membership in that state. The injunction was granted.

Then came California. The notorious Busick had received on account of his revolting partiality such an unsavory reputation that he tried to do away with court proceedings in anti-syndicalism cases. That infamous injunction has since been upheld by the supreme court of the state. It contains two exceptional features. First, it is directed against persons unknown to the court, men and women of whose very existence the court is probably not aware. Secondly, it enjoins people from committing acts which are already punishable under the common law of the state.

The first character shows that the recent use of injunctions in labor disputes is a new departure disguised as an old procedure. The origin of the injunction process as an accepted rule provided that the injunction must be directed at a definite individual. The second character amounts to overruling jury trial by court decision. Trial by jury is a dead institution if a judge can use injunctions to punish persons through contempt for acts punishable by common law of the land. Supporters of the new system pride themselves on its speed and effectiveness, making it superior to laws of repression already at the state's disposal. In this they are correct. Autocracy ever has been swifter, more effective than democracy. The jury system is admittedly slow and cumbersome, but a belief that it was a bulwark against executive and judiciary tyranny caused the constitution's framers to include it with citizenship guarantees. There may be some people left who still hold that opinion.

I wonder if those who uphold the species of autocracy embodied in the recent use of the injunction have ever thought that they uphold and help in proving the truth of the statement that trustified capitalism is working out a new set of institutions more directly adaptable to its necessities and its desires and that those new institutions have a distinctly autocratic character.




# San Quentin

By JOHN McRAE
**PRISON No. 39347**

SAN QUENTIN prison stands upon the shore
And frowns rebuke upon the dancing sea.
Sometimes above its walls the seagulls soar,
Then drop to join some carrion jubilee.

THE tide upon the changing sand engraves
Its myriad cunning patterns every day;
And all the while it seems as if the waves
Attempt to wash the bloody stains away.

UPON the landward side high, rocky hills
In kindness hide the place from passers by;
On one the slave his destiny fulfils:
To sleep in death, the wind for lullaby.

NO polished marble here expounds their fame
Who lost the path in life's long grueling race.
Forgot, but free of man's abuse and blame
They slumber on in mother earth's embrace.

AROUND the iron gate the flowers blow.
In all the prison they alone are gay.
The gardener's tears are dropping as they grow
Among the fallen petals on the clay.

THE close set buildings rear against the sky
High overhead. It is the way of man
To hide the thing he cannot justify;
Lords of the earth and boast no nobler plan?

GREY clothes, grey faces are the convict sign,
The withered frame, the dull and drooping eye.
Sure man must know some wondrous anodyne
To give us back our lifeblood, bye and bye.

AT dawn the whistle calls us from the gloom
Of narrow cells to man the dusty mill.
To spin the jute and feed the hungry loom;
Our lives alone suffice to pay the bill.

GO fool, and pray to God upon his throne:
Forgive me Master, I but lost my way,
Next time I will do better, I atone.
Your brother answers you: Repay, repay.

THAT God our mothers taught us to revere
Was never known to heed a single cry.
Who dares to judge the convict if he sneer
At pretty tales of life beyond the sky?

THE worker need not ask of Heaven or Hell;
His mighty arms are fit to make his own.
But he is blind and seeks not to rebel,
So builds himself a prison, steel and stone.

FOR none but he who toils has ever felt
The lash to goad him to a greater speed.
None but the working man has ever dwelt
In dungeons dark; a sacrifice to greed.

IF fate would lift the curtains of the years
And let us look upon the days to come;
The sight might dry these non-essential tears;
Might make these chains not quite so burdensome.

PERHAPS in time these walls will know decay;
This system crumble, and these idols fall.
The Kings of earth may put their crowns away,
And love become the ruler of us all.

# BOOK REVIEWS

IT has always been a source of worry to right-minded, god-fearing pillars of society that there are evil-minded men and women who disregard the good and salutary precepts that have been handed down to us from our forefathers.

One of the best-known of these civil-minded men was Jesus of Nazareth. Already as a child he showed bad tendencies. His father and mother found him one night in the temple where he was sitting arguing with the scribes and the elders instead of accepting their wisdom and authority as any well-mannered child would have done.

Later on he was associating with sinners and publicans. He has even gone on record as favoring the heinous crime of Sabbath-breaking. When he was not occupied in breaking all precepts of private morals he would be offending public ones by preaching his revolutionary doctrines to whoever wanted to hear them.

Small wonder that old and experienced people were shaking their heads and saying: "That boy of Joseph's will never come to a good end." Time proved them to be right. As history teaches us, Jesus of Nazareth was executed as a common criminal, and conventional virtue triumphed.

History is replete with examples of that sort. In England men like John Bunyan and Milton are rather outstanding examples of the same type. Bunyan, a simple handworker, had the temerity to write on morals and religion in an extremely unconventional way. It will, I hope, be a comfort to all right-minded men today, as it was in his day, that he had to spend quite a considerable part of his life in jail.

Milton was ,after all, the worse of the two. Under guise of writing a religious poem, Paradise Lost, he wrote a poem with the devil—Lucifer—as the hero. Besides being an ardent advocate of freedom of speech and such immoral practices as divorce, he was a political revolutionist. It may be permitted me to state that virtue triumphed in his case, too, and that he died in poverty and misery.

In more modern times, we have had such heretics as Marx and Nietzsche who, not satisfied by attacking special moral tenets, have attempted to prove that there is no such thing as an absolute set of morals.

Nietzsche, dealing with ethical problems from the point of view of the ruling class, exhorts them to stop fooling themselves about eternal principles in ethics, pointing out that morals are changing and biased by class idiosyncracies.

What Nietzsche discovered from the point of view of the ruling class was before his time discovered by Marx looking at the problem from the working class point of view. But by Marx it was put much clearer, as he was not concerned with making faces at the philistines and not the victim of the lurid lyrism and hectic melodrama that Nietzsche quite often sinks down to.

These are some of the intellectual ancestors of Sinclair Lewis. If we should venture a guess as to his artistic ancestors, i. e., to name his teachers in the craft of writing, there are a few names that irresistibly force themselves upon one.

Upton Sinclair is in his "Mammonart" comparing the plot of Main Street with the plot of Madame Bovary. The similarity in them is striking and the way of building up the material collected shows that Sinclair Lewis has read Flaubert and benefited from him though without any slavish imitation.

Another French author that seems to have given something to Sinclair Lewis is Honore Balzac. Balzac is the first novelist who consistently tried to trace the influence of man's occupation on his total personality. He was the first novelist who tried to describe the individual and his environment through an economic interpretation. He forms the basis for practically all achievements in realism in modern novels, whether his influence is direct or indirect. One of his tricks of letting the persons appear from one novel into the next has been used by Sinclair Lewis as by quite a number of other modern novelists, as for instance, Knut Hamsun.

The goal set by Zola and the other French naturalists of giving a true description of the "milieu," the environment, to be the historians of the morals and manners of their time has been achieved quite a bit more successfully by Arnold Bennett and Sinclair Lewis, than by any of the French pioneers.

Lest these remarks have given the reader the impression that Lewis is a bookish pedant who has been creating his novels from imitation, I hasten to add that, though well read, Sinclair Lewis is never bookish. He is drawing his material from contemporary life around him, a life he seems to know better than anybody else.

His last novel, Arrowsmith, is the biography of a young doctor. The author follows Arowsmith's first vague ambitions to become a medic through his long struggle until he has become one of the mas-

ters of his profession, not a "mechanic" with lance, scalpel, suture, gauge and scissors, or feeler for pulse-beats with a "bedside manner," but a scientist, tirelessly seeking causes of disease. What an uphill battle such a course is has been depicted with vigorous, unforgettable strokes by one whose observations of this pushing, surfacy, bourgeois go-get-it society has been rather more evocative of his sneers than of any other attitude.

The story begins by telling of the difficulties met with in the university, whose purpose is to turn out professional men commanding for their services five dollars an hour, and "men and women who will lead moral lives, play bridge, drive good cars, be enterprising in business, and occasionally mention books, though they are not expected to have had time to read them. . . By 1950 one may have expected it to create an entirely new world-civilization, a civilization larger, purer and brisker."

Despite the brilliancy of his work Martin Arrowsmith has a hard time of it getting through that university. When he goes west to be a general practitioner he finds that the American peasants and small town bourgeoisie are more concerned with preservation of traditions than with his fight for truth and efficiency over sloth and accepted lies.

He quits the little town, and takes up a post as a medical officer in one of the overgrown villages that sprang up mushroom-like in Mid-America. The experience is disastrous. Setting out to fight disease he finds himself speedily faced with the enmity of the practicing doctors, and, because of their influence, practically all of the community, except the workers. Certainly, disease should be fought, but in the accepted manner, with remedies not cures, and with no thought of preventives. No socialistic tomfoolery; no destruction of death-breeding tenements as long as rents can be collected from them, and no snickering at honest, God-fearing, accepted standards are to be tolerated.

Martin is forced out of his post. Then he tries being a laboratory man in a surgical clinic, and leaves that to become a research worker in an endowed scientific institution. He thinks that he will be free for researches but finds that he is supposed to furnish sensational cures for the ills of mankind. He fights for a while and then withdraws to make research work with another scientist who cherishes the same attitude, who is possessed of the same fanatical zeal for truth.

This synopsis of the scientist's conflict for truth against vested interests may lead one to think that the novel is "dry," but it is not. It is full of human interest, full of humor, irony, pathos, and of adventures in the West Indies. Arrowsmith has been married for a number of years to a very lovable woman who is always ready to help him in his work by ministering to his physical wants, which are few enough, to be sure. Sondelius, a medical adventurer, who trots over the globe fighting plagues, accompanies Arrowsmith to the West Indies to fight plague there. Leora, Arrowsmith's wife, goes too.

To make the test of the serum's efficiency against the plague Martin wants to try it on part of the population affected and compare results with the mortalities occurring among the elements not inoculated. This develops into a political quarrel, and before it is settled many of the people have been swept to death by the fury of the plague. Martin comes home one night to find Leora dead, killed by the disease which is carried by rats covered with fleas. Other novelists would have given many pages to a description of this woman's fatal illness and the manner of her death. Sinclair Lewis' technique of execution is swift, merciful to the reader, but startling because we are unused to having characters that live and breathe through the pages, that speak to us and attract our sympathies and understanding struck down so abruptly and forever removed. The doctor carries the slight form of this gentle, patient, courageous and womanly woman out to the sands and buries her in the night, alone. It is reminiscent of the interment of Manon, but Leora was fircely constant in her devotion to the one man of her choice, Martin Arrowsmith. The passages here are poignantly memorable.

There is an interesting gallery of portraits in the novel, some of them extremely typical, others exceptionally individual. Max Gottlieb is a character. He is a distinguished old scientist who has seen and encouraged Arrowsmith's talents, and who is otherwise hard and impersonal. But he is broken when he attempts to come to direct grips as an administrator with the world. Agnes Duer, a surgeon, is a cold careerist, a perfect caricature of the conventional idea of the Nietzschean Uebermensch. Almus Pickerbaugh is the medical Babbitt.

On the first page Sinclair Lewis acknowledges his indebtedness to Paul H. Kruif for his collaboration. Together they have created the greatest American novel of the century.

—CHRETIEN CYNGE.

**ARROWSMITH, by Sinclair Lewis. Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. Price $2.00.**

IN the foreword to "Fairy Tales for Workers' Children, Ida Dailes, who has translated Herminia zur Muhlen's work into English, says in part:

"You have read many fairy tales, some of them very beautiful and some that frightened you with their horrible giants and goblins. But never, I am sure, have you read such lovely stories about real everyday things. You see poor people suffering around you every day; some of you have yourselves felt how hard it is to be poor. You know that there are rich people in the world that do no work and have all the good things of life. You also know that your fathers work hard and then worry about what will happen if they lose their jobs.

"Comrade zur Muhlen, who wrote these fairy

tales, tells us in a beautiful way how these things can be stopped. . . . We must join together, we workers of the world, and stop these wrongs."

Under four titles—"The Rose Bush," "The Sparrow, "The Little Grey Dog," and "Why?" Herminia zur Muhlen has set about teaching children the lessons of class consciousness, an understanding of which is essential to a movement of the workers for their freedom from wage slavery. Having observed how eagerly several children read the book, which is illustrated in colors and also black-and-white drawings in profusion, and how well it was understood by them, I thought that a brief mention of the book should be made in The Industrial Pioneer.

On all sides our children—I mean the children of the working class—are surrounded by books designed to support the present system and to inculcate into the children's minds the moral viewpoint of those who benefit directly from the scheme of existence prevailing, or indirectly by allying themselves physically and spiritually to the robbers this society is pleased to exalt and who are called capitalists.

The writer has no idea that education of working class children to class consciousness on a large scale is possible so long as the control of education is in the hands of the enemy, but so far as we can we should encourage the reading of such books as this one by our own children and others over whom we exert influence.

The cover is red and black and the size is larger than this magazine. The 66 pages should be an inspiration to working class children fortunate enough to get copies.

—MARGARET CLARK.

**FAIRY TALES FOR WORKERS' CHILDREN, by Herminia zur Muhlen. Published by the Daily Worker Publishing Company, 1113 W. Washington Boulevard, Chicago. Price, 75c.**

A HEREDITARY ruler appoints all the executive machinery and the main legislative body, the people elect half of the representatives in the other legislative body that has only advisory power, the other half being selected indirectly by the hereditary ruler from his executives.

If anyone would describe a government of that kind and call it a democracy he would be considered ignorant of the subject with which he was dealing. Nevertheless when the hereditary ruler, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., makes an assertion like this about the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., describing it as an industrial democracy the statement is considered important enough to cause Mr. Selekman and Mrs. Mary Van Kleeck to spend several years making a study of that "industrial democracy" under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation. and to publish two books as the result of these studies without challenging the fundamental contentions of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Furthermore, it is remarkable that in hardly any of the reviews of these two books the fundamentals of the Rockefeller Industrial Relations Plan has been challenged. Polite objections have been raised to details of the management of the plan; it has been stated regretfully that the plan "as yet" does not function "quite satisfactorily." Reviewers of the book have together with the authors spent some time looking for where to put the blame for the miscarriage of the plan, whether on management, petty officials or employees.

It seems to have escaped their attention that the plan is built on an altogether false foundation: the identity of interest between the company and its employees. If such an identity of interest existed, no plan would ever have come into existence. There would have been no need for it. There would have been no strikes, no battle at Ludlow—or massacre rather—no scandal, and no incentive to find a new mode of dealing with the workers of the company.

Both books are giving a wealth of material on the origin and workings of the plan. The method used of checking up on all statements of facts with the company officials, the workers, and representatives of the United Mine Workers has made the books absolutely reliable documents. As source books they are invaluable; but their interpretation of the facts have no value whatever outside of giving anybody who is in search of such information an idea of the blindness even of the most intelligent part of the middle class to the outstanding facts in the labor movement.

Two great facts have been pointed out that cannot be emphasized too much: viz., that in the steel industry it is the United States Steel Corporation that sets the wages, while in the coal mining industry the United Mine Workers is quite a factor; but that in either industry the Rockefeller employees have nothing whatsoever to say about the wage scale outside of tinkering with the details after increases and reductions have taken place.

Two of the advantages that have accrued to the workers on account of the plan must after further analysis be in the one case ascribed to other factors, in the other case be considered apochryphal or at the least immensely overestimated

The first one: the establishing of the actual eight-hour day in the steel works of the company took place only after spontaneous strikes and walk-outs had occurred and the employees were at the time most of them members of the trade unions that were blooming on account of the A. F. of L. steel drive.

These two causes must be considered the most effective means in establishing the eight-hour day. Incidentally the company found out that the eight-hour day does not cause a higher labor cost in steel production than the twelve-hour day.

Neither of the two causes can be considered connected with the Representation Plan, and the third one tells why the eight-hour day remained in force

after the unions had been destroyed and the company had its workers at its mercy.

The second advantage of having the arbitrary discharge of workmen abolished will not bear any closer scrutiny. All through the books we hear of arbitrary discharge for no sufficient cause, and besides that it is time and again pointed out that petty officials can make it that "hot" for their victims that they will not need to discharge them, because they will be only too glad to quit.

The advantages to the company, on the other hand, are very easy to grasp, as one of its officials says: "If we pay lower wages than our competitors we lose our employees." The company is through the plan able to prove to its employees that it pays as good wages as any other employer in the industry in question, a thing it would have to do anyway.

By making discharge of workingmen subject to review it is able to give a show of fairness that does not amount to much anyway: the causes for which a worker can be discharged are determined by the management. All that the "joint committees" are doing is to check the arbitrary notions of petty officials, a thing that would have otherwise to be done by some other agency, if the company would avoid losing efficient slaves that "got on the wrong side of the foremen or other slave drivers."

Another thing that the company has accomplished through the scheme is to permeate the whole atmosphere of their employees with company propaganda and to make them dependent on the company in their daily life in a hundred different ways.

Through company libraries, Y. M. C. A.'s, propaganda lectures given by lecturers hired by the company, it selects their mental food and makes sure that it is "wholesome," i. e., friendly to the company.

Through company doctors and hospitals, company housing schemes, savings bank schemes and pension schemes controlled by the company, it makes them dependent on it in such a way that the workers are at least unable to make any independent move whatsoever, for fear that they would incur the displeasure of the company and be thrown out in the cold with all those benefits for which they have been slaving for years lost.

Besides that it naturally leaves the company in control of the community and able to shape public opinion to suit its own purpose.

These things are the real dangerous things about the Representation Plan, so-called. Instead of being—as it is touted to be—a step towards industrial democracy, it is just the opposite. It is a step towards serfdom. It encroaches on the worker's personal affairs and makes him more and more dependent on the company in all the details of his daily life.

It propagandizes actively, even if sometimes covertly, against unionism, and by taking up numerous unimportant grievances it tries to make the worker believe that he has got some agency that is able to look after his affairs in a similar way as a union would do.

But the soundness of the worker's instincts have been too much for the scheme. It has therefore been very coldly received by the employees of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. It has been successful in strangling unionism, but it has not been successful in suppressing strikes. Whenever an emergency has arisen the Rockefeller employees have known on what side they belonged and demonstrated their solidarity with the rest of the working class.

The plan has been successful for Mr. Rockefeller as a makeshift, but that is all. I believe it is not too much to hope that some day Rockefeller's slaves will take the bit in their mouth and kick the traces, declare their solidarity with the rest of the workers and organize together with them.

Today some of them may be under the spell of the "welfare" schemes, but tomorrow they will sing in derision:

Sing a song of welfare, a pocket full of tricks,
To soothe the weary worker when he groans and kicks.
If he asks for shorter hours or for better pay,
Little stunts of welfare take his thoughts away.

Sing a song of welfare, play the horn and drum,
Anything to keep his mind fixed on Kingdom Come;
Welfare robs your pocket while you dream and sing,
Welfare to your pay check does not do a thing.

Sing a song of welfare, forty 'leven kinds,
Cultivate your morals, elevate your minds,
Kindergarten, nurses, bathtubs, books and flowers,
Anything but better pay and shorter working hours.

—KRISTEN SVANUM.

**EMPLOYEES' REPRESENTATION IN STEEL WORKS, by Ben M. Selekman. EMPLOYEES' REPRESENTATION IN COAL MINES, by Selekman and VanKleeck. Both published by Russell Sage Foundation, N. Y.**

## PROTEST

By LAURA TANNE

**The incorrigible Masses—**
**They want everything!**
**Books of learning**
**Warm hearths burning**
**Honeysuckle vines**
**Rich red wines.**
**They scoff at queens**
**In democratic jeans**
**For they've lost all fears**
**Of gods and peers.**
**With heads held high**
**They want their pie**
**On earth**
**With roses rare**
**And children's mirth**
**And wives like west winds**
**Blowing free.**
**They want the earth**
**Between me and thee.**
**The incorrigible Masses—**
**Damn them!**

# A Bourgeois Pipe Dream

By The GENTLE WAITRESS

THE American oil magnate was entertaining his friend from over the Atlantic in one of the most exclusive clubs of the city. The dinner had been of the best, with just the right amount of the correct sort of wine. They now sat smoking cigars which cost $25 the dozen.

Things seemed right in this best of worlds until the visitor casually inquired about the labor conflicts of the country. He had heard there are some vindictive strikes at times. Would the host be kind enough to relate just what were the chief causes and what was generally done to settle the strikes?

The host looked cautiously about. Seeing the waitress still in earshot, he smiled broadly, waved his cigar disdainfully, and said:

"Oh, well, we sometimes have some little difficulties, but then when we take them by and large, they don't amount to much. There is of course some misunderstanding, but the newspapers make them out much worse than they are. The papers are in business and must have something to report if they are to sell their wares."

Another cautious glance over his shoulder. The waitress had stepped out and closed the curtains. But she knew her business and did not go too far; she might be recalled for some service. Of course she must take the dishes to the kitchen, so when the host looked out she was retreating quietly through the kitchen door. But she somehow heard more of the information about American strikes.

". . . . . for when we get things lined up right we will show them just where to head in, and that will be into oblivion. Do you think we intend to have the damned filth around begging and whining for more wages and shorter work days and better living conditions? I'll see every one of them in the bottom of the fish ponds first!

"You see, we are not quite prepared. There are a few things yet to do in the way of perfecting some of our automatic machinery so there will be no need for them. We can press a button and do automatically what it now requires some little intelligence to do by hand, or with present machinery.

"Then besides, we have not perfected our own organization. We have many sorts of clubs, all of which have some value, but there is one which we have only in an imperfect and embryonic state. That is a kind of club, I don't know just what to name it, which will educate our class to the dignity and ability of caring for itself. We are doing it now to some extent with our hiking clubs and mountain climbing clubs and hunting and fishing clubs and all those. But what we need is one that will combine all the good features of those with none of their toil and unnecessary hardship.

"Then we will have them. Why, say! The dream of the Wobblies and every manner of Red will come true, you're damn right it will. But not in just the way they think it will. It will be the master class who will continue to be the master class. Do you think we are going to knuckle under to them? Not on your life! We will have a society without a master or slave, all right, but you can bet it will be the slaves, as they call themselves now, who will be abolished and don't you forget it.

"But first, as I said, we must develop our own ability just a little more. The dirty, disagreeable work of the world is mostly done now by machinery, or can be done so. What little there is that must be done we can handle easier than we can have that class of cattle in our way. We will be well rid of them.

"Of course, the Reds now say they are going to educate and organize the workers to take over the functions of society. But that is a joke with us. We know where we are at. And where they are at, too, for that matter. Organize the tramps? Rats! They couldn't organize to pick crab apples.

"Our plans are not perfected for getting rid of them entirely, but they are working out. We may decide to send a few million of them into Africa, or South America, or even into China, and let them be cut down by some unexpected disease..

"I say 'unexpected disease.' I mean just that. I do not mean 'unknown disease.' Oh, it will be known, all right, to a few, but you may be damned well certain it will be unexpected—to them.

"Then again it may be possible we will have to wait a generation for the bastards to starve off the face of the earth. There are a few who are afraid that will mean an uprising likely to overwhelm us. But no fear, we have military right now to handle that question. Then we can set the military forces fighting each other, or even into a foreign war. Once we get the process working good it will not be long before it is finished.

"Then what? Why, with the filth of the world cleaned out, with that damned working class gone, we will have no more of this rot of the class struggle. Of course we deny the existence of such a thing when we talk for publicity, but believe me, it is the thing that keeps us awake at night. We are as anxious as the workers are to solve it. And we will solve it, too.

"And that means we are not going to let the brutes have a look-in when the final answer is written to that problem. We are going to write it in our own way, and that way is just this:

"We will have a world without conflicting classes, for we will be the one and only class in existence. That means no class struggle. That would mean less trouble to do our own work than it is now to keep the cursed cattle quiet until we have them down and tied.

"Come on. It is time for the show; then after that those two girls I told you of will be waiting for us over on the North Side."

# The Essence of Industrialism

By WARREN LAMSON

(Continued from August Issue)

**This is the second installment of the thesis that won the first prize in Tie Vapauteen's literature contest a few months ago. The editor of Tie Vapauteen has kindly permitted its presentation here in the original English.**

SOME scholars assert, and submit much evidence to show, that man is not naturally a gregarious animal, or social being; that while civilized man is such, this quality has been taken on as a result of compelling, driving forces, which have gradually altered his constitution. This is the view of Ward. In the light of events within the experience of all of us there are many who support this theory, but whether this be true or not, we are able to say today, that classes and divisions of mankind can be united for a continuous effort in which all will benefit, only with great effort and as a direct result of inexorably compelling necessity. Such associations as have been formed by man, broken up and reorganized and adapted, have usually tended to grant a greater degree of self-government to the units composing them, not willingly, or as a result of deliberation, but to make such association sufficiently attractive to its units to retain the loyalty or at least the acquiescence of a sufficient part of them to render itself secure. For men are prone to abide by what they have, as long as it meets their accustomed needs, and excessive social chasms are not developed and flaunted before them.

It is for this reason that the industrialists so strenuously oppose any great degree of centralization, although a contributing factor is cognizance of the fact that autonomous units develop more self-reliance, initiative and talent, than the most favored units can when their destinies and welfare are largely depending upon outside forces.

Somehow man has acquired the ability to labor, and an aversion to waste and futile effort. Some attribute man's ability to labor to slavery, holding that from countless generations this ability or power has been transmitted down till at last men became accustomed to applying themselves continuously to labor. Whether this be true or not, the greater part of mankind are today capable of such continuous effort, and when the creative instinct is given some play, are capable of intense interest or attention, even under slavish conditions. However, the growing aversion to futile effort is causing an ever increasing number to conceive of a social order in which work would not be carried on at the whim of one whose only relation to the product is that of a peddler.

"War has been the chief leading condition of progress." It seems from all the evidence that in the past this has been to a great extent true. War, as shown in Wells' "Outline of History," has caused old and settled conditions to be broken up and brought new blood and ideas to the development of new social states. In the past of the race, prior to the 18th Century, large groups of mankind lived wholly isolated, and ignorant of others having different institutions and customs, and it was only through war and conquest, that new ideas, and methods were adopted, and the stagnant backwaters started into motion.

However, today when all associations, except onerous patriotic ones, with hidden motives, search the entire world for data this condition of affairs is changed. On the other hand I am compelled to think that modern progress in invention and production is due more to the economic warfare between the employers and the workers, and rival groups of employers, than to warfare. This is no new idea. Some fifteen years or more ago this view was elaborated by the French Syndicalists, i. e., that the aggressions of the workers compelled the employers to bestir themselves to survive. This view is also well substantiated by Marx. But all of these compelling forces have never operated to liberate the latent powers of mankind, obviously present. If oppressive methods can develop production and widen concepts, then methods of liberation should far surpass them. Lester F. Ward, after making an intensive study of latent social forces, says, "The new gospel, therefore, to which I found myself committed was a gospel of liberation." This is the conception of the industrialists—to remove all obstructions, open all channels, eliminate all waste, to set free, emancipate all of the forces of production. The liberty we seek is that which will provide economic equality for all, that without drag or hindrance we may move on to a dimly conceived higher civilization. For it is not alone what we wish to be free from that is important, but what we would be free for, that is the basis of dispute between the various revolutionary movements.

Let us consider the philosophy of the industrialists and their relation to other phases of life.

The industrialists may be said to subscribe to

the view that has been termed "pain and pleasure philosophy." That pain causes men to perform acts which make not only for the preservation but for the progress of the race. That pain causes men to seek to avoid acts which are not only destructive, but obstruct the actual upgoing of the race.

Thus, for instance, primitive methods of production make necessary long hours of exhausting toil, for the larger part of the population, while to avoid this requires the use of indirect methods, consequently organization takes place, to enforce better methods. The real advance in such cases is not only in securing better methods but in the improvement of organization. And it is thus that man has been evolved from the lower forms of life, and reached the degree of social organization—quantity production—that we have today.

One thing all men have in common, and that is the desire of securing adequate means of living with the least possible expenditure of energy. Modern labor has a productive capacity so great, with only a minority of the people usefully employed, a large number of non-producers are able to live in splendor, while an even larger number, without performing any socially necessary labor, live far better and more secure lives than the best paid laborers. The costly, but more durable and in some other ways superior product of the craftsman, has given way to the cheap machine-made article. "The ages of stone, bronze and iron have been successfully passed and we are living in an age of paper and caoutchouc." Such production of cheap articles was essential to any attempt to institute a social order of the character with which we are here concerned for only that which is cheap and easily reproduced can be widely used.

There could be no equalization of opportunity till the resources of society were sufficient to impress men with the possibility of such a change. All of the utopias of the ancients had fairly rigid slave class foundations. The productivity of slave labor was not sufficient to originate the idea of a society without slaves. Today we have what is termed overproduction, which in simple language can only mean, more than there is a market for. Production in excess of need has never taken place, and in all probability never will.

The institutions of man have not kept pace with his industrial progress. The state came into being through conquest; was necessarily a coercive institution. It still is, but, as the industrial methods of man change, so should all other institutions and customs, for industry is the life of a people.

### The Industrialists and the State

This philosophical basis of course leads to new views of the state, morality, the future of humanity and all other phases of society. Consequently the attempt to give the industrialists' views on the various subjects will be made each under its own heading.

The state being a coercive institution, organized and adapted for suppression, cannot be utilized by the industrialists for their purposes which are to liberate, not to suppress. This is in direct opposition to those who lay the most stress on political action (socialists), for while the socialist and the industrialist may both be said to visualize a new social order, in which man would be economically free, they differ in method. "The syndicalist, however, is poles asunder from the socialist in method, and method counts for everything in social change." (Ramsay MacDonald in "Syndicalism.")

The industrialists have both in Europe and America consistently refused to endorse any political party or program. Where exceptionel groups have done so, usually through the parties compelling their members to join and become active within the syndicates or the various industrial groups, the effect has proven disastrous to the groups affected.

By engagnig in political action the class struggle is denied, for all the parties accept membership and support from other classes than the workers until the counsels of one petit bourgeois who can contribute $500 to the fund outweighs the counsels of fifty actual wage workers.

Compromise follows compromise till at last the interests of the most despicable of all, the petit bourgeois, dominate. The petty visions, sordid ambitions and mean vanities of a social fossil supplants the concepts and methods derived from the creative instincts of the working class.

Such parties employ all of the shallow profundity, sentimental idiocy and buncombe of other parties. Their candidates must try to ensnare the votes of antagonistic interests, and if elected must strive to placate that element which means the continuation of his political career. Political action was the means of the bourgeoisie, it cannot be the method of the working class. Looking over the world today we see here and there victorious labor parties (?) strenuously upholding the "system," striving to satisfy the "interests." The revolution of the working class is something different, for the lion and the lamb lie down in peace only in holy fiction. Parties must deal with the nation, and with its domestic and other questions, which do not materially concern labor. Antagonisitic interests cannot form a true community.

"Of all the classes that stand face to face with the bourgeoisie today, the proletariat alone is a really revolutionary class." (Communist Manifesto.)

"Indeed no one who believes in the class war as the fundamental fact of socicty today has any refuge to protect himself against Syndicalist logic. Given the class war Syndicalism is its necessary corollary." (MacDonald's "Syndicalism.")

To the industrialists, the state (government) is an odious instrument of class suppression, of no value for any other purpose, and in place of it he would institute industro-social organization, but not by wasting any energy in its capture by direct methods.

For inasmuch as the state is viewed by all socialists as well as industrialists as conditioned by the economic situation, they hold that they who control industry can control the state, providing those who control the economic processes need an instrument of suppression; while those who administer the affairs of the state, through the capture of administrative powers only, can reflect only the need or will of those controlling the economic life. Thus they say, since energy can only be expended in one way, why waste it on the state, when the state admittedly is not the important factor; and when the attempt to capture it makes necessary an alliance with non-revolutionary classes, and delivers the workers as pawns into their hands. So they refuse to have anything to do with political action, despite the promise of state aid in overthrowing the beneficiaries of the state, for whose purpose it has been devised and adapted. On the other hand, they set up their own machinery, and social organization for taking and holding, and administering the economic life.

### The Industrialists and Morality

"Morality is the result of historic development. It is the product of evolution, it had its origin in the social instincts of the race, in the material necessities of social life. Seeing that the ideals of social democracy are one and all directed towards a higher order of social life they must necessarily be moral ideals." In this quotation from Dietzgen, the industrialists' views on morality are admirably and concisely stated. For the industrialists own a rational dislike for the professional moralists, who are continually striving to place life in a moral straightjacket, and are interested in forms more than in substance. For morality is subject to evolution; our conceptions change as our methods of life change. Those acts which are generally considered moral are in most cases detrimental because of the tendency to retain forms that are obsolete. Moral precepts originate out of the conditions of those who hold them; they in themselves cannot alter or elevate the moral condition of a people, but they may, when the form persists after the need for it is eliminated, be socially harmful.

Many institutions whose social uses have long passed and whose continuance is socially bad are hedged about with sanctity which renders them difficult to alter. This is even true of institutions developed in the various revolutionary bodies. Instead of placing the social forces of human life in a straightjacket, and damming up the stream until the organism is seriously injured by revolt, men must learn to divert them into newer channels. Science today has brought philosophy from the mists of speculation and given it a basis of reality, yet even in revolutionary bodies, those with no scientific training whatever, but with a mere superficial and parrot-like learning, enforce outworn and exploded theories. These people belong to the same class as the noxious professional reformers in general social life.

That theological writers and sentimentalists ignorant of science should laud moral straightjackets is to be expected, but that philosophers, scholars and revolutionary leaders do so is a subject for those who understand the human mind to explain. This mania for assuming responsibility for the moral character has destroyed the usefulness of many able men. Today in revolutionary organizations one's influence depends upon guarding and censoring one's words; one dares not say what he thinks, and must make servile apologies and prefaces when voicing new ideas or disputing old ones.

The true industrialist of course opposes this, and no organization will meet the requirements necessary to fulfil the work of the industrialists until this tendency is largely eliminated. The world must have morals, not because they are of divine origin or eternal in form, but because they are a product of social organization of mankind. They should be permitted only to minimize the friction in daily life. Disobedience is by far a more valuable factor in human progress than conformity, and a skeptical, questioning attitude should be encouraged.

### The Industrialist and Religion—the Church

There is a distinct tendency wherever mankind exists and as its reasoning powers begin to unfold to require an explanation for everything. The more igorant the people the greater the tendency to explain things with an idea, and to make all of the facts which they are aware of fit the idea. This applies not alone to the explanation of life but to everything, and is caused by insufficient data, lack of equipment for securing more, and mental laziness. Such ideas once accepted, no matter how absurd or incorrect they may later be shown to be, are tenaciously held; this applies to ideas of mechanics, geography and all phases of life. Who is not familiar with the opposition to steam and other mechanical devices which were branded as devices of the devil? This human tendency is one of the reasons for the need of a federation of largely self-governing units, so that this tendency towards "official propaganda" shall not be too strongly enthroned.

The various churches, which have been developed along with all religious ideas, have vigorously opposed the search for additional information upon things of which they have given the only true and godly explanation (?) even going so far, when they had the power, as to inflict torturous death as the penalty. Yet, step by step, they have been forced to abandon various false conclusions which they defended. The only domain today left largely to them even by the average man is that of which the majority is ignorant, which equals the statement—All religion is a deification of human ignorance.

Religious ideas, as Christian Socialism for inst-

ance, have made the attempt to enter the revolutionary movement, to graft onto them their explanation of life. Still more dangerous is the innate human tendency to hedge with sanctity the immature deliberations of mere party and union officials and legislative bodies.

**The Industrialist and Education**

"Education," says Mazinni, "is the bread of the soul." Without education ability remains latent and the individual, under any form of society no matter how democratically organized, is the pawn of forces he does not comprehend. In education lies the hope of the new race, the new men, who dimly conceived, has made the works of Wells, Wm. Morris and many others so delightful, and whom we now know to be a possibility. In all the past, and still today we have those who think of securing a superior stock by the development of the few, by furnishing those alone the opportunity. But the position of those superior ones would indeed be precarious. On the other hand the industrialist asserts but a more secure and certain method to operate in securing this end on a grand scale.

Education is the development of intellectual force, by which mankind as a whole can better its standards, by widening the scope of conceptions. An uneducated class is a social drag in every sense of the word. Lacking the development to perceive or even glimpse the most advanced ideas of their time, they either oppose all innovation or are seized and carried away with the most absurd ideas that any charlatan may advance. And yet in no case, except idiocy, is this condition irremediable. It is today a proven fact that crime can be prevented by teaching the criminal and introducing him to the pleasures of purely cerebal emotions. The moron sufficiently mentally developed to remain outside of institutions provided for the feeble-minded is now often a useful, working citizen and is even capable of interest in astronomy or biology. Though he may not be capable of original research work, he needed not be neglected and permitted to endanger the welfare of all.

Most of the truths of science are strange to the average man, which of course includes the vast majority. This is undeveloped, potential ability, talent, for which no opportunity has opened, and which once developed would change the entire condition of the race, and make "Mother Earth" far more pleasant than she is. With such a great source tapped, greater than the entire present intelligent social force, unhampered by a backward social group, all energetic minds would become actual contributors to intellectual progress, while those not sufficiently energetic to become actual contributors, would acquiesce and cooperate, for they would be able to understand and visualize the improvements proposed.

Capacity is often erroneously gauged by abstract thinking. Many persons have but little aptitude for classical subtleties, but they are fully able to acquire knowledge, for there is nothing in the scientific truths that surpass the ability of a child to understand, but these truths are not of a nature to be acquired without aid, for facts nearly always give the lie to appearances. The bulk of so-called difficult knowledge consists of metaphysical argument and gymnastics and is of but little real value.

This acquisition of knowledge and development of intellect requires leisure and equipment. Society cannot much longer deny these to all, for it thus endangers itself. The means of destruction are becoming too great to allow the majority of men to be the pawns of charlatans and scoundrels. An industrial democracy could not offer society any solution were it to propose to leave the present methods of diffusing knowledge to stand.

The time to begin education is in youth, and not by night schools or correspondence schools, where studies are persued by exhausted students. Most people develop some time after coming into early maturity intense desires for knowledge. They often force their way through educational institutions in spite of great obstacles. They are hungry, omnivorous, and swallow the chaff and truth with which they come in contact voraciously and indiscriminately. What is needed is free access and discrimination. The inspiration of being one of those making intellectual contributions, hoping to meet the test of the ablest, is the most potent incentive that sways mankind. "The mind is essentially altruistic, and next to the pleasure derived from the acquisition of knowledge and the discovery of truth, its greatest satisfaction is in imparting this knowledge to others." (Applied Sociology. Ward).

The ambition of the industrialists is the scientific education of all.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A VAST domain of wealth and resources lies west of the Mississippi River. Millions of people are living in that region. Yet in all that country, there is but one organization reaching out to take control of its resources for the workers—the Industrial Workers of the World.

The only organ for those millions of workers in their struggle for those resources which is printed west of Chicago is now published in Seattle.—It is the INDUSTRIAL WORKER.

You cannot be informed on the most vital phases of the class struggle in the West without reading that paper. Write to Box 1857, Seattle, Wash., for sample copy and subscription rate.

## Editorials

(Continued from Page Two)

the authorities will very soon get an order from the Chamber of Commerce to let them go free. Within the walls the Wobblies have pointed the way by standing together; following their example on the outside is sure to get desired results. When the bosses try to stop organization the logical answer is to give them more of it than they ever bargained for.

**COAL STRIKES** — Negotiations between representatives of the United Mine Workers of America and mine operators have just broken off with nothing in sight but an anthracite strike of 158,000 miners to take place on September 1st. The miners are asking for a wage increase and the check-off system by which latter the dues owed to the union are deducted from the men's pay-checks and handed to the workers' organization. This check-off has been used to collect debts owed by miners to the company, and the union has found that its integrity depends upon the check-off.

The Department of Labor has recently published figures showing that there has been a rise in prices of life's necessaries over one year ago approximating ten per cent. The miners' wage demands do not reveal any motive for bettering their living standard as they want only ten per cent, which, according to the labor department's statistics, amounts to asking for a wage consistent with maintaining their purchasing power and does not seek its extension. There are other demands, however, in addition to this one and the one for the check-off which are forward moves, such as no longer paying for their tools, and for openings every 150 feet to provide the men air and breathing space.

It has been estimated that bituminous miners may join the strike, but unless the miners learn from the lessons of solidarity in England it is doubtful that they will give their aid by ceasing work. Lack of solidarity has whipped the miners before in many struggles, and the district divisions militate against them just as do trade union divisions in the organizations of the old school of unionism. When the miners lay down their tools they should do so as one man and refuse to dig any more coal until their demands are granted whether they affect only one district or the entire industry. At this time there are thousands of union miners on strike in West Virginia. Mine strikes by districts are often long and bitter conflicts characterized by excessive hardships. How long would the miners of West Virginia have to strike if the union to which they belonged stood with them as a union should, to the last man?

Added to the internal difficulty of organizational form is the fact that with the pits piled high with mountains of coal the bosses are not hard hit so long as they can have that coal hauled. Here comes the opportunity for railroad and marine workers to demonstrate their solidarity. In England the very threat of such action brought the government to its knees, and it can be done here, too, if the workers have the hearts and the intelligence to stand together.

In such an eventuality they must be prepared to override the orders of their reactionary officials, and it is well for them to remember that John L. Lewis was yellow a few years ago when Federal Judge Anderson tied up the U. M. W. of A. treasury to prevent a coal strike. Lewis said, "We cannot fight our government." This is a patriotic note that has no place in the workers' class war tactics, and an understanding of the nature of the courts and the entire machinery of governmental administration tears away the cover of democratic tommyrot and reveals the government as the executive board of the industrial autocracy under which we exist. Opposition at all times to this autocracy is the business of class conscious workers.

The miners must learn to make their demands backed by their entire organization regardless of districts, and they are entitled to the immediate assistance of trans-

portation workers. So acting and supported they have the great opportunity of forming an unbeatable phalanx of labor, and a model for their fellow workers to follow.

The time for the proposed strike should have been set for the first of November, but September is quite an improvement over the policy of going out when the soft winds of spring and warm rains bring back the flowers and make people forget about the coal supply.

**UNION CONSCIOUSNESS** — When men and women enter into any organization the act itself is an exhibition of their faith in the salutary results to be derived from united action. It shows that they are conscious of a power peculiar to concerted effort that can not be wielded in any other manner. Workers banding together in economic association do so for the purpose of securing ends that are beneficial to them severally, but which they know are not to be reached by their acts as individuals.

Such awareness has not come to them mysteriously nor by any rapid revelation. The lessons of united action are very old but not so old as the failures of individuals who perished because they did not learn to cooperate with their own kind against forces that were greater than their individual strength. The history of labor unionism is comparatively brief, but it has driven home its lessons to those sufficiently intelligent to accept them. It is not part of our discussion to trace this history, yet it is important to note that unionism was from its inception attacked and outlawed by the ruling class and its governmental machinery. It won by tenaciously holding to its principles and by persevering in demonstrating its power. At length the new status which this attitude compelled was concluded to be one of the rights of labor. But rights are only acknowledged when they have been established by power.

Unionism is before all else a profession of faith in its efficacy born of past experience which gives us the right to expect and to predict further gains to our group when it functions as a group. Therefore, this admission of group superiority over individual attempts embodies a loyalty to the group which is required of each of its members. Ours is the union group, the revolutionary industrial union membership, and to it we are primarily responsible. In the face of an armed foe we would not do anything to injure our own comrades in arms. Such an injury is correctly regarded as treason. Yet how many giving lip service to unionism fail to extend that real assistance which membership involves simply because they refuse to keep their individualism within bounds?

If the individual can forge ahead faster for his own material welfare without allying himself with his fellow workers then the union has nothing to offer him in this respect. But if, as most unionists realize, improvement of their individual condition is possible only by standing together with their fellow workers, then this recognition is not consistent with and must exclude rampant individualism. The union is a weapon designed for our class improvement; it is not an aggregation of free lances out to debate every proposition that arises to the point of an exhaustion precluding all hope for action. Neither is the union a place in which making baseless accusations against other members is to be indulged in with impunity. And it is not in existence to furnish an audience for the gratification of exhibitionism by individuals. These phases of action deleterious to unionism are specified because they seem to me to be of outstanding harm to our common interests.

When a man or woman enters the industrial union he or she thereby admits that such entrance is for the purpose of arriving at a goal which cannot be reached through individual effort. There is no other sound basis for joining, and the individual so associating himself with the organization should at all times think first of the welfare of the whole. He must constantly regard himself subordinate to that whole, and he comprehends its objects only in so far as he realizes that by sinking his own individuality into the union can he give that union his full measure of the strength which makes it effective.

Lack of this sense of proportion and

knowledge of the actual purpose of unionism on the part of certain individuals has always deprived it of their constructive potentialities, and frequently in a more positive way has it acted inimically to union welfare. You would not allow a member to disrupt one of your business meetings just to afford him the pleasure of self-expression. Then be ever alert to prevent individuals from disrupting your union for similar gratification. Whenever we have made any gains in organizing large numbers of the unorganized it was possible only because we were organized well within the union and general recognition existed of the group purpose.

**CALIFORNIA JUSTICE.** — A judge who gets off the bench and serves as witness for the prosecution; a defendant charged with corruption of a juror who never was a juror and whom the defendant never saw; a man sentenced to five years in prison for discharging the ordinary routine duties of secretary of a defense committee —these are some of the features of a trial recently concluded in Sacramento, Calif.

It was the third trial of Tom Connors for jury tampering; and it was perhaps the strangest specimen of California justice thus far offered by that strange State. To understand the situation it is necessary to go back to March, 1923. At that time there was a bill before the California Legislature to repeal the criminal syndicalism act. A number of liberal, labor, and radical organization circulated leaflets revealing the iniquitous workings of this wartime law and urging moral support of the repeal bill. Among these organizations naturally was the California branch of the General Defense Committee of the Industrial Workers of the World. Tom Connors as secretary signed and sent out some 20,000 of these leaflets. The names of the citizens addressed came from the telephone books of the various cities, and nothing beyond their names and addresses was known concerning them.

Now it chanced that at that time in Sacramento, the State capital, there was a trial for criminal syndicalism involving three members of the I. W. W., Judge Charles O. Busick, and the Sacramento BEE. The BEE, rather a fair and well-edited paper in other respects, reserves its sharpest stings for the I. W. W. Its editorials are frequently incitements to violence against this organization which its owner, C. K. Mc Clatchy, so ardently hates. Of this, more later; the real star of the drama is Judge Busick himself.

Charles O. Busick has a little more than a year still to run as judge of the Superior Court. He has tried nearly all the criminal syndicalism trials held in Sacramento, and has been regarded as uniformly unfair and prejudiced. On one occasion a change of venue was asked because of his bias; Judge Busick heard the evidence against Judge Busick, decided that Judge Busick was fair, and proceeded to try the case. It was in his court that defense witnesses were not permitted to testify, as not having knowledge proper to the case, unless they stated they were members of the I. W. W.; whereupon as they left the stand they were arrested on a criminal syndicalism charge, having confessed themselves members of the outlaw association. Their convictions have been upheld by the Supreme Court of California and the men are still in jail. Judge Busick is also the author of the famous anti-I. W. W. injunction, by which it becomes an offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to be a member or officer of the I. W. W., and a man can be and has been sent to jail, without jury trial, in Los Angeles, hundreds of miles away, for violating an injunction issued by a judge in Sacramento. This injunction has been made permanent, and is still in force though nowadays seldom used.

To return to the criminal syndicalism trial in Sacramento. On the venire for the jury—Judge Busick **selects** his juries from the registered voters, as do other Sacramento judges; the panel is not drawn by lot—were two men, one named Arnold, the other Bennett (a literary coincidence having no relation to the intellectual standing of the venire). Neither of these men actually served on a criminal syndicalism

jury, and therefore neither was ever a juryman in a position to be "tampered" with. But both of them, being in the Sacramento telephone book, received copies of the printed plea for repeal of the criminal syndicalism act sent out by Connors's office.

These leaflets they carried to Judge Busick, who thereupon secured the arrest of Connors on a charge of jury tampering, the leaflets being the only evidence against him. The first trial resulted in a disagreement, the second in a conviction and sentence of five years in San Quentin. After Connors had served more than a year he obtained a third trial, which has just ended in the same conviction and sentence. It is interesting to note that while the second trial was in process another man was tried for jury tampering in the little town of Woodland, near Sacramento. This man had introduced the defendant to a juryman in a bootlegging case and solicited the best efforts of the juror in the defendant's behalf. He was convicted, and sentenced to—five days, as against Connors's five years!

When Connors's third trial started, with District Attorney J. J. Henderson and his assistant Renfro prosecuting, and another Henderson—R. W. Henderson, the blind labor attorney—acting for the defense, it was suddenly discovered that the prosecution had "lost" the evidence submitted at the previous trials—namely, the envelopes addressed to Bennett and Arnold containing the leaflets. The court immediately granted permission to use the transcript of one of the former trials as evidence. Every motion of the defense, including one for change of venue before the trial commenced, was overruled as if automatically. The judge himself assisted the prosecution liberally with advice and encouragement. "Aren't you going to object to that, Mr. Renfro?" was a phrase frequently on His Honor's lipts.

Finally he abandoned his bench and took the witness stand to testify that he had been sent and had seen the envelopes and leaflets. Immediately the defense offered a motion that if the judge was going to act as a witness for the prosecution another judge must occupy the bench. This motion was promptly denied, and when his testimony as witness had been heard by himself as judge, His Honor stepped back into the judicial seat. He justified this action by saying he had not physically left the bench—he had only stood up!

Meanwhile, during the five days of the trial, the Sacramento BEE poured forth news items and violent editorials against the I. W. W. and all its supposed works. The jurymen received the BEE regularly, and they all knew that Connors was a member of the I. W. W. This, however, was not "jury tampering," and no one has suggested arresting McClatchy.

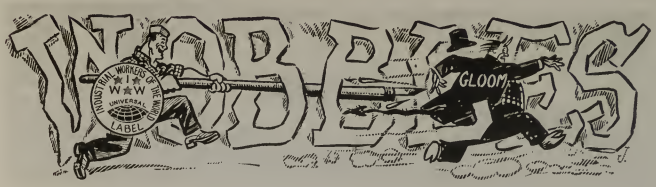
Tom Connors is a slight, boyish-looking fellow, appearing younger than his years of experience as lumber worker and labor organizer would seem to make him. He takes the situation with calmness and courage. But his philosophical acceptance of his personal suffering does not make the proceedings against him any less of a disgrace to the State of California and to the nation at large. "Tennessee justice" has become a phrase for laughter; "California justice" is something uglier.—(From THE NATION, August 12).


*Read*

**INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY**

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE I.W.W.

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## THE SKIN GAME

Q.—What is the difference between a muskrat and a wage slave?

A.—You can skin a muskrat only once.

## A FATHER'S PRIDE

School Superintendent (examining a school in literature): John Jones, who wrote Hamlet?

John (scared to death): I don't know, sir!

Supt.: Billy Rogers, who wrote Hamlet?

Billy (tremblingly): Please, sir, I don't know.

Supt. (enraged at the ignorance): Willy Brown, Willy: Please, sir, 'twas't me!

The superintendent, shocked at the ignorance, called on Willy's father to protest. "And I asked him who wrote Hamlet, and he said, 'Please, sir, 'twasn't me!' Think of it! Think of it!!!"

Father: Haw!!! Haw! Haw!! And here the little devil has been writin' it all the time! Boys will be boys!

## LADYLIKE

A woman entered a London hospital, her face bleeding.

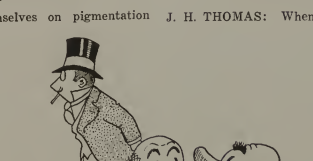
Nurse: Heavens, Madam, have you been attacked by a dog?

Woman: No, Madam, by another lady!

## ATTENTION, NORDICS!

Those who pride themselves on pigmentation which is accidentally acquired and therefore no legitimate reason for pride, might profitably consider the following squib taken from an Indian paper:

"The inner feeling of the black races is humorously summed up a Panjabi poet in epigrammatic verse, in which he says that whereas a black spot on a white skin is considered a sign of beauty, a white spot on a black skin is regarded as a sign of disease."



"That's Lord Helpless. His family hasn't worked in 700 years." "SOME BUM!"

## BUCOLIC REBUTTAL

A boy left the farm to get a job in the city. He wrote to his brother, who stuck to the farm, telling him of the joys of city life. He said.

"Thursday we autoed out to the country club where we golfed until dark. Then we motored to the beach for the week-end."

The brother on the farm wrote back: "Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we pokered until morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and gee-hawed until sundown. Then we suppered and piped for awhile. After that we stair-cased up to our room and bedsteaded until the clock fived."

## LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

One evening a farmer met his man with a lantern and asked him where he was going. "Courtin', was the reply.

"Courting," said the farmer, "with a lantern? I never took a lantern with me when I went courting."

"Yes," replied the man, "An' look what you got."

## OR WAR PAINT?

Johnnie.—Father, what are cosmetics?

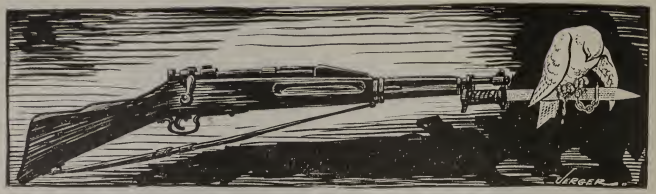
Father.—They are peach preserves.

## YELLOW FAKIR TESTIFIES

J. H. THOMAS: When we are inclined to ignore public opinion it is as well to remember that in industrial warfare your leaders must adopt tactics, whether they like it or not. It is the only way in delicate matters like this. . . . If volunteers, blacklegs, managers, or whoever you like, are keeping the pits clear . . no Government can stand by and allow them to be stopped, whether it be a Socialist, Labor, or any other sort of Government.

JUSTICE DARLING: That ought to be recorded in letters of bronze!

SERGEANT SULLIVAN: It was spoken, my lord, in accents of brass.




# The Business of Making Wars

By JOSEPHINE ELLSWORTH

WE had a world war to end war. Seventy million men were under arms and mobilized to wage that far-reaching conflict, with the Americans taking a very definite position regarding the idealistic phraseology of their schoolmarm standard bearer who styled the anti Teutonic efforts as a war to make the world safe for democracy. Millions of people really believed that they were opposing the Central Allies in the last of wars that were ever to afflict mankind, and that thereafter national differences and enmity growing out of balances of power would be smoothed out by arbitration.

The great war terminated seven years ago and today the standing armies of fifty-nine governments total 6,055,144 men, or a larger number than were armed just prior to the outbreak of the war in 1914. Now these men are not being trained in military operations just for the fun of the thing. They are not being given a form of physical training for the good of their health. They are under arms in readiness for the next war that can not be forestalled much longer. Indeed, only by the utmost efforts and the generally exhausted state of the world powers after the late difference has war been thus far averted.

The most widespread antagonism to military operations on fields of battle is not sufficient to bring about the abolition of warfare, although sentiment is a worthy fulcrum upon which to base the lever that can lift this scourge from the backs of the people. But this lever must be understanding, understanding of the causes of war without which knowledge there is no possibility of attacking the problem intelligently which means straight at the roots.

The number of intelligent people who know that rivalries are the stimuli to warfare is growing, but it is left to the radical to stress the need for first examining the causes of these commercial rivalries. It is no secret that America and her late allies are imperialist governments. But it seems to be beyond the power or the will of liberals who admit commercial rivalries as war's causes to go deep. It is not with fine phrases that colonial expansion is made, but with material wealth, with gold and goods. Whence comes this wealth?

If you look about you in the United States, which is the most prosperous of the nations, you will find that the people are in want. Millions of them are forcibly unemployed, millions more are toiling for the barest subsistence. There are workers without homes, children without shoes, men and women hungry. This is the richest of all lands and in the land where the greatest degree of industrial efficiency is exacted of the working class. Such miseries as one observes and experiences in America are observable to an even greater degree in the imperialist states across the seas. Yet in all of these countries the workers, who are society's only useful members, produce an abundance of food, clothing and shelter.

But these workers produce a surplus value or a profit for the owners of industry which their meager wages will not permit them to buy back. In time this surplus mounts to such size that its reinvestment in domestic industry reaches the point of saturation. In the last thirty years America has been grasping for colonies and for markets in which to sell this surplus robbed from her slaves and to set up in far fields the machinery of exploitation that so well succeeds at home.

All of the world powers are playing the game. There are limits to markets and a definite extent of industrially developed territory as a prize. Capitalism can not exist except by expansion, and the natural outcome is that the contending empires get in each other's way. Wars follow.

Only one class is big enough to end warfare, and that class is great enough to end it because it is sufficiently powerful to end capitalism. As yet its power is not known to itself, its mission is still uncomprehended. But the development of the tools of production has at last reached a point which guarantees plenty to all when once the workers awaken and destroy the power of a minority over the whole race. This destruction can be achieved by no other method than that of seizing the land and the industries and operating them for the welfare of all.

# Sammy's Successor

By L. S. COMMONS

WHEN Samuel Gompers was laid in a grave beside his friends Andrew Carnegie and William Rockefeller in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, the matter of presidential succession in the American Federation of Labor might have aroused some concern in the breasts of surviving capitalists who had been so greatly dependent on the alliance between themselves and the fallen fakir, and who expressed their genuine grief in the newspapers. There was, however, no cause for protracted anxiety because Sam's successor, Mr. William Green, said that what was good enough for Sam was good enough for him. This, in effect, was a declaration that no structural changes in the Federation would be made and no proposals for such changes even listened to. It meant that unions affiliated with the Federation would be sent in to fight industrially united employers one trade at a time. It meant that the old weapon of the bow and arrow is regarded as sufficiently effective aganst a barrage of heavy artillery and machine gun fire. It signified that radicalism was to be kept down and thrown out and declared by the Federation to be subversive not only of our glorious national institutions, blasphemous and irreligious, destructive of that sacred bond between workers and their bosses, but of the workers' best interests because it seeks to sever this very bond.




**The Good News!**

But why should Mr. Green care about perfecting new weapons when by virtue of his trade union salary and other emoluments he is not a member of the working class? When workers give their officials life-time sinecures with ten to twenty-five thousand dollar salaries per year they have voted these men out of their class. No longer does that official live the life of the worker. He has the means to live as employers do. Presently he makes investments, and becomes a capitalist in fact. The late Warren Stone, who was president of the Locomotve Engineers' Brotherhood, was heavily interested in West Virginia coal mines, and he, as part of a company organized by the union, fought the United Mine Workers in that state. Have they not gone into banking, these unions of labor aristocrats?

In commenting on the meeting to celebrate its second anniversary, the Federation Bank of New York, one of these labor banks, has this to say through the medium of a press sheet sent to labor publications:

"It was a unique occasion in which the stockholders and directors of the bank received the congratulations of President Coolidge, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and President Green of the American Federation of Labor on the success of their institution."

This bank says that it has resources amounting to $11,078,-000.

The business of banking is one of exploitation and here we have the spectacle of labor unions of the A. F. of L. entering the field. Not much room for solidarity from them! With their resources largely invested in industrial enterprises, factories, mills, mines and the like, we can expect again to witness these unions with banks fighting to reduce wages in the mines or the manufacturing plants where the money is invested. And, so, it is hailed with delight, this anti-union departure in the Federation, by such stalwart friends of labor as the strikebreaking president of this country, and by Mr. Green, who is out to follow in the footsteps of that arch-enemy of the working class, Samuel Gompers.

It is not surprising in this light that Mr. Green recently "opposed" the ten per cent wage cut decreed for the slaves of the American Woolen Company in language that was never excelled even by Sammy himself—and Sammy, you know, was vice-president of the National Civic Federation, the country's leading exponent of class collaboration. It was, of course, Mr. Green's business to protest against the reduction, and he declared the company's action to be "economically and morally wrong." We suppose that the moral tone is meant to convey an idea that it is not nice nor fair to starve the slaves

any more than they are being starved, and Green declares that, "Your action represents the power of force and might." Of course it does, Bill. When did the action of capitalist concerns ever represent anything else?

President Green well knows upon what fundament rests the prestige and the ability of employers, but things are going along all right for him, and he acquits himself by writing whining letters to powerful corporations instead of calling for the united textile workers to strike against encroachment. "There's the rub!" Such organization as exists in the textile industry is not united so far as the workers are concerned. Of course the textile bosses are! They have already posted notices of similar wage cuts on the walls of their mills, following the example of the American Woolen company.

The American Federation of Labor would have, if at all, a host of distinct unions each for itself, with separate contracts, and when one of the unions struck it could fight alone while the other A. F. of L. unionists would work with the strikers if not actually performing the struck work themselves. The history of this organization abounds with such cases and in Chicago at this time there is an A. F. of L. union, the United Garment Workers, whose members are scabbing on the Amagamated Clothing Workers. Green has gone on record favoring the scabbing outfit.

At the time of the first I. W. W. convention Thos. W. Rowe, then president of the American Flint Glass Workers' Union, attended as a delegate and in his speech mentioned that the A. F. of L. had sent scabs to Brooklyn to take the places of members of the A. F. G. W. U. on strike, and that these scabs had done so. He also said that when this treacherous action was protested to the executive board of the A. F. of L. the board said that the procedure was all right, that union men from one locality had been sent to another to fill the complement of union men needed in a factory in this other locality. So it is seen that the Federation was just as bad then as it is now.

The whole history of the American Federation is one showing that trade union divisions are favorable to employers and admit of no labor solidarity. Samuel Gompers spent his long life in perfecting the autocratic machinery by which the officialdom of his organization should continue in power. William Green knows this machinery; he is a part of the machine, and he knows where his bread is buttered. It is high time for the workers to learn in the textile and other industries that their bread will have no butter and the bread itself may do a disappearing act if they wait for letters from Green to their masters charging "immorality" to employers to get them what they need or what they desire.

## *Be Proud, California!*

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

BE proud, California!
Have ye not reason to be?
San Quentin and Folsom
Are accounted to thee.

Be proud, California!
Thy mountains and plains
Are enhanced by the justice
Of Connors in chains.

Be proud, California!
Of thy Dymond and Coutts,
Thy bosses like Caesars,
Thy judges like brutes.

Be proud, California!
Our praises are loud.
Thou lovely and damned,
We say it—be proud!

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

The conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

"The Best Labor Magazine Published"—This Is What Our Readers Say of The

# Industrial Pioneer



¶ This Opinion Is Held By Them Because They Know That The Magazine Is Published In The Interests of The Workers and Is Obliged to Make No Compromises.

¶ Its Purpose Is To Aid In Building The Industrial Union Movement For the Final Assault of The Working Class Against the Wage Slavery that Oppresses Them and For the Everyday Struggle to Improve Their Conditions.

¶ This Magazine, Being Labor's Own, Looks To The Workers For The Support Which Must Be Given It If It Is To Live And Grow.

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# The Industrial Pioneer

*An Illustrated Labor Magazine*
*October, 1925* *Price 20 cents*




## The Coal Strike Situation

Industrial Unionism and the Building Trades

Letters of Rosa Luxemberg

Poems Cartoons Book Reviews

# On Being Happy

By ROBERT WHITAKER

How can a man be happy when the
world is so awry?
When strong men beg for work to do,
and unfed millions die?
When little children lift their heads
and plead in vain for bread?
How can a man be happy if he isn't
worse than dead?

What if the fates have favored us and
we have bread to spare;
A decent roof to shelter us, and what
we need to wear;
And friends to love, and work to do,
and joys we cannot tell;
How can a man be happy when his
brothers live in hell?

Alas for those who are content with
preachments, prayers and psalms;
With nicely ordered charities, or with
spasdomic alms;
Alas for creeds, and cults, and schools
, describe them as you will,
That make us self-complacent if we
only have our fill.

It isn't outright wickedness that
wrecks the human race;
It's the shallow, selfish goodness that
we glorify apace;
Our mean self-help philosophies, our
honor and success;
Our skill at being happy when the
world is in distress.

# The Industrial Pioneer

Edited By John A. Gahan

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# Editorials

**THE SHIPPING STRIKE.**—As these lines are being written M. T. W. No. 510 of the I. W. W. has voted to strike. The action is for various improvements in the wages and conditions of work among seamen, and in support of the strike of their fellow workers in England, Denmark, Australia, New Zealand, Africa and China. Reports from New York state that a number of boats have been tied up as a result. In Mobile one ship was in the harbor when the strike vote was taken, and immediately the crew was struck. This called forth the ire of the authorities who raided the I. W. W. hall, arresting the secretary and one member.

In the Industrial Solidarity for September 16th, a map of the world shipping routes was printed. This map shows the interdependence of all the points hit by this strike upon one another with their exports and imports. By striking together the seamen in all these countries have augmented their opportunities to gain their demands, and from the present contest we look forward to material improvements.

With such advantages secured by the strike seamen can forge ahead more rapdily in the work of organization. Transportation is a strategic factor in class warfare. With its organization into industrial unions together with the organization of workers in basic industries the workers are in a position of great power. With industrial power we can accomplish all that we desire, and without it we can achieve nothing. Therefore, the strike is an encouraging sign of activity of which there has been a disastrous and disheartening lack among America's working class for several years.

One of the ships that managed to clear an English port after the strike was called was the Majestic. The M. T. W. members were on hand to picket it when it arrived in New York. Incidentally, one of the passengers was Morris Hillquist, erstwhile champion of the downtrodden masses. Morris is an executive of the socialist party in America, and was returning from an international gathering of his party in Europe. When a leading light of the party thinks so little of working class organization as to sail on a struck vessel operated by scabs it is an exhibition of the degeneracy into which the party has fallen. Hillquist, with characteristic modesty, succeeded in eluding the waiting fellow workers who were bent on giving him an ovation.

**A LEWIS PERFORMANCE.** — Since September 1st the anthracite miners have been on strike. Lest the supply of hard coal on hand prove inadequate to the demand, 60,000 tons of anthracite coal have been ordered for the American market from Wales. John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, in harmony with the spirit of American trade union isolation, has done nothing to try to prevent shipments of this coal. While the commerce of the world continues to increase in interdependent character; while we see unemployment crises hitting the great industrial countries simultaneously; while the dependence of each country on others becomes more strikingly manifest, Lewis, like the late Gompers, seems to see America with a large fence around it. It is the old policy of not securing solidarity of labor wherever needed. When the miners were striking in 1913 in Colorado the Wyoming miners, separated by districts, were working with might and main to fill the orders not being met by Colorado. Now the same activity takes on an international aspect. Such isolation, while Lewis hobnobs with capitalist politicians, may be a paying proposition to him, but the miners certainly lose by it.

To make their strike effective they must get overseas and domestic support in transportation, and issue a strike call to soft coal miners to give their aid in the struggle.

**OUR LITERARY OPPORTUNITY.**—Until we have shaped society to fit our wants and desires we can not expect to develop a proletarian literature. No such literature exists at this time, the workers absorbing the pabulum issued in letters for their consumption, and fully accepting the ethics of their masters. When feudalism was at its ascendancy the literature of the period reflected with striking fidelity the courtly attitude and glorified the virtues of aristocracy. There was no sign of favorable mention of the merchant class which was in existence. Later, this class succeeded to power, and when its system had been established the literature following in its wake paid homage to the bourgeoisie. But always the changed literary character followed the changed social structure. There can be no departure from this law, and almost every book, paper, magazine or moving picture is a tribute to capitalism. With hardly an exception they voice the code of the capitalist and raise up his virtues for general emulation.

But the workers are not without ability to express their thought and already we have an earnest of their coming dominance in the literary realm, just as we have in our industrial unions a promise of their ascendancy in the world of industry. There is always a forerunner of great social change, always men and women stand out with a message of progress and attempt to rouse from their ruinous lethargy the inert mass. In the true sense of the term education and slavery are incompatible. That which passes for education among workers, that which is given to them by their masters, is miseducation.. It is designed to keep them tractable without which quality they are not pliable. A thinking slave is an anomaly, because ruling classes have always taken the greatest pains to keep slavery and ignorance in communion. Multiply the thinking slave and the time nears when a social upheaval is inevitable with the subject class beating all before it for its place in the sun.

And so, we have our working class publications which have expressed the will of the wage slaves for power and freedom. The I. W. W. press has done much to make this class articulate; it has encouraged our members to develop their own arguments and to set them down black on white. We have depended almost entirely for our material upon the pens of workers. The drawbacks are not so great as to depend upon non-workers, professionals, who can never understand our mental processes nor know the attitude of the worker which can be known only through personal experience.

Heirs to the subject estate of chattel slave and serf, we proletarians in every corner of the globe have the greatest chance to observe and report facts whose nature prevents their publication in the usual channels of capitalist journalism. There should be a larger attempt made to report what we see, to make our message clear, to waken hope and to impel action among the workers. Material in abundance for articles and stories lies in all our social and industrial contacts. Let us make use of it. Let our increasing ability to state our opinions and to voice our aspirations be the harbinger of that coming literature of the free future.

**FIVE SHIFTS OF PHYSICIANS.**—When workers fall victims of illness they hesitate about sending for physicians because they know that medical attention is costly. Many of them perish for want of such care and for inability to follow prescriptions and advice calling for expenditures beyond their means. Doctors have a facile way of telling patients to get a change of climate, to take long rests, to eat good foods and to refrain from worrying. This prescribing is fatuous where workers are concerned. They are the useful members of society, and thereby are rewarded by having no property. They have nothing for sale but their labor power. Its price

permits only a bare existence when forthcoming; during periods of unemployment and illness little or nothing remains upon which to subsist.

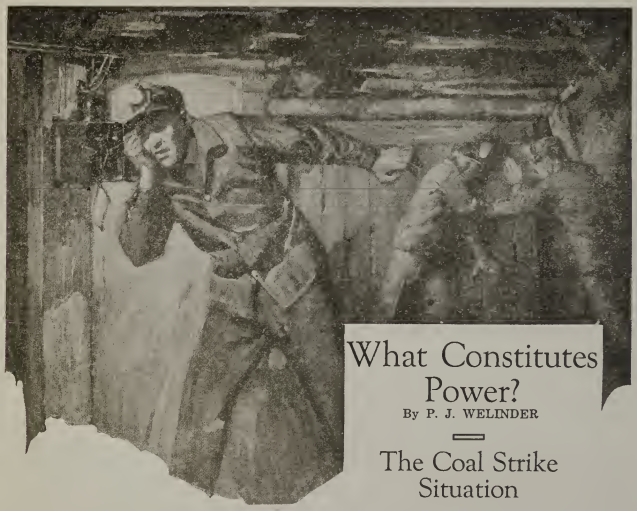
Not so among the parasites of the rich. Mrs. J. P. Morgan, wife of the banker, recently died of lethargic encephalitis, a kind of sleeping sickness. During the illness she was confined to her palatial home on Long Island with five expert physicians in attendance, the very best that money can buy. They worked in shifts so that at no hour of the day or night was she without one of them. Of course they were assisted by a staff of nurses. In material goods, in all comforts, luxuries and leisure the useless members of society have an abundance and a surfeit. So, when ill they receive the utmost care guaranteed by a corps of doctors and paid for with wealth robbed from workers who can cut down on their rations when sick in order to pay doctors or line up at the free clinics where internes are busy practising on the paupers.

**TO BE SELF-SUSTAINING.** — Industrial depression has for a long period reacted very unfavorably on our press, to say nothing of further losses suffered through the late controversy. The latter contribution to lowering of circulation has gradually receded, and continues to fade out of the picture as the dissension agents lose such influence as they had and as they are being thoroughly discredited. Considering the decline in membership during the last year, this magazine and Industrial Solidarity have more than held their own, but neither of them is self-sustaining.

An estimation has been made which shows that with about two thousand additional circulation they can pay their own way. Without impairing either publication everything has been done to cut expenses, and we think that quite as good publications are being issued now as when circulation was at its highest point. We ask you to make a special effort to increase our circulation by keeping up your subscriptions and bundle orders and by introducing the publications to your fellow workers and friends. A decided advance can be made by this method.

With several industrial unions showing a membership growth in the last two months, we look to a rise in circulation from that progress. A. W. I. U. No. 110 has, of course, secured many members through its great organization drive this summer, and gains are reported by 310 and 510. This must have a good effect on our press. Let us do whatever we can to increase the circulation, thereby making our periodicals support themselves.

**THE POLICY OF THRIFT.** — Recently Brisbane, inspired word of the Hearst papers, deplored the lack of thrift in the American people. Because of it, and their unwise investments, he said most of them die with scarcely enough money to their names for payment of interments. This is the sort of pabulum that a gullible public is given to confuse an issue which needs but little light in order to be understood by all. Workers receive in wages just sufficient to maintain themselves and reproduce other slaves at a given standard. Saving part of these wages can not be conceived without deprivation, a reduction of their living standard. To save from our wages presupposes that we have learned to exist with less food, clothing and shelter than we previously consumed. And because labor power is a commodity bound up in the laborer, the cost of whose sustenance determines the value of the commodity, an inescapable conclusion is reached that thrift is not possible to the working class except as a very temporary venture certain to result in payment of wages reduced proportionately to the reduction in the living standard. It is not because of the "extravagance" of the workers that they die so poor that they must be buried at state expense or on the installment plan, but because they are so well exploited in the industries that any other fate is unthinkable. So far as investments are concerned, the one great, unwise investment the workers make is to invest their lives in a system of robbery where the cards are stacked against them and they can receive nothing but wretchedness in return.



# What Constitutes Power?

By P. J. WELINDER

## The Coal Strike Situation

**THE I. W. W., in its Preamble, as well as in all its literature and propaganda has constantly pointed out that real power can only be obtained from the industrial field. Those who control the industries also control society and all its functions.**

**Our position has constantly been assailed by those who see in our present form of governments a particular restrictive and deciding force, whose power extends beyond and above the industries, and who hold that the industries are subject to the dictation of the armed force of government and not the industries dictating to the government what course to pursue.**

**In the struggle waged by the British miners against their employers' attempt to lower their wages, which struggle recently terminated in a complete victory for the miners, we find the most convincing proof of our contention that only in our organized strength on the industrial field do we constitute a power in society.**

As the miners of the U. S. A. at the present time are also contesting, by means of a partial strike, the encroachment of their masters, it is certainly worth while to compare the struggle that is being waged by the American coal miners to the fight which recently terminated in a victory for their brothers of Great Britain.

In the Hearst papers we find the internationally-known capitalist apologist, David Lloyd George, shedding bitter tears over the impotency of the government against the organized strength of the British miners and their fellow workers in other industries. In the Sunday edition of the Chicago Herald Examiner for August 23rd, we find said "statesman" revealing himself to the following extent:

"In Britain, the homeland of European democracy, popular government received a rude shock when the government with its huge parliamentary majority, surrendered abjectly to a trade union frameup.

"A system of government whose sceptre shakes

in its hands with fear when confronted with a union secretary armed with a strike must necessarily lose respect."

Certainly the government loses respect when it surrenders to powers that are supposed to be governed by the government instead of governing its action. For years the workers have noted that "their democratic" governments have been solely run by the big owners of industries. The workers have long noted how shaky the hand of the government actually is when confronted with a real power from the industrial and economic field. Is it then to wonder at that finally the workers learned how to wield a similar power and to dictate to the so-called government what course to pursue? Of course, Lloyd George and his kind do not send out a war cry when the government shakes as a result of the command from the moneyed interests. It is only when labor speaks its command that it is wrong.

### Direct Action Gets the Goods

As to the value of direct action and organization on the job none speaks more eloquently in its favor than the "War Premier" of Great Britain. This is what he has to say:

"There can be no doubt in anyone's mind as to the character of the struggle going on. Workmen are already pointing out that Mr. Cook (labor representative) by his method of direct action secured greater results for the toiler in three weeks than Ramsay MacDonald managed to obtain for them in nine months parliamentary blether."

There we have it quite plain. We can obtain more in three weeks through direct action on the industrial field than through nine months of blethering in the parliament.

Of course Lloyd George describes this as a parliamentary victory for the miners, inasmuch as Mr. Cook is a member of parliament. Yet he must admit the fact that Cook could speak with such authority because he was armed with a strike. And let us state here that it was no small strike either. It was 1,300,000 workers who spoke through Mr. Cook, and it apparently made very little difference who the spokesman was and where he spoke. When more than a millon men, engaged in the basic industries, threaten to stop the wheels of production if their demands are not granted, one may rest assured that their voice will be heard whether they speak inside or outside the parliamentary building.

What was really the victory won? We are told that parliament granted a subsidy to the mine operators of fifty million dollars to guarantee the operation of the mines for six months at the old wage scale. It being assumed that the wage cut proposed would amount to that sum, or perhaps a little more. In other words, the miners of Great Britain were actually granted the tidy sum of fifty million dollars, or more, for a period of six months.

We will probably be told that, owing to the fact that the money is to be paid as a government subsidy it will reflect itself in added taxation and thereby reach the workers in another form than a wage cut. But it is not so.

### British Wealth Concentration

Recently we heard a parliament member state in the house of commons in London, that the wealth of Great Britain had accumulated into the hands of a few to the extent that two per cent of the people own more than 82 per cent of the wealth of the nation, while 82 per cent of the people own less than two per cent of its wealth. We were further informed that in the city of London poverty is so great that out of every seven persons who die, five have to be buried at the cost of the commune. It is a cinch, that those who do not leave enough behind them to take care of their funeral expenses, do not pay any taxes either. The fifty million dollars, to be paid from the national treasury, will have to be made up for by the capitalist class of Great Britain.

This fact, that the penalty has to be borne by the whole capitalist class and not only by the coal barons alone, gives to the question a far wider aspect than a mere strike of the coal miners could possibly do. The victory attained means simply that the whole British capitalist class capitulated before the united strength of the workers on the industrial field. The coal barons refused to be the goats alone, hence the combined forces of capital had to step in and shoulder the expense, and they merely used their government as a means by which to adjust the penalty.

And why did the whole capitalist class venture into the battle? Was it because of some particular high idealism, of solidarity between themselves? Nothing of that kind. It was because behind the miners stood the railroad workers and the marine transportation workers, who stated in very plain terms that unless the miners were granted their demands the industries would be brought to a standstill. Consequently it was a question for all the employers to secure peace and operation of their industries and thereby a continuance of their profit making operation. Hence they were willing to pay their share. The question was more than one of a coal miners' strike, it was part of the class war as a whole. As such it is so immensely significant.

### British Labor Solidarity Real

But this is only a small part of the story. The worst is yet to come. Listen to the next sob-spasm of our friend George. Under a sub-head "Grimmest Struggle Yet," he quotes the president of the National Union of Railway Men as follows:

". . . .they would see this year one of the biggest struggles that has ever taken place in the history of the railroads. This is going to be the grimmest, fiercest and most desperate struggle the railway men have had to face."

And then he proceeds as follows:




IN ENGLAND'S EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY COAL MINING WOMEN PULLED THE LOADED CARS OUT IN THIS MANNER

"After Cook's startling victory, even J. H. Thomas cannot persuade his people to give in without striking a blow. What the railway and transport workers did for the miners, the miners and transport workers wil be expected to do for the railway men. The government may once more have to choose between national stoppage and subsidy."

Does not that sound very much as though Lloyd George began to understand what the workers mean with their slogan "An Injury to One is an Injury to All"? Apparently British politicians of the bourgeois type are better aware of the power of industrial unionism than are the labor politicians of America. Wonder whether the workers of America will learn as well.

### The American Mine Strike Situation

Now let us take a look at the situation in America. President Lewis of the United Mine Workers attempts to talk in similar tones as did the miners' secretary of Great Britain, and the master class merely laugh at him and the miners. A part of the miners are on strike, 158,000 miners in the hard-coal fields, while the miners in the bituminous coal fields are at work. Already the press pokes fun at them. We note the papers assure their readers that there is plenty of anthracite coal in the yards, besides the soft coal miners are working. Not even among the miners themselves do we find a united effort and an unbroken front.

But that is only half of the story. While the miners in Great Britain could speak with the railroad workers solidly behind them, likewise the marine workers, in America it is a different story. Employers are well aware of the fact that should all the miners strike at one time, their "brothers" on the locomotives and in the train service will bring in trainloads of scabs to fill the mines and bring out other trainloads of coal mined by the scabs. The "brothers" on the seas will likewise shovel scab coal to the best of their ability, and transport it to any part of the country that can be reached by water.

In the cities the truck drivers and the workers in the coal yards will gladly help to defeat their "brothers" on strike in the coal fields by handling all the scab coal they can lay their hands on, and all throughout the industry we will find the same

willingness on the part of the workers to scab on the coal miners. Under such conditions can you expect that the employers will do anything but laugh at the strike?

Already we find that the striking miners have reached an agreement with their masters to take good care of their mines, their mules and their machinery during the strike. So far there has been nothing revealed as to what the masters are going to do for the miners on strike, whether the contract stipulates that he is to take care of the miners' physical needs, feed their babies and their wives and see that no harm is being done them. One thing we may be sure of: neither Lewis, nor the coal barons will suffer any wants during this strike, nor after the strike is settled either. How it will turn out for the miners is a different story.

### The Lesson from Britain is Clear

Fellow workers, is not the lesson derived from the British workers so obvious to all that we should not fail to benefit by it? Is it not clear to you yet, that we must organize as a class, and speak as a class, in order to win? Is it not clear to you that under the present system of organized scabbery we cannot win, but must constantly lose, and sink further down into misery and despair? If you can't understand that yet, then you are hopelessly lost. If you can understand it, and don't dare to act in conformity to the lesson learned, then you are equally much beyond hope of redemption.

In spite of the splendid victory won by the British miners they are confronted with a grave danger. The danger is not that the solidarity displayed by the workers of Great Britain will not endure. On the contrary that solidarity will constantly become more and more operative on the industrial field, and gain in momentum. No, the danger lies right here in America. And not only the workers in Great Britain but the workers throughout the whole world have a just cause to fear the workers of the United States.

With the highly developed machine technique in the mines in America and their richer deposits, as well as with a submissive and defeated group of workers in the mines, the danger is that when the miners in other parts of the world go on strike, the miners of America will be called upon to supply the demand for coal. Will the workers of America do it? It seems to me only logical to presume that they will. When we find that the workers within the boundaries of the republic do not hesitate to scab upon each other, they will not hesitate to scab upon workers in other countries. The real question in the present strike is: "Shall the miners, and the workers of America, allow themselves to be used as scabs in the class struggle of the world?"

We will, no doubt, in the near future, read many comments upon the coal miners' fight in Great Britain, and many interpretations and opinions as to the fight in general conducted by the workers over there. Wise people will turn their telescope upon



**When He Really Organizes Industrially and Internationally These Smiles Will Be More Frequent**

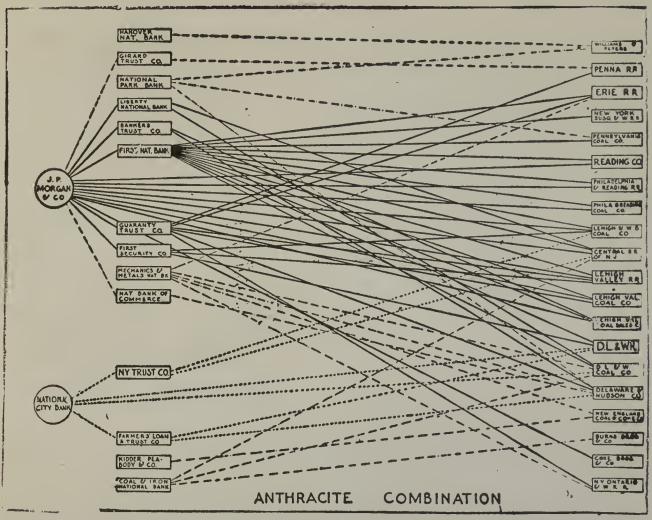
Great Britain and tell us and the astonished world, whether those workers operate wisely, and in conformity to this or that program; whether they are Marxists, Leninists, Socialists, Communists, or some other "ists." We will be so busy discussing the fight in Great Britain that we will have no time to organize over here, just as we have been so busily engaged the last seven or eight years in discussing Russia and Europe in general that we are unable even to secure a job over here at present, no matter how poor it may be.

### We Must Develop Our Unionism

If we intend to help the workers in Great Britain or elsewhere we can do it only by helping ourselves. By organizing, as they have done, and are doing, in solid industrial units, and talking together to the boss, not a few hundreds, or a few thousands, but a few millions. One million three hundred thousand workers in Great Britin made their exploiters come to terms. Twice that number in the basic industries of America can accomplish the same feat.

The miners, the railroad workers, marine workers and the steel workers, organized as a class, in solid industrial unions, all of them combined into One Big Union, who speak with one voice and act with one will, is the supreme dictator in America. With those workers organized we will have all the other workers equally well organized. It will then be no talk either about transporting scabs on the railroads or scab coal, neither of handling any scab-produced commodities anywhere. As it is, we threaten the whole world with being the supreme scabs of the world.

A remarkable feature of the British miners' strike is the absence of talk of coercion. We heard




**THIS MAP SHOWS HOW THE OWNERSHIP OF THE ANTHRACITE MINES HAS CONCENTRATED, AND THE TWO CHIEF BANKING DICTATORS**

nothing about mining coal with bayonets, of running the railroads with machine guns or navigating the merchant marine with torpedoes. Evidently it was found out that such phrases are of no avail when the workers are really organized. Peaceful strikes and the class struggle proceeding without bloodshed depends upon our organized strength on the industrial field. As a matter of fact, once really organized we will attain our goal without even a strike. The settlement in Great Britain indicates this quite clearly.

### I. W. W. Tactics Prove Correct

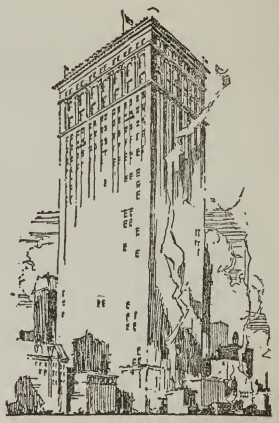
The I. W. W. finds its theories and its principles proven correct in our actual struggles on the industrial field. The I. W. W. is the only organization in the United States that advocates a sound industrial union. It is within the reach of every actual wage worker, through its low initiation fee and its low dues. And through its universal transfer system without any cost to the members, it serves equally well in all industries.

You miners especially, and all you workers in the industries in America, will, similarly to the workers of Great Britain, learn that only on the industrial field lies the real power in society. You will learn that sooner or later you MUST organize as industrial units, welded together into One Big Union of all the workers. The only such instrument at your disposal today is the Industrial Workers of the World. We have the tool here already, waiting for you to take it up and use it for your own benefit. Why don't you act? Why permit yourselves and your loved ones to live in misery and starvation when all that is needed is to speak together and act together, and you will enjoy a full and happy life together?

Fellow workers, refuse to be the scabs of the world! Refuse to be an instrument to wrench the fruit of other workers' struggle away from them. Organize together and secure for yourselves what other workers are gathering every day ,and eventually make it possible for all the workers to secure for themselves the full social product of their toil.

Join the I. W. W. today.

# Industrial Unionism and the Building Trades



By CARD No. 838639

**THE history of no industry depicts more clearly the weakness of craft unionism and the necessity of industrial organization than that of the building industry.**

**In spite of the usual glowing accounts by designing labor leaders and prosperity boosters about the big wages paid in the industry there is probably no class of workers a larger percentage of whom are living in rented homes than they who build the homes and office structures of this country. And despite the relatively high wages paid, in some instances, when we take into consideration lost time from various causes and the speed-up system in vogue, particularly on union jobs, it is doubtful if the average building worker receives as large an income per annum or in proportion to the amount of energy expended as the average in other lines.**

True, the worst forms of unionism will sometimes benefit some of the members, thus demonstrating the truism that in union there is strength and the absurdity of the individual trying to go it alone in this age of combinations. Yet there is reason to assume that a broader system of unionism would have done better in the same instance.

### Craft Unionism Digging Its Own Grave

In the past the building industry has afforded a fairly fertile field for the development of craft unionism. The different mechanical trades have not been subdivided, or in some cases, completely obliterated as in certain industries. Owing to the peculiar nature of the building industry there has not been the degree of large scale production and labor division that has prevailed elsewhere. Also the craft union leader with his habit of scheming with the small contractor, who has been able to hold on longer than in most industries, has been able to take advantage of the intermittent character of the work and convert the union into a sort of job-peddling agency and force workers to join and through a system of high initiation fees and dues he has contrived to build up a job monopoly which has greatly enhanced his power and prestige so that the professional labor leader with dictatorial powers has been more conspicuous in the building game than in any other.

However, though it may be true that the worker in the building industry has been able to benefit himself somewhat through craft unionism there is at the same time no reason to doubt that he has generated more sentiment against unionism than any other worker. The high sounding character of the wage schedules has created the impression that he is more exacting and unreasonable in his demands than other workers as the public has not

been is the habit of taking into consideration the condition under which he works. Also, in the practice of refusing permission to prospective apprentices to enter the trades, particularly in the case of plumbers and electricians (who have so completely surrounded their jobs with a network of rules and restrictions as to render it practically impossible for a person to get into the trade unless his forbears have been in it before him, for outsiders are forbidden to enter the apprenticeship as long as a member has a son desiring to do so and they have so carefully limited the number usually about five journeymen to one helper or apprentice) as practically to establish a system of hereditary titles and privileges in the building game. It is no wonder, when unions go to this extreme to outrage every principle of decency and fair dealing that they should generate a spirit of antagonism and distrust for all forms of labor organization. Acts of this kind go a long way to bolster up the open shop movement, not only in the building but in all industries, as the act of one union can reflect discredit to all.

### Craft Unionism a Fertile Field For Graft

Then there is the question of graft. While graft is not peculiar to craft unionism and will sometimes creep into any organization in spite of "eternal vigilance" there is no denying that there is no more fertile field for graft than the craft union, particularly in the building industry.

To cite a few instances: In a certain city where the writer was fairly well acquainted with the situation it was the custom in the carpenters' union, for the business agent to welcome a non-union carpenter with open arms providing he was willing to put up one-third of the initiation fee of thirty dollars and promise to pay an additional sum of ten dollars per week until it was all paid in. The official would then hustle him a job and keep him at work, in spite of the fact that other members were idle, until the money was paid in and he had collected a few months' dues. Then all at once the new member would learn that his friend was losing interest in him and whenever he showed up at headquarters in quest of a job he would read him an awful tale of woe about slack work. But he soon learned that other new men were being taken on to be later passed to the breadline when they had contributed their share to the fund out of which the official was drawing his fat salary and padded expense account.

The electricians had a different way. Although they were inside wiremen and mostly on dead wires or light voltage at the worst they insisted that every candidate should pass an examination claiming that the extremely hazardous nature of their business of hanging bells and running conduit pipe rendered it unsafe to permit any but thoroughly competent persons to work at the trade. The applicant had not only to pay the exorbitant initiation fee out of which the officials were paid



MODERN METHOD OF POURING CONCRETE FOR SKYSCRAPER

their salaries but had also to grease the itching palms of his henchmen who served on the examining board. They had another neat little scheme for coaxing along a little loose change. There were a number of students at the near by state university studying electrical engineering who were anxious to secure a little practical experience and a few dollars of spending money. So when vacation season rolled around the gang at headquarters were ready to read the idle members the usual tale of woe about slack work while they smuggled the college lads out on the jobs and shook them down for a couple dollars a day for the privilege of working.

Most people have heard of the famous (or maybe we had better say the infamous) Sam Parks. Probably a no more unscrupulous bunch of rowdies ever gathered together in an organization than were grouped around this character in the downtown district of New York. If you were a member of the structural iron workers it was as much as your life was worth to show up around headquarters unless you were in strict accord with the bunch that was running the show. All New York contractors were forced to pay heavy tribute to Sam Parks to prevent their jobs being constantly

tied up in sensless strikes and as long as they paid there was no labor trouble no matter what the conditions were and the small bunch of thugs were kept in line by being handed the choice of jobs and other petty favors. An idea of the extent of his graft can be had from the common report of that time that the most expensively dressed woman in New York was the wife of Sam Parks and of course Sam, himself, was no piker when it came to spreading the change.

### Graft and the Industrial Union

One could go on for pages citing instances similar to the above, but these few have only been introduced in the way of examples to show how the craft union furnishes a receptive soil for graft both petty and great. The above could not have occurred in an industrial union of building workers such as Building Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 330, of the Industrial Workers of the World, no matter how many Sam Parkses or crooks of a lesser degree might be working under its jurisdiction. In the first place 330 is a part of the I. W. W. and subject to the general constitution, and under the rules it would be impossible for anyone to stand in the way of any worker getting or holding a job. No one could secure a position in the union where he could dole out jobs to favorites. While members of the I. W. W. always try to assist their fellow workers as much as possible in the matter of securing work by giving out information about jobs and employment, no official is ever allowed to act as a go-between and whenever there are more than seven members on a building they form a job branch and elect their own committees and control the job so that no group around headquarters is permitted to call a strike or say who shall work. A strike can only be called by a majority of the men on the jobs. It is easy to see here that a strike could not be called on or off without the consent of a majority of the men concerned. It is a common thing in the craft unions for an official or ring to call a strike just for the purpose of handling strike funds and to sell out a strike by calling it off just when it is about to win.

### Building Industry Ripe For Industrial Unionism

Nothing has so far been said in this article about the many advantages of the industrial form—the "One Big Union" of building workers—over the "57 different varieties" of craft unions with separate contracts expiring at different times and all working on the same building for the same boss. It has been repeated constantly in the last ten years by the speakers and publications of the I. W. W., and without any effort worthy of mention on the part of the opponents of industrial unionism to refute the arguments, so that it has practically come to be recognized that the "One Big Union" for all wage workers is the union of the future. However most workers are simply holding back waiting for the union to gain more strength, never stopping to think that it is the province of no particular worker to be first and if we would all try to be first instead of waiting for the other fellow the problem of getting the new union started on a large scale would be a very simple matter.

There is no question but that the present is the opportune time for a change in the methods used by the building workers in this country. The building industry is fast falling in line with the more advanced industries and is industrializing the building process and particularly where the open shop has been established the old trade lines are rapidly being obliterated. In San Francisco and vicinity, where for twenty years the building workers boasted of the most solid organization and greatest power of any place in the country, the open shop has been in vogue for four years and only a mere shadow of the old unions remains. Where only a few years ago a carpenter's helper was not allowed to handle tools he now has turned his former work of handling material over to the laborer and with a small kit of tools he works right alongside of the carpenter, it being the rule that the carpenter is to advise the helper and the helper to consider the advice. Otherwise their duties are about the same. In Detroit, the most advanced industrial city in the world, the complete open shop is established in all the different industries and the conditions are deplorable. Men were being sent out from the building exchange employment office during June and July of this year, to wheel brick and concrete for 50 cents per hour. Building mechanics are working at from 75 to 90 cents per hour all through the Eastern Central States, except for a few union jobs in Cleveland, Pittsburg and Chicago. Unskilled men who are not more horses than men should not try to get by on any of the union jobs in the above named towns. They get from 80 to 95 cents per hour if they are horse enough to stand it, but it will even get horse in time.

In fact, unions are in many cases only held together by a system of speeding up and handing it to the little fellow when they get a chance. The wages are higher than in non-union places but to keep up the reputation of your union you often have to do more work than the non-union man you accuse of being cheap. What is the difference between the man who lays fourteen hundred bricks for fourteen dollars and who spends the half of his time chasing a job and the one who lays seven hundred for seven dollars and works all the time?

### Proof that Wages Are Smaller In the Building Industry than in Most Other Lines

Mention has previously been made of the intermittent character of building work. Take, for example, the most numerous class of building workers, the carpenters. I am certain that the average carpenter cannot bank on more than two hundred days' work a year. When he is not held back by

the weather he is waiting for the laborers to finish the ditches and get the foundation laid or it is a car of lumber that has not arrived on time. He is also lucky if he has not to spend another hundred days hunting the work. Well, a carpenter in Cleveland will get ten dollars a day and the same in Chicago, in Detroit or San Francisco about eight dollars. In Los Angeles he gets about five dollars a day, if he gets anything at all, and in Toledo and other small places from six to seven dollars. It is safe to say that the average for carpenters throughout the country is less than fifteen hundred dollars per year or less than five dollars for the three hundred days that the average man will work if given a chance. This is less than a mail carrier or street car conductor will earn at easier work and with much less skill. Take the next most numerous, the laborers. They may earn between six and seven dollars a day in Cleveland or Chicago; in San Francisco four-fifty to six; Detroit and other eastern cities four dollars and in "Lousy Angels" from nothing to three-fifty. Well they work fewer days than the carpenters, so it is doubtful if they earn seven hundred and fifty a year or two and a half dollars average for the three hundred working days estimated for average work of the steadily employed. They can get a room fit to sleep in in any eastern city for five dollars a week and a meal that will generate the necessary energy to enable them to do the work can be had at a cheap restaurant for fifty cents or they can get board and lodging for ten to twelve dollars a week if they are willing to sleep where they are put and eat what is given them. Being mostly negroes and foreigners they are forbidden to invest in summer cottages on the lake. You know Jews, negroes and foreigners are not allowed to occupy the choice locations in the resorts in the region of the great lakes. Catholics are for the present, at least, recognized as human being in the land of supermen. All the foreign building laborer has to do to be respectable is to remain uncomplaining on the job for five years, learn who is president and the judge will give him a voting permit. With the negro it is simpler still: all he has to do is to stay in his place that has been prescribed for him by his 100 per cent American "superiors." This means that he is not supposed to flash around with white women or sleep in the Hotel Statler with the 25 cents he has left at the end of the week. However he is at liberty to spend it for a shave. It is claimed, by some, that the negro is, more and more, coming to appreciate the great things that he enjoys under the stars and stripes.

### Room For Improvement and Condition Not Hopeless

However, we of the I. W. W. believe that there is not only room for improvement in the condition of the building worker but a chance to secure that improvement as well. We also feel that the experience of the last few years teaches that that improvement cannot be gained by adhering to the wornout system of craft unionism. We feel that we are justified in suggesting that it is the duty of the building worker of today to join the Industrial Workers of the World, for it is not enough that you stop thinking of yourselves as craftsmen and laborers and view your condition from the larger aspect of a building worker, but the time has come for the workers in all industries to realize that they are a part of the working class of the world and that a man working in the building industry in this country is duty-bound to concern himself just as much about the conditions under which the worker works who produces the rubber out of which the tires are made for the truck that furnishes him with the material as the man of his own craft who works alongside of him. Wages, like water, will seek its own level in time and the wages in one industry will be forced to the level of the lower wage industries unless the workers in the other industry are organized and their wages advanced. We find this at present in the coal mining industry. The miners have organized on somewhat broader lines than most workers and for that reason there is no industry where the wages and conditions have improved as those of the coal miners. From being almost the lowest paid workers they have risen to the position of



almost the highest. However, with the campaign that is now being waged against the miners by the big moneyed interests that control the mines, it begins to look as though the miners are soon to take their place against with the lowest paid workers for the non-union fields are being used to flood the market with the products of cheap labor while the union mines are practically idle.

The miners will learn in time that nothing but a union of industrial workers of all the world that will not only include the workers that mine the coal but those who transport it and burn it as well, will suffice to meet the big combinations of capital that today rule the world and the building workers have the same lesson to learn. As long as men are working for starvation wages in the factories the only effect that will follow a rise of wages in the building industry is flooding the industry with masses of men clamoring for the work. An example of this was experienced in a small way right within the industry a few years ago when the wages of the building workers were materially decreased in Los Angeles the San Francisco Bay district was so crowded with a flood of workers that in spite of an unprecedented boom in the building line and their better wages they were worse off than in the southern city, for when one job was finished often more time was consumed trying to locate another than was worked on the last one.

### Wages, High Rents and Real Estate Values

In conclusion we will consider the oft repeated claim that the high rents that prevail in this countr are due to the "high wages" paid in the building industry.

Strange as it may seem to some, I want to start out by denying emphatically that the wages paid in the construction of a building have anything to do with the price charged for the rental of that building. Rents like wages fluctuate in strict obedience to the law of supply and demand; wages going up when there is a demand for workers and rents going up when there is a demand for houses and vice versa. It is generally supposed that high wages make houses dear and therefore force an increase in the price of rent. This is an error. The amount of wages paid out on a house has nothing whatever to do with the amount charged afterwards in rent for the house or the price for which the house may sell on the market.

What is the reason that rents are higher, say, in Los Angeles than in San Francisco with wages often almost double in the bay cities? They are lower in Chicago and in Cleveland than in Detroit, yet building mechanics work for from one to three dollars per day less and laborers on buildings for almost half.

Now what determines the price of a building? The supply and demand for houses. Not its initial cost. A cottage sells for $5,000. Why? Simply because under the circumstances there is a sufficient demand for houses like it so that the buyer has reasonable expectations of renting it at a rate that will render the $5,000 price a good investment. You may also find that the house can be replaced at the present rate of wages and price of material for $3,500 and you conclude not to build, but when you come to build you will find that you cannot hang your house on a cloud or build it below high tide mark. In other words you need a lot to set it on and when you try to buy a lot you will find that the price of the lot is just $1,500 and when you investigate the real value of the lot you will find that it is probably worth about twenty-five dollars. How come the other $1,475? It is simply the difference between the wages you got and the wages you would have got if you had had sense enough to make the boss come through with twenty dollars a day instead of ten when you built the house and in which case the price and the rent would be exactly the same. In other words: when you work cheap you help the speculator and not the consumer of your product.

Another thing to remember: When they tell you that high wages discourages building and creates unemployment they are again spoofing you. If you have any sense you know better. Speculation causes unemployment. There is always more building when wages are high until the speculator gets his work in.

At the present time the country is going through a period of unprecedeented real estate speculation. Everybody is going crazy and a hundred lots will be sold for every one that will be built on in this generation. Figuring the average price of a lot at one thousand it means that for every home that will be built ninety-nine thousand dollars that would have otherwise been spent for consumable commodities is being withdraw from circulation and sunk in the ground. There will be that much less money available to purchase the commodities that were produced when that money was being earned. No wonder jobs are getting scarce!

The remedy is for building workers to join the I. W. W. and make wages so damn high that there will no longer be any speculation in lots. A good way to start would be to make our slogan for next season: "Six hours a day and a dollar and a half an hour as the minimum wage for building workers." This will help some but of course the rest of the workers will have to come to our support by similar demands in the factories.

*Have You Subscribed For*

The Industrial Pioneer?

*Do Not Delay*



# The Work Peoples College

By KRISTEN SVANUM

IN THE working class movement three trends of thought can be traced. For simplicity's sake they may be called the conservative, the radical political, and the radical industrialist.

The essence of the argument of the conservative trend has been given by the sociologist L. F. Ward among others. It is a very logical argument and presented by him in a forceful and erudite manner. Though his works are much read among unionists, both conservative and radical, it would be a mistake to believe that their educational program is taken from him; but as he covers the ideas of the conservative so admirably, an outline of his main contentions can serve as an outline of their program.

Ward considers all shortcomings in our social system a result of the unequal distribution of knowledge. As long as the struggle between capital and labor, with some degree of correctness, can be described as a struggle between knowledge and ignorance, there can be no hope for labor to be victorious.

For that reason, Ward, and with him practically all the conservatives in the labor movement, see no other possible solution of the social question but through a "wide diffusion of scientific knowledge among the masses."

They point out that the great mass of people are essentially alike, with a small percentage of morons at one end of the scale, and a still smaller percentage of geniuses and near-geniuses at the other end.

While the radicals agree to that, they consider a task of that kind too gigantic to be feasible. They claim with Friedrich Engels, for example, that as long as the workers are working such long hours that they—after the working day is over—consider themselves too tired for study and for participation in the general direction of society, it is utopian to speak of and to aim at a "wide diffusion of scientific knowledge among the masses," and the resultant coming into power of the working class.

For that reason there is a divergence of opinion between radicals and conservatives when it comes to the choice of subjects and aims of labor's educational movement. The radicals claim that on account of the limited supply of funds and men it is wasteful for the labor movement to spend what little it has on education along lines where the class point of view can not be involved.

Sciences like mathematics, chemistry, physics, etc., are normally taught in a straight and unadulterated form by all educational institutions. If a worker wants to study those subjects, he can do so without going to a labor college or school and get as good or perhaps better results than he would get there.

On the other hand there are subjects like history, economics, etc., practically all the social sciences, that are subject to a systematic perversion by educational and scientific institutions that are controlled by the same financial interests controlling the big corporations.

For that reason the radical labor educators want the labor movement to concentrate its efforts on these subjects and only to take up the other and neutral subjects incidentally.

The cleavage among the radicals is caused by the difference in opinion between them as to how the capitalists are controlling society. The Plebs League in England, being one of the most successful movements of political radicals, may be considered a somewhat authoritative expression of that line of thought.

In a Syllabus for Classes, the Economics of Capitalism, in the March 1924 issue of the Plebs Magazine the following question is asked and answered:

"How do the capitalists keep their monopoly?"

By monopoly of political power (a) control over the state. This enables them to control military force, the administration of law, etc. (b) By monopoly of forming opinion—press, education, etc."

As the syllabus has been subjected to "modification and criticism by numerous comrades" it can

hardly be considered unfair to take it as the point of view of the Plebs League on this question.

The radical industrialist takes issue on this point. He can not consider this an explanation; to him explaining one monopoly by another is simply begging the question.

For him the problem is: How can a comparatively small group of capitalists retain their grip on the ownership of the means of production and thereby control the distribution of the products made by them?

It is outside the scope of this article to defend or prove the theories of the radical industrialists, so we shall simply state them here.

Originally the function of the capitalist employer was the direction of work. His ownership of the means of production went unchallenged for two reasons. It seemed in accordance with the tradition of the producer owning his own product, and he was necessary to bring together the means of production and tne propertyless wage worker. After they were brought together the work of supervision was done by him, the owner.

In modern industrial society ,the function of supervision has gone over to what L. Boudin has called the new middle class. Their income depends on their loyalty to their employer, and they are for that reason, consciously or unconsciously, biased in his favor when it comes to decide whether he is entitled to ownership and control of the means of production and the products turned out by his wage laborers.

This control of industry enables the capitalists to control governments and the agencies formulating public opinion, and not vice versa.

The three trends in labor education are then only reflections of three main currents in the labor movement as a whole. They are not rigidly defined, but merging into each other. They represent here in the United States the point of view of three organization groups: The American Federation of Labor, the socialist and communist parties, and the I. W. W.

The need for education has always been more emphasized by the radicals than by the conservatives, and with their small funds and limited personnel they have been doing much more educational work. One feature of the work has for a long time been neglected though, by radical factions as well as conservative, viz., labor resident colleges.

Only in the last couple of years a new departure has been made by the A. F. of L. in that direction by establishing the Brookwood College, the Rand School having served instead of a residential college for the socialist party and elements in the trade unions sympathetic to is.

But the pioneers in that line of work have been the Finns. Already in 1906 they started out on the venture of establishing the Work Peoples College, first under the auspices of the Socialist party and later under the auspices of the I. W. W.

It has now functioned continually for 19 years and has in that time enrolled and educated over 1,000 student workers that now are active in the political, union and co-operative movements.

It gives the lie to pessimists who claim that working class and co-operative management is always inefficient. In all its existence it has been able to pay its employees a little over ordinary wages, and at the same time not charge its students any more for board, lodging and tuition than they would be charged in an ordinary boarding house for the same kind of board and lodging alone, and it is in that manner practically giving tuition free.

From a beginning in a small national group it has expanded until it counts among its students workers of all nationalities, including a great percentage of American born.

Its teachers have come from the rank and file of the labor movement and have never lost touch with it, though many of them have used their vacations for further study and have graduated from state and other universities.

My experience with the Work Peoples College last winter has convinced me that all programs of action for the labor movement must emanate from inside the ranks of the labor movement itself.

Whatever help the labor movement may have from elements outside its ranks, it is an indisputable fact that such outside material must be absorbed and digested. One of the places where it can go through such a program, and where it can be scrutinized before accepted, is the Work Peoples College.

# The Shame of California

This is the title of a new pamphlet to be issued in a few weeks by the General Defense Committee to raise funds for all Class War Prisoners in a Christmas Drive. The pamphlet contains a large number of working class poems inspiringly written by Henry George Weiss, whose excellent revolutionary verse is well known to our readers. He has donated the poems, and all money derived from sales will be used for the Class War Prisoners. The pamphlet is to be sold at 25 cents a copy. A 40 per cent discount will be allowed on orders of 10 copies or more. If you believe in doing all that is possible for the relief and release of Class War Prisoners you should show your spirit by sending in your orders without delay, thereby assuring success to this means of raising money for our prisoners. Address: General Defense Committee, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

# Defensive?

OUR artist says that this is the way the patriotic jingo views "Uncle Sam" and his neighbors, always picturing "our fellow earthfolk as a savage, blood-thirsty beast about to pounce upon poor, harmless, angelic Uncle Sam, whose sole defense consists of a pea-shooter—and **he has no peas!**"

Yes, this is a convenient way in which to shift responsibility when military aggressions and wars come. Always the nations are armed **solely** for defense. Although the world war ended officially seven years ago writers for the different European powers which were belligerents, have been kept busy fixing the blame on the "enemy" for the precipitation of the tremendously savage and destructive conflict.




War is so terrible no state can suffer itself to be regarded the aggressor, yet all of them, proportionate to their power, are aggressive, and capitalist expansion of necessity promotes wars.

American imperialism set in quite definitely at the time of the war with Spain, and American statecraft from that time forward has been assiduously engaged advancing the empire of big business. All the acts of violent invasion, of plunder, of murder that reprehensibly stamp the memories of the Attilas, Khans, Pizarros and Bonapartes have been matched in miniature by the armed forces of the United States in this movement for commercial development. Witness Central America, the Philippines, Hawaii. And what has been done on a small scale is merely a forerunner of what is to follow as the needs of the American ruling class dictate.

When the hired assassins of five powers recently put down the Shanghai strike the first to land were American marines. China looks very appetizing to our master class robbers.

# Beyond the Barriers

By WARREN LAMSON

DURING the time that the San Diego free speech fight was in progress, in 1922, among the large number of men held in the city jail, where I too was confined, I met and became friends with a certain man. For the purposes of this narrative, I shall call him Ernest Schultz.

Occasionally, when our various means of whiling away the time palled I sought the end of the top of the cage, where he had his blankets and was usually to be found. He was well past the prime of life even then. He was a tool and instrument maker; and opened up a new and charming philosophical world to my untrained, but curious mind, always using the tenets and principles of tool-making to make his points clear. (Thus in my earliest days in the revolutionary labor movement I learned to think of something to be done, as possible only with an adequate instrument). The old man had not been highly educated, but encompassed the greatest amount of general knowledge I have ever come in contact with. No matter whether it was Marx, Bacon, St. Augustine, Pythagoras, Plato or the latest addition to the world's best thought, he was familiar with them all.

On my coming to Chicago some two years ago I was one day delighted to find that Ernest was living in the city, and particularly when discouraged sought strength from his serene character. And so not many weeks ago I sought him out. Two rooms and a small closet the old man occupies, furnished by purchases from second-hand stores, the outstanding features of his quarters being economy of effort, and books. Books everywhere, on the dresser, the table, the floor and in a hand-made case—a transformed drygoods box—books whose names always inspire me with envy and a desire to possess.

Having seated myself, I exchanged a few comments with the old man; his still massive frame seated upon the bed while I, his guest, had his big soft-cushioned chair. We talked a while longer; the old man turned on the light; till I finally set forth the cause of my discouragement, the apparent unhappy state of the entire revolutionary labor movement in America.

Then Ernest Schultz, as usual when some opening for riding his hobby occurred, began talking; his discourse proceeded first upon the need of a proper instrument to bring about any desired change, and closed with another disquisition upon how mankind would flower and unfold in a free society; during which time I hardly spoke a word, till at last in the early morning hours, he brought his dissertation to a close: A superb and complete statement of the possibilities of the race should certain means be utilized.

I listened rapt with interest, but am able to remember and commit to paper, in my own poor style, only the high points of his long monologue; much of it was too subtle for me to grasp thoroughly enough to reproduce.

### The Instrument In the Making

"You will pardon me, I know" began Ernest Schultz "for quoting Nietzsche; but this saying of his is one I like and runs as follows, 'Free from what? What doth that matter to Zarathustra! Clearly, however, shall thine eye show unto me: free **for what**?' Of all of the revolutionary groups, the industrial ones are closest to my heart. I first enlisted in the revolutionary movement some forty years ago, when there was not even a concept similar to that of the industrialists, nothing resembling them in thought or organization, but today more people accept the conception of an industrial democracy than then accepted the vaguest socialistic ideas.

"The chief trouble with all of the revolutionary groups today is that the new social order they visualize so completely concentrates their attention that they give but scant consideration to the instrument needed for the task they claim their own. In fact, some of them, from all appearances, give less thought to this social tool than the most illiterate clod-buster will give to the choosing of a tool to dig holes in which to set fence posts; this causes them all to the mere observer often to appear as rather shallow, narrow, bombastic phrase-mongers, surely most inadequate to the task they have chosen.

"When one has more knowledge of their methods, then while one is compelled to admit that they have much of value to contribute; that while those who accept the industrial method have even given some superficial thought to the instrumentality, they are still a long way from the perfected organization. He is also compelled to come to the conclusion that should the next step in social development be one in which the working class shall achieve freedom from economic exploitation, that the instrument they must wield is still in the process of development.

"Now, when we consider any job to be tackled, we must also consider the means—which must never be confused with the end—we will use, in this case, a working class organization, but this does not sufficiently describe the instrument needed. Just as a mass of unshaped iron is neither a sledge nor a spade, just so it is necessary to give shape

and purpose to the mass before it can be termed an instrument. Very well, the premise that the next social change shall be one in which the working class shall achieve freedom from economic exploitation, necessarily carries with it the supposition that the social structure or organization achieved shall be one which is concentral and founded on democratic principles, with a complete absence of any high degree of centralized authority, and this requires as a prerequisite that the instrument shall be likewise constructed—you cannot mold an injector by pouring molten metal into a water bucket.

"Now that I have opened up three subjects often liable to misinterpretation, I shall define in what sense I employ them. The first is democracy, this term, so I am informed by all historians, was used to designate the social organization of the ancient Greeks. Now, as ancient Greece consisted of city or town states, it follows that the citizens of one such city had nothing to say; no voice, no vote in the affairs of another. Thus "Demos" the rule of the people implied the rule of a quite limited number of persons, in an exactly defined district or locality, over themselves. So I employ the term to imply that the franchise of no person shall be extended into all matters, not equally important to all. That it shall be limited to those concerned, and extended only on matters in which all are equally concerned. Thus, textile workers in Lowell, Massachusetts, would have complete autonomy over their work, free from all interference from textile workers elsewhere, and all other groups of workers any place, with the exception of those matters which are of equal concern to the textile workers elsewhere, or the people of the locality, district or continent as a whole.

"The second is the absence of any high degree of centralized authority. (There would be a central authority, with greater power than any body now in existence, but it would be limited in scope, and would not unnecessarily obtrude itself upon, nor drain, the units composing the social system which it governed) which is not democratic, but which also implies a separate governing class, a bureaucracy, or some method of administration which would be the negation of freedom from economic exploitation.

"The third, that the instrument must be constructed in a similar pattern to the social change or order to be achieved.

"A view of the social changes taking place in the world today, shows that these changes proceed closely along lines contained in dominant ideas accepted by the people undergoing them; thus a dominant idea that labor is vile may render the most brilliant minds sterile, in all but mental gymnastics and subtleties, as in most of the ancient world, including Greece, which was based upon slavery and held labor vile. A dominant idea that the body is vile, and its pleasure abominable would have an entirely different effect from its opposite. Very well, the nexus between the idea to be made dominant and the nature and structure of the instrument is obvious, that is, an organization cannot differ in theory and practice without the theory becoming perverted.

"Then there remains but one way for the instrument to be shaped. All constructive power and administration of detail must reside within the industrial divison and as much as possible within the economic unit of the division. Over and above such units and divisions must stand the inhibitive administration of the whole of them. Such inhibitions must of a necessity be few, and must have the support of more than a majority of the populace to become operative; for a society with a tradition of freedom, and a complete absence of economic enslavement, will not otherwise submit to the enslavement of its units by the mass. One of the outstanding reasons why the revolutionary groups of today cannot be said to have a perfect instrumentality is the prevalence of a type whose impulse is to regulate all life to a uniform pattern, and this noxious type feels the impulse to punish any violation of their drab uniformity. They speak the language of the hangman. Their hands like the "crooked claws of Deipeithes" feel the itch of the noose. This type would pervert all of our visions of the future; not satisfied with economic security and adequate educational methods in an Industrial Democracy they would seem to desire to regulate all of the aspirations, appetites and passions in their vision of that future day.

"You will see that the final instrument is separated by a wide gulf from any of the groups employing bureaucratic methods today, and should the next step in social development be one in which the working class attempt to gain such a state of freedom as that with which we are here concerned be subject to the domination of this obnoxious type, the result would be entirely different from that of the true instrument, for the two are directly opposed in method. One means more freedom for the creative powers, and for the production of higher types through a system of self-government; the other tends to rob both the units and the individuals of initiative; to paralyze every attempt at unapproved innovation. The bureaucrat hates the zealous innovator; they are natural enemies.

"Worthwhile social regulation really extends the sphere of action for the individual and only when such regulation is easily altered or terminated does it avoid the possibility of becoming a social hindrance; this is not easily done in a bureaucratic system, it usually requires years of preparation and a final revolt to do so in such a system.

"Every bureaucratic system tends to engender and develop slavish traits, so that such an attempt at freedom on the part of the toilers might really result in a slave state, where the workers of course have economic security, their lot in life greatly improved, but still are enslaved, carrying

upon their shoulders the authoritative state; a hideous incubus of octopus-like centralism, parasitically sucking its nourishment from the creative elements of society, leaving the units drained and impotent. A true slave state, with two rigid classes: the toiling people and the bureaucratic officials.

"Liberty comes as a challenge to every slavish trait, the master's iron hand and keen lash cannot comfort our perverted bodies and senses: only by assuming the responsibility of freemen as a whole, can anything of value come from the attempts of the workers. A spirit of freedom must be inculcated before the burdens and problems of freedom can be successfully borne and negotiated.

"Liberty inspires all of the qualities needed for success of the new society, and must find a cherished home in the consciousness of an instrument; not a cold sterile cage of meatless words. She has as yet to find such a home in the consciousness of the revolutionary movement.

"The mental integrity of the movement must be raised, the personnel must learn to face realities; organization loyalty must ever be traded upon. The spirit of the warrior must be evolved; the spirit of the warrior yes, but the spirit of the soldier—never! Upon the instrument the shadow of the reformer must not fall.

"All standards of organization values of the past must be purged of their slavish taint. It is a new world we would create—we must also create new concepts—new values—new methods and this burden must fall upon the industrialists wherever found."

### The Flowering of Mankind in the Industrial Democracy

The old man paused, slowly refilled his pipe—lifted the quart bottle of the strong blood of the grape from the table—then again slowly replaced it, and again broke silence.

"You will pardon me again, I know," said Ernest, "for recalling another love quotation from 'Zarathustra,' one which suits my purpose well. 'And this is the secret,' spake Life herself unto me, 'Behold,' said she, 'I am that which must ever surpass itself.'

"The most important thing that would happen to man from living under an industrial democracy would be the unshackling of the mind; the removal of many inhibitions and restrictions, which tend to abort all attempt to produce a more perfect, though greatly varied race.

"Society, in the Industrial Democracy, would largely resemble, very much so at first, the one before it; we might say that its beginning would be the emerging of the embryo. The basis of man's welfare would still be production, but all would be producers, and industry would speedily be reorganized. It is through studying and understanding the industrial processes that man must then enslave all of the productive agencies for his service—that he may have a greater freedom. It is something hard for us to conceive of, the latent ability of man to create a slave class of cold unfeeling steel and machinery. While under the existing economic system, the tendency is for the worker to become a slave of the titanic machine he operates; but everyone's freedom will be bound up in these problems, and so we may expect that these problems will be at once attacked and shortly solved.

"Today life is too largely mechanical, our pleasures require but little cerebration; indeed a dominantly mechanical culture is one of the outstanding features of life today, but only so because the avenues to a higher culture and pleasures requiring more cerebral activity are quite definitely blocked. Under industrial democracy, the mechanical phase of life will be limited to its proper place.

"Government shall pass away, the organization and administration of a free people shall take its place. Each will be an administrator, the ones in office will merely be those chosen or elected from all, whose place can be filled at a moment's notice from the whole. Rigid organization will gradually loosen its bonds and man will form voluntary associations for following mutual pursuits, during the time they are free from industry. Mankind no longer driven by antagonistic interests will be able to live in peace. It is axiomatic that with each step higher in degree of organization mankind's efficiency increases, the results of the increase derived from attaining an industrial democratic organization will be the prosperity of all, and not the prerogative of a class. It has long been known that the seeking to satisfy desires and to abolish boredom causes the performance of all of the activities necessary to the welfare of any organism. Laws always operate to prevent the free activities of some section of society. We live under so many laws today, laws that no one respects, laws that can be broken with no harm to one's fellowmen, that it is well-nigh impossible for us to glimpse the new society—with no government, no law—merely regulation, largely confined to the extremely limited time required to man the industrial processes. Yet even today men's lives are not run by laws, that is, men do not walk abroad with a policeman dogging every step to prevent their violating a law. No, the law usually manifests itself as a class instrument. It is aimed at large groups for the benefit of its wielders, or used for the protection of property, the new order will not have the slightest need of them.

"Under industrial democracy, the crude culture founded upon a slave system will pass away, and a new one arise founded upon the worth of labor; all of the old art standards will fall, and a better music seduce the ear; and man will still march forward, glorious discontent will still be his running mate; soon he will even throw off the limited restrictions of the early years of that order and attain happiness in a society consciously and intelligently anarchistic. It is only a slave system

that tolerates laws, man living for a short time at liberty will develop those qualities needed for free association. Scientific knowledge shall be as widespread as superstition and ignorance are today or have ever been. Indeed under capitalism complete truthfulness seems to be entirely absent. It is doubtful if a man capable of the whole truth is to be found among the entire human race today.

"It is shameful that anyone thinking or speaking of this grand workers' commonwealth should for one moment be interrupted by the question of race or sex. Yet how many of our little movements of today rise superior to these questions? The new society is for the race, not a race or a sex. Racial hatred is always most violent, most strongly entrenched in the consciousness, where men have the least culture. The answer, of those who preach the new order, to the question voiced by James Weldon Johnson in these lines:

**To America**

**How would you have us, as we are—**
**Or sinking 'neath the load we bear?**
**Our eyes fixed forward on a star—**
**Or gazing empty at despair?**

**Rising or falling? Men or things?**
**With dragging pace or footsteps fleet?**
**String, willing sinews in your wings?**
**Or tightening chains about your feet?**

must be direct to all races: and ye labor. Ye are our own.

"But women today do not occupy a position of equality in any race, and throughout the consciousness of the revolutionary movement, this attitude of sexual equality must be nourished. It is not done today. The industrial democracy, in conferring racial and sexual equality upon the race, will have taken the greatest step forward in history towards social regeneration, the completion of humanity.

"The court calenders are filled with what are called divorce and matrimonial cases, they should in fact, to be properly termed, be called property cases, since always the elements of property or livelihood are the factors upon which all turn. Under industrial democracy women will be free as well as men; there will arise no question of property or support, while the children, no more child slaves, or the parents' toys, will be the product of nurture.

"What will be developed in the new order, and what should now be fostered by those who work to realize it, is not a mere legal or union status, but an attitude of equality towards race and sex; it is not what either may do but the liberty to do. Thus it is not so essential that women should become lumberjacks or sand-hogs, as the bringing about of an attitude where their doing so would occasion no astonishment, where a member of another race, than the one at any place or time dominant, may rise to the position of foreman or superintendent, and other positions of direction on merit without opposition. Sex privileges must go, sexual differences may remain—while racial amalgamation must be free, for with industrial democracy must enter a society in which mass interests, the interests of humanity supersede the interests of any mere section.

"It is said that the heat received by the entire surface of the world is equivalent to the burning of one hundred millions of tons of coal a minute. The wind contains more energy than that of the coal deposits of the earth. Can this great force be harnessed? What undiscovered, undreamed of fields and planes of life are still left for discovery and exploitation? Our senses are limited and much falls outside their range, but science answers with tools of sense, by which we gradually bring all under the possibility of perception and use; the world of the microscope is alien to the naked eye, undoubtedly there are other worlds yet to be exploited simply because the instruments for their perception are not as yet perfected. Much of this work of discovery must be the work of a free people.

"Under industrial democracy, both the moral systems and the moralists shall pass away, once the process of social labor is well entrenched, and a true social conscience is matured, and a general scientific understanding fills the place in the mind and character, now occupied by religion, superstition and ignorance. All the happiness that the talent of the race can create will be there, all of the suffering that science can prevent will be absent; and the race with no antagonistic material interests to pervert it will rise superior to the need of morals or ethics, which in the present society only minimize the friction of clashing interests. No class interests equals no morals, no ethics.

"Today we find many scholars advancing the view that the greatest need is the development of a higher type of man; but roses do not grow on brambles, and it can only be in that freer society—industrial democracy—that the true flowering of the race can take place. Misery and poverty are not the only degrading influences, as such scholars and the reformers seem to thing. The fear freely to speak one's convictions, to suffer quietly outrages from fear of that form of discipline whose lash falls upon the aspirations cannot be compensated by hygienic housing, or economic security based upon slavish compliance. The present social order places a premium upon servility, fawning and deception, fully equal if not greater than upon real merit; these cannot exist under an industrial democracy. They cannot be eliminated in a slave society.

"Under industrial democracy men and women will stand upright, with no cause to deceive or lie, the countenance need no longer be a poker mask; each mind may be an open book that all may read. The new social order will annihilate all that is ugly, and all unnecessary bodily ills. Mankind will tread

the earth truthful, healthy and happy masters.

"Is man as we know him final, or shall a new future race spring from the loins of our own? Only the story of the free race can answer this question, but matter and spirit are one; all of the elements necessary for the production of man and intelligence have existed as long as the universe. All that was needed for both to arise was proper conditions and organization. Possibly the elements or materials necessary for something superior to man and his limited intelligence and senses may under proper conditions be evolved, or formed by the proper combination of world long existent elements. This is a question that the present society cannot well approach; only a free and fully developed race could give birth to such a new one, should it be in the realms of possibility.

"Though the forces that stand between us and this glorious industrial democracy are great, they are not greater than man has already overcome; and he marches to the attack today armed with greater knowledge than ever before. 'We grasp the torch of science to light the path to power.' And after all it is so little that is required of us all, merely to enter into the knighthood of the true and the beautiful, to encourage the highest traits both in ourselves and others; to cease deceiving. To cease being bombastic. To drive out the hideous spirit that would force all to conform to some mean set by a group, no matter how large the group or how high their standard."

The old man paused, remained silent for some time, then resumed: "Yes, my boy, it's all there beyond the barriers, where we may dream and visualize but never go; and yet the workers shall scale them and force an entry for all, where the men and women of the entire race shall live in one great harmonious community of interests: and the 'rainbow-hued bridge' is the perfected instrument, forged free from all the dross of slavish traits."


# All Power to the Workers!

**In the September issue of The Industrial Pioneer W. C. Ould wrote in "The Lust for Power" these scathing words:**

**"American labor leaders fear the assumption of power."**

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## Industrial Worker.

ALL POWER TO THE WORKERS!



THE OUTBREAK
By Käthe Kollwitz
(From the "War of the Peasants")
By Courtesy of Emil Richter Verlag, Dresden, Germany

# Rosa Luxemburg, Her Life and Letters

By JOSEPHINE ELLSWORTH.

THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE MASSES IN REVOLT—A CONDITION FOR WHOSE ACHIEVEMENT ROSA LUXEMBURG GAVE UP HER LIFE

**The letters reprinted here that were addressed to Luise Kautsky have been published by Robert McBride and Company, New York. ("Letters of Rosa Luxemburg." Price, $2.50.) The book contains a long foreword by Mrs. Kautsky, and the work was translated by Louis P. Lochner, formerly foreign correspondent to the Industrial Worker. The letters sent to Sophie Liebknecht were published by H. S. Hermann and Company, Berlin, SW, in a volume called "Rosa Luxemburg, Letters from Prison."**

THAT race which struck for freedom from the shackles of ancient Egyptian taskmasters, and followed its Moses out of Africa to find a happier land, has given humanity many voices of protest rising high to make known the feelings, the aspirations and the determinations of those who were dissatisfied with the perennial kingdom of injustice and who would see established social relations consistent with the wellbeing of the greatest number.

The child of a Warsaw merchant of this Jewish race, Rosa Luyemburg was born on May 5, 1871. Her father's circumstances were good, which made it possible for him to give his children many educational advantages. Rosa was a serious student and by the time she was sixteen she had studied anthropology and history, and was especially interested in economics. We are told that Morgan, Bachofen, Lubbock, Kowalewski and other sociologists, with Marx and Engels made up her main diet of reading. An ambitious program for so young a girl.

Harsh legislation designed to affect revolutionaries and to discourage socialist thought, made Poland an environment not conducive to the good of Rosa Luxemburg's plans, and when only sixteen she left her native land to enter Switzerland, that asylum of revolutionaries harboring those who had been obliged to flee from the police of their own countries.

Companionship among those of her own kind in Berne and Zurich had a happy effect upon her, and she developed rapidly for the work to which she intended to devote her life. Her professors were as one in declaring her their most promising student, and in the group where she found herself by those gravitational forces pulling radicals together, she was a leading spirit. In due time, and quite early, her writings appeared in socialist organs, and for many years she contributed articles to the "Neue Zeit," the official publication of the German social democracy, founded by Karl Kautsky in 1883 and edited by him until 1916. She also contributed to other socialist papers.

With two doctor's degrees, philosophy and jurisprudence, acquired, Rosa left Switzerland for Paris to study the socialist movement. However, her greatest desire was to go into Germany and take an active part in the movement growing rapidly in that country. Being a Russian, she could not take a full-fledged part unless she employed the scheme used by other outsiders, that of marrying a German national. She married Gustave Lubeck for this purpose, and immediately after the ceremony was performed they separated. Rosa was now a German citizen, and she lost no time in joining the German social democracy. Her knowledge of Marxian economics enabled her to play a prominent part in the debate against Bernstein revisionism, which was definitely reformistic. At that time Kautsky headed the Marxians. Rosa then became associate editor of the "Neue Zeit," and she soon earned the hatred of the capitalist class.

In 1904 she was jailed for the first time, her prison being in Zwickau, and the offense being **lese majeste.** This incarceration was terminated when the Saxon king died and his successor proclaimed a general amnesty to political offenders. Rosa protested, not caring to be the object of an enemy's mercy, but she was freed with the rest.

When the storm clouds of revolution gathered in Russia in 1905 Rosa left Germany for the scene, and for two months she was able to outwit the tsar's secret police. At length, however, she was arrested and imprisoned at Warsaw. From there she writes to Luise Kautsky (the wife of Karl Kautsky):

Beloved:

For a long time I haven't written you. In the first place, because I was given hopes from day to day that I might possibly be able to telegraph you, "Auf Wiedersehen!" and secondly, because I was very industrious and yesterday completed the third pamphlet since staying here (two are already being printed, the third will be "inked" in three days). In my former quarters it was impossible to work, hence I had to make up for lost time here. Besides, I really have only a few hours in the evening at my disposal—from 9 o'clock to about 2 at night; for during the day from 4 o'clock in the morning there is a hellish noise in the whole house and in the yard; the "common" colleagues are forever quarreling and screeching, while the "myschuggen" ones have attacks of madness, which of course in the case of the fair sex usually vent themselves chiefly in a remarkable activity of the tongue. N. B. I have proven here, as well as at the city hall, to be an effective **dompteuse des folles,** and I must put in my appearance daily to quiet down with a few soft words some rabid orator who brings all the world to distraction (evidently this is an **hommage involuntaire** to an even greater gift of gab!). So that I can collect my thoughts and work only late at night, and that meant that I partly neglected my correspondence. News from you always gives me great and lasting joy, for I keep reading your letter through several times until a new one arrives. Henrietta's dear message, too, gave me great pleasure. I would write her especially, except that—yes, except that today I have once again been given flowers "for the last time" (I really receive fresh flowers here almost daily). * * * * So let us see what happens tomorrow. I am rather skeptical and continue my work as though all this didn't concern me. * * * * Your letter, dearest Lulu, was brought me today. You are touching upon the question of my flat. I should like to ask you to continue advancing the rent for it. I am so happy in anticipation of being once again in my "red" and "green" rooms. In any case I needn't move before the late fall, and need not give notice until July 1st. By that time I shall have clear sailing ahead of me and can make my decision. As far as my plans for traveling are concerned, things stand as follows: in the very near future (in reality by Easter) I must urgently look, not for a milder, but for a **much rougher** climate; I suppose I shall choose the slightly circuitous route of the black-white posts. (This is a reference to Prussian frontier posts.) But I sha'n't remain there too long—only about three weeks. And after that—where? Of course I have no thought of evading the Weimar uncle (She means the prosecuting attorney, as a case was then pending against her. The veiled language was employed to avoid censorship.), no matter what his intentions may be —provided only—as is often wont to happen, he leaves me unmolested for awhile and delays meting out the thick end. (A plastic picture!) To fall into his hospitable arms without any interlude—for a thing like that I certainly haven't the time now, and more important matters claim my attention. Therefore, my beloved friends, try to find out through well-versed Thebans, not what final result is in store for me, for that is a matter of utter indifference to me, but whether I shall not, just as soon as the tip of my nose begins to smell royal-Prussian liberty (with me the nose always projects before everything else), be seized by that selfsame nose and be "put in the cooler" for my escapade. That is the only point that interests me. I shall have heaps to tell you about my 'travel impressions" when once we are together again, and we shall laugh ourselves crooked, especially the boys. I find everything here very jolly. Especially do I take a thievish delight in all the "indecencies" that I manage to send out daily and that are returned to me again after a day or two "black upon white." * * * * The only melancholy news is that coming from the North Pole (Petersburg). Authentic news —which unfortunately reports a big hullabaloo and the absence of any decisiveness or "pep." "Thither, thither would I go as soon as possible" * * * * Kreuzhageldonnerwetter! I believe I would shake all the people there and stir them till they were blue and brown! I hope I'll have the chance to do so.—Oh, what an ass, what a rhinoceros I am! I forget the most important thing until the end: I

am of course reading your "Ethics" for the second time; I asked for and obtained it at once when I was buried here. I take delight in every line and congratulate you! Keep one copy with dedication ready for me. I embrace and kiss you all heartily. Granny, Carolus, Lulu and all the boys with Hans at the head. (Provided you find that his morals can stand this one more blow.) Moreover, "this kiss to the whole world" that is asking about me.

Heartily,

Your Rosa.

Write soon.

The cheerful tone of this letter from a prison cell is the keynote of all the many letters Rosa Luxemburg sent from prisons during her many incarcerations. She had a singularly happy nature, and was able to buoy up her spirits by plans, dreams, pleasant memories. After activity that never slackened through the years from the days of this letter in 1906, she was arrested for opposition to military abuses and spent a year in prison from February, 1915, until February, 1916.

During this period she wrote the following letter

From the Barnim street Jail, 20-1-16.

Beloved Lulu:

You are very much mistaken if you think that your visit has not been as refreshing and given as much joy to me as it did to you. And "trifles" don't exist for me as far as you are concerned; everything is important and of the greatest interest. Only, during the brief time I could unfortunately not learn everything I wanted to know from you.

But I have convinced myself that you are at work again, active and cheerful and just as of old, and that fact has given me great joy. About everything else—soon, in full freedom. Dearest, it is really better that we wait four more short weeks and then sit on the "red sofa" at Südende with the kind assistance of Mimi. That your visit might in any way tire me or be an exertion for me, as you fear, is of course out of the question. But "on general principles" I should prefer to be modest and contain myself in patience until the end.

You are asking whether I am making any plans with reference to a milder climate for recuperation. "Ask the horse," replied the Sunday rider when people asked him whither he was galloping. You forget that different gentlemen are interested in me: for instance, the state's attorney at Düsseldorf, the local state's attorney, Comrade von Kessel, etc. Whether they can spare me in the Mark in the immediate future or not, and what their intentions are with reference to me—that it something we'll have to see as it develops. Hence I cannot be so indelicate as to simply make "plans" over their heads. I cannot deny that I have just about had my fill of the gray-colored Berlin sky and that I would have no objection to breathing a different air for even a brief time; but if, as does not seem unlikely, nothing comes of such a plan, we shall have to bear this as well. Südende, too, is "a pretty piece of country." You have never really appreciated the natural beauties of that region. I hope you will soon make up for lost time. At least write me another line meanwhile. I hug you many times.

Your Rosa.

Many thanks for Dietzgen's little volume, also for the greetings.

N. B. We entirely forgot to talk about little Kate.

The war was raging, Germany's sons were dying, as were those of so many other nations, and the social democracy had failed. Luxemburg and Liebknecht were both in prison most of the time, for they espoused the same course which had no place for yellow socialist compromises. German nationalism was too strong a tide for most of these, and with their defection was that of Karl Kautsky, and a consequent breach widened, never to be closed, between that man and Rosa. But the other Karl stood up big and great, like Luxemburg, belonging to the world's masses and crying for their awakening in a voice that nothing but death could silence.

The last letter Rosa wrote to Luise Kautsky was on July 25, 1918. There are, however, other letters published which were written by her at a later date. A letter written in May to Sophie Liebknecht (Karl's wife) shows much of the beauty of this woman's character. It was written from prison.

Breslau, May 12, 1918.

Sonichka:

Your little note gave me so much pleasure that I must answer it at once. You see what enjoyment you got out of your visit to the Botanical Gardens, and how enthusiastic you are about it. Why don't you go there oftener? I assure you that it means a great deal to me when you promptly record your impressions with such warmth and color. Yes, I know those wonderful crimson flowers of the spruce-fir. They are so incredibly beautiful (as, indeed, are most other trees when in bloom) that one can hardly believe one's eyes. There are the female flowers, out of which the great cones grow, to hang point downwards when their weight increases, beside them are the far less conspicuous pale-yellow male flowers of the spruce, the ones that furnish the golden pollen.—I don't know the "pettoria." You write that it is a kind of acacia. Do you mean that it has pinnate leaves, and has blossoms like those of the sweet pea, thus resembling the pseudo-acacia? I suppose you know that the tree commonly spoken of as the acacia is really a "robinia." The true acacia is a mimosa; it has sulphur-yellow flowers with an intoxicating perfume; but I don't think it would grow in Berlin in the open, for it is a subtropical plant. When I was in Corsica, at Ajaccio, in December, I saw splendid mimosas, huge trees, blooming in the great square. . . . Here, unfortu-

nately, I can only watch the crests of the trees that show over the top of the wall a long way off. I see them turning green, and try to guess their species from the tint and general shape. The other day some one brought a fallen branch into the house. Its strange aspect attracted much attention, and every one wanted to know what it could be. It was an elm! Do you remember how in my own street in the South End I showed you an elm laden with fragrant pinkish-green clusters? This was in May, too, and you were delighted with the wonderful sight. Here people live for years and decades in a street planted with elms without ever "noticing" what an elm tree looks like when it is in flower. They are just as unobservant as regards animals. Most townfolk are really barbarians.

For my part, however, my interest in organic nature is almost morbid in its intensity. A pair of crested larks have one young bird—no doubt the other three have come to a bad end. This little one can already run. You may have noticed the quaint way in which crested larks run. They trip along with short, hasty steps, not like the sparrow which hops on both feet. This young lark can fly quite well by now, but is not yet able to find its own food (insects, grubs, etc.) at any rate while the weather is still so cold. Every evening in the court beneath my window, it utters its sharp, plaintive pipe. The old birds promptly put in an appearance, answering with a soft and anxious "tweet, tweet," and they hustle about to hunt up some food in the chill evening twilight. As soon as they find anything, it is stuffed down the throat of the clamorous youngster. This happens evening after evening at about half past eight, and when I hear the shrill note of the fledgeling and watch the eager solicitude of the parent birds I have quite a pang. I can do nothing to help, for these crested larks are timid. If I throw out crumbs they only fly away, being very different from the pigeons and the sparrows, which follow me about like dogs. It is no use for me to tell myself not to be silly, seeing that I am not responsible for all the hungry little larks in the world, and that I cannot shed tears over all the thrashed buffaloes in the world (they still come here day after day drawing the lorries laden with bags). Logic does not help me in the matter, and it makes me ill to see suffering. In the same way, though the chattering of the starling during the livelong day is tiresome, at times, if the bird is silent for a day or two, I get no rest from the feeling that something must have happened to it. I wait and wait for the nonsense talk to be resumed, so that I can be reassured as to my starling's safety. Thus passing out of my cell in all directions are fine threads connecting me with thousands of creatures great and small, whose doings react upon me to arouse disquiet, pain and self-reproach. You yourself, too, belong to this company of birds and beasts to which my nature throbs responsive. I feel how you are suffering because the years are passing beyond recall without your being able really to "live"!

Have patience, and take courage! We shall live none the less, shall live through great experiences. What we are now witnessing is the submergence of the old world, day by day another fragment sinks beneath the waters, day by day there is some fresh catastrophe. The strangest thing is that most people see nothing of it, but continue to imagine that the ground is firm beneath their feet.

Sonichka, do you happen to have "Gil Blas," and "The Devil on Two Sticks" or can you get them for me? I have never read Le Sage's books, and have long wanted to do so. Do you know them? If you have not got them, buy them in a cheap edition.

Much love,

Your Rosa.

Write soon to let me know how Karl is.

Having been liberated by the German Revolution in 1918 Rosa entered the struggle with great energy and in that encountered the hostility of the new so-called socialist regime. Noske was in charge of the troops. Presently she and Liebknecht were again arrested and placed under guard in the Hotel Eden. Ordered from the building some time later she was struck, as she stepped on the sidewalk, on the head with the butt of a gun in the hands of a non-commissioned officer named Runge. Picked up and thrown into an automobile she showed signs of life and this was then extinguished by a gun shot through the head. Liebknecht met a similar fate.

Rosa's corpse was found floating in a river some days later. A story was circulated by the authorities that she had been killed in a street fight. One fact stands out clearly: she stood by her convictions in every hour of stress, and made no attempt to



Käthe Kollwitz's "Bread"
By Courtesy of Emil Richter Verlag, Dresden, Germany

leave Berlin even when she had the opportunity to do so.

Thus died in the prime of life one of the most stirring characters ever known to revolution. She combined great intelligence and almost phenomenal activity, a union of attributes seldom found. She believed in a better world for the workers and she spent her whole life in doing what she could to advance that cause. While theoreticians by the score sought the safety of their studies, Rosa Luxemburg was proclaiming the needs of the times and fighting a brave fight to rouse the masses. For them she lived, and in their struggle she died.

She believed with Liebknecht that "The hour of the people is here," and they called for action by the people. During forty years the social democracy of Germany had been building its power. But this power was legislative, its scene was in the Reichstag and had no more to do with industry than that of liberal parties the world over in catching votes by presenting industrial reform platforms. So the people were not ready; they had been lied to and looked to representatives whose interests were not their own. These representatives constituted a parliamentary salariat and they stood for the old order in the crisis.

What has been the result? Starvation has been the portion of the German workers, sometimes with the intensity of famine, always partial at least. They are as dumb, driven cattle, while their masters amass fortunes never before dreamed of. Better far had they responded to the call to arms of the Spartacans, to have heard the cry of Liebknecht and flung themselves into the battle for their own destiny with the courage of Luxemburg.

Her life is an example of devotion to the ideal of human brotherhood based on the abolition of capitalism, that may well be an inspiration to all revolutionary workers. Her memory is cherished by all who truly feel the urge to smash these chains that bind the working class. With time's passage must come the downfall of those elements of the socialist-bourgeois coalition that destroyed Rosa Luxemburg, and with it must crumble the system of capitalism. In that hour, "The hour of the people," her memory will be clearer and dearer to men. With the new order she stood courageously challenging the old disorder, and her name is immortal.

# Unorganized vs. "Organized" Labor

By C. A. PIERCE

JUST when is a union not a "dual union"? I asked myself the other day.

Who, other than the "constituted authorities," have the right to say when a union is and is not "dual," is or is not "legitimate"?

If only the "duly constituted authorities," then why have not Presidunce Green and his Comintern, who are certainly the only "duly constituted authority" in the great and only American (imported from England) Federation of Labor, the right to declare all unions they disapprove of "dual" and "illegitimate"? If these great men have not such right, who has?

Further, if the Comitern of the Crafts has the right to scab on and hunt down members of such "illegitimate" unions as the I. W. W. and the Railway Yardmen's Association, why have they not the same right to organize scabbery on the Amalgamated Clothing Workers when that union dares to organize clothing workers who belong by divine and vested right to the only "recognized" union in that line of work, which most surely is the United Garment Workers Union, however scabby and criminal its tactics are, always have been, and always will be?

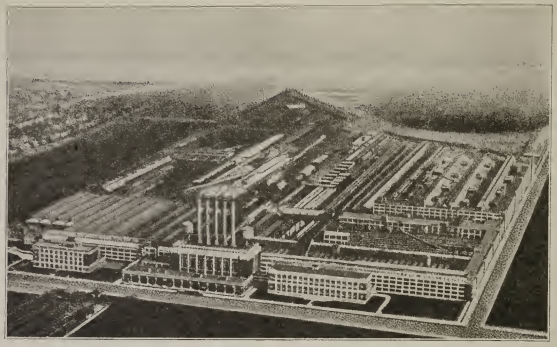
Were the I. W. W. and the Yardmen's Association "dual" unions just because they were powerless to defend themselves against the united might of the capitalists and craftists, while the Amalgamated is not a "dual" union solely because it has conquered power?

It must be so, just as we "impossibilists" have long told the I. W. W. and the unorganized—the great thing is to get power and the intelligence to use it for yourselves. Then you not only will get the goods but the respect of all other men, women and organizations, religious, economic, and political, especially political, for power is the only thing a politician heeds or has any respect for, and at that he is absolutely right.

Once conquer by the sheer might of your own power your right to exist and to "choose your own representatives," regardless of whether or not Presidunce Green, Presidunce Coolidge, or their lords and masters, Morgan, Rockefeller, Gary, Dupont and company, "recognize" or do not "recognize" you, approve or disapprove of your representatives —once conquer power and all other rights are yours. Then you will no longer be "dual," for then you will have proved your right to "legitimacy," and only then—for then only will you have proven yourself and your organization fit to survive.

As long as we are unorganized in an organized world, as long as we submit quietly to living conditions fit only for slaves and not for men, as long as we look outside of ourselves for salvation, just so long will we, the unskilled and semi-skilled, remain unorganized, enslaved, unfit. Therefore, I say to you: **"Organize or perish."**

If we wait until "Organized Labor"—God save the mark!—comes to our aid and organizes us, verily we will wait until hades freezes over; for "Organized Labor" does not wish **us** organized.



HIGHLAND PARK PLANT OF HENRY FORD COMPANY

# Detroit, Mother of 12,000,000 Fords

By SAM MURRAY

LIKE the fertile queen bee that litters the hive with her countless progeny the great city by the northern strait that shares her name has, in a little more than a decade, poured forth over the surface of the earth an endless stream of the little black machines until no matter where you go, in the congested districts of our great industrial centers or the desert wastes of Central Asia, one of the first sounds to greet your ears is the familiar rattle of Henry's tin.

While the industries of Detroit are many and her factories scattered all over the town, with few exceptions they are all closely allied with the business of manufacturing automobiles. Detroit is called the automobile town and since, probably, more than half of the people working there owe their employment directly or indirectly to the Ford industries it can almost be called a Ford town. With a water frontage of about twenty miles it extends back into the country over a stretch of area that was until but a few years ago the abode of farmers and is littered in every part with factories.

However, any description of this city, which has grown in a few years from a town of a few thousand to a great industrial center claiming a million and a quarter inhabitants, without giving most of the space to the Ford industries would be impossible, for just as Ford's is the biggest thing in Detroit so is it the most advanced industrially, not only in Detroit, but in the world.

### The Ford Industries

Ford has two plants in Detroit and one in his home town, Dearborn, beside his assembly plants established all over the world, not mentioning the Lincoln factory in Detroit and the subsidiary holdings that he has established in the mining, lumber, agriculture and transportation industries. At present a rumor persists that he is about to take over the Hudson Motor Company also.

His Highland Park plant is still the largest and most important in the amount of work turned out and number of men employed, as the Rouge plant is still partly under construction, the first motor having been completed there in September, 1924. My advice to anyone going to Detroit, particularly if he is interested in industrial development, is to visit these two places. He will have no trouble getting a pass as all one has to do is to call at the plant to be visited and sign a card, and he will be conducted through.

### The Highland Park Plant

This is the plant where the greater part of the eight thousand Ford cars that are being turned out daily are assembled and a large amount of the parts still manufactured, but as the Rouge plant seems to be taking over a large part of the manu-

facturing as it is being completed, it is probable that it will be, in the future, used largely as an assembly plant. It cover 278 acres of ground of which 105 are under one roof. About 55,000 persons are employed at present.

I arrived at the plant about ten in the morning and desiring to see how it looked from the outside took a walk down Manchester Avenue. I could look through the bars over the windows and observe the men at work assembling cars. I passed a number of gates and doors as there must be many approaches to a plant employing 55,000 men. At one of the doors there was a line of men passing in single file to receive their pay. I suppose there is always someone getting paid at Ford's. A watchman stood by urging the men to step lively. They pay off at Ford's as they do everything else, in record time.

After passing around the plant I went to the main office on Woodward Avenue where I was presented with a booklet on the Ford industries, some postcards and a little yellow pass. On the little yellow card was a blank space for the visitor's name and address and a request to answer the questions: "Do you own a Ford car, truck, Fordson Tractor?" "Are you satisfied with your car?" etc.; "Are you interested in the purchase of one?" Not owning one I was interested in the purchase of one, so I filled out the card and passed it in.

A bunch of real estate sharks were having a convention in Detroit at the time which may have swollen our crowd somewhat. There were probably over a hundred persons in our line, and as fast as one group was dismissed another was taken through.

We were kept moving a little too fast for a thorough inspection of the works, and one guide to so many could only speak to those closest to him, but it was a very interesting sight to observe the assembling of the cars as they passed over the conveyor, a bar, a bolt or a nut being added until finally the body is dropped in place and a man jumps into the seat, kicks the starter, and away the car goes, fully equipped and ready for the buyer. Just outside of where the assembling is completed there is a room reserved for dealers who often come long distances with their customers, who buy the cars just as they come off the conveyors. They have it down so fine that just forty-one hours after the ore is dumped from the hold of a ship at the Rouge plant, that same ore converted into a Ford motor is in the hands of the ultimate buyer and taking him to his home. However, this amazingly short cycle is being beaten at the Rouge plant where only thirty hours and forty minutes are consumed from the time the ore is discharged until a Fordson Tractor is propelled by it, in the form of a motor, to the shipping yards.

They say the work is nerve wracking and I suppose it is, but doubt that it is any more so than shipyard work. True, it is very steady and for eight hours not a moment is lost in idleness or through a false move but the work generally is light. I saw nothing to compare with the air-motors used in shipbuilding. The rivet gun with which the large steel rivets are driven into the hulls and which are guaranteed to shake the strongest man to pieces in eight years if he hangs on to it that long. The Thor No. 8 drill motor with its treacherous mule-like kick, the No. 2 that will clean up the place if a careless helper should let it slip through his fingers or the straining work on the punches and shears that fashion the shell plates have nothing to compare with them in Ford's. Yet they say you earn your money, and I should say you do.

### The Rouge River Plant

A visit to this plant is more instructive and interesting than the Highland Park, as it is here that the more scientific and highly skilled part of the work is performed and besides most of the Ford worshippers seem to have exhausted their devotional enthusiasm with their pilgrimage to Highland Park and consequently you meet with a much smaller crowd and less hurry. This plant covers 1100 acres of ground and has a water frontage on the Rouge River of a mile and a quarter.

Although I struck the place at 1 p. m., there were only six of us. A parasite with two women in tow, a Kentuckey farmer and his wife, and myself. The "white collar stiff" who acted as our guide took up at once with the parasite which, by the way was a fortunate circumstance as about all he had in his head was a lot of Ford statistics, however they got there.

Leaving the head office it took us just an hour and a half to go through. For the sake of company I cultivated the acquaintance of the farmer and his wife and got some amusement out of him as well. He was a thorough partisan of Ford, and I saw that he was inclined to resent anything in the way of criticism on my part; I handled him a little diplomatically. He volunteered the opinion, or I might better say the proclamation, that Ford and Edison were the two greatest men who ever lived, and I didn't dispute him. Not being an authority on great men, for all I know they may be. However, before we got through his devotion got a few jolts.

Passing down the line we ran across several colored workers mixed in with the whites. "I didn't think you would have any of these fellows here," he remarked to the guide. "Yes, we have lots of them," the guide replied coolly. After that we saw lots of them.

After we had witnessed the assembling of the tractors he dropped out of line and struck up a conversation with one of the workmen. The guide signaled for him to come on, but he seemed to pay no attention to him. His wife after calling and signaling to him suggested to me that he was holding up the parade. "Oh, let him have a little visit," I said. Finally the guide went over to him and told him that he was not allowed to talk to

the men. "If you want to know anything, ask me," he said. But the farmer insisted that he was in the habit of talking to anyone he pleased to, but eventually he broke away and followed us up. "I would like to see anyone stop me from talking to anyone," he remarked to his wife and me as we went on. Afterwards, as we were passing through the machine shops, he turned to me and said, "I don't think I would like to work here; too much like the penitentiary."

First we visited the coke ovens—120 of them. You look in vain for the typical gashouse stiff with his shovel and sweatrag. No one is in sight with the possible exception of a sweeper in clean overalls. There may be some attendants hid away somewhere, but for all I know they attend themselves. These ovens take care of the output of several of Ford's coal mines, converting the coal into coke and by-products.

Next we visited the 500-ton blast furnaces and noted the few attendants. Everything here seems to be automatic. You are not taken through the foundry, said to be the largest in the world and where in the pouring of the metal the conveyor system is used, the molds being in motion and the attendants filling them with metal as they pass them.

In the tractor factory we enter a section where the men are at work on unassembled parts and follow and witness the process of assembling them until you come to a place where a number of men in painters' overalls each with a paint brush are painting the parts assigned to them as the finished tractor passes them on the conveyor. Finally it is cranked and a man runs it out in the yard where shipment is made to the agencies in all parts of the world. Unlike the Ford cars, Fordson tractors are all assembled right in the Detroit factory. Owing to their compact bulk this is cheaper than establishing assembly plants at distant distributing points.

Next comes the glass factory, and here we witness another triumph of the Ford industries. Plate glass is molded in an endless strip. You see Ford winshields poured into the furnace in the form of sand and other ingredients entering the process. Several men are on hand with hoes to level off the "batch" as the hoppers shoot it into the furnaces. It is melted and passed between the rolls where it is rolled, cooled, cut and polished without the attention of anyone except several men whose duty is to groom the monster machine, for in Ford's everything is kept clean and freshly-painted. Even the switch engines around the yards are kept shining like a new boot. Finally you come to hundreds of cutters who take the plates as they come from the machine and with a glass cutter and T-square cut the glass to fit the windshields in less time than an expert draftsman would take to draw the lines. Why the machine does not cut them the right size in the first place I do not know. Perhaps that is a problem the solving of which belongs to a future stage in the evolution of the Ford industries.

Next on our way out we passed through the machine shops where the motors are prepared for the cars that are assembled at the Highland Park plant. We see automatic bolt machines feeding themselves with the metal that goes into the bolts and tapscrews and threading them with the stroke of a rapidly moving piston from which conveyors take them to their ultimate destination, just enough arriving to supply the workmen who slip them into the engine part as it passes.

We pass by the shapers, lathes and other machines which shape everything so that there may not be the slightest variation in the size of the parts that may be wanted to fit a Ford machine in any part of the world. As we pass out we meet hordes of men with lunch boxes, for it is two-thirty and the sections are beginning to change shifts. The first of the night shift is coming on. Forty thousand men are a whole lot, but the Ford outfit is exact in all things and they have so nicely arranged the changing of shifts that there is no confusion or congestion or traffic, and when I board a Fort West car just as it is about to pull out I find that there are just enough workmen to fill the seats and I am left hanging to a strap.

A bright looking fellow with a slight foreign accent suggests that if they crowd up a little there will be room for me. I said, "Don't crowd yourselves; you fellows are working, I am loafing and can just as well stand. But I suppose after spending eight hours in there you are glad to get a seat." "You bet," he said; "After eight hours of it you are damn glad for a seat."

"When do you fellows come to work?"

"Six-twenty."

"And work until?"

"Two-forty; twenty minutes for lunch."

He seemed willing to answer questions, but tired, so I let him alone, and in a few minutes he was dozing off and I noticed that all conversation had ceased, and when I looked around the car I noticed that half the occupants were asleep. I thought of the words of the Kentucky farmer. "I don't think I would like to work here—too much like a penitentiary."

### Ford as an Employer

We hear a great deal of discussion as to the character of Henry Ford as an employer, but as is usually the case in trying to secure information on a debatable question much that is handed out is of too extravagant a nature to be useful. To some Ford is a great philanthropist who has practically established the millennium in his shops for the benefit of his employees, while others seem to regard him as a greedy misanthrope who is willing, for the sake of the advertising benefit, to pay a little better than the going wage, but who by an advanced system of exploitation has succeeded in driving his men to the limit and reduced them to

the lowest degree of industrial slavery. As in most cases the investigator will generally find the truth to be somewhere between the two extremes.

There is no doubt that Henry Ford treats his men better on the whole than does the average employer in the country at large. It is also true that he succeeds in extracting a greater degree of surplus value from them, but in my opinion it is idle to speculate on the motive. Ford is not the only person to discover that the well-paid worker like the well-fed horse is the more profitable in the end and the question as to whether that is the primary motive may not trouble us now. It is an economic principle that is becoming universally recognized.

However, when we study Ford's system we find it to be strictly paternal and despotic and in no way recognizing the principle of industrial democracy. As he reported to the Russell Sage Foundation, last winter: "Technical questions are decided by facts and not by votes," and therefore he refuses representation by employees in the management of his industries. Again, in his pamphlet on the Ford industries he states that inasmuch as he gives his employees the best of wages and conditions that there is nothing left to bargain about and no necessity for union or shop committees among the Ford employees. You see that while he may be on the whole a fairly liberal and humane employer he makes himself the complete judge and absolute dictator as to what is good for his men and what they should desire accepting no advice from them whatever. It is easy to see how a system of that kind will eventually evolve into a sort of feudalism where a few industrial overlords will rule with absolute power over a race of morons whose only ambition is enough to eat and steady work.

One hears more in praise of Ford the farther he goes from Detroit. I find that men who have worked for him do not consider his jobs as being much above the average. They usually say that Ford's is all right on some of the jobs and I notice that men who have left him and are working for less money don't seem anxious to get back. In fact, what the Ford plants need is industrial unionism.

### Chances of Employment

Most people seem to think that it is a very difficult matter to get a job at Ford's. Now while the labor turnover is probably below the average, with the constant growth of the industry there is about as good a chance for employment as in the average factory. The wage for the first sixty days is five dollars and after that the minimum is six. Ford claims that sixty per cent of the employees are getting above the six dollar minimum. All work is eight hours. I understand that there is little distinction but notice an almost total absence of gray hairs among the employees.

On the whole, Detroit is quite a busy town and anyone with a good front and a sufficient stake to enable him to do a reasonable amount of rustling ought to be able to land a job, if not at Ford's at some of the many factories of the town. The pay of course is not very good, particularly in the case of the unskilled. The pay outside of Ford's ranges all the way from 45 to 85 cents per hour with an average of about nine hours per day. Living expenses are a little above the average prevailing elsewhere. Owing to the fact that machine production is a little more advanced than in most places there are few of the old line mechanics employed and positions requiring more or less skill are filled by promotion the chances of unskilled men working up to a better position are better than in most places.

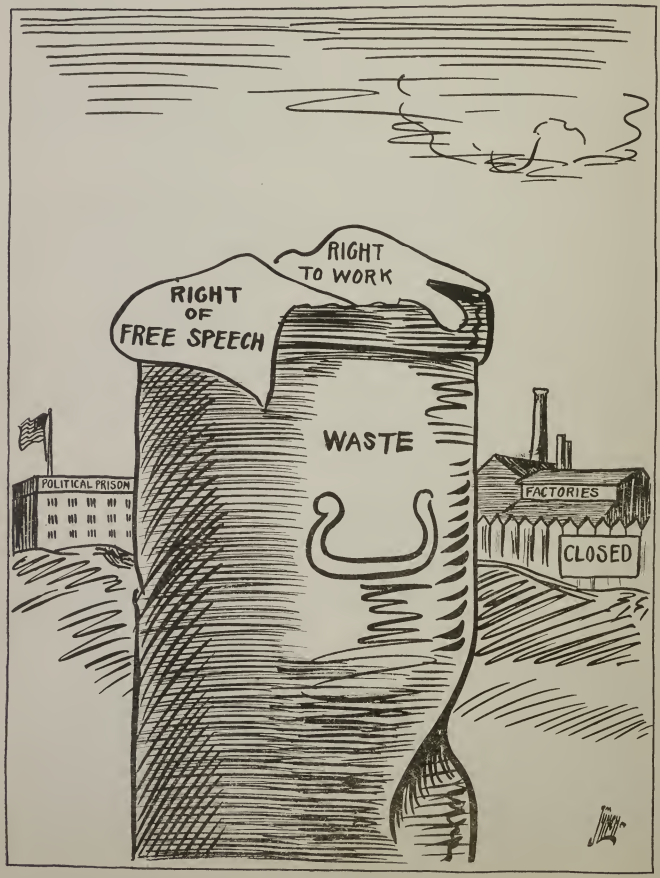
### Detroit as a Town

Anyone who is interested in the growth of the I. W. W. will find Detroit a good field to work in and a good live and intelligent crowd of fellow workers to start with. As usual, the Finns are taking the lead. They have a hall and own their own park on Lake St. Clair where the picnics are held. There is no doubt that the right kind of work here will bear fruit. However, one must be patient enough to stick. Homeguard industries are not organized in a day, but success is a matter of years of effort. Nor can one expect to accomplish anything by job agitation as long as he is unskilled and unacquainted. Such a person must be contented to support the branch off the job and leave job agitation to those who know the jobs until he is acquainted. The impatient type of agitator sometimes found in the West would be entirely out of place here.

There are numerous fine boat trips and outing places. The boosters claim the most beautiful park in the world—Belle Isle. It is an island of considerable natural beauty, but as a city park I do not think it up to much. I saw nothing to compare in beauty or attractiveness to the Golden Gate Park of Frisco.

In some respects Detroit reminds one of Los Angeles. It certainly has more boosters and real estate sharks than any city out of California. Of course there is some substance to Detroit's boom while in the case of Los Angeles there is nothing but wind. However, you note the same lack of solidarity in the workers and much the same unity of purpose in the rest. They call it a city without slums but what they call the places where men must live who work for less than four dollars a day with famine prices for necessities I do not know. There is probably more employment than in the average city and since a person will accept most any kind of employment in preference to crime there is no doubt little crime but for abject slavery, Detroit sure has her share. There is lots of room to improve labor conditions and if proper tactics are followed success is sure to crown the efforts.

# American Prosperity



# Book Review

THAT "every revolution in ideas is a consequence of a revolution in the social structure that the prevailing material conditions have produced" is the fundament from which V. F. Calverton in "The Newer Spirit" raises a structure that is sure to attract hostility from critics not yet aligned as disciples of this newer spirit. Literary criticism, in the definition of a host of critics, is a fine art, but the editor of The Modern Quarterly will have nothing of the sort and tears into the opposition with brilliant, and what appeared to me as conclusive, thrusts. He says that literature must be reckoned from a sociological approach which is scientific, that literary criticism, therefore, is scientific and that describing literary values with any other method is fatuous. To know literature, he contends, one must understand the conditions surrounding its production, and to grasp the significance of this environment one is obliged to recognize that Marxian conception which declared that humankind's history since the passing of primitive tribal society has been one of class struggles. Thus we discover at the outset that while the author's knowledge of literature covers a wide range, he is a Marxain student of no mean caliber.

"Creative and critical composition . . . have altered both in style and substance with each of the vicissitudes of social evolution." Calverton shows that the Elizabethans reflected in literature the social tenets of the feudal order, and that however lustily and courageously they may have shouted, these literary artists depended for their very existence on ruling class patronage. "As long as the nobility remained the ruling class, the administering and not the administered, it would be a sociological solecism to expect ideas to be other than reflections of the aristocratic, courtly attitude." These writers were not slow to acknowledge their status. In obsequious tenor they prayed for the solicitude of their patrons. Among that distinguished group whose work has shed so much glory on their period in which we behold a preponderance of literary genius reminiscent of the effulgence of the Florentines at the time of the Da Vinci, there are no exceptions to this obeisance, an attitude compelled by economic circumstance.

Employing the producing classes as objects of utmost contempt, and presenting the merchant class in a light anything but complimentary, these writers were of unanimous opinion that ordinary persons were not the material out of which great drama could be made. A more golden fabric must lend itself to the making, Shakespeare and his contemporaries thought and exemplified in their entire labors. The lives of kings, nobles, aristocrats, furnish a worthy stuff for the texture of tragedy, and this habit has been the orthodox historian's not less than the dramatists's and the novelist's.

This literary ascendancy of the feudal period, expressed in such works as Morte d'Arthur, King Lear and Edward II, was finally challenged by a bourgeoisie rising and fighting for its own expression. As these gained power, as their productive mode won in the struggle, ideas changed and literature reflected the change by a manifestation contributing to the praise of bourgeois virtues. Then we see their goodness magnified in such works as The London Merchant, The Gamester and Sarah Simpson, to name but three of early outstanding importance. It is no longer the deeds of the aristocrat that must be treated, the aristocrat has lost the battle because a new form of producing goods has superseded the old, and those exponents of the change have their virtues to be recognized and published.

Calverton projects his thoughts on the perception in a remarkably clear manner, never being content to make statements without evincing a readiness to support them with illustrations in the concrete. When he passes from a consideration of the bourgeois literature to proletarian he seems to lose his fine sense of proportion, however, taking the works of Sherwood Anderson as pioneers in the field, when it can be effectively proven that Anderson's characters, though not persons of great influence and wealth, are certainly not proltarians. The three books which express the new proletarian spirit in Calverton's mention are Germinie Lacerteux, The Weavers and Winesburg, Ohio. The latter has gripped his imagination powerfully and he treats of its tales minutely, but the heroes and heroines of this book are seldom of the propertyless estate. They are doctors, lawyers, school teachers, clergymen. This should not be taken as any disparagement of Winesburg. It is an unusually commanding work behind which the author's motive is everywhere apparent. Anderson concerns himself with what his characters are thinking more than with what they are saying. From the point of psychological importance this method is not to be minimized, constituting a gift to sociology which will yet be found of the most far-reaching value. But the characters are not proletarians. Better to have taken Zola than Anderson as the stavar of this class, for in Germinal, to say nothing of other works, he has done more to express the proletarian than all that Anderson ever achieved. For that matter, both Anderson and Zola can be left out of the picture and there will still remain sturdy

forms of those who have chosen as their central characters persons of little or no social prominence.

The Andersonian style is masterly, and his substance is of great interest, but it does not mark him a pioneer in the field of treating producers as Elizabethan writers treated kings and aristocrats, and as the bourgeois scribes have capitalists and their importance. No country is without its writers who have quit regarding the bourgeois as worthy of further treatment in letters from a central position. That we are sure to make our voice heard in literature is just as certain as that we are to have our economic effect as a result of constantly attacking capitalism, but just as the bourgeoisie did not conquer for their own purposes the realm of letters until they had overpowered their economic adversaries and forever triumphed over the feudal power, so too it is our destiny to be without a proletarian literature in any sense even approximating fullness until we have conquered industrial opposition thoroughly.

"The Newer Spirit" is a group of essays. There is a part given to the subject of changes in esthetic values which it is difficult to sum up in a short space without danger of misinterpretation, but its message seems to be crystallized in these words of the author:

"At one time, not many centuries ago, we could have been and were stimulated and attracted by the war of the heavenly host, a theme that today not only rests purely in recollection, but is quite void of appeal. The time will come likewise, with successive changes in society, when the struggles of emperors and lords, the consequences of the strifes and aspirations of royalty, will be as remote and unfascinating as the conflicts of the angelic hierarchy, and with the coming of this period the vaue of Shakespere's dramas, like all others expressing the attitude of feudalism, will suffer distinct diminution in value."

In another essay proletarian art is discussed. Says Calverton: "The clash of class-psychologies has precipitated a revolution in art values and criteria. In literature, for instance, the working man, as distinguished from the noble, the merchant, and the magister, has become a figure essential to its evolution; tragedies formerly spun about the episodic futilities of royalties, the failures of gamesters and business men, now include the disasters of the proletariat. The proletarian is visualized as no less a hero than the knight or financier. The ethics of the bourgeois, by the very process of social antithesis, so adequately illustrated by Hegel and Plechanoff, are repudiated by the evolving proletariat."

The great man of illusion is attacked by means of an argument on environment, which, earlier in the work, the author mentions in this way: "If the theory of evolution be correct, heredity is but a product of environment and must inevitably change with alteration in environment. A son of a Hindu prince brought to America shorty after birth and forced to live in this country in an environment similar to that of other American bourgeois the rest of his life, will develop a series of mental reactions similar to those of the surrounding individuals, not those of his ancestors."

When radicals speak of this great man illusion they usually mean the theory that great men are responsible for the progress of society, and are not the results of certain social conditions. Calverton dos not go into this mattr. He mentions that J. S. Mill learned Greek at the age of three, Jeremy Bentham Latin at four, and Mozart the clavier at five—all as a result of environment which made it possible for them to receive education. Again he speaks of Robert Burns, saying that his father saw to it that his children were given an education and that without this Burns could not have been the poet he was. Life conditions acting on the individual are no less responsible for genius than they are for imbecility or mediocrity, and the important point, says Calverton, is that the forces creating these conditions are all discoverable; the peculiar causes which make for genius. Knowing these causes he contends that genius is possible to reproduce consciously by setting in motion the forces favorable to it. I regret that he did not devote some attention to the preachment that is so commonly held and propagated which holds that the individual makes the environment, and that prominent historical figures in some almost miraculous way pull society forward, or upward to higher levels from the lower depths. Some space should have been given to point out that forces of the mass movement fling up to the surface and to commanding places these characters.

Throughout the book the reader is impressed with its facile style, withal careful to present views which are not popular and whose message may well be misconstrued by antagonism. The large number of people who have taken H. L. Mencken as a bright star in the literary firmament should pay particular attention to what Calverton has to say of this man he describes as a vaudeville critic, and whose superficiality and inconsistencies are given a few needed jolts.

There is a great work to be done in literary criticism, and that the sociological method employed and advocated by Mr. Calverton is the only one that leads to understanding is the opinion that is confirmed if not inspired by reading the book. Here is a voice that speaks right out and will have no reverence for opinions just because repeated encomiums have served to make of certain works sacred objects. Calverton tears aside these veils and rips with no uncertain strokes at the pedestal. He dares to make his own appraisal unimpressed by what the notable so-and-so or the scholarly whatshisname have said. This is a voice that was needed, and it is one that will be heard, and that will make its way by sheer force of logic. —FRANK HAGAN.

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# Free Speech

By JAMES LYNCH

THIS IS THE JOHN SPARGO PHIZ — JOHN RETREATED FROM RADICALISM WHEN WAR CAME

THE New York World of Sunday, August 16, devoted about two columns to an interview with John Spargo in which he pointed out the "Free Speech Error." Mr. Spargo believes in free speech but thinks that "free spech untempered by common sense may at times be treasonous." In other words, there are times when it is constitutional to be unconstitutional. His attempt to take the free out of freedom of speech by substituting "common sense" for that part of the Constitution guaranteeing free speech is amusing. The following are his own words:

"Reading the Constitution of the United States is an admirable exercise and should be practiced oftener by some of our officials, but there are times when reading the Constitution may be closely allied to treason.

"A good citizen dosn't read the Constitution during times of emergency. He doesn't even read the Ten Commandments. The Ten Commandments are the basis of our social and moral life, and yet to read them at certain critical moments when men are ready for a spark to set them aflame would be a serious moral offense.

"We all believe in free speech. I am a liberal and I know I do. Even our old friend Judge Gary, who is an avowed conservative, will not feel hurt if we say that he does. We all three believe in free speech. And we all three believe in common sense. But free speech untempered by common sense may at times be treasonous.

"Let me give an illustration. Take the town of Herrin, Ill., where there have been riots and disastrous outbreaks and where it is the duty of the authorities to guard against further outbreaks. You will grant, I believe, that it is the duty of the authorities to protect property and prevent loss of life. That, in my opinion, is the paramount duty of any democracy, and the further you get into the workings of democracy, the more important becomes the humanitarian function of the state.

"Therefore, in order to protect property and life in Herrin, the authorities must establish certain restrictions against holding public meetings and against being on the streets after a certain time, and so on. Now I may consider it my constitutional right to attend the theater. Or I may consider it my constitutional right to go to church. But for the sake of law and order I must for the time being waive those constitutional rights.

"Or again I may be a person like Roger Baldwin, who comes down from the Civil Liberties Bureau and insists on standing upon his constitutional rights by reading the Constitution in the public square at Paterson, N. J. Now it was not the reading of the Constitution that caused Mr. Baldwin to be arrested, but the fact that he chose a particularly dangerous time during strike riots to read it, and the fact that large crowds can easily be touched off in times of trouble. To read the Constitution is to draw a crowd, and to draw a crowd is to invite disaster.

"I can't go to the police chief and tell him he is wrong and I am right, and that I have a perfect

right to read the Constitution in the public square. Because the police chief is responsible for property and life, while I am not.

"This self-appointed triumvirate—you, Judge Gary, and I—probably also would agree that freedom of religious worship was a constitutional right. Every man is entitled to it, both white and black. Yet I can conceive of a time, such as during a Ku Klux Klan riot, when common sense would dictate the closing of a Negro church."

Thus speaks Mr. Spargo. Let us now turn to the Constitution itself for a little information on this point. Article I of Amendments to the Constitution of the United States says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances." Here we see that it is not only "the duty of the authorities to protect property and prevent the loss of life," but also to protect the right of individuals to express their opinions whether right or wrong. The police chief is not only responsible for property and life but also for the protection of persons who wish to read the Constitution in the public square. In times of Ku Klux Klan riots, the Constitution and common sense would dictate the protection of a Negro church and not the closing of it.

To read the Constitution is to draw a crowd, but to prevent the reading of it or to break up a peaceable assembly is to draw a larger crowd and to invite unconstitutional actions. If men are denied the right to express their opinions and to better their conditions by constitutional methods, how can we expect to prevent the use of violence?

If free speech is prevented during times of trouble, how can we find the cause of the trouble?

Protecting the right of free speech is the best method of protecting life and property, and destroying the causes which produce poor conditions, misery and bad times.

# I Met

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

I MET upon the road of life
A brilliant man one day,
Whose wit was keen, whose facile tongue
With magic words did play,
Whose intellect was masterly,
Who, at his fingertips,
Had all the lore of history
And all the poets' quips.
I marvelled that the mind of man—
One mind—could e'er contain
The knowledge and the wisdom
Which he spoke and made so plain.
I met upon the road of life
A prodigy in fact,
A mental giant, a genius,
And yet one thing he lacked,
The little quirk to understand,
The inner sight to see
The heights to which the race could soar
If workingmen were free.

I met upon the road of life
A brilliant man one day
Who knew his books, could talk of things
In a most charming way,
But who for all his wealth of thought
Was blind to things sublime,
And could not soar on magic wings
To pierce the veil of time;
Who could not see,—O God knows why—
But still who could not see
The awful juggernaut that crushed
Men into infamy;
Who could not see that from a sty
The hogs of lust must come;
Who could not see that ignorance
Is what makes men's souls dumb;
Who judged success by Golden Calves
While seeking to hold him;
Who tramped the roads and preached a creed
That churches seek to dim. . . .

I met a very brilliant man
Whose inner eye was dim,
And though he had a master-mind,
By God, I pitied him!

# Unwritten Books Reviewed

By ROBERT WHITAKER

**Our New Book Department is unlike that of any other periodical in the world. As THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER is emphatically a "forward-looking" magazine this original book department will deal with books which have not yet been written, but which obviously ought to be written, and will be written as the new social order gets more and more control of world affairs. We can say with confidence that the author of this department is peculiarly well qualified to anticipate the publications of tomorrow, not only as to their titles, and the publishing house which will have the courage and enterprise to put them forth, but also as to the lines of survey and argument which the most worth while publications of tomorrow will follow. Any of our readers who wish to contribute information and suggestions concerning books which they have discovered in the offing are invited to send them to this office, or write direct to Mr. Whitaker, at 506 Tajo Building, Los Angeles, California.**

## The Failure of American Rationalism

By A FREE-THINKER

Published by THE REALIST PRESS, Is-land, Ind.

WHO the author of this book may be we do not know, but we do know that he is the first "free-thinker" we have read who seems to us to have taken the word seriously. Generally speaking "free-thinkers" are about as free in fact as the most hide-bound fundamentalists. They react to the names of Voltaire, or Paine, or Ingersoll as emotionally, and extravagantly as do the religious folk to the names of Luther or Calvin or Wesley or Moody, or whoever their particular demigod may be. They have their own shibboleths and creeds to which they are as strenuously attached as any church in Christendom. And usually they are as far away from a truly scientific realism, especially a realism based upon the analysis of actual workaday conditions, as are any of the ideologists of any section of the metaphysical field. They are filled with the superstition of **individualism and the idea**, and quite ignorant of the part which the common man has played and does play in the shaping of human affairs, and how the relation of all of us to land, and tools, and capital has operated to produce not only slave conditions for the masses of mankind but a slave psychology which has resulted of course in all kinds of superstitions and beliefs whereby the minds of men and women could be controlled and diverted from the business of making themselves free.

Here is a writer, who however much of a "free-thinker" he may be in the matter of rejecting the ordinary orthodox religious dogmas, shows himself a good deal more than a mere dogmatist of a negative sort. He sees clearly enough that so far as the wage slave is concerned wrangling for "infidel" doctrines is as futile as wrangling for any other theological stuff. If the boss can keep a man contented while the capitalist absorbs the major part of the product of his labor by letting the chap argue noisily that there isn't any god why should the boss worry? Or what is the difference between affirming the Virgin Birth or denying it, if the workers can be diverted and divided by verbal fighting over it? Doubtless orthodoxy is on the whole a little safer, especially as there are so many brands of it that the workers can always be lined up in contending camps of ecclesiastical confinement when they ought to be out in the open with each other knocking the fetters off of each other's wrists instead of welding them on to each other's minds. But heterodoxy will do quite as well as orthodoxy so long as it isn't a heterodoxy that gets the worker to see what is his own interest in the ownership and control of his own tools and in economic solidarity with all his fellow workers, whatever their theological notions may be.

This the writer sees, and says it with refreshing frankness, and shows up his fellow rationalists to be as pitiful "fundamentalists" themselves as any who ever came up the pike from Tennessee. But he goes a good deal further in his frank and fearless exhibit of the utter failure which has fallen upon the rationalist program in America. He recites at some length the favorable conditions from the viewpoint of free thought presented by pioneer America. He writes with enthusiasm, yet with intelligent restraint, of the leaders and teachers of American ra-

tionalism, especially of the distinguished services of Thomas Paine to the cause of American liberty, and his extraordinary ability as a pamphleteer, his fascinating personality, his exceptional gifts as an orator, and the moral soundness of his indignation at the blood-thirstiness of "the people of God" in Old Testament times, if their wholesale slaughterings were to be taken as done under the immediate direction of the Almighty. Generous mention is made of other leaders of American free thought who are less known to the public than their abilities and services would seem to deserve.

And then the author brings home his charge that in view of this exceptional opportunity which America presented, and the large hearing that Paine and Ingersoll and their confreres have had, the results for rationalism are pitiably small and the present strength of the most conservative types of American religious creedalism are an amazing exhibit of the ineffectiveness of the rationalist attack. The writer details at length the rival forces with which the churches have had to deal in our time, the secularization of education and medicine and other activities which the church of yesterday controlled, the coming of the automobile, the movie, the radio, and the development of out-door life, and shows that in spite of all these counter attractions the churches maintain a remarkable hold upon public interest and support. His treatment at this point might be fuller, and more scientific, but it is sufficient as it is to explain much of the alleged loss of ground by the churches, and to prove how powerful and vital the churches yet are, in spite of this natural, untheological opposition. And it helps to bring home the main indictment of the book, which is to the effect that rationalism as such has utterly failed here in America to check the progress of religious conservatism, has rather contributed to it. To recall the fable of the sun and the wind, the rough blasts of a defiant and contemptuous rationalism have not persuaded the ordinary American to take off his coat of orthodox religion, but have led him to reach for a thicker coat and hug it closer to him.

The book closes with an eloquent appeal, in which the writer himself seems to have no great confidence, but by means of which he seeks to persuade his free-thought comrades to take honest account of the short-comings of their own program up to this time, and to revise it in the interests of a more intelligent, more generous, and more promising program of defeating orthodoxy by trying first of all to understand it, and then to make use of the values which are in it. American rationalism will have to be a good deal bigger thing than it is before it will get anywhere in dealing with American religionism.

But, as someone has cynically said, "You can tell a failure when you meet him, but you can't tell him very much." Can American rationalism learn anything by its present miserable plight?

# The Weary Wobbly, and Other Essays

By PETER STEADFAST.

(The People's Press, New York, N. Y.)

THE initial essay in this little volume is a cure both for the over-buoyant optimism which affects many of those who engage in the fight for labor, and the pessimistic paralysis which too often follows upon it and leaves the social enthusiast of today a derelict of cynical despair tomorrow.

The writer is a minister evidently, or has been such, and uses the phraseology of religion, but with a quickening, human touch. He begins with this incident, which is characteristic of the style of the whole book.

" 'Inside of three years your church will be crowded to the doors,' my friend assured me the other night. He isn't a churchgoing man himself, and has in fact no use for the doctrines or ritual or the emotional responses of religion. But our church is "different," enough so that even he, agnostic as he is, attends with enthusiasm now and then because this pulpit is so outspoken for labor. After making the prophecy which I have quoted above he offered to treat me to chicken dinner if the prophecy didn't come true. And this is the way he reasoned out his confidence. 'There is a smash just ahead of us. Millions will be unemployed. Credit will be gone, property will be at a standstill, actual starvation will be here. The revolution will be forced upon the people. And then they will be willing to listen to the radical, and we shall have our innings, everywhere.' "

The writer goes on: "I said this happened 'the other night,' but on checking up I find it was **four years ago.** The church isn't crowded yet, though many and various have been the liberal programs put over to get a hearing, and the chicken dinner is over-due. Also the 'smash just ahead' is still deferred, and 'millions of unemployed', and all the rest of the natural and 'inevitable' antecedents of a social revolution. And my friend has gone into his shell and has ceased either to work or talk very much for the new order. It is not for his day, he thinks now."

Many other incidents the author of these essays gives, illustrating the passing of yesterday's enthusiasms, and the decline of interest in social revolt on the part of some of the most active workers of other years. He deals at length, and sympathetically, with the story of the I. W. W. and the "weary Wobbly," whom he has met in many and various places, resting on his oars or grown cynical about the whole effort on behalf of the workingman.

"What's the use of going to jail for fellers who haven't sense enough to turn a hand for themselves?" asks one man who has put in years behind the jail bars as a class war prisoner. "Never again," many another "soldier of the common good" has said, as he contemplated the "vain Calvary" he has climbed for the saving of a people who do not want to be saved.

"Then wherefore the fuss and the flurry,
And wherefore the thorns and the cross?
Were it not as well to be merry,
And leave the world to its loss?
What profit have all the martyrs
Of all their belated fame?
For their very praise in the later days
But hideth the later shame."

That is, as the writer says, "the heroes of today are the hitching posts of tomorrow. When a man does stand out because of his sacrifices for the cause and wins a following, that very following uses his name to stabilize and conservatize themselves. If a radical success means crowds and appreciation and understanding, it isn't coming for years, and when it does come it is as likely as not to be capitalized in the interests of some later conservatism."

That is putting it plainly enough, and facing the worst frankly. But when it is all said, the writer makes it quite as plain that the battle is worth while to any man who has the real spirit of the fighter in him. "No man," said "Fellow Worker Jesus," "sets about building a house without first counting the cost." Which means, translated into terms of our time, that no man has any business to set about being a radical unless he is willing to pay the price. And the price isn't "pills" now, and "candy" tomorrow. It isn't "take you medicine, and Santa Claus will bring you a rocking horse when Christmas comes." That may do for children, but it isn't for grown men and women. Grown men and women must learn to do the thing that is worth while for the doing's sake, and to get their satisfaction even in the midst of the suffering which any real living involves. Also they must learn that no one is ready to play much of a part in building over the world and shaping it "nearer to the heart's desire" who cannot work with the enthusiasm of him who looks for the great chance just around the corner, and with the unwearied persistence of him who can wait for the new order if need be a thousand years. "The Weary Wobbly" is good stuff for any man to think upon who has gotten a little slack in his tension. "For in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

# The Essence of Industrialism

By WARREN LAMSON

(Continued From September Issue)

**MANY volumes of research into primitive and ancient societies together with others which treat sex from a biological standpoint affirm the view of the industrialists that there is nothing inherent in either sex to justify a position of superiority in the future society. The mere existence of such inequality today is not sufficient to justify its need or existence in the future. Those who would change this condition of sexual inequity must look to fundamental social changes, not merely to legislate enactments, for so far these have only followed alterations in the social structure. The industrialists, however, are not primarily concerned with the emancipation of woman, but with the emancipation of labor, but this necessarily develops a relationship to the status of woman.**

## THE INDUSTRIALISTS AND WOMAN

Whether woman once occupied a position of superiority matters but little, the facts are today that woman does occupy a position of inferiority and generlly speaking she is man's inferior in talent.

This is socially bad. An undeveloped class from an economic standpoint, is a social drag. But if as is well known woman has occupied a socially inferior position during the centuries in which man has so wonderfully advanced, then it is but natural that she should today be his inferior in talent for as previously shown (Industrialists and Education and the opening premise) the inferiority in ability or talent for any considerable number, sexually as well as by class divisions, is merely the result of inequality of opportunity.

Women in large numbers have been forced or lured into the industrial life of the world, yet as a citizen with a pretty little ballot, when a worker, she finds herself as fully ignored as the male worker.

The women of the working and agrarian classes, having no knowledge of preventive methods, are almost continuously pregnant, or with babes at breast, while those who wish a large supply of cheap, ignorant and unorganized labor, sufficiently

abased and beggarly to be utilized as pawns in the purely commercial wars of modern international capital, continuously sing the praises of motherhood, of which every beast is capable. The newspapers' and moving pictures' main source of sobstuff is this worship of a purely animal function. Intelligent motherhood requires something more than a continuous string of births. It requires of woman to be something more than a perennially pregnant animal. Yet those who attempt to introduce some education on the subject of birth control, constantly meet with opposition. This is most certainly one of the causes of the average woman's intellectual standards being inferior to those of men, while it fills the world with a numerous progeny to which the family purse can seldom do justice, robbing the mother of social intercourse, her time too completely taken up with the cares of the children and stretching an insufficient sum for maintenance. Despite the praise given to the home and the usual eulogy of large families both are in many senses woman's enemy.

Excluded for ages from those pursuits which enlarge mental horizons, woman today appears a mental dwarf devoid of intellectual energy or aspiration. "The small amount she has been allowed to use her mind has almost caused it to be atrophied," says L. F. Ward. The above quotation was penn'ed about twenty years ago. Changing industrial conditions have forced women in ever increasing numbers into fctories, mills, clothing shops and office work, while not a few have entered the commercial and literary world, meeting with average success. These women workers have organized, fought bitter battles, and in many instances bettered their working conditions with the same weapons used by the male worker. However, the so-called androcentric view held both by so many men and women still retards the development of the latter.

The social organization proposed by the industrialists, since it would provide equality in every detail, would eliminate all these social evils, making productive workers of the host of women now merely parasitical dependents on men, eating, wearing and expending without enriching the world one iota. This dependent position of the female is not true of the animal kingdom nor of primitive societies. The replacing of nonproducing women as producers, in their present inferior state would double the producing agents. They with the male parasites transferred to useful labor would in reality quadruple the producing agents of modern society.

But with a basis of equality for the race, male and female alike, with the mind, not only the male mind, scientifically educated there would be few if any lines of endeavor in which woman would not soon equal man, and both in the arts and industry they would probably open up new fields as yet untouched by man. While the attaining of social and economic equality would bring about an intellectual communion by which both may travel to the highlands of human growth, the new, free, joyous described by Wells and others.

### The Industrialists and the Arts

Today we live in a world where art is under the censorship of the most stupid, puritanical group that has ever befallen it. It is John Cowper Powys, who says: "No one could suppose for a moment that such a thing as the puritanical censorship of art and letters which now hangs, like a leaden weight, round the neck of every writer of original power,would be thrust upon us by the victims of the sweatshops and factories."

This is very like the position of the Industrialists, for they conceive of the revolution as a freeing of all social forces, which are in no way destructive. Our faith in this process is such that we conceive of a new mankind, surpassing the imagination. While we do not recognize culture alone as progressive, we do see in it one of the greatest elements of happiness. I believe that it was Upton Sinclair who said in substance that there is sufficient energy expended in painting, designing and writing for advertising purposes to produce a school of art and literature which would dazzle the world. L. F. Ward declares: "The love of the beautiful both in sight and sound, has ever been and ever must be a reliable social force, ready to manifest its power on every occasion, whenever the great vital demands of existence cease to absorb the energies of society."

Today the art.st must create, knowing that only a small part of the people will enjoy his work, and I believe that the true artist appreciates a public, and that the satisfaction of imparting pleasure to it is fully as powerful an incentive as income, for those who bear a real relation to products, whether they be workers of art or not, hate futile effort. The workers certainly would not favor a censorship like the present one, where women's clubs, often through perverted male employees, snoop around for something for the club to disapprove, and then through various means suppress something sufficiently artistic or out of the ordinary to attract their attention and soothe their pious, parasitical souls with the foolish idea that they are socially useful.

The idea of being a vigilant guardian angel to other's welfare develops an excessive opinion of importance, which, with a poisonous odor of sanctity that surrounds such persons causes any useful creating agent to detest them. Every artist who prostitutes his talent to secure their approval commits intellectual suicide.

The sense of beauty is a characteristic of civilized man alone, and the extent that those who beautify our lives are free from interference may well be a measure of our progress.

### The Industrialists and the Scholar

The revolutionary organizations have all done more to make the mass of the people acquainted with the works of the world's scholars than all

other organizations together, including press, church and state. In America the revolutionary groups have reached many, while the I. W. W. has diffused a knowledge of them to the most hopeless and overworked of the dispossessed, till today we find the workers advancing by rapid strides in their understanding of fundamental scientific truths, and it is not alone those scholars who deal with sociological questions with whom they are becoming familiar.

The scholar of today, unless independently wealthy, has much pressure brought to bear upon him to trim his sail to meet the demands of comparatively illiterate men, with but one ideal, profits. If wealthy he must couch his works in such terms as not to offend the Anglo-maniac, the church, the nationalist and all of the powerful reactionary groups. When he voices a new idea or differs from some idea now popular it must be done with humiliating apologies. The new social order will remove the straight jacket from thought, then no longer need tho scholar obscure what he has to say.

In the Southern states the socialists once propagated what some have called "White Socialism." For a party organization, not depending wholly upon the working class, this was practically unavoidable. That such tactics can be avoided by an organization of a revolutionary industrial character, was demonstrated by the Brotherhood of Timber Workers, which at the apex of its career affiliated with the I. W. W. For the industrialist knows no class lines in any climate. Just as labor has found it necessary to organize regardless of diffrent nationalities of whites, so the industrialist, in his social scheme, wants all humanity embodied in it. Today recognizing that its success depends upon the entire working class, not the white, black or brown part of it, the workers of all races are sought as members by these groups, and all enjoy equal privileges as members. The industrialists see in the future society all class antagonisms eliminated, and such conflicts as take place translated to another field, have different sources and methods; there will be no one to profit by preaching race hatred, and free science cannot support it.

The ability to think and labor is the property of no one race. In "Social Evolution" Benjamin Kidd writes: "Even those races which are melting away at the mere contact of European civilization supply evidence which appears quite irreconcilable with the prevailing view as to their great intellectual inferiority."

The facts show that these so-called inferior races have plenty of intellectual capacity for earning distinction in any branch of learning, even when confronted with hostility. No one would today think of saying that the Chinese or Japanese were not the intellectual equals of any. It is not a question, in most cases, of capacity at all, but of opportunity and equipment. The Chinese, for instance, developed a comparatively high degree of civilization, while our ancestors were howling savages. The forces that carried some races ahead and arrested the progress of others were not under the control of them, nor are these forces controlled today.

Whether humanity developed from one stock, and groups became isolated and acquired different characteristics, so different as to become distinct races, as seems to be the case (see Wells' "Outline of History; Van Loon "The Story of Mankind"), or whether the conditions necessary for the evolution of man took place separately at different parts of the earth's surface matters little, though most scholars, at present, hold the former theory.

Many quite unlike groups have in the past been assimilated into one people. It appears that, with a modification of the social structure, a process of blending will take place. In fact it is taking place, and such a change would not originate it, but only facilitate the process. Each race would contribute racial qualities which would be of great value to the whole. Some of the weaker branches, now slowly disappearing, may be more nearly blotted out than assimiliated. However, this will not prove true of those races which are numerically strong and are today distinguishing themselves. Race antipathy, even in centers of hostility, cannot completely suppress the reproductive, for men and women are often charmed by the opposite sex of an alien race; this indeed is a more attractive future than one of inter-racial warfare. Lacking such a social solution, a destructive warfare between Asiatic and American-European capitalism is now in sight, which may destroy civilization.

### The Industrialists and Violence

Listening to an I. W. W. soap-boxer in Salt Lake City (Fred Ritter) speaking about a street car strike, I heard the following voiced: "When the scab gets on the car and runs it, we don't try to wreck the car, but allow our vision to climb the trolley and follow the wires to the place where the current originates." This is indeed the stand of the industrialists on violence, their scheme gives the strength of unity, of the concerted action of every unit necessary to stopping the particular work. Their structure provides for the stoppage of work in another or all other industries if necessary to win in one. They recognize, in violence, the tactics of desperation, and ineffective organization. So much for industrial warfare for immediate demands.

The same views are put forward by them in relation to the social revolution. It was an advocate of political action who said, "Behind every socialist ballot lies a bullet," and another who said, "If they should refuse to install our elected administration, we will mount the barricades and fight like tigers." The industrialists put forward the idea of control of the new machinery of production, upon which the life of all modern nations rests. The present workers are the only ones possessing the technique actually to operate this machinery as a whole. Not so long as a large part of them remain at work, can new workers drawn

from the untrained, undisciplnied, non-producing elements be able to man even minor parts of it. Violence is the means of the owners, and the methods of one class can not be successfully used by another. It is not through violence that the workers can triumph, but through the construction of a machine to destroy the ability of the employers to use violence to enforce their ownership. Industrial organization is the ideal weapon for this pur pose, for the industries of the nation are scattered, and the soldiery, drawn from the ranks of the workers themselves, cannot be distributed and directed properly for the work of upholding the employers, against the workers who control communication, transportation, lighting, etc., acting in conjunction with all the rest.

True, some advocate the idea that capitalism shall fall rather than be overthrown. With this question I am not greatly concerned, for whether it collapses or is overthrown, the thorough organization of the producing class is necessary, and the negative basis of "watchful waiting" for it to fall is not sufficient to build upon.

Labor organizations developed because the workers had no means of escape, and no other means of defense. To prevent the onerous condition of the employers, the producer had to be armed with a weapon that suited his needs, and was shaped for his purposes. This required, and to avoid becoming obsolete still requires, increasing sagacity, while a clearly visualized goal is of the greatest importance to any social movement.

All phases of modern life have for some time overflown national boundaries and natural geographical barriers. But the triumph of an industrial organization, and the consequent overthrow of the present obsolete national governments, would for the first time in the story of man see a social organization as broad as the race and its interests. The new social order for some time would logically proceed upon lines similar to those assumed by the forces which inaugurated it. But it being hardly possible that man has reached the limits of evolution, either in a physical or intellectual sense, such an assumption would be as absurd when held in regard to the new order as when held by our primitive ancestors.

If we should grant the assumption that the most finished product of the race today has ascended to the highest peaks of development, we still would have to take cognizance of social evolution, and the result of bringing the race as a whole to such a degree of development. Consequently it is comparatively safe to assume that the new social order would itself be transitory. It would present a picture similar to that of the machinery which brought it into being, with the additional prestige of wielding the undivided and unopposed will of the entire race. "If such an organization were handled in a way to hold the allegiance of its constituent membership, its decisions on matters of importance would carry immense authority." ("The Next Step," by Scott Nearing.) Its decisions would carry so much authority that a war conducted by a continental or an industrial division would be an impossibility.

However a social war (not armed warfare) might quite possibly take place, extending throughout its fabric. Its overthrow and the inauguration of a still more advanced and freer society may take place in such a manner. It would amply provide for the settling of quarrels or rivalry originating from the material interests of any one small group. However, there are phases of life from which no institution, of which we are able to conceive, can abolish competition and friction, and the development of a social order which would eliminate, even the worst features of this from all phases of life, would necessarily be one more advanced than the "Industrial Democracy" sketched here. The presentation of the next immediate social order as an immense love affair by two billion people is absurd, but its industrial and social structure will prevent its breakup, excepting in favor of a more advanced order. For the only condition of life that can remain unchanged would be one in which evolutionary forces could not operate or innovations be introduced.

"A change has occurred in man and that change was education, the power which brought about this change was the steam engine." (Steinmetz, "America and the New Epoch"): So we can imagine a change occurring, in the order proposed, by the introduction of a means of generating power from the sun rays, spherical friction, or the decomposition of the atom, far greater in its possibilities than steam or electric power machinery.

In utilizing the industrial mechanism of today such a society of necessity progresses into a yet higher stage, for to quote the figures, not of a literary theorist, but of one of the world's greatest engineers, Steinmetz, "The elimination of obvious waste and inefficiency of duplication of production, etc., would still farther reduce the work of the world, so that without discounting improvements and inventions which are continually being made, we can see a world with a standard of living fully as satisfactory as ours, but working only four hours a day, only two hundred days during the year—that is, taking a week or two for recreation at every holiday, and two months vacation in summer. This is far away, but it is no idle dream, we have only to look across the water, toward war torn Europe, and we can see conditions which, with the waste of war removed, would not be far different from above." The Steinmetzes of that future day will no more be idle than now, while their prestige will be far greater. So we may safely assume that nothing will even be considred finally settled, knowledge will continue to increase and wil alter the conditions of life as now, so we may assume that there will be something beyond, freer than industrial democracy, itself to be the product of revolution, when the new order has laid low the ignorance,

superstition and peculiar traits of mind fostered by the present semi-savage state of mass and class oppression.

The succeeding state will probably be one of voluntary association or organization. The fact is that it will take a finer type of man than we have at present to inaugurate a social system based on voluntary association. To idealize the average man or toiler is futile. The truth is that the average man and toiler will need to pass through the social order of industrial grouping, which will not be voluntary, before he will attain the social conscience necessary for such an ideal form of life. The possession of material things, as a measure of a man's value must be eliminated from the concepts of the race, the passion for moulding every one to one model, in forcing every one to conform to the drab standard of the majority must be overcome before the great mass of men may become true individuals, before a race truly free and beautiful can be evolved, living not in the hideous primitive state of anarchism or communism, of some of the "radical" backgazers, but in the anarchism of an intelligent and capable race. Man as we know him today is more brute than intellect, a sense of beauty is the possession of but a few.

The difference between the man finally to be produced by the individual democracy, and living in the first society of free men, and the toiling cattle, scheming shysters, mercenary politicians, and prostituted journalists of today is sufficient at this time to render the evolution of such a superior man a thing inconceivable to the average person, even to the average revolutionist, who thinks of his authoritative communistic or industrial unionistic society as final.

Who still think and write in terms of majority rules see only that which is temporary, present. The real social change will make men free. Its concept, rather than the greatest good for the greatest number, majority rule, will be founded on organic, social unity, the only foundation for spontaneous sympathy and love.

# Onward

By LEWIS STONE

IN this picture of a primitive man hauling huge stones with which to build a dwelling or for some other purpose, we have an artistic idea of the fearful labor involved when industry was very young and the mind of man was little developed. Usage of tools, their continual improvement and multiplication, has sharpened the human brain and placed ease in life and comfort within the grasp of the whole race. However, the speed at which most workers in America are compelled to toil,

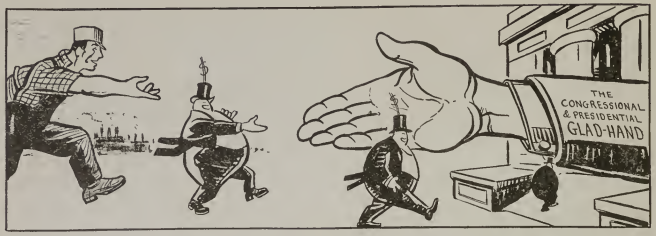


the consequent exhaustion endured, would not show so great a difference in the status of the primitive man and his modern wage slave descendant as might be assumed by viewing the great machines man now has to aid in creating life's necessaries.

Modern industrial plants illustrate the contrast between archaic forms of labor and those operating today. But the workers are slaves to these machines and prisoners of all the factories when they should be masters of all social tools. They lack this mastery because they are divided, ignorant, without a sense of their own due worth and without a vision of what a dreamland they could make of this old world if only they would organize and wipe away all barriers standing between equity and justice in the relations of man to man and man to industry.

But attaining such a social readjustment, involving revolution in society, is not the highest stage men may hope to reach. It is simply battering down the walls of a confinement prejudicial to the welfare of the workers primarily, and to the human race secondarily.

At the conclusion of his greatest satire, "Penguin Island," Anatole France draws a picture of a future with industrialism unchallenged and cities of fifteen millions, crowded warrens of industry, dim and joyless. In seriousness to draw the future with the stuff of imagination or desire is utopian, but we do not want to go forward to a regimen of ironclad system, to dwell in the sunless canyons of cities and to view as the only thing worth while our attachment to industry, any more than we should care to turn back to primitive forms of existence. Solving the economic problem by instituting an industrial commonwealth is a great step, but it lays only the foundation of a life thus far unknown, one that is freed from that which is ugly, freed from drudgery, freed from industrial goosestepping.




VOICE FROM WITHIN (WARMLY)—"COME RIGHT IN, GENTS."

# Behold Here The Election Spirit!

By C. E. WOOD

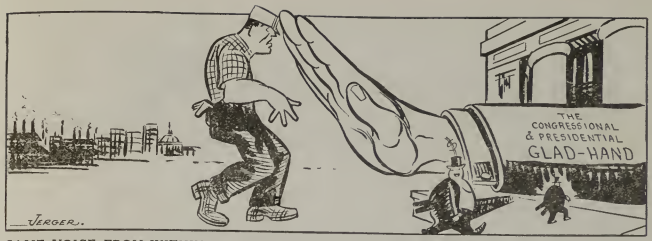
WITH the election time for many national, state, and municipal offices approaching, the workers are sure to be treated again to the flattery of those who are out to catch votes. The dignity of labor will be much spoken of while acknowledgement of the workers' social contribution will fill the air. In non-election seasons there is a remarkable dearth of this homage, and even so astute a politician and so noble an idealist as the late Woodrow Wilson had his "say" about the workingman in plain language—after he had captured the presidency. When the subject of the perennially mounting cost of life was broached to Woodrow and his opinion asked as to what he thought the workers should do about it he replied: "Tell them to eat cheese." One of his distinguished political contemporaries, now gathered in the arms of his fathers also, Champ Clark, while speaker of the House of Representatives was even more blunt in the same premises. He said to tell the workers to "eat mush." But the storm of war broke on Europe and the American proletariat went to work on ships and shells and they were spared the cheese and mush, which just before that time they were having difficulty in securing. The war brought prosperity and shed its glory on the reign of the Princetonian acolyte before the hallowed shrine of democracy.

Now these mentions are made merely to remind you that on occasion the office holders in the highest seats of authority will "spill the beans" about their real atttiude regarding the welfare of the slaves—only, and it is to be well noted, these leaks come after elections. Before the elections nothing —in words, at any rate—is too good for the people. After the contest is over nothing is too bad for them.

And as the years have rolled around a growing number of workers have come to realize that they have nothing to gain from politicians. They have not read books to find this out, but experience with the whole breed by a process of party rotation in administration has shown them how alike are all factions contending for control. An election period never passes in which the tendency of workers to allow the ballot to pass unnoticed is not deplored and denounced in the capitalist press, and, for that matter, in the remnants of the socialist press as well. All are urged to flock to the polls and "do their duty." However, this exhortation does not turn the tide of indifference to political affairs, the workers feeling that the vote is a broken reed upon which it is foolish to depend.

This apathetic reception of the hortatory broadsides for them to rush pollward and stuff ballots in boxes said to be capable of issuing a magic for the common good, might be only the obverse side of the medal. We might expect to find a reverse face displaying a positive movement in a direction for action in lieu of the abandoned parliamentary sort. Such is not the case. The workers do not leave off voting to employ other methods. They do nothing.

It is an important phenomenon, this increasing neglect of employing their voting privileges, that should be turned to account by industrial unionists. While we witness this condition of disaffection we should also remember that never has the American working class given support to radical political parties. This is not a fact to be regretted, inasmuch as numerous alignments of proletarian forces with social democratic parties in Europe for about four decades, having parliamentary blocs of great strength, achieved nothing of value for the workers and fell to pieces in the debacle of 1914.




SAME VOICE FROM WITHIN (WARMLY—BUT WITH A DIFFERENCE!)—"HEY! NOT YOU! I SAID GENTS!"

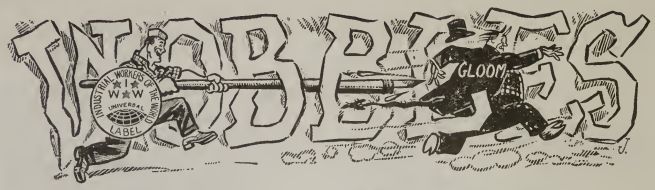
America is, at least, spared these long years of experimenting with socialist saviors.

The time is more propitious to disseminate the industrial union philosophy than ever before, as examples of the constant and universal transcending of industrial control by business empire over the parliamentary influence multiply themselves. During the war business openly ran the government as it had previously and has thereafter operated it more covertly. And if we can focus attention on this economic spectacle we can detract from the parliamentary interest that still holds the minds of many workers, while arousing those to act who have already quit hoping for betterment by changes of administration on the political field.

Nothing should really be more natural for working class expression than economic direct action, and without having raised their sporadically intense contests with their masters in industry to a creed or a philosophy, the workers have depended more and more upon the strike. No action more directly suggests itself to them, and the strike is an instrument within their grasp. They do not wait for an election day to vote resistance to encroachments in factory, mill or mine; they think not at all of using ballots to reduce the hours of labor or to increase wages or to gain anything they want. What they do, if they do anything, is to demonstrate their economic power directly at the productive point. Of course this gesture is very limited in a country where unionism recruits so small a minority of the working class, but it is practiced sufficiently to influence workers' thought in general, and one is frequently in earshot of such remarks in unorganized industries as, "We ought to start a union to get more pay." It is never, "We should vote next election day for so-and-so to get bigger wages."

This is an encouraging aspect of the class struggle. Taking account of the training in subservience that is given to workers, and the consequent timidity they show toward embracing programs involving assumption of power, we must realize that our educational progress among them must necessarily be slow. We have very little influence on the eduction of minors, our work being possible only among adults, while the orthodox systems of education have a method that is elaborate and begins with small children, never ceasing "educating" the individuals in patriotism, belief in the sanctity of the existing regime, and in acceptance of their "place." We can not change this educational scheme until we have charge of education, and this, like all other institutions, is bound up with industrial ownership. Although the fact had long been observed and commented upon, it was left to Upton Sinclair to publish two books dealing with the American system of education both elementary and advanced. In "The Goose Step" and "The Goslings" he makes a complete case showing that the economic masters of this country dictate the kind of education that is to be dispensed and the kind that is to be dispensed with. When we have won the ownership of the industries we shall fall heir to ownership of all social institutions, and then we shall be obliged to shape these institutions to our own ends.

Our work is to show workers that a better life is possible for them only if they unite industrially and take it. Our business is to demonstrate that food, clothing and shelter, the three most essential needs of man, are not produced in parliaments, but in the industries and that to regulate their creation and distribution parliamentary direction is not needed but industrial organization certainly is. The horizon of a liberated humanity must be illumined by the rays of economic direct action. Slowly the industrial union idea is taking hold and the employing class is making desperate efforts to prevent its propagation. By industrial organization the bosses have gained control and they realize its merit. They know that when the great mass of workers, or even minorities of workers in certain industries, embrace this instrument of organization a will to power will be generated and the knell of economic autocracy tolled.




## HORSE SENSE

In the American Mercury for July Captain E. L. M. Burns, of the Royal Canadian Engineers of the world war, has this to say about the horse:

"The above chronicle of defects ought to be enough to convince anyone who has not had a cavalry training that the horse is not to be depended on for warfare in this enlightened age."

Thus the horse shows better sense than his master, man.

## A PATRIOTIC GESTURE

"We, Our and Us." What "we" are doing in South America. How fine "our" work down there is. All the things that now belong to "us," he tells us all about in the Saturday Evening Post. But just as my patriotic pride was beginning to bust my bosom almost, I found that "We" and "Us" were our dear old friends the Guggenheims, Morgans, and Rockefellers, while "Our" was Anaconda Copper and Standard Oil and Bethlehem Steel, who owned, there as here, all that was ours. And what do you think they went to all the trouble of annexing all that fat profit for? Just for fun? Not on your life, bless your dear, innocent soul—they done it out of pure patriotism, just because they want to protect Uncle Sam in the next war! Ain't that too noble for anything?

## QUIZZING THE M. D.

Pat had recently arrived in America from the Emerald Isle, and he was obliged to see a doctor about an illness. When the physician finished the examination Pat asked:

"Well, doctor, and how am I feeling today?"

## HARD

Dentist: So you've broken a tooth, eh?

Tough kid: Yeh.

Dentist: How did it happen?

Tough kid: I wuz shiftin' gears on an all-day-sucker.

## REALIZATION

"This is positively revolting," remarked Louis XVI on hearing of the fall of the Bastille.

## A FAIRY TALE

Once there was a young man who loved his wife and his mother. One day his sweet bride asked which of the two he loved more.

"My mother," he said, hanging his head.

"That's good," she replied sweetly.

## ANOTHER ONE

"Just as I thought," said the dentist to the new patient, "your teeth are in perfect condition."

## TIMELY ADVICE

A street speaker in Scotland was being annoyed by offensive remarks from part of his audience. He was about to call a policeman when one of his friends advised: "No need to call a bobby. Just gang roun' wi' the hat!"

## OF COURSE

Abie: Papa, what's science.

Papa: Don't be dumb, Abie, it's them things like what says "Keep off the grass."

## TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR?

From the Provincial Record (Australia).

It is presumed that his death was due to having come in contact with a high-tension wife.

## OF NO CONSEQUENCE

The big sedan was speeding smoothly over the country highway. A one-armed driver was sitting at the werel, but other arms were well distributed in the rear seat.

"I think I heard something drop," said the chauffeur, anxiously. "I hope it wasn't my spare tire."

"No, only a pedestrian," remarked the girl reassuringly, laughing at his needless fears as the car sped on.

## NONE TODAY, THANK YOU

"Please, ma'am," said the domestic, "there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs."

"Why, Bridget," interrupted the mistress in a reproving tone, "what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any."

# Capital is Capital

By COVINGTON AMI

WHAT is the point of effective concert between Capital and Labor, between management and men?" asks Robert W. Bruere in the Survey Graphic for August.

Bruere should learn the scientific use of these words before handling them, else he is muddling the issue and hurting the cause of labor.

It is clear that the "Management" of industries are just as much men as are the "men" working at other tasks in industry. The managers are no more capital than are the rest of the men and women engaged in production, distribution and exchange. They are merely a highly trained group of technical workers, and nothing else. In the present system of robbery of labor they do not manage the socialized industries for society, but to gouge out of the workers under them all the profit the traffic will bear for their bosses, the plutocracy, as the present dividend rate clearly proves. They are efficient, all right—efficient robbers.

It is further clear that this definition of capital is correct, viz.:

**"Capital is that part of wealth set aside for the production of more wealth through the exploitation of the labor power of the industrial and agricultural workers."**

There is no equality between capital and labor for the sufficient reason that capital is a dead thing until labor power starts it into life. It is the product of the age-long effort of the race, and what the race has created belongs by every right, natural and divine, to the race alone. The present owners of capital hold it, not by right, but by usurpation and conquest. It has been looted from the race.

It is sheer nonsense, or worse, therefore, to speak of "management" as if it were capital and of "men" as if they were something outside of and alien to the economic organization of industry. Such language will never get us anywhere.

We, the workers, are not after injuring capital. Not at all. Our whole interest is in conserving it and in developing it to still higher efficiency to the end that our lives may be freed of grueling toil and uncertainty, and that there may be more peace in leisure in the world for all.

We have nothing therefore against capital. It is to the capitalist, the alleged owner of capital that we object. We deny his right to own that which is the creation of the race as his private property. We deny it because it injures us and ours. We demand the abolition, not of capital, but of the private ownership of capital. And this we do because that private ownership carries with it the alleged right of the private owners and their autocratically selected management to do as they "damn please" with our labor power, which is the very life of our life—the strength of our hands and brains. We hold, therefore, that the only "point of effective concert between capital and labor" can be effected when capital is common wealth.

For when capital is common wealth it will no longer be capital, for then it can no longer be used for the exploitation of labor power. That is what we are aiming at—the ending of the abuse of capital by making it common wealth. That end we will achieve, "for nothing is more certain in the stars than that the workers shall yet be free."

# "Why is a Editor?"

By COVAMI

PAW, why is a editor, queried the Sweet Young Thing, looking up from the latest issue of the Daily Yellow American.

"Editors, my dear daughter," replied the fond parent, "especially editors of great journals, great dailies and official organs, are because they once were.

"Editors were originally some pumpkins in the communities in which they lived and enlightened; but today all that is changed, for, what with the Business Office on one side of them and the Policy of the Management on the other, they are now in the fix of the man who got between the devil and the deep blue sea.

"Editors are supposed to illuminate the minds of the common people on and as to affairs sundry and in general, but when a man can't express his own mind his illuminations don't dispel much darkness, my dear.

"Editors are mainly maintained on publications today, not to think, but that the Public may have somebody to cuss.

"Editors thus being between the Business Office, the Policy and the Public, develop hides thicker than politicians and consciences like unto dipomats and, even at that, only the most hardened sinners stick to the job.

"Editors canot turn around without butting into one of the three Great Powers named and must ever be on their guard against ruffling any of them, since from the Business Office they draw their pay, from the Policy their psychology and from the Public their praise, all three of which are necessary to the welfare of modern editors, for editors, like all other animals, must forage for food, clothing and shelter, my darling.

"Editors must therefore always speak wisely and well, exercising great care in the handling and illumination of the dangerous thoughts, facts and

truths that now undermine all society, lest they unwittingly expose the ship of state to a submarine, and thereby kerplunk the palladium of our liberties.

"Editors, my dear one, are, like all other big men and things of today, not what they seem, or dreamed, either; and the more widely they are heralded and advertised the more certain you can be that they are famed for saying nothing sagely or for gilding the lily of truth so perfectly that no one would recognize it once it had passed through the exotic exuberance of their imaginations.

"Editors are born and not made. Their 'why' is one of the unrevealed marvels of an unrevealed mystery."

"Gee! Paw, I didn't know it was as worse as that. Ain't you a editor?" dazedly queried the S. Y. T.

"Yes, my child," he meekly answered, "I am of the Lost Tribe of Thinkers. But please don't be too hard on poor old daddy, dear, for, remember, had I not been diplomat enough to dodge the three Terrible Powers named, you could not have been Queen of the Pippin Karnival Kub's ball this season, and it has been the dream of my life to see you Queen of the Pippins.

"When the Blue Pencil falls from my weary hand and I go hence to that Happy Land whence the Business Office, the Policy and the Public cannot come, just carve this on my tombstone, please:

" 'Here sleeps an editor. May he never wake up. Amen.' "

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The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

The conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

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An Illustrated Labor Magazine

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Reviewing The 1925 Harvest Drive

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Edited by Vern Smith

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**Volume III. No. VII NOVEMBER, 1925 Whole Number 31**


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# EDITORIALS

**LUMBERWORKERS RESTLESS**—During the first week of October, about 1,500 lumber workers, engaged in the saw mills of Aberdeen startled the community by going on an unorganized strike, and closing down what might be called the chief manufacturing industry of that town. News dispatches sent in to Chicago from there state that everything is unusually quiet, and add significantly, "even the whistles are silent". That is an excellent sign. If the bosses cannot get scabs, they cannot run their mills, therefore, no whistles. And if this condition lasts very long, there will certainly be gains for the strikers.

It is likewise reported that the strikers are afraid to organize. Certainly the strike was not started by any organization. It was started by the rotten conditions and the low pay. The saw mill workers suffered a cut of about 20 percent in their wages not long ago, and the mill bosses kept them quiet by telling them that there was no profit, and nothing to strike for.

But when work speeded up, and when news came in of great sales of lumber in the Orient and elsewhere, and when, especially, some of the mills began to run two shifts —that looked different.

The saw mill workers were right in striking. If they do not win it will not be because the bosses can not afford to lose. It will be because the bosses are better equipped to put up a fight, and the obvious lesson to these workers from that, is to organize. They have good solidarity—they strike together—FINE! But that is the beginning only. Whether they win or lose this round, they will have another coming up. If they win, the boss will begin, either by lengthening the hours, speeding u pthe work, efficiency systems, or in some other way, to quietly take back all he has been forced to surrender. If they do not win, he will of course, grant nothing in the first place. And either to keep what is won, or to make sure of getting it at all, it is necessary to be firmly organized, ready to fight any time, and not to have to depend on a wave of enthusiasm or of desperation to pull the men out of the mills, at a critical moment.

These lessons are so plain that the Aberdeen workers will see them before long. Once they have begun to show solidarity, the organization needed to maintain it will take place. It is all very hopeful, when one considers that the saw-mill workers are the section of the lumber industry that have always been least likely to put up a fight. If they begin to struggle, then surely, conditions favor organization and militant action everywhere in the industry.

We expect before long to hear, that not only have the saw-mill workers of Aberdeen and other Pacific Coast towns decided in greater and greater numbers to join the I. W. W., but that the woods workers, heretofore the most energetic and rebellious, and because of that the most progressive, section of the industry, are flocking to hunt up delegates in Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 120 of the I. W. W. If the mill workers can fight unitedly and tie up four big mills in Aberdeen, the loggers, who understand organization, and have had experience in its benefits, can certainly be relied upon to get together and get results, the I. W. W. way.

**TOO MANY MINERS?**—John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America agrees with Secretary Hoover that there are twice too many miners in this country. While Lewis jockeys for political preferment we find the union which he heads staggering under a weight of scab competition certain, if not checked, to wreck it. Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia scabs are receiving a wage of $2.50 a day in those enlightened communities, while the organized fields pay

$7.50. As a result of this cost advantage, and superiority of the coal in the states named, owners of these non-union mines are formig stronger blocs of economic power whose future portends a coal mine hegemony destructive of all unionism in the coal mining industry.

With speed-up systems and improved methods of taking out the coal, fewer workers are needed unless a change is made in the hours of employment. This condition holds true of all industries, the number of part-time employed and unemployed workers constantly grows, and this very resource of competitors for jobs gives the employing class a weapon with which to force their slaves to toil longer hours. In no respect is the class conflict, the clash of interests between worker and boss more clearly shown than in the matter of hours. Obviously, when the number of jobless mounts the first need is for a reduction in hours of those employed so that the unemployed can be given work. But the boss class is strengthened by this over-supply of labor and turns the situation to the account of higher profits by driving the workers to longer hours of labor and to lower rates of pay.

The same phenomenon is common to all industrial countries, and lands that formerly produced few or no manufactured articles are developing their industries. With these nascent competitors on the world market the battle is intensified and the contradictions of capitalism assume more threatening form. There is no hope through the old means of collective bargaining. The capitalist class as it throws ever more workers into the shambles of unemployment approaches its end, but without the decisive assaults of revolutionary labor capitalism can endure for a long time. Machinery exists to be the friend and liberator of the working class when this class takes possession of it for its own purposes. Today machinery in the grasp of an unsocial breed of leeches enslaves the workers.

So, if there are too many miners according to the hours worked, is there no solution to the problem? Are the extra miners to thrust themselves on a labor market already glutted? Or are they to lie down and die? So far as the trade union officialism is concerned they can adopt either course. Trade unionism has no key to the dilemma; it is bankrupt. Indeed there is no way out for the miners and for all workers except by revolution. And the hour nears, the time is being forced on the working class in which its members must make a positive offensive for possession of all the industries.

—JOHN A. GAHAN.

**SYMPTOMS OF DECAY.**—Chicago is one of the great cities, great in population, boasting good health conditions. And, as big cities go, we suppose that it is not worse than others in this respect, and perhaps better than many. But we recall having read a few years ago a statement by a prominent physician connected with the Chicago Board of Education, in which he said that most of the children he examined had enlarged tonsils and bad respiration due to congested living quarters and improper nourishment.

The other day Dr. Clara Jacobson made a health survey of the Scanlon school of Chicago, which has 2,000 pupils. She reported that 15 per cent of these children are potential tuberculosis cases, and that 42 per cent are anemic. Also that 75 per cent have enlarged or diseased tonsils, and 74 per cent have decayed teeth. In addition to this she says that 41 per cent have enlarged thyroid glands, 26 per cent defective posture; 40 per cent have defective vision; 6 per cent were slightly deaf in one or both ears, and rickets in infancy had left its effects on 27 per cent.

This is a record of an ordinary public school's children. Most of these children are of the working class. Nearly every disease, imperfection and tendency to disease discovered by this physician is traceable to poverty. The effects of rickets (rachitis) being peculiarly so, since this disease attacks very young children who are not properly fed. Children afflicted who survive its ravages are marked by the

disease. In a survey of a New York public school several years ago it was discovered that most of the children came to school without breakfasting, because their parents were too poor to provide them with the prescribed three meals a day. And a doctor at that time whose investigations had been nationwide said that there were several million American school children who did not receive either enough to eat or the right kind of food, due to the impoverished conditions under which they existed.

While upward of two million children are enslaved in the industries of this country, another immense host are robbed of the nutrition that is required to build strong bodies and to fit human beings for the normal conduct of life. Warfare is one of the spectacular outrages practiced on the human race because of the scheme of profits motivating industry. But here is another phase of the same monstrous power working havoc in the bodies of little children. There is no cure for poverty except freedom, and freedom means industrial freedom, justice and equality for all men and women and all who are able acting as producers.—JOHN A. GAHAN.

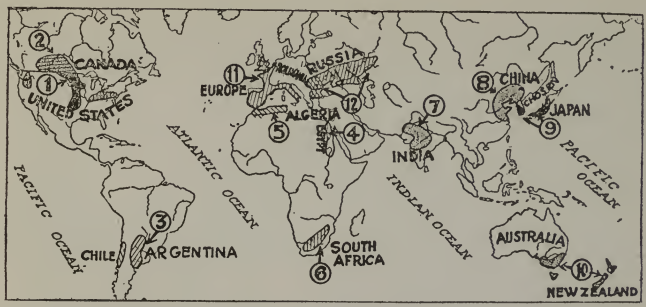
**BRAINS AND GAS.** — Brigadier General Amos A. Fries, chief of the American army's chemical warfare service, declares that in the next war gas is to be the dominant factor. He also mentioned that this country leads the world in this kind of war preparation. The general imparted the cheering news that with an auxiliary air force it would be possible to kill every resident in a city as large as Chicago by dropping drums of poison vapors from the clouds. And he wound up by asserting: "In ancient days it was brute force that won struggles. Now man has found that brains count more than brawn."

Such chemical progress for wiping out opponents in warfare should certainly be thrilling to the patriotic soul. How the pulses of the hundred percenter must quicken at the news, and how our chests should swell with this pride of brain over brawn for the purposes of human destruction. Advocates of gas warfare tell us it is the most humane way to kill. How glorious is the chemical science that has developed such nice ways to cut off life!

The general is a realist. He speaks of the next war in just as natural a way as one might speak of the night following day. He is correct. Capitalism creates the commercial rivalries that cause wars and there can be no abolition of armed conflict so long as capitalism exists. The logic prompting perfection of death-dealing gases and other instruments for killing is flawless. If humanity sets out to be efficient in murder, gas seems to be a very effective means to this end. But has this race that has climbed from the gibbering to the articulate, from the beast and half-beast to the full stature of manhood, armed with power over all lower orders of life and over the very elements of soil and wind and wave, no higher destiny than that of wholesale murder?

We of the I. W. W. think so, but we know the forces that make wars, and we know that only the organized workers are strong enough, and humane enough to stop the recurrent sprees of blood-letting. The human race has reached a point where the further rule of its affairs by a minority class of capitalists means nothing but misery and death in war of industry and of battlefield. The hour has struck for the workers to take charge of their world, in the interest of the working class and of humankind.—JOHN A. GAHAN.

**A NEEDED GESTURE.**—Some time ago we reported that anthracite coal shipments from Wales were being ordered to meet the deficiency created by cessation of work of 158,000 hard coal miners in this country, and that Lewis was doing nothing to stop the shipments. However, the miners and transport workers of Great Britain realize that they lose in the long run as American workers fail to advance their own interests, and a move has been made by the union miners and transport workers over there to prevent shipment of the coal to America. This is a willingness to make common cause not solicited by the American miners, but one which, nevertheless, strengthens their position.—JOHN A. GAHAN.




WORLD'S BREAD CROP—This map shows the location of the wheat granaries and fields. The figures following each number show the wheat in bushels produced in each country during the last two seasons. 1. United States, 1925, 678,000,000; 1924, 873,000,000. 2. Canada, 1925, 375,000,000; 1924, 263,000,000. 3. Argentine, including South America, 1925, record breaking acreage to harvest; 1924, 242,000,000. 4. Egypt, 1925, 37,000,000; 1924, 34,000,000. 5. Algeria, 1925, 40,000,000; 1924, 17,000,000. 6. South Africa, 1925, no report; 1924, 6,000,000. 7. India, 1925, 325,000,000; 1924, 364,000,000. 8. China, no figures available. 9. Japan, 1925, 36,000, 000; 1924, 25,000,000. 10. Australia and New Zealand, 1925, 5 percent increase in acreage yet to harvest; 1924, 115,000,000. 11. Europe, including eight countries, exclusive of Russia, 1925, 852,000,000; 1924, 718,000,000. 12. Russia and Roumania, 1925, 771,000,000; 1924, Roumania, 70,000,000; no figures on Russia.

# Reviewing the 1925 Harvest Drive

This is a picture of the court house and jail at Fargo, N. D. At one time, this summer the bourgeosie of the little town of Fargo, and the state officials of N. D., thought they had the whole I. W. W. harvest drive locked up here. Events proved they were mistaken. When the authorities decided to give up the fight, they took 119 men out of this jail and turned them over to a mob.



BY JAMES SULLIVAN

(Secretary Treasurer Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 110 of the I. W. W.)

**THROUGH the central area of the United States from Oklahoma to North Dakota, including part of Montana, and continuing across the line in the Dominion of Canada lies one of the world's richest granaries, contributing an enormous share of the food supply not only of North America but of the globe. Each year as the bright grain ripens in golden sunlight, the cry for men is heard. Workers are eagerly sought to play their saving part in this titanic epic of wheat. The need is urgent, for without them there can be no harvest, and devoid of harvesting farmers face ruin, while the nation is confronted with famine.**

"A friend in need is a friend indeed!" and having never given the workers even a thought during the other seasons, John Farmer now sees the harvest worker as someone very desirable to have around his acres of waving wheat. The government lends itself to the task of recruiting the large army of harvest hands required. Every post office carries an advertisement, and the country's press is employed to make known still further the imperative need for men in the grain harvest belt.

Starts then a movement of workers from the east and the west to this middle country of wheat blowing in the sun over all the millions of acres, a migration of thousands of workers to Oklahoma and Kansas, high in hope of finding opportunities to make stakes. Annually at Alva, Oklahoma, are gathered the first to reach the scene, the advance guard of the toiling horde that sweeps northward, insuring wealth to farmers and bankers, and bread to the world. And the farmers are ready for them! Great as the need is for their labor power, John Farmer is tightfisted, alert to safeguard his gains and to augment possibilities for greater profits. The farmers meet each year throughout the grain country and decide on the wages they will offer in the harvest. Here is activity of economic association by farmers. They know that their interests are served better when they stand together.

### Division Is Ruin

Now against such employing class unity the individual harvest worker is powerless to enforce demands consistent with his welfare, nor can he resist the onslaughts against his material status. Such being the case it is not remarkable that an organization so farmed as to unite agricultural workers in the manner best suited to advance their interests, came into existence. It is not necessary here, nor is there really space, to describe the history of this organization, originally called Agricultural Workners' Organization No. 400 of the I. W. W. and now named Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 110 of the I. W. W. Our time must be used in summing up the drive for organization for this year, which is now nearing its termination.

Beginning on May 15th last, at Omaha, Nebraska, A. W. I. U. No. 110 conducted a conference of delegates and members. This gathering considered the situation before them from all angles, and made preparations for an intensified empaign of organization. We can profitably consider the problems that loomed up at that time.

It is well understood by all exponents of industrial unionism that there can be no room in the harvest for more than one workers' organization. Any intruding union or the presence of a seceding faction could have but one effect: to lessen the strength of organization and to sap at the morale of the workers. And it was on this vital issue that the conference first acted. The Emergency Program element of disrupters had advertised their intention of entering the harvest with their pernicious propaganda. A. W. I. U. No. 110 at Omaha could be no other union in the harvest, and pledged itself to the I. W. W. Clear on that score the conference proceeded to map out plans for a successful organization drive. Many old-time members were present, whose experience and militant spirit greatly aided in making the conference a success. Determined to carry the message of industrial unionism through the grain country they planned very carefully.

They knew that organization work would have to be prosecuted in the presence of an employment crisis of vast proportions; that it would be difficult to build up organization with a working class of such marked indigence as is created by this jobless condition.

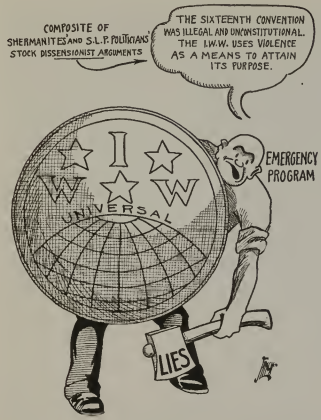
### A Dozen Dangers

It was their business to consider a broken morale caused by the severe controversy which shook the I. W. W. They realized that their hope for success lay in exemplifying the fighting spirit of other years and thereby revivifying the workers' enthusiasm.

Another obstacle in the path to success was the failure of the crop in Oklahoma and Kansas. Still, when the harvest started in these states with the farmers offering $3.50 and $4.00 a day, the delegates and active members were on hand demanding a wage of $5.00 at least. "Five dollars a day" became the workers' slogan and it speedily won. Although the unemployment crisis made competition for jobs more keen, the workers had sufficient good sense to realize that the wage offered by John Farmer was no incentive, and that the figure set as a minimum by I. U. 110 was calculated to enable them to obtain some semblance of decent livelihood. They expressed solidarity and profited by it. Our opening gun in the drive had been fired, and shattering the citadel of farmers' greed, reverberated with victory, redounding in material betterment for the workers.

### Ignorance on Wheels

At this juncture we should call attention to another disadvantage with which our organization has been obliged to contend, especially since 1921. We refer to the auto tramps whose numbers are constantly increasing in the harvest territory. This element is composed largely of farmers' sons coming from dairy and corn states. They want to see the country, their chief concern not being to gain a livelihood. As a consequence they are not deeply interested in our major concerns, hours and wages being of secondary, only incidental importance to them. With such workers it is difficult to discuss unionism. Their whole interest has always been agricultural, and not influenced by labor unionism. Again, they travel rapidly, driving right up to the farmhouses and offering their labor power at the




**THE SHIELD AND THE WEAPON OF THE E. P.**
**(The E. P. Hides Behind Our Name)**

farmers' terms. Where these auto tramps do not supply the demand the farmers must go to town and meet the workers in groups, and the bargaining is then influenced by the collective agreement of the workers, or, in other words, it tends to be concluded at the **organized workers'** terms.

This auto tramp matter is a phenomenon of proportions so large that our organization is compeled to provide for coping with it, and the solution should be found largely in the extension of our Industrial Union among stationary farm workers, those who devote their time the year around to agricultural pursuits. In this manner we hope to secure permanency of organization in agriculture, whereas we now have only the seasonal drive among migratory workers whose time is chiefly spent in other than agricultural labor. In addition to the work that is performed throughout the year on farms of general character, there are special lines of work such as are done on dairy, canning and poultry farms, all of which offers a field for the organizational efforts of A. W. I. U. No. 110. Extended in this permanent manner we can more ably spread our educational message, and more effectively reach such groups as these auto tramps we have mentioned with a view to adding them to our members and eliminating a menacing competitor.

Returning now to a consideration of the organization drive, we see it gaining momentum as it leaves Oklahoma and Kansas, where the crops were very poor and chance for organization thereby reduced. The delegates and active members kept their lines firm, advancing northward determined to effect sufficient organization in Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Minnesota and Montana to offset the reverses at the beginning.

Progress attended their efforts in a uniform manner unmarked by anything spectacular or unique until the drive reached Fargo, North Dakota. Here our delegates were met by a conspiracy entered into on the part of those moneyed groups interested in the destruction of working class organization in general, and of agricultural workers' unionism in particular.

### Force And Violence

Twenty-two of our delegates were illegally arrested in Fargo and thrown into the Cass County jail. This presented a situation of similar kind to many experienced by our organization in other years. Immediately the method that was employed previously for such emergencies was pressed into service. A call was sent out to all our members stating the facts and appealing for an exhibition of solidarity. With an alacrity that was as heart-warming to the jailed fellow workers as it was unpalatable to the instigators of the arrests, hundreds of workers hurried to Fargo to defend the right to organize.

It is said that ruling classes do not profit by the mistakes of the past. The world's history is replete with the blunders of the force, and the stupid additions of violence to quell the hosts who found birth in this very force. The imagination of these rulers is never broad. Force and violence are the twin evils which they rely upon to hold workers in subjection. So the Fargo rulers kept jailing our members until the jail was packed. And still came the surging flood of militant labor demonstrating that class consciousness is a living, pulsating reality in their lives and exemplifying to the startled vision of the Fargo outlaws of law and order the truth of Joe Hill's deathless line, "As fast as they can pinch us we con always get some more!"

The workers had won, for with the prison filled with our members, the streets were likewise thronged with other members while each train pulling into Fargo brought more. Illegality, force and violence perpetrated on union workers had lost, because you can not count victory by sowing dragons' teeth, and as a few were struck down to defeat organization many appeared to carry its standard onward. Still the Fargo authorities animated by the Chamber of Commerce and the Ku Klux Klan decided to end their labor-hating in customary violence.

In two detachments the unarmed fellow workers were led from the jail by police and citizens armed with guns and clubs. At the state line they were forced to run a brutal gauntlet and driven into Moorhead, Minnesota.

The citizens and press of this town at once raised protests against the outrageous treatment of our

(Continued on Page 29)

# Evening

(By LAURA TANNE)

Brahms and flame . . . .
Pale people leaning against soft cushions
Listening to Brahms
While the fireplace glowed contentedly.
They spoke of music and lovely things—
Words sheltered by cool elms
Thoughts springing from a chaste aloof soil.

We sat listening to Brahms
While the fireplace flickered peacefully,
While wit and satire tiptoed in silken slippers
Across the velvet atmosphere. . . . .
While I. . . . .
I heard a rumble of thunder outside,
And saw a million impassioned faces lifted
To the darkening sky.

Somewhere reddened arrows pierced the horizon,
As we sat listening to Brahms,
As the fireplace glowed contentedly.

# Restaurant

(By LAURA TANNE)

The rats scurry over the dishes.
The cockroaches play tag in the bread jar.
Nice designs of grime embroider the greasy soup.
And inside the liquid.
Scraps of meat and potatoes float questioningly:
"Why did that chemist commit suicide?"

The boss says to the cook, "Step lively, there—
Keep a little cleaner, keep a little cleaner."
The cook says to the waitress, "You sleepyhead—
Where'dja go last night—where'dja go last night?"
The waitress says to the dishwasher, "G'wan, you black gal,
Move a little faster, move a little faster."

Rat traps.
Traps of enmity.
And the lock is Big Change.
And Big Change is where
The clouds drift to a summer day.



# Undercutting the Miner

By CARD NO. 794514

## MORE PROOF FOR ARGUMENT IN "UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE MACHINE"

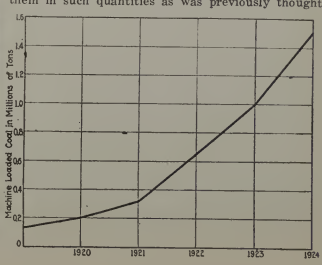
The first step in checking the spread of unionism in the coal mines", according to Supt. T. A. Stroup, Utah Fuel Co., "will be to abolish the contract system, **then mechanicalize the mines thoroughly**, to standardize every operation down to the minutest detail so that no responsibility of any kind will fall on the worker." When this is accomplished, he points out, the United Mine Workers of America will decline like the Metal Miners' union which now is but a shadow of its former self. "In the metal mines," he says, "the tradition of the individual miner, capable and responsible, has been abolished, the mines have been thoroughly mechanicalized, all operations have been standarized. The trade of the metal miner has ceased to exist; there are now all mine workers fitting into niches and conforming to the routine laid out by their managers."

The general trend in the industry is setting in this direction, appearing particularly in the non-union fields which are rising to snatch the market from the older unionized areas. "The coal mining industry," says the U. S. coal commission, "is just entering the last stage of reducing manual labor through the introduction of machinery." C. M. Means, consulting engineer of Pittsburgh, points out that "the coal mine of the future will be operated entirely by automatic and semi-automatic machinery and manual labor in the generally accepted term will be eliminated."

Do you think this is just bragging? No, unfortunately, no. The process of eliminating the coal miner, and of smashing his organization through the use of mashinery, is well under way. While Lewis and other huge salaried officials of the U. M. W. wallow in their luxurious hotels, and such unemployment as was never before seen holds sway througout the union field, the non-union coal mines are being rushed—coal is rolling out of them in such quantities as was previously thought



ABOVE: The "Coloder" At Work, Running Miners Out of The Mine.




TO THE RIGHT: The "Fig. 1" Referred To by The "Coal Age."

impossible, and it is partly the machine that is responsible.

Approximately fifty percent of the U. S. supply of coal comes from mines owned by less than three percent of the operators (Coal Commission reports) and of these big companies, the Pochahontas is one of the biggest and best equipped. It produces the most coal with the least men. And how? Partly of course by means of an extra efficient system of management, but also by means of its coal loading and coal cutting machines.

The Pochahontas Co. has a long article in a recent issue of Coal Age, bragging about its success with such machinery. Ostensible the article is the product of the pen of Mr. Alphonse F. Brosky, Assistant Editor of Coal Age. Really of course, as everyone knows—the company itself is back of the write-up, buys a certain number of copies of the magazine in return for the advertising it gets in the article—and some stenographer writes the article around facts furnished by the company. But here is what they say.

"Mechanical loaders handled about 1,500,000 tons, or 40 per cent of the 3,700,000 tons of coal produced by the Pochahontas Fuel Co. in 1924. As the leading producer of mechanically loaded coal, this company is far ahead of the runner-up for this honor, and for some years to come may continue to lead by reason of its purpose to substitute machine-loading for hand-loading methods in all its mines.

These mines are located in West Virginia and Virginia and on the southern boundary of the Pochahontas field. The machine being used is the Coloder, the first modern machine of this type being placed in service in 1918. Since then the company has installed twenty-one additional machines, all of them are now working and others will be installed from time to time.

**"The rate at which loading machines are supplanting miners in the operations of this company is indicated by the growth in the tonnage of machine-loaded coal in the last five years.** Thus in 1920 about 200,000 tons were produced by machines; in 1921 about 320,000 tons; in 1922 about 650,000 tons; in 1923 about 1,000,000 tons and in 1924 about 1,500,000 tons. The significance of this rapid growth is better displayed by the graph in Fig. 1. Particular interest lies not only in the fact that the yearly production of machine-loaded coal grew steadily during this period, but also that the rate of growth for each successive year increased."

There you have it, "The rate at which loading machines are supplanting miners . . ." And Lewis still chasing Reds, and hobnobbing with the bourgeoisie . . . .

These machines are efficient. They load eleven tons per man per shift. The average performance per machine per day was 287 tons. It may be remarked that a day's work on the machine was nine hours. That seems to be one of the good (?) effects of machine work in coal mines—it means long hours. It is recorded that one machine last year working double shifts, loaded 8,100 tons, while driving an entry, its aircourse, and breakthrough. To accomplish this feat each place was twice **cut, shot** and loaded in each shift.

You see what **that** means? Each working face **twice shot** in each shift—the room full of powder smoke, and the men reeling to the top at the end of the day, with their eyes sticking out and sweat rolling down their brows, deadly sick from fumes . . . but of course that doesn't hurt the machine.

Another beauty about the machine is that the rooms can be made larger, and that means more roofs caving in. This difficulty is slightly alleviated by making the pillars larger too, because the coal cutters and loadres are especially efficient when removing pillars. The editor of Coal Age says:

### Cutting Payroll

"Pillar coal can be loaded by machine at lower cost than by hand. In fact, the Pochahontas Fuel Co. claims the cost of pillar coal, excluding the cost of timbering, is no more and possibly may prove to be less than the cost of room coal where, in each case, loading machines are being used. It has vindicated this claim by increasing the width of its room pillars.

"With hand-loading methods no more than two men can work in a split or on a stump of a pillar. The mine cars have an average capacity of 3¼ tons. Four of these constitute a fair day's work for one miner in a pillar section. Consequently two men will recover only about 26 tons of coal from one pillar per day. By loading one and sometimes two cuts from one pillar in a shift, it is possible to increase the output from that pillar to as much as 100 to 200 tons per shift, the quantity being dependent on the method of working whether off the butt or by spitting the pillar and removing the stumps. By machine methods, consequently, the coal is removed as much as eight times as fast as by hand. In proportion to this increased speed is the safety increased. Speed also assists by reducing the quantity of slate to be handled and by decreasing the number of timbers that must be set."

### Cutting Safety Margin

Would you have to wrack your brains very much to see where the saving comes in? It is not only the saving of men, (when men have to work longer to get out a given quantity of coal, that means more men must be employed, and conversely, when men work only a short time in getting out a pillar, that means fewer men are needed) but part of the saving comes in doing away with timbering.

It stands to reason that when the coal pillar that holds up the roof is mined away, some timber is normally needed to keep the roof from falling and killing someone. But the machine does eway with timbering by its speed—at least theoretically.

The coal is jerked out so fast that no falling roof occurs while the machine is there—and afterwards it does not matter—that is the theory. The Pochahontas Co., speaking through the editor of Coal Age, boasts that no men have been killed on these machines. But it does not say anything about the men engaged in cleaning up after the machine is gone, nor anything about other men around there. And over against the boast of the Pochahontas we have these figures.

The coal industry in this country took a toll of a human life every working hour during the past six months, according to the bureau of mines of the department of commerce.

Nor is this all. The bureau of mines when it issued these figures, last month, appended a statement that there had been a fiftypercent reduction in the loss of life from explosions. The obvious inference is that accidents from falling of roofs in coal mines did not decrease much. Reason? Just that the coal companies were letting their machines' speed substitute for timbering. Instead of proping up the roof with timber, they let the men on the machine run a ghastly race and get away—if they're lucky, things won't fall in until they're gone. And sometimes they are not lucky. One man per hour is unlucky.

Yes it's a great game. Hundreds of thousands of miners out of work, and the machine putting more out of work every day. The four hour day a crying need, and the machine establishing the nine hour day. The leaders among the employers openly threatening to wreck the union, and what is more, actually doing it, and the miner's union leaders living in luxury, chasing Reds, and "letting the rest of the world go by." When will the miners wake up to what is going on?




MOUNTED POLICE GUARD COAL COMPANIES

**Fellow Worker J. A. MacDonald's Book, "Unemployment and the Machine," gives many more incidents of unemployment caused by machinery. This book is now available in three languages: English, 87 pages, illustrated, price 15 cents; order from I. W. W. Headquarters; Finnish, illustrated, 96 pages, price 25 cents, order from Workers' Socialist Publishing Co., Box 464, Duluth; Swedish, coming off the press soon, I. W. W. Headquarters.**



**Castle Gate, Utah: Mine Where 173 Men Were Killed Last Year.**

# On The Anniversary of Centralia

By L. J. ENRIGHT

**THE Centralia case is one that should be held up to view as much as possible, and with this thought in mind I am calling attention to it and not because there is any new light that I can throw upon it. November is a month in which the I. W. W. has suffered three great tragedies. It was in November, 1915, that Joe Hill was murdered by the authorities of Utah. November, 1916, saw our fellow workers on the decks of the Verona at Everett being massacred by the agents of the lumber interest, and on November 11, 1919, the Centralia tragedy was enacted. Joe Hill is beyond the power of our enemies, and so are those who fell at Everett, but Centralia is a living issue because there are eight of our fellow workers locked up in the state penitentiary of Washington for their militant attitude in the workers' cause.**

Eight men, all loggers, are serving sentences from 25 to 40 years each because they defended their hall and their lives against a uniformed mob actuated by lumber trust agents at Centralia on armistice day seven years ago. These fellow workers are held because they stood up for the right to organize, to assemble peacefully and to express their opinions. These are rights existing in statutes and in the organic laws of this country, but in Washington as elsewhere in the land of the free and the home of the brave, freedom is the peculiar class possession of the exploiters. No concessions are freely made to workers. Every right that they have managed to secure is founded on power, because they have wrested by organized force certain things desirable to them they have them and for no other reason.

Centralia's conspiracy hatched almost in the open, advertised in the local papers, and passed about from one to another was an open secret. It was understood that the parade of Armistice Day was to be turned far from the usual route and that a raid was to be made on the I. W. W. hall. Knowing this our fellow workers issued a leaflet to the people of Centralia asking for fair play. Then they ascertained their legal rights in the matter and prepared to defend the hall. This was done and in the raid Warren O. Grimm, a legionnaire lieutenant, was killed with others. The mob pursued Fellow Worker Wesley Everest, brought him back terribly beaten, and he was thrown into the city jail. That night the lights of the town were conveniently extinguished and he was taken from the cell where he had lain all day in his own blood. He was unsexed en route to the scene of the lynching and hanged to a railroad trestle, the body being pulled up and flung down three times.

The Inquisition records no greater horror than this torture and that perpetrated upon the surviving defenders of the hall Indeed, Eugene Barnett, who was not in the hall nor at the scene of the shooting, was held with the others and he is with them now in Walla Walla. The farcical trial which followed the tragedy was presided over by a fixed judge who was in the employ of the lumber trust, and the jury was intimidated—troops having been brought to Montesano, where the trial took place, and they camped across from the courthouse. The verdict of guilty afforded the judge a chance to give the prisoners the maximum sentence, which he did.

> Evidence is clear that the Centralia boys were wrongly convicted. The most important government witness has recanted. Nine jurors have signed statements that the trial was not fair, and that vital facts were hidden. Two jurors admit that the verdict was to avoid mob violence. Six jurors went recently in person to ask the Governor to pardon the victims. More and more witnesses come forward to swear that the I. W. W. shot in self-defense.

Though the case is clear, the hall having been attacked by a mob of paraders the judge permitted no evidence to be admitted showing that this raid was part of a conspiracy to drive our organization from Centralia. Most of the jurors have since signed affidavits saying that the trial was unfair, and they acted as they did to save their own lives and those of the defendants.

Recently five of these jurors went in person to the governor of the state appealing for the release of the eight men being held. But the lumber interests are vindictive. The militant workers who refused to be driven from Centralia have given a bad example to the workers everywhere. So think the lumber barons. Failing to hang them they did what they could, immuring them for life, for such is practically the case, under the stern regimentation of the prison.

Is there no hope for their release? Little indeed except by the power of working class solidarity. Witness the circumstances surrounding the recent parole of Richard Ford. He was one of the strikers in Wheatland in 1913. The district attorney and a sheriff, with armed deputies, attacked the strikers and fired upon them. In the fight both cutor and sheriff were killed. Also two unknown workers. Ford and Suhr were in-

(Continued on Page 28)



# Book Reviews

**Peeking And Pecking At The U. S. A.**

More than fifty eminently capable writers have set down their thoughts on the political divisions of this government, producing in "These United States" a symposium in two large volumes containing more than 800 pages. Each writer was assigned a state or territory to cover, and we have in their combined labor analyses of present conditions, bits of past history, criticism both favorable and adverse, and laudations. Some of the authors are Willa S. Cather, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, Robert Herrick, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, George P. West, William Alen White, Reginald Wright Kauffman, Theodore Dreiser, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, Bruce Rogers, Robert Whitaker, and Ernest Gruening, the latter having contributed the paper on New York City and edited the entire work very efficiently.

With few exceptions I have been impressed more by the facility of the authors' style, the charming way in wich they describe nature's beauties, than by any other consideration. Should we try to label the volumes conservative, liberal or radical the second one would fit squarely, though there are conservative touches and radical ones, too, But on thewhole the articles present the liberal viewpoint. Now just exactly what does this mean? Can we in a phrase, a thought, sum up the liberal? Perhaps not. Someone has said that a conservative is the worshiper of a dead radical, and there is much to justify such an assertion. It has always seemed to me that the liberal wants to be distinguished for respectability, and that when he protests social wrongs he does so timidly, almost with the tongue in his cheek. In advance of the conservative, though the line of demarcation is not always well defined, the liberal is a follower of radical camps.

Now, had most of these writers had the keenness to see and the temerity to denounce with appropriate language the crying evils everywhere flourishing in these United States we should have a valuable addition to the literatures of class struggle, a literary counterpart of the Final Report of the Industrial Relations Commission of some years ago. Instead we have just a few clear voices, and the rest sounds something like advertisements for the vacation and tourist trade.

But I have indicated reservations and very happily the series includes some with pens that have a deep probing quality and a power to sear into the reader's consciousness awareness of some of the hideous injustice and sham virtue of America and America's sleek parasities. Of the whole series Robert Whitaker's article is the best. Losing no ground to the others in richness of description, picturing as he does the glories of nature in the State of Washington in an unforgettable way, he goes on to examine the social movement, and dares to hold up to the world that crime of crimes against our fellow workers held these last seven years in Walla Walla Penitentiary because they defended their lives and their hall at Centralia on November 11, 1919. Every state does not have a Centralia, but every state has its bitter class warfare, growing more acute all the time, as the producing masses are subjugated in wretchedness to satisfy the wishes of the controlling few. And of this struggle, which is inescapable no matter where we turn, there is comparatively little said in the articles.

Take California for example: George P. West has written on this infamous whore in the sisterhood of states. But he does not see her shame. He does record imperfections, and wastes much ink telling how San Francisco kills its talented sons and visitors with kindness. He does not mention another sort of kindness exemplified across the bay in San Quentin and down in Repressa where so many members of the I. W. W. have been held, and are being held, under that peculiarly vicious class legislation known as the Criminal Syndicalism Law. Nor does he even breathe about Mooney and Billings, Ford and Suhr, all men who fell into the foe's hands in labor's challenge to predatory wealth.

But there is another writer who has distinguished himself for frankness and whose article fastens our whole attention. Bruce Rogers has seen the truth in Alaska and he relates it. The result is a picture of conflict between workers and drones, the endless fight of these classes in the fishing and canning

## BERMUNKAS CALENDAR

**All Hungarian workers, and all workers in contact with Hungarian workers, should get a few copies of the new calendar put out by the I. W. W. Hungarian-language paper, Bermunkas. This is a real work of art, and packed with information. Three-color cover, 200 pages, same size page as Industrial Pioneer, many artistic drawings, many articles on industries, I. W. W. constitution, literature, poems, short stories. Price 50 cents. Those who do not read Hungarian can well afford to buy this calendar for its pictures. Order from 3333 W. Belmont Avenue Chicago, Illinois.**


hells. Red-necked political crooks are limned with strong strokes. And we learn that the country's white population is dwindling; that the seasonal work is being done by slaves shipped up there and shipped back. And these vessels have been named "hell ships".

If there is much more that left a favorable impression it was Sherwood Anderson's story of Ohio. Neatly, almost genially, but devastingly he attacks the thing that is all grime and smoke-stacks and that has withered the grasses and the leaves, that has poured its poisons into the rivers and creeks and has made them the sewers of industrialism. And for this transformation what compensation? More millionaires at one side and a horde of ill-paid workers in the depths.

Still, there's lots of information in "These United States". The volumes should be widely read by those interested in keeping abreast of the times. But some day we should have a radical treatment of this Union. Perhaps in such a work less would be said of purple heath, eagle or scarlet tanager, sweet wistaria, silver streams and mirror lakes and majestic mountains; less of lovely valleys, of the local talent, of the battles between politicians in and politicians out. Probably more about embattled miners, steel slaves run under hoof by the trained mounts of satte police, General Wood and martial law, two million child slaves, wealth concentration into fewer hands, the pauperization of proletarians by increasing unemployment, industrial accidents, disease and despair among the poor, jails holding the noblest of idealists—those who stood up for a better workers' world.

What a chance these writers had! America! nothing comparable to it in all the world. But they sacrificed centering on social realities for the respectability of liberalism and the elegance of language. Nice compositions only, Whiteaker's Roger's, Anderson's and those of a few others excepted. For these we rejoice, and we salute their authors with admiration. —RICHARD HARRISON.

THESE UNITED STATES, edited by Ernest Gruening, published by Boni and Liveright, New York City. Single volumes $3.00 each, $5.50 for the two.

There is considerable merit in John O'London's "Is it Good English?", which explains many grammatical laws and presents a large array of examples on good usage of words. The book also traces the origin of a number of idioms and adages which have enriched the English language. But where patent grammatical errors appear in the Bible Mr. O'London does his best to excuse them, in fact to justify them, on the assumption that these errors give power to the expressions that correct forms would not! In this manner he tries to defend such slips as the singular verbs is these quotatinos: "For thine **is** the kingdom, and the power, and the glory," etc., and "Among which **was** Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children."

**God Must Not Use Slang**

Readers of scriptures must have discovered numerous mistakes of grammar. Since the Bible, not without some basis, is regarded by many as rich in literary excellence, the book has a prestige O'London is set on protecting. And just as the author attempts to defend these incorrect forms in the Bible, he also upholds mistakes in grammar by such celebraties of written expression as Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron and Kipling. He seems to be incapable of thinking that they could slip into error, but ungrammatical language by ordinary mortals is never explained away, and no amount of eloquence can clear these transgressions of the laws of syntax.

One of his characteristic defenses it that "The singular verb is more intense than the plural verb"! All right, make all the mistakes you wish to if only you can plead intensity intensely. His treatment of the split infinitive betrays no such prejudice and deals sensible with this mooted matter. A split infinitive is a form in which the preposition and the verb are interposed by an adverb. An example of this error is: " To thoroughly defeat". The correct form is either: "To defeat thoroughly" or for purposes of style, "Thoroughly to defeat".

An interesting considaration of style is suggested by mentioning that Gray in his famous "Elegy" experimented with eleven **corect** forms for the line "The weary ploughman plods his homeward way."

Regarding the possessive case of names ending with "s" he says that an additional "s" should follow the apostrophe, such as boss's, Hicks's and so on. It is obviously impossible for us to give more than these few points of the many treated in this book of 189 pages, and we have selected those in the use of which, according to our experience in editing, are most often confused. In spite of the weakness mentioned at the outset of our review, the work should be a real help to the student of English. Mainly it is clear and concise.

—JOSEPH TERRIES.

IS IT GOOD ENGLISH? by John O'London. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York. Price $1.50.

**Sinclair Speaks for O'Henry.**

Many thousands of readers learned to admire O. Henry through his numerous tales contained in such volumes as "Cabbages and Kings", "Voice of the City", "The Four Million", "The Grafter", and others. It is easy to cultivate an affection for a writer so broadly human and great-hearted. And it is to be hoped that the recently published drmaa "Bill Porter" by Upton Sinclair will fall into a great many hands, for Bill Porter on the registration record of the Ohio State Penitentiary was William Sydney Porter, but to those who know him by his stories he was always O. Henry.

It is about that prison term served by the gifted writer that Sinclair has been inspired to write, and the scene is laid in the institution where O. Henry was buried for several years. Convicted of embezzling funds from a bank he stoutly protested his innocence throughout, and for those who would think less of the man had he really been "the second thief" (We ascribe theft to the ordinary operations of banking, since they are a part of bourgeois exploitation) this drama may serve to clear their minds of doubt, making, as it does, a strong case for the victim of the long sentence. Porter's lifelong habits show that he was not greatly interested in money, was not acquisitive, and it is hard to believe that he would risk so much for something for which he cared so little. He maintained that he was the victim of a frame-up, which is very probably true.

In prison he was assigned to take care of the drug department. His experience as a pharmacist qualified him for the work, and he spent most of his time preparing medicines and handing out pills to the long line of wretches who daily filed up to his counter for that which might bring them relief. When the last had gone in the night he used to sit and think, or create the stories upon which his fame was to be founded. The chamber where he worked as pharmacist and also where he wrote was just above that part of the prison known as "the hole", and the screams of those being beaten and tortured in this place were audible to O. Henry. A southern negro flunkey cleaning up the drug store relied upon him and confided that there were "mountains of misery" in the prison. The darkey recognized that the other man was from the South, and he told him some stories which O. Henry avidly grasped and began to work into readable tales.

The scene fades out and Sinclair's impressionism is given play. The Old South appears and what O. Henry has heard and recorded is represented vividly. Presently this all passes and once again the prison atmosphere looms up with its horrors.

Al Jennings, a friend of Bill Porter, served in this prison at the same period. He urged Porter to write under his own name, to live down the past, but the hurt was too deep and this sensitive artist always wrote under the pseudonym known over all the world.

Upton Sinclair is known as a pamphleteer. Some prefer to classify him as a muckraker of the first order. We think him the country's leading pamphleteer, and in this new departure he has invaded for a second time the field of art, through drama. His "Singing Jailbirds" was powerful in many scenes, but "Bill Porter" is far better. Sinclair is creating for himself a place of honor as a literary artist.

—THOMAS SENN.

BILL PORTER, by Upton Sinclair. Published by the author at Pasadena, Calif.


# What Is The Best Literature?

What should a workingman read? Should he fill his brains with the dope of his enemies? Should he waste his time with lies that have to be answered before he can know what to believe? Shall the busy man hunting the job, or trying to improve conditions on the job rely only on his ability to disentangle the bits of truth from the Irish stew of fact and rumor and plain propaganda that the boss puts in his newspapers?

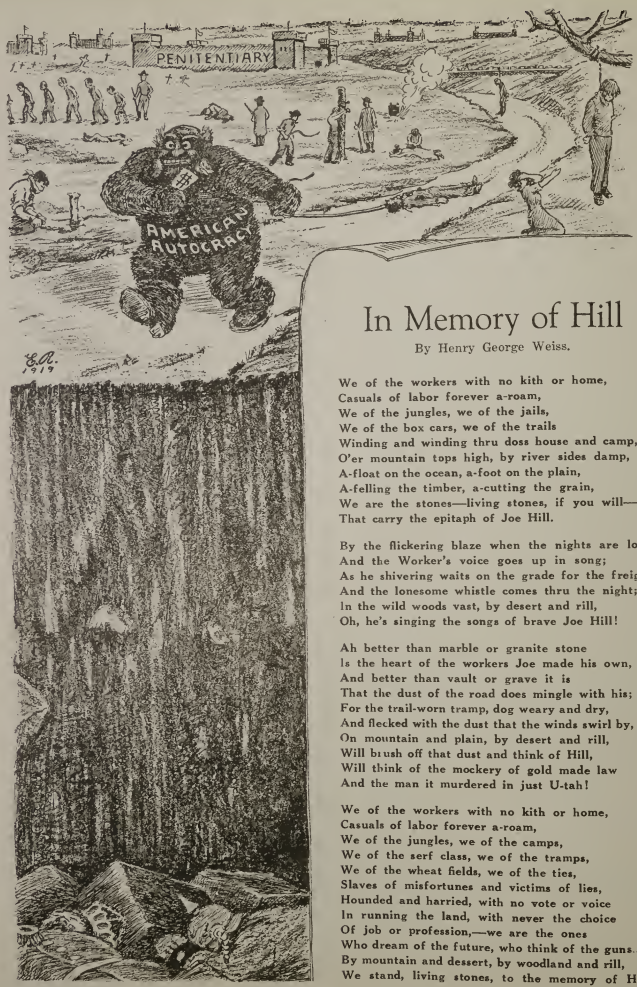
Why not get the facts straight, with the scientific explanation of them also with the least time and effort from the I. W. W. press? Why not read:

## Industrial Solidarity

Published by General Headquarters of the I. W. W., 3333 W. Belmont Ave., Chicago; subscription price, $2 per year, single copies, five cents.

## Industrial Worker

Published by Northwest Branches of the I.W.W., P.O. Box 1857, Seattle, Washington. ..Subscription price, $2 per year; single copies, five cents.




# In Memory of Hill

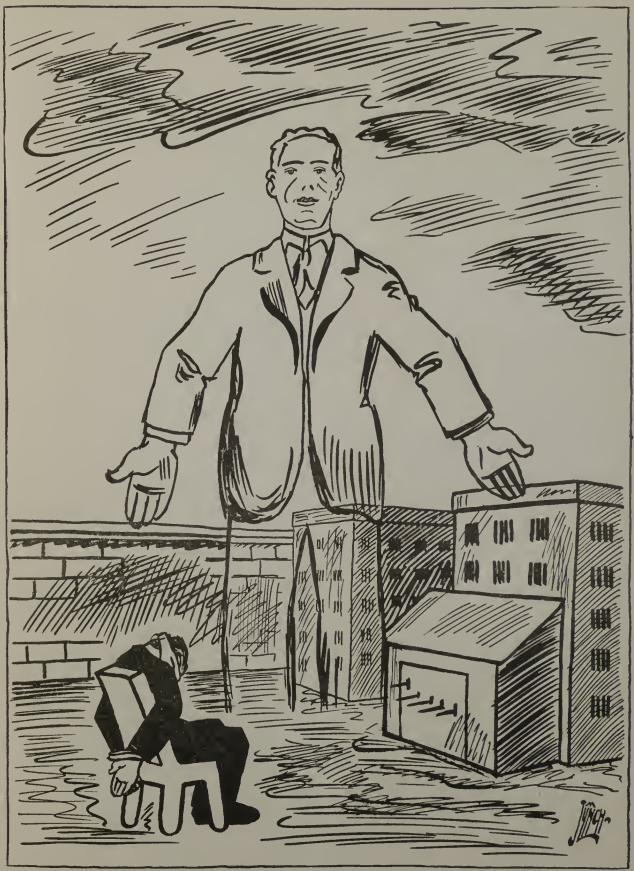
By Henry George Weiss.

We of the workers with no kith or home,
Casuals of labor forever a-roam,
We of the jungles, we of the jails,
We of the box cars, we of the trails
Winding and winding thru doss house and camp,
O'er mountain tops high, by river sides damp,
A-float on the ocean, a-foot on the plain,
A-felling the timber, a-cutting the grain,
We are the stones—living stones, if you will—
That carry the epitaph of Joe Hill.

By the flickering blaze when the nights are long
And the Worker's voice goes up in song;
As he shivering waits on the grade for the freight
And the lonesome whistle comes thru the night;
In the wild woods vast, by desert and rill,
Oh, he's singing the songs of brave Joe Hill!

Ah better than marble or granite stone
Is the heart of the workers Joe made his own,
And better than vault or grave it is
That the dust of the road does mingle with his;
For the trail-worn tramp, dog weary and dry,
And flecked with the dust that the winds swirl by,
On mountain and plain, by desert and rill,
Will brush off that dust and think of Hill,
Will think of the mockery of gold made law
And the man it murdered in just U-tah!

We of the workers with no kith or home,
Casuals of labor forever a-roam,
We of the jungles, we of the camps,
We of the serf class, we of the tramps,
We of the wheat fields, we of the ties,
Slaves of misfortunes and victims of lies,
Hounded and harried, with no vote or voice
In running the land, with never the choice
Of job or profession,—we are the ones
Who dream of the future, who think of the guns.....
By mountain and dessert, by woodland and rill,
We stand, living stones, to the memory of Hill!



By order of the mine owners of Utah, our fellow worker Joe Hill was shot to death in the penitentiary at Salt Lake City, November 15, 1915. His last words to the working class were, "Don't mourn for me, but organize!"

# Interviewing the Venusian

By COVAMI

DEBOUCHING onto the highway from the woods the other day, who should I plump into but the Venusian.

"Well," I said, "and what is the traveler from Venus doing 'way down here in the sticks?"

"By the great horned Joss, Covami, but I sure am glad to see you, old boy," he says. "What in thunder are you doing down here yourself?"

"O, just vegetating and scribbling," I says. "Where you been and what you seen since we last met?"

"Well," he said, as we sat down on a big, brown log in the edge of the field, "I've been almost everywhere, into nearly every nook and corner of this great country of yours."

"Yours'," says I, "where did you get that 'yours' from? I don't own any of it."

"Well, in that you've got a heluva lot of company from all I've seen," he says, "but we'll pass that up. It's a great country, all right—the very greatest on earth, I understand."

"And you understand right," says I, "and don't you forget it, either."

"Never fear," he says, "I won't—not as long as I can stay in bragging distance of you Americans. But, as I was saying, It's a great country, a 'big country,' as you all say. It has the biggest mills, the longest railroads, the widest plains, the highest mountains, the deepest rivers, the tallest buildings and the greatest cities on earth, not to mention the biggest aggregation of easy marks and working class jackasses collected under one flag in the universe. Say, Covami, are earthmen crazy, or what's the matter with them?"

"You can search me," I says. What are you driving at? I get that way myself sometimes."

"I'm driving at this," he says, smiling. "We haven't had a war on Venus in the last ten million years and here you earthmen are still at it. And that isn't all. As far as I can see, you all, especially you Americans, go out and fight like furies. You pile up ten million dead and twenty million maimed men on the battlefields and, after it's all over and peace is made, everybody on earth except a handful of plutocrats, as you all call them, are worse off than ever, own less and are deeper than ever in debt—although it was by your labor all wealth was and is made. How do you explain any such insane system and fool actions?"

"That just shows that you Venusians are not yet fully and really civilized," says I. "It is clearly evident that you have never known the blessings of Christian civilization," I says, "else you would know without having to be told that earthmen never fight and kill each other for the mere possession of such grossly material things as mines and forests and oil fields, railroads, banks and boodle, but for things of the spirit—to make the world safe for democracy, or a better place to live in, or for the right of little nations to self-determination, or for liberty, equality and fraternity—it is for these things we war, especially the workers of the earth, who have nothing but their lives to lose no matter how the peace turns out, and if this doesn't prove us altruists in the nth degree, what can?" says I.

"Yes," he says, "but when all the workers get out of it is corpses and cripples and debts galore, it looks crazy-like to me. I can't understand."

"That just goes to prove another thing," I says, "and that is that you Venusians don't know what patriotism means."

"If that's patriotism," he says, "you said a mouthful of truth, all right; all right, and I'm blamed glad we don't. But even at that, I cannot understand for what and for why you slaughter each other if you don't expect to get somethnig out of it all besides debts and dead men."

"There you go again," says I. "You must be going nutty too. Didn't I tell you that we earthmen did not ever war for material things but simply and solely for spiritual satisfaction? Can't you understand men going out a-killing and maiming each other by the millions just for the sake of an abstract ideal?"

"No, I can't," he says; "it looks looney to me. But tell me, what is an ideal abstraction?"

"It's something like this," says I. "According to what you once told me, the last war you Venusians fought was to get rid of your plutocrats, which you did and have been a classless and happy planet ever since. Well, we earthmen, especially we working earthmen, would never even think of doing such an awful act. We are patriots through and through. We would never think of fighting a war to free all the workers of the earth because we don't believe we deserve it. Then how, I ask you, could we get on without the plutes? Well, then, not being able to conceive of fighting for ourselves, we must necessarily fight for somebody and something else again. So, we fight not to establish happiness, but to establish our right to the pursuit of happiness. Do you get me?"

"O hell!" he said, and jumped into his ertherjit and vanished.

Ain't other people just too ignorant for anything?

**NEW YORK CITY.—The "outlaw" strike of the British seamen is still in effect, according to the latest information in our possession. The British seamen will win their strike, in fact they have already won it. It will be only a matter of a few days until the British shipowners will grant their demands, willingly. IN THE MEANTIME, THE M. T. W. WILL DO ALL IN ITS POWER TO PULL THE CREWS OFF BRITISH SHIPS AS THEY ARRIVE AND CONTINUE IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE TO AID OUR BRITISH FELLOW WORKERS IN THEIR STRUGGLE FOR MORE OF THE BETTER THINGS OF LIFE.**

**STRIKE PUBLICITY COMMITEE**

**Greater New York Branches of the M. T. W. I. U. No. 510, of the I. W. W.**

—Proclamation issued when M. T. W. strike was transfered to the job—

# Indications of International Solidarity

(By VERN SMITH)

THE Reds for three generations had been having regular "Arbor Days," during which they planted nursery seedlings of International Solidarity. Though they were well watered with tears, sweat and blood, they grow very slowly. Everybody knew the little things were there in the front yard, but from one year to another they looked about the same, and were never of any particular use.

Then, one day in 1925, the villain, Mr. Capitalist, planning a secret raid on Labor's house, with intent to deprive him of a portion of his sustenance, got lost in the forest that stretched in front of the place, and everybody woke up to the fact that the little trees of International Solidarity of Labor had grown to a sufficient size to be serviceable. They were not exactly great giant redwoods yet, but they were beginning to be pretty healthy saplings.

Probably the reason why no one understood earlier what was going on was because nothing grew just the way it was intended to. The Reds not only had thought the seeds they sowed would spring to maturity, foliage and fruit in the winking of an eye, like the Hindu conjurer's magic plant, but they rather expected they would look somewhat different when they were grown. Gardeners always think the plants they set out will look like the pictures in the seed catalog.

Remember how radicals used to gather in little groups in some friend's house, or in some dingy little hall, and discuss faintly outlined but decidedly different schemes of the international solidarity of labor? Ah, those were the days when Mr. J. Caesar could have said truthfully: "All gall is divided into three parts, for those who have it are either Socialists, Anarchists or Syndicalists."

This situation, the period of blue-printing future society, and future forms of labor organization, according to one or another of three grand plans, reached its apogee in the time of the generation, 1885-1915. During these thirty years practically all Socialist were followers of Spargo and Hillquit in America, of Bernstein in Germany, of Jaures or even of Millerand, in France, of the Fabians or of H. G. Wells, in England. Their international plan was the "Second International." Their program was what this present and more sophisticated age has come to call "state capitalism," not socialism at all, and consisted of trying to get government control of railways, municipal water systems, street-car lines, etc. Christian sentimentalism was one form of it, and muckraking was another and healthier manifestation of the movement. The prophets that it listened to always suspected labor unions of too much inclination to strife and battle, and preached that "striking at the ballot boxes" was much more efficacious than striking on the industrial field. They believed in centralization and discipline, but didn't practice it, except that towards the end of the period they began to expel all fractions of the Socialist parties which advocated "direct action." The existence of these "direct actionists" proved that something was wrong with the "socialism" of Spargo and Bernstein, and likewise proved that even a dead faith can not kill all of its followers.

"We plan the death of our former policy of isolation in this conference, and in its place we plan action in our struggles against our oppressors, the capitalist class. We are carrying out this program based on the class struggle in society."

—Address of M. T. W. Headquarters to delegates assembled in First International Conference of the Marine Transport Workers of the WesternHemisphere—

The anarchists, 57 varieties, were united on one thing alone, they disapproved of the state. Some were "back to nature" enthusiasts who lauded Tolstoy and would have loved Ghandi, if any of them had stuck it out until he came. Some of them thought they were Nietzschien supermen, full of quotations from Max Stirner, and scornful of morality of any sort, though not many of them practiced their immorality. Some of them, and this was the healthy strain, and the one that added to the discussion, wanted co-operative communes, voluntary organizations using machinery and science; these looked to Prince Kropotkin for inspiration and leadership, and a good many of this group took an active part in the labor movement.

Syndicalism was partly a fact and partly a mystical theory. It recognized that there were the labor unions. These things had grown up, to the discomfort of the purely parliamentary socialists, who despised and dreaded them as disturbers of the orderly procedure of democracy, and to the wrath of the individualist anarchists, who disliked their compulsion, their centralization, their tendency to think more of wages than of liberty*.

### Fact and Fancy

Syndicalism in its original continental European form, was the philosophy of a philosopher, of an effete and perhaps neurotic intellect, Professor Sorel. It recognized, as all new philosophies which create any stir always do recognize, certain facts, not known to the founders of older theories, and in this case, the new facts were just these same old labor unions, or, as they are called in Latin countries, "syndicats."

Sorel proposed that these new and actual forms of organization be regarded as the basis of the future society, and he declared that they were the only forms of organization with which workingmen need concern themselves.

But he also had a lot of advice and a code of ethics for them. He preached decentralization (perhaps because the French labor movement with which he was most familiar, was most decentralized). He denounced thinking, as such, claiming that always and especially in all social affairs, men's natural passions and instincts, were the only proper guides for conduct, intelligence being a real detriment. He taught that violence is a good thing, in and for itself—not just as a means to an end, or a desperate measure to be used in a bitter life and death struggle. Violence, in Sorel's program, is the discipline of the classes, and the means through which character is formed in the individual. Sorel expected that a network of syndicats would be organized all over the world, similar to the anarchist plan.

It is hard to say just how much modern syndicalism believes of all this, though it undoubtedly has its effect. No branch of syndicalism so far as I know ever accepted Sorel's theories of violence at their face value, and in practice, the most successful sections of the labor movement which calls itself syndicalist, have had to abandon, step by step, most of Sorel's other doctrines, about decentralization, and about intelligence.

But Sorel's disciples put out a blueprint of the future, the book, "How We Shall Bring About the Revolution," and it bulked large in the councils of the radicals of a decade ago.

Well, syndicalism went on, and as a philosophy drew nearer and nearer to anarchism, and as it continued to lose in strength and vigor, as it continued to decrease on its practical side, increased just that much more on its mystical, theoretical side, taking in some quarters a milky tinge of Tolstoyanism, and in others a sharper, blacker outline of anarchistic individualism.*

### No More Bombs

Anarchism of the "attentat," the "propaganda by deed," has practically vanished; it is a long time since enthusiastic young men and women thought it necessary to do some courageous individual assault on capitalists or militarists in order to call attention to the evils of the system. And probably the number of anarchists of all sorts is less than at any time during the last twenty-five years.

The Socialist parties were put to the test by the great war, and found wanting. As they failed in practice, and demonstrated that they were pronouncedly petty bourgeois in character, so their philosophy was left to its fate by the workers, and many of the parties themselves have passed away. We hear little more of their ideal for the future solidarity of labor, though the "Second International" drags out a weary and crippled existence under the protection of the French and Belgian and German governments.

The international solidarity of labor has not been decided upon the basis of any of these plans, neither that of Hillquit, nor that of Kropotkin, nor that of Sorel. The "Second International" is hopeless—there is no network of anarchist groups, nor is there any such thing of syndicats (controlled by syndicalists).

But while all this was going on, and while everybody was looking for some solution from one or another of these groups, and along one or another

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* An echo of this feeling is seen in Malatasta's article "Syndicalism and Anarchism," reprinted in the Oct., 1925, issue of the only English-language anarchist paper now published in the United States. He says, "I do not think that, TODAY, there still exists among us any one who would deny the usefulness and necessity of the organization of labor as a means of material and moral betterment of the masses, AS A FERTILE FIELD FOR PROPAGANDA, and as a force indispensible to the social transformation we are aiming for." (Empbasis mine, V. S.)

* A recent development in the syndicalism of Spain, indicated by the articles of M. Sainz, now running in Spanish syndicalist papers and reprinted in the I. W. W. paper "Solidaridad," indicate a move to separate the labor union features of syndicalism from anarchism. To this, as far as it effects organizational forms and not the right of propaganda, Malatesta at least would agree. But it is very possible that this who'e movement like the movement of the syndicats of France, is a movement towards "pure-and-simple-ism."

of the main programs laid down by them, the solidarity of labor has been growing up, though in different ways.

Labor, while it did not accept any of the blueprints, did, through the propaganda, perhaps of all the different sorts of Reds, gradually grow in international consciousness, and in some cases has begun to act united—never before so much as now.

To take up very recent events only, there is first of all the agreement between the English and Russian trade unions. This is an outgrowth of the actions of the English unions, in threatening during the blockade and famine in Russia, to strike if the British government sent military aid to the Polish imperialists, and it is also a result of the British unions' pro-Russian publicity. The alliance between these two great groups of organized workers is being fought by some of the officials of the International Federation of Trade Unions* and the entry of the Russian unions into the "Amsterdam International" is being made by them as difficult as possible, but there is continued evidence that such an affiliation has strong support among the rank and file of all unions affiliated with the I. F. T. U., and that in spite of bureaucratic opposition, it will probably take place, sooner or later. Now, without regard to the principles of either the Amsterdam or the Russian unions, we have here an objective phenomenon, of millions of workers, organized in unions, scattered over many countries, demanding a closer unity between those unions. There is a general movement towards international unity, strong enough to put great pressure on union bureaucracies which would like to prevent it.

Something of this same sort is observable in the tendency of the A. F. of L. to re-enter the I. F. T. U., rumors of which grow stronger and more definite every day. This movement would be welcomed by the very groups in Amsterdam who fight the Russian-English accord, and probably because it will result in building up the right wing of the Amsterdam International. But whatever political purposes of the rulers of European and American trade unions may be served by this return of the A. F. of L. towards, if not yet quite to, the I. F. T. U., and however weak in immediate results such a unity may be, it is significant as an example of the sort of thing the membership of the unions are glad to have. It is certain to be a popular move, and while temporarily strengthening the pie-card artists, it is likely to develop into something that will eventually weaken them.

An indication of one of the results of international unity, which must certainly burn its way into the minds of all workers, however deluded they may be by conservative leadership, is the international support for the coal strikers of America, and the promise of international support for the British coal miners when they threatened to go on strike a couple of months ago.

It is, of course, no secret that there is a hard coal strike in America, with 158,000 men out. The shameful fact is also known that before this year, when there was a coal strike in America, the miners of the Ruhr and of the Welsh mines worked overtime to produce anthracite to ship to the United States and break the strike. But this time, when Burns Bros. (a firm with which, by the way, Hillquit, the typical exponent of the old American Socialism, was connected) ordered 50,000 tons of Welsh coal, the Committee of the International Miners' Federation, meeting in Brussels on Sept. 16, decided that no such shipment should take place. And for the first time in history, labor is in a position to prevent it.

This action is similar to that taken by representatives of British, French, German and Belgian unions of coal miners, meeting in Paris during the middle of the summer, and going on record to tie up all the mines of Europe if the English strike threatened for August 1 actually materialized.

The I. W. W. immediately responded to an appeal

(Letter Sent January 1, 1924, to American Capitalists and Newspapers)

Sir:—The members of the Chinese Seamen's Union have learned with no little astonishment and dismay that nearly one hundred American workingmen are in prison on account of the California Criminal Syndicalism Law and that the only evidence presented against them was membership in an organization known as the "Industrial Workers of the World." We of the Chinese Seamen's Union have always looked upon the United States as a free and desirable country, and we are very sorry to hear it alleged that our fellow workinmen in the United States are being subjected to such persecution, unparalleled even in the history of China.

If there is reason or justice in this state of affairs, please let us know so that we can present the case to our members. Unless a reply is received from you in a reasonable length of time, the membership of the Chinese Seamen's Union will understand that American workingmen are the subjects of a brutal and unjust persecution, and it is certain that our members will then demand that some economical action be taken which will bring your attention and also the attention of all American capitalists to the fact that the Working Class of the World will no longer permit without protest the persecution and imprisonment of workingmen anywhere.

Yours for a Better World,

CHAK HON KEE

Secretary for the Chinese Seamen's Union

* The mere existence of the I. F. T. U. is significant. Before the war it existed only in a much looser "International Secretariat" form.

issued last July by the Transport Workers' International Propaganda Committee to boycott the Norwegian ships during the seamen's strike on those ships. Publication of the appeal in the Marine Worker (official organ of the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 510 of the I. W. W.) was quite sufficient to insure that every class-conscious American seaman immediately made himself a committee of one to stop scabs from going aboard Norwegian ships.

The shame of California has become an international by-word among workers. Various unions of South America and of Mexico have boycotted California, during the last two years, and as long ago as January, 1924, the Chinese Seamen's Union addressed a vigorous message to the governors of California and other states of the U. S. A., demanding release of class war prisoners (mostly I. W. W.) and threatening a boycott if this was not done.

The threat to boycott was overshadowed by the long period during 1924 and 1925, when the Chinese Seamen's Union was engaged in a serious struggle with foreign and native capitalists. It did find time and occasion, however, to strike American ships, and organize demonstrations for American class war prisoners.

This whole organized movement of denunciation of the American white terror reached its culmination, however, in the general boycott of the American war fleet, on the occasion of its visit to Australian and New Zealand waters, about the middle of last July. The New South Wales (Australian) Labor Council, representing 120,000 workers, issued a statement to the sailors of the U. S. war fleet, hailing them as brothers if they came as individuals, or as workers, but absolutely boycotting them if they came as a navy.

Certain large Australian unions, and locals of other unions, notably the Flour Millers, the Bill Posters, Wharf Laborers, and Coach Makers Employes, went on record to boycott the U. S. fleet for release of class war prisoners in America, and they were joined by the central bodies meeting in the Adelaide, Brisbane, and Sydney Trades halls. The Australian Liquour Trades, Food Preservers, Bread Carters, Bricklayers, Boatmakers, Timber Workers, and Builders Laborers, either as whole unions or as locals, took this occasion to support, publicly, the California boycott, for release of class war prisoners in that state.

**"COMRADES AND BROTHERS OF THE UNITED STATES:—We, the members of the New South Wales Labor Council, having an affiliation of 120,000 workers, greet you in all sincerity. We shall be right glad to shake hands with you, and delighted to interchance opinion with you.**

**"But we hasten to say our welcome is extended to you as men, and not as members of the United States Navy. We regard you as men whose economic, social and political interests are identical with our own, and with those of our fellow workers in Europe, and we know that these interests are not identical with those of the capitalist class of any country!"**

—Part of the circular of welcome extended by the New South Wales Labor Council to the sailors of the U. S. Navy, July, 1925.

## INDIAN SEAMEN'S SYMPATHY.

**CALCUTTA, Sept.—At a special general meeting held to-day under the auspices of the Indian Seamen's Union, resolutions were passed, expressing sympathy for the seamen's strike in South Africa, and declaring that no Lascars from Calcutta should join in their places and requesting Messrs. Baptista, Joshi and Ginvalla of the All-India Trade Union Congress not to allow any Lascars to sign from Bombay to proceed to South Africa and also sympathising with the strikers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company assuring them of Seamen's Union's action to prevent the Bengal Lascars from taking their places at Rangoon.—A. P. of India.**

One of the most significant events of this present period, or of all history, for that matter, is the awakening of the working class of India and of China to class consciousness. The great strikes that shook the north of India and the coast of China not only indicate the broadening of the field within which international solidarity of labor may function, but give an opportunity for testing the attitude of the already organized workers of the white and western nations towards the newly organized workers of the colored and oriental nations. In other words, they afford an opportunity to test the effect of racial as well as nationalistic prejudices on the drift towards international solidarity.

Viewed from this angle, the results are encouraging. If we are to believe the capitalist press, the Russian workers were certainly right there with aid and comfort, moral, military and monetary, for the Chinese workers. One may discount what the capitalist press says, but there was certainly a considerable degree of international solidarity, at least. The I. W. W. as usual gave all possible aid to both these strikes, and the British Trade Union Council, and the London Daily Herald, a newspaper which is practically the official organ of the British trade union movement, supported the Chinese strike with publicity and with pressure on the British government, to prevent shipment on a large scale of gunmen from the British Indian forces to China.

However, the most important feature of all, during the whole year, was the international strike on the sea. This strike, involving the seamen of England, Denmark, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, China, Japan and the United States, is, like the movement in the Orient, of more importance as

—Adopted Unanimously by M. T. W. Convention October, 1925—

**This convention fully realizes that following the World War the presure upon the trade and industrial unions the world over steadily increases.**

**Capitalist organization against labor is international. Nothing but efficient international organization of labor upon the basis of the class struggle and solidarity will meet the situation. Therefore this convention declares for international co-operation on the basis of the class struggle and solidarity, both for the M. T. W. I. U. No. 510, and for the I. W. W. as a whole.**

**It constitutes its G. O. C. and Secretary Treasurer a committee to set up correspondence at once with the marine transport organization of all countries, which recognize the class struggle and solidarity with a view to bringing about international co-operation, solidarity, and eventually efficient organization within our industry, reportsof progres to be submitted to the branches from time to time.**

**It constitutes the G. O. C. and the Secretary Treasurer a Committee of Action to get in touch at once with the organizations that are directly and actively in charge of the present strikes in our industry in Australia, England, South Africa and elsewhere with a view to further co-operation in the immediate struggle against the international shipping trust, likewise reporting to the branches from time to time.**

**Further, let this program be the basis of our policy in international relations at the Havana Conference, and**

**Finally, let it be determined now that our delegates to the next General Convention of the I. W. W. shall stand upon this program both for the M. T. W. I. U. No. 510, and the I. W. W. as a whole.**

a measure of the strength and healthiness of the feeling for international solidarity than any ordinary strike, and more significant than the number involved would of itself indicate, because of the way in which it was fought against by the leaders of the seamen's unions of Great Britain and of the American Federation of Labor seamen's unions. The leaders of the British unions, especialy, resorted to every jingoistic argument to split the ranks of the strikers along nationalistic lines, condemning the strikers as **American** I. W. W.'s, as **Russian** Communists, and as **Jews** who were plotting against "God and Country." All this propaganda failed. This shows, I think, that as confused as many workers may be, the time in which even official labor propaganda against international solidarity can be used to cause division in a strike, is rapidly drawing to an end.

The I. W. W. not only rallied its full strength to the support of the British unofficial seamen's strike, going off the job for a rather long period for I. W. W. marine workers to strike that way, but when the strike on the job was started, they continued the boycott of English ships—a boycott that exists until the strike is settled.

International solidarity is nothing new, in theory, for the M. T. W., and nothing new in its practical aspects, during strikes, etc. The I. W. W. has always stood firmly in support of any group of workers engaged in a bonafide struggle with the master class, wherever they may be. But lately, and especially during this year, international action has become much more systemmatized, and far-sighted, among Wobbly seamen than ever before. The resolution of the M. T. W. convention just ended is especially outspoken and vigorous, but just as important was the New Orleans conference, which was held last March—"The First International Conference of the Marine Transport Workers of the Western Hemisphere"—with representatives present from the M. T. W., Argentine Transport Workers, Cuban Longshoremen and Harbor Workers, Seamen's Union of Equador, and the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union of the Mexican I. W. W., and which was a real turning point in I. W. W. tactics. At that time, and for the first time, plans were really possible for general united international action on the sea. Delegates at the conference, believing that even more and larger groups of Latin American workers could be brought together if more time and more discussion was had, voted to hold another conference in Havana, Cuba, on January 15, 1925.

By one of the coincidences which the ruling oligarchy of the Western Hemisphere delights in arranging, like a Greek Fate behind the scenes, Cuba has, since the date and place of this second conference was decided upon, become a hot-bed of Fascism, reaction, and governmental interference with labor unions. The great awakening of Cuban labor to the need of more unity among the various unions, culminating in the Camaguey congress of last August, at which representatives of over 200,000 workers of Cuba established a General Federation of Labor for Cuba (and to which the I. W. W. was especially invited to send a fraternal delegate) drove the sugar and tobacco lords of Cuba to frenzy, and a period of union smashing and murders, concurrent with the formation of the Cuban National Party (a Fascist organization) has set in.

As soon as word of the events in Cuba reached the I. W. W., the Chairman of the General Executive Board wrote to the Governmental Secretary in Havana, protesting, and promising the I. W. W.

would make known the misdeeds of the Cuban government, and would come in every way possible to the support of the oppressed workers of Cuba, and especially the union called Sindicato General de la Industria Fabril, which is bearing the heaviest attack.

This sort of thing, now, is international solidarity of labor, however many organizations there may be, with however many conflicting policies and programs they may have. It is worth nothing, and a survey of the incidents mentioned above will force anyone to notice, that these exhibitions of solidarity are general, they affect in greater or lesser degree all sorts of unions, those called radical as well as those called conservative, though, of course, they affect most of all the more radical unions, like the I. W. W.

### One For All and All For One

What can we understand from these circumstances—these sorts of combined action, taking place along the lines of make-shift agreements, compromises, changes of policy excused in all kinds of ways, half denied and half recanted sometimes, but continuing more and more, in more and more different forms, one time as a tentative strike agreement, another time as a sudden outburst of righteous wrath, exhibiting itself as a boycott, or as an appeal, or as a protest to a government—what does all this mean?

It is not at all like any of the forms of international solidarity that the socialists, or the anarchists, or the syndicalists thought that international solidarity would take. It is not like an "international" at all, yet, though the demand, especially in Europe, for an all-embracing, world-wide, international of labor unions grows somewhat clearer.

I think it is international solidarity of labor in practice. in training; something which has grown up from the seed of all these old radical movements, and from their more modern developments in various directions, from the seed which the actual disturbance of world conditions, the consolidation and the imperialism of capital, has cultivated like a gigantic plow, and that this is the important thing about it, that it is something still growing, and although big enough to cause the owning class no end of trouble already, is not yet anywhere near done growing.

It is something like the I. W. W. itself, influenced by all the streams of radical propaganda, not entirely any of them, but rather a product of radicalism, the time, the people and the objective conditions, all together.

Just how this international drift will end, what developments it will have, what organizational machinery it will finally turn before it rises to such a height that it destroys capitalism—that we do not know. But we can be certain of one thing, and the whole history of the labor movement bears this out: **organization follows action.** This has been true since the days of the first formation of the first local labor unions. The workers first of all acted together—they struck, or they rioted, or they smashed a frame—they did something, and perhaps the "philosophy" they had been listening to for ages helped them to make up their minds to do it. And then, out of action, and the apparent need for action, came organization, to make more action possible.

I think the lesson of this century, so far, is that the blue-print ideas, the "charting" of the future society and of future forms of labor organization, won't work. Or perhaps, if they work at all, they will do so in ways not intended or thought of by their originators; that is, they serve as educational factors only, and maybe, put the workers in a state of mind where they wil be ready to act when the time for action comes. They hinder, too, by causing their most fanatical and sectarian adherents to struggle against all progressive action that does not quite fit in with their idea of what the future society, the international of labor, or whatever it is, should be.

But the workers themselves, when they begin to move, only then begin to realize the need of organizational structure, only then begin to create their new forms, societies, federated bodies, world unions, or what not. And they create them, they hammer them out, by compromise, by trial and error, by experiment, by adaptation of old and already existing and insufficient forms; by combinations of many things in a hundred different ways, they make a machinery that does the work, however illogical its structure may be, and for some reason, they prefer to do this, rather than to adopt any perfect plan laid down by labor philosophers, however pretty to look at such a plan may be. Happy the organization that knows how to adapt its propaganda to the situation, and to take advantage of the movement that really exists, for whatever organization remains with its eyes fixed obstinately on its chart will find itself cutting across the line of march and will surely be trodden down by the parade.

The I. W. W., I do believe, is one of the leaders in this parade. It is one of those groups, badly afflicted with a squint towards charts and blueprints in the past (and suffering from it too) which

> **"Being keenly aware of our interests in common with the workers of Cuba, we most emphaticaly protest against the coercive methods employed by the government in the interest of the capitalists; and we protest especially against the use of force in preventing union meetings, the placing of soldiers in factories to prevent communication among workers, and the arrest and deportation of foreign workers because of their union membership."**
>
> —Extract from open letter of I. W. W. G. E. B. Chairman to Secretario de Gobernacion, Cuba, October 10, 1925.

is now beginning to sense the new drift, and is beginning to take its part in the building of the world unity of labor.

In the past we have felt a fierce loyalty for the I. W. W., and that was proper. We knew that it was a good thing, and we had seen it in action, and knew that it did the work; it got the results we wanted. So when we considered international organization, we were very prone to take an antagonistic attitude towards all other unions, and to demand that their poor deluded members tear up their cards and take out one of ours, the best in the world. Undoubtedly our plan of world organization is the best in the world, but still, it is only an empty plan as long as many workers do not have their part in making it, in putting it into practice. And the poor deluded members of the Australasian Seamen's Union, or of the F. O. M. of Argentine, or the big German, French or English unions, very naturally felt the same sort of real and personal loyalty to their unions, which they had profitted by, and which they had all sorts of good reasons for believing were very nearly perfect, as we did for ours. So they didn't join us.

There is no such thing as "internationalism through absorption" in the labor world. Unity is achieved by acting unitedly against the boss. Words, promises, etc., are significant, sometimes, but not nearly as much so as actions. When we are once used to fighting side by side against the bosses of the world, as we are now beginning to do, then sectarian barriers will dissolve like racial and national prejudices, and organizational unity will follow. The industrial workers of the world will then have a real world organization, and it won't matter whether its headquarters are in Chicago or where they are. It is more important that the new world organization work well, and be a great revolutionary power, than it is that it be exactly as we originally planned it. All indications are that such a world organization is coming, and that the I. W. W. will have a large share in its formation.

## For the Cristmas Fund

**The little book of poems "The Shame of California" by Henry George Weiss which the General Defense Committee is selling for the benefit of the Christmas Fund has proven to be very popular; the first edition is already nearly exhausted. The demand justifies our publishing another edition at once, but in order not to tie up money in labor and paper for a longer time than we can afford we must get immediate returns.**

**We have decided therefore to sell this book in quantities of 100 or more for 11 cents per copy, cash in advance or on delivery. On the pay-as-you-sell-them basis the regular 40 per cent commission will be allowed. Single copies are 25 cents.—GENERAL DEFENSE COMM.**

## Locarno Internationalism

The bunk goes on forever. At Locarno, Switzerland, diplomats of the European powers have decided they will not fight each other until the next war, and the flood of piffle that has resulted is sickening. But in the midst of it, active preparations for war are speeding up, and the peace of preparedness is being urged in season and out of season. Locarno means that American Imperialism takes a forward step, and that some debtors will have to co-operate for a moment, either to pay U. S. or fight U. S.



# The Workers' Play

By Rosa Alexandra Knuuti

**1. The Purpose of the Theatre.**

The theatre to my mind is a means to an end. Classified as art it concerns itself in providing entertainment; as propaganda it provides something to think about. Most of the time however the bourgeois theatre gives us subtle propaganda in the name of art. So much so, that the theatre today is better identified as an industry pure and simple, a commercial enterprise a medium to promote and uphold the popular notions of life in general. Romance, drama, beauty, goodness are qualities that are seldom associated or written around so plebian a class as wage earners. Romance stalking about in hobnailed shoes—in overalls—in blanket shirts—in dime store finery? It is to laugh! Who ever heard of such a thing? At least not to be dramatized for the theatre.

Sometimes a person with understanding of human problems, a veritable hound for truth, comes along and gives us a real work of art; an unbiased, correct reflection of the lower depths of the human family. But this is an exception. And besides, is it received as good theatre? It is not. It is preclaimed as improper food for the public. The preachers decry it; the moralists immoralize it, the critics criticize it as poor entertainment, and the dear public, mind already warped and jared by too much entertainment, looks for a thrill elsewhere. To most people the theatre **means** entertainment pure and simple. No deep stuff for them. They go there to relax totally to the lighter stuff, or again to make believe mushy sentiment about love and romance in rose bowers and marble halls. They have been taught to accept and even appreciate distorted, adulterated facts in place of the real thing.

It does seem sometimes, that the playgoing public really wants to be kidded and fooled.

**2. The Play as Propaganda.**

Take any conventional playwright who starts out to dramatize a theme on capital and labor, and incidently to propagandize to their interest, invariably, and it needs must be, he will distort facts, invent convenient situations that will settle the whole blooming question of the class struggle amicably and in the course of three acts. I cannot recall one instance where a play was written by the accepted bourgeois writers in which the real relations of master and slave have been portrayed in a reasonable, believable way. There is always the inevitable compromise; always some poor excuse to justify master and slave conditions.

To accomplish this the writer uses a cut and dried formula, usually something like this:

Old Moneybags and his slaves are on the outs. There's a strike. Demands pro and con. A murder and some fighting thrown in for spice. But the play's got to continue and wind up too,, so maybe it's best to have old Moneybags son fall for the strike leader's daughter or vice versa. It all depends on conditions, climatic and otherwise. But the strike ends and everybody is happy . . . .

Or again, the charity theme works wonders in solving the perplexing question; Moneybags gets charitable for some reason, and he gives and gives —out of hypocritical goodness, and presto, the slaves forget and forgive and again all's well with capital and labor.

The average playwright, however, wishes to be identified as an artist, not a propagandist, be his "art" ever so "mammonized" in the interest of the class with the means. Just for fun let's take one striking example of art-propaganda: John Galsworthy's "STRIFE", a play in three acts concerned with the struggle of capital and labor.

First the attitude of the capitalist is exhibited. Then we get the workers' side. Before long a deadlock takes place between the two contending parties. This is the cue for romance to step in,—anything to straighten things out. Enid, gentle and lovely, the blueblooded daughter of the capitalist enters. She provides the heart interest . . . Her beauty, tenderness, graciousness, and "applesauce" etc. breaks the ice; strikes a "common chord" in the hard hearts of capital and labor and in no time they are rubbing noses for the "common good" of all.

Boiled down, Galsworthy's play in its essence portends to bring home this point;

The Play is propaganda, and most of all propaganda when it is most of all art. The propaganda value of the stage has been known since the time of Greek choruses and the miracle plays of the Christian Church. With the advent of Capitalism and the machine-made drama of Hollywood, the use of the older spoken play did not cease, it merely worked with a new ally, and both t o g e t h e r are propaganda, for some one, for capitalism or for labor. Industrial Pioneer takes pleasure in publishing here the first of a series of articles reviewing and interpreting present-day drama and especially workers' plays. The author has been very active in w o r k e r s' dramatics among the Finnish I. W. W.— EDITOR.

that if the poor are poor it is the fault of their stubbornness or laziness, or etc. And the rich, though they be rich and masters of workers' destinies, are still good-hearted and are well supplied with the milk of human kindness, etc. Some more applesauce. But this is typical, first class, **class propaganda**. Numerous others of this sort could be mentioned, but let this suffice.

### 3. The Finnish Workers Plays

There are others, too, that we consider among the **radical** writers that err in the capital and labor theme. They ought to know better, and maybe they do, but for some inexplainable reason they make a merry mixup of the relations of master and slave.

This brings to my mind particularly some of our budding dramatists among the Finnish people in this country. It is pertinent to state that among them are men of noticable talent, who have dramatized many of the historical happenings in the I. W. W. I want to mention Louis Lemberg in particular, because he has so effectively dramatized the tragedy of our Joe Hill. The play is entitled "SHACKLES" and is written in four acts. But there are times when even Lemberg gets caught in a snag, and uses the bourgeois formula in his theme. This is appalling when one considers that this happened in a play written about Frank Little.

There's a play of his I like to forget. He called the play "Bruno Titus". A well written continuity, the play is everything one could wish from the worker's point of view, until he throws in a blue-blooded daughter of the exploiting class for "Bruno Titus" to become sentimental about. Lemberg shows her up as the person born of "blue blood", together with the virtues usually associated with women of the upper class, nobility etc. She gives up her position in society, mind you, sacrifices herself for Bruno Titus, if not for his class and the whole sum total is a wonderful mess. I cannot, by any stretch of the imagination see the probability of this. But since then, this young playwright has redeemed himself. He has written other plays from real events in the labor movements, and quite a number on diverse subjects that can be classified in the reportoire of workers' play.

There are other plays that deserve mention. A play called "Conspiracy," by J. Korpi, an intelligent dramatization of the Centralia conspiracy. Also several plays of propaganda value by A. Mankinen of lesser renown which have found favor among the Finnish little theatre groups. However, all the above-mentioned plays are written for little theatre.

It was Bernard Shaw who once stated "fine art is the sublest, the most seductive, the most effective means of propaganda in the world . . . it works by exhibiting examples of personal conduct made intelligible and moving to crowds of unobservant unreflecting people to whom real life means nothing".

### 4. And Then There's O'Neil

So too, working class propaganda is possible in the theatre. As yet we have no proletarian theatre, but we are fortunate to have works of dramatists like Shaw, Ibsen and Gorky of the old school, Kapek and Eugene O'Neil of today to provide us with drama with their particular savoir-faire . . . I am singularly interested in the work of O'Neil. He is not content with halftruths about the various life problems: poverty, sex, wealth etc. When I think of O'Neil, I think of the "Hairy Ape" and vice versa. Up until the time I witnessed this mighty drama I was a very disillusioned patron of the theatre. I was quite convinced I would never see anything worth looking at. But I saw the Hairy Ape and became reconciled to the theatre. I raved about it for weeks, ay, for months afterward; I secured the book and read from it out loud to anyone who would listen to me. In fact, I became so pestifarious that my friends began to look askance at me. So I subdued my new born enthusiasm. And now on more sober reflection I'm quite sure it was not the play alone that upset me so, but the revelation of the possibilities for the workers in the spoken play.

Like Gorky, O'Neil, by means of his intelligent understanding and actual contact with the under dog has been able to put into form social problems and conditions without distortion. His work is art plus propaganda.

Which brings me to his latest work "DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS", now being shown at the Schubert Princess Theatre. Here is drama unadulterated. Here is romance without the trimmings. It's men beastly but natural; it's women homespun but rockhard; flannel nightgowned and 'smellin of warm plowed fields".—As a whole they are a homogenous mass of simplicity and ignorance.

Efraim Cabot, a typical farm product, a growth of the soil, is a man whose motto is "ten eyes for an eye", a man who finds his beasts, his cows, his pigs better company than the humans about him. He is an appalling mixture of selfishness and godliness. "A farm got to have a woman" he says, and sets out to get a third wife, having **outlived two** already. Besides he falls victim to spring fever inspite of his seventysix years. As old Efraim puts it: "I been hearin' the hens cluckin' an' the roosters crowin' all the durn day. I been listenin' to the cows lowin' an' everything else kickin' up till I can't stand it no more. It's spring an I'm feelin' damned—damned like an old bare hickory tree fit on'y fer burnin'."

So Afraim drives of "singin' a hymn," and returns before the end of the first act with a comely young woman to the disgust of the heirs apparent, two sons of the first wife, and one of the second. They had figured on getting the stony old farm for reasons as Simeon the elder son says scanning the fields about him; "Waal—ye've thirty year o' me buried in ye—spread out over ye—blood an' bone an' sweat—rotted away—fertilizin' ye—richin' yer soil—prime manure, by God, that's what I been t'ye!"

But with the advent of a new "maw" their chances for the farm look rather slim. So Simeon

and Peter, the older sons take their carpet bags and leave for California. Eben the younger son remains behind to fight for a share of—no not a share but the whole farm. They're all after the whole farm, Efraim, Abbie the new wife and Eben. To Efraim everything on the farm is "his'n": every stick and stone, even the woman—until she gets a glimpse of Eben and sees in him a means to get the farm herself.

Besides Abbie hasn't married old Efraim because as he says, "a hum got to have a woman", but because, "a woman got to have a hum" . . . She gets an idea. She must beget a son to make the heirship secure. Old Efraim who has already passed into senility is out of the question. No puerile sentimetality about Abbie. She's after the farm, to get it she must have a son, and as a means to an end she wants Eben. That presents about ninety percent of the **desire**—under the elms.

And then Eben is young and easy to look upon . . . Eben who feels manhood growing in him, in his own words: "I kin feel it growin' in me—growin' an' growin' till it'll bust out—."

So it isn't such a task for Abbie to seduce this unsophisticated farmer lad, in spite of his animosity toward her "fer takin' his maw's place". Things pile up high and fast. Desire keeps gathering momentum. Abbie gets a son for Eben . . . Even old Efraim feels "they's things pokin around in the dark —ye kin feel it droppin' off the elums—climin' up the roof—sneakin down the chimney . . . It's cold in this house. It's uneasy." So he goes down "whar its warm, down whar it's restful—in the barn. I kin talk to the cows. They know the farm an' me."

O'Neil is merciless. He piles up one tragic event on the other only as a matter of course. Eben questions Abbie's love. Abbie smothers her child to attest her love for Eben. The master touch is provided by giving this stark tragedy the most casual ending. Abbie and Eben are been taken by the Sheriff for their crime. Passing out in front of the old farm house, Eben says, "Sun's arisin', purty aint it?"

The play is a work of a rare genius, a realist, It is a living motif of life as it is lived, drama that can be measured by the standard of truth to life.

It's a mighty play, but not as good as the "HAIRY APE."

# The Anniversary of Centralia

(Continued from Page 12)

dicted for constructive murder, which means that they were accused of inciting the acts causing the deaths of the attorney and sheriff. The conditions at Wheatland were intolerable, but that is another story. Ford was paroled the other day and immediately rearrested. He was tried before and convicted of the murder of the district attorney. Now he is to be tried for the murder of the sheriff. This incident shows the vindictiveness of the ruling class. Its memory for revenge is long, and those it most hates and fears are workers who agitate against the rotten conditions that make high profit rates,and who dare to fight for their own interests and those of their class.

The Centralia Wobblies stood up in what was the finest spectacle for restoration of civil rights after the war period ever enacted on the soil of America. The patriots and ruffians in uniforms had been enjoying themselves during the war hysteria time without danger of defense being given or reprisals made. They smashed up many halls of the I. W. W. and of radicals. This was a service to their country, so they thought, and it gave indulgence to their sadistic impulses. Under this terrorism the employers amassed fortunes never before equaled. The sky was the limit for ruling class robbery.

Came the high tide and bourgeois violence tried the game once too often. The armed raiding heroes were met by armed workers. Henceforth a decline down to the vanishing point was seen in this sort of sport. Workers halls were not raided for a long time, and the lesson had been driven home. When the heroes paraded in 1920 past the hall that had been wrecked a year before at Centralia their line broke and all tried to get as far from the threshold as possible. Their nerve was gone. Did they fear the ghost of Wesley Everest with his gun barrel red hot? We wonder.

But the big thing for us to remember is that the raids stopped. And those who stopped them are paying with their liberty just as Everest paid with his life. Workers have never made a single advance worthy of mention with pacifism. As they are aggressive they gain. Without a Centralia the passion for raids and mobbings and lynchings would have gone on. But when this heroism of patriots involved risks, the spirit oozed out. The open season on union workers and radicals was closed.

We owe these men our support. We owe them the solidarity by which alone can their freedom be gained. As the California plutes are holding spleen for Blackie Ford, so too are the employers of Washington retaining their venom for our fellow workers who challenged their force ad violence at Centralia. If we organize the industries and make it costly to the bosses to keep Britt Smith, Loren Roberts, Eugene Barnett, O C. Bland, Bert Bland, John Lamb and James McInerney in prison we can be quite sure that their release will follow.

This should be sufficient cause for a solidification of the Industrial Workers of the World in Washington, and for the end of secession.

# Reviewing the 1925 Harvest Drive

(Continued from Page 7)



fellow workers, in which a number were so badly injured that they required medical and surgical treatment. The action in Moorhead instances that not all communities share in the savage delight such spectacles afford Fargo's enlightened citizenry. At this time two suits are pending against the participants of this revival of aboriginal cruelty. And the case of Fellow Worker Peter Weber may be considered more in detail.

Peter Weber was one of the victims of this gauntlet. He suffered a fractured collarbone, severe internal injuries and nervous prostration as a result of being terribly beaten. He is now being cared for by our organization in a Chicago hospital.

A few years ago a boy of Weber's age—19—left his home in North Dakota, and found his way to Florida. His name was Martin Tabert. He was beaten to death in a Florida road camp prison. Industrial Solidarity focussed attention to this crime and it found prominence in the press of the nation. Indignation flamed high in Tabert's native state and the North Dakota legislature sent an attorney to Florida to prosecute Higgenbotham—the beast who killed Tabert. The outcome was that the murderer was convicted and sent to prison.

Now we have a case where citizens of this state of North Dakota do their utmost to repeat the heinous crime on the body of Peter Weber that was inflicted upon poor Tabert. North Dakota protests when one of her boys is murdered by a law officer in Florida. Is there no voice of protest in North Dakota against this crime practiced on Weber at Fargo?

Ruling class force and violence failed at Fargo to kill working class organization. The workers continued in their drive with renewed vigor. This is the answer of A. W. I. U. No. 110 to those who seek to hold in miserable slavery a mute class of farm workers denied the creature comforts given to domestic animals, denied hope, aspiration; in a word, denied the power of attaining the stature of men standing erect and making an organized drive for economic freedom. Our organization exists to give this class articulation, hope, power, well-being and industrial freedom.

While these events were taking place in the States an important movement was going forward in Canada. Realizing that with the increasing acreage under cultivation in Canada the field for organization of farm workers grows apace, our Canadian fellow workers, with very little help of a financial nature from headquarters, opened four halls. These are in Moosejaw, Saskatoon, Calgary and Winnipeg. Speakers have toured the country and propaganda has been issued. Those in charge have been competent members of long standing and wide experience, Sam Scarlett carrying on lectures, and J. A. MacDonald acting as chairman of the organization force. They laid the plans and made all ready for the drive.

In the states the threshing season ended earlier than usual, due partly to natural conditions and partly to the changed method of doing the work. In other years prior to 1917 threshing machines were fewer and the work was done by migratory workers. The season used to be from 50 to 80 days. Now the runs are being cut down because groups of farmers buy the machines and assist each other in the threshing. This throws more workers out of employment.

In view of this early termination of the drive in the States, many American delegates went into Canada to carry on the campaign for membership. Canada is a country where organization work must be done directly on the job. There are very few "jungels" where workers gather, and this presents a handicap. When the delegates reached Canada recently, they found that snow and rain had held back the field work two or three weeks. Nothing could be done except to continue the educational meetings which are conducted in all the halls, and in theatres in towns having no halls. Thus the message of the I. W. W. and of A. W. I. U. No. 110 is being promulgated throughout the Dominion of Canada as these lines are being written.

Organization work can be done until December 1st, and our delegates are waiting to make a whirlwind finish in the time left for the work. The suitcase boys lured by government promises of high wages from the big cities and Nova Scotia have been unable to stand the hardships and have gone to the homes they should never have left. The migratory workers are inured to these hardships and the membership of I. U. 110 now holds the Canadian field, hoping in the short period before them to complete their 1925 job in organization. At least half of the Canadian drive is still before us.

Some of our delegates, having finished the thresh-

ing season, have entered the corn and potato harvests, both of which offer better conditions than usually prevail in the grain harvest. And to the corn and potato harvests goes the message of economic solidarity among those who work for wages.

Considering all the disadvantgaes that towered before us—the Emergency Program threat of disruption, the unemployment crisis, employing class organization, crop failure in Oklahoma and Kansas, auto tramps, community threshing outfits, and natural forces—the organization drive has been a success. Financialy the industrial union is in a better position than in previous years, and the morale of our membership has again been strengthened.

The Emergency Program exponents, who were going to enter the harvest entered and were quickly ejected. Many of those who had been deceived by them tore up the E. P. cards when they learned the facts of the controversy and took out I. W. W. cards. The E. P. gang made not the slightest impression in the harvest and were utterly powerless to overcome the solidarity of A. W. I. U. No. 110.

Whatever success has been achieved by our organization this year is the result of preparations carefully mapped out and a tireless energy by our delegates and active members in carrying these plans into action. We emerge from the drive with increased strength and richer not only in finances but in experience. Disruption has been choked to death, the spirit of the membership revived, solidarity shown at Fargo and throughout the whole campaign, and a fine beginning made in Canada upon which we intend building a powerful unionism.

As our delegates end their work in the agricultural industries and move on to other pursuits they are prepared to transfer their credentials and supplies to the industrial unions of the respective industries they enter. Thus they look forward to a continuation of organizational effort wherever they go. This spirit is the impulse of a practice which is sure to be of much value to our entire organization.

In concluding this review it is pertinent to mention that while the I. W. W. is weighted by great burdens, there is a wholesome expression of harmony among all the industrial unions. On this harmony, on the intelligence of our membership, and on the class struggle whose form distinguishes our method as scientific and in which our organization has its being we base our hope for a greater future for the I. W. W. Fortified by this hope let us unite to bring about such a future pregnant with more happiness for our class and finally reaching the goal of an emancipated working class and a redeemed humanity.




**We Didn't Make the Rules; We Don't Like the Game, But We Have to Play, and We Sure Can Win.**

# WOBBLES

### NOT SO BAD . . . .

**A lazy youth, tiring of life in an office, decided to go to sea. He managed to get a job as a stoker on an Atlantic liner. Having signed on, he went aboard and was ordered below. Three days later in mid-ocean he was found conversing, in resplendent garb, with a young lady on the promenade deck. In answer to the irate officer's remarks, he replied pleasantly, "Oh, haven't you heard? I've left."**

### REAL ESTATE

"If you have a farm, hang on to it; if you have not, buy one."

Hm. How in the devil am I going to buy one if he hangs on to it, tell me.

Solomon had a great press agent.

"Hear my words, Kid," he used to say (cocksure that his words were tuneful).—Just like we speak to our horses: **gee** this and **haw** that—whoa!

If the farms are so durn delectable, why doesn't the Real Estate Shark hang on to 'em?

The deFense is down.—T-b. S.

### WHY, IT'S SCISSOR BILL!

**"The tendency of newspapers is to confuse a moron with a sexual pervert. That is an error. The truth is that morons do and always have done a very large part of the world's necessary work. They do it because they are satisfied to do it. They are the contented serfs."—DR. KROHN.**



JIM THOMPSON: "Engines may not have eyes, but they do have ears. Don't you ever hear of engin-eers? And, as I was saying . . . . . "

China is fast learning how to use rifles, airplanes, bombs and poison gas.

Now just watch how soon she will be recognized as Highly Civilized.

—wIw—

Evolution still evolves to Revolution or Devolution. And it will continue so to do despite all the bulls of the priests, preachers and politicians.

—wIw—

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

**Of The Industrial Pioneer, published once a month at Chicago, Ill., for October 1st, 1925.**

State of Illinois )
County of Cook )

ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared **Arthur Coleman**, who having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the **Business Manager** of the **Industrial Pioneer**, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Name of Publisher: **Industrial Workers of the World, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill**

Name of Editor: **Vern Smith, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Illinois.**

Managing Editor: **Vern Smith, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Illinois.**

Business Manager: **Arthur Coleman, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Illinois.**

2. That the owners are: **Industrial Workers of the World, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Arthur Coleman, Sec.-Treas., 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

**ARTHUR COLEMAN,**
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1925.

**EDITH MONBLATT, Notary Public.**

[SEAL] (My commission expires Sept. 20, 1928.)

# Why this issue is smaller

IT has become imperatively necessary to decrease the expense incidental to publishing The Industrial Pioneer. Therefore the General Executive Board has decided to reduce the magazine's size to 32 pages, and to have Fellow Worker Vern Smith edit it along with Industrial Solidarity. For a long period the magazine has sustained a monthly deficit approximating four hundred dollars, which has been met by the General Organization treasury.—Industrial Solidarity also runs about the same amount behind and is subsidized in like manner. But the General Organization is no longer able to bear this burden, and it has been estimated that the plan now being put into effect with the magazine will bring down the costs to a point where receipts will cover them.

This change is to be regretted, but it is better than to suspend the magazine, and we regard the new arrangement as one of temporary nature called into being to meet an emergency created by financial stringency. When there is sufficient improvement in the organization to warrant a return to the former system it is to be put into effect.

I have often heard it expressed that editors usually leave their posts with a sense of relief because there is almost invariably so much advertise criticism directed at their work. Happily this is not my present experience, for since coming to edit The Industrail Pioneer last November I have had but two complaints, and a great deal of felicitation on the publication of each issue since that time. Naturally this has caused me to feel very kindly toward our readers and membership. It amounts to a vote of confidence from you and I am deeply grateful.

So much exceptional talent has been willingly contributed to these pages that I regard the magazine's merit due in major part to this generosity expressed in a fine, intelligent, stirring spirit of class consciousness. To all who have assisted me in this way I gladly acknowledge my earnest thanks, and ask you to continue to give my successor your continued cooperation.

We are experiencing a period of great stress in the organization and have been so situated for many months past. Under such conditions those charged with responsibility for our industrial union, publication and general organization affairs might easily have given way to irritability and allowed discords to enter in, further complicating matters. But this has not been the case, patience and harmony prevailing between all departments. Such an attitude makes its legitimate call on your increased support, and though the prospect immediately before us is not bright we can win through, surviving with added strength if we persevere with fortitude. Witnessing so intimately this internal concord has been of the greatest encouragement to me.

Again I say to all who have helped me in my duties here either by literary or artistic contributions, by good will and by aiding in the sale of our magazine that my appreciation is very sincere and my gratitude is gladly expressed.

—JOHN A. GAHAN.

**THE INDUSTRIAL PIONEER,** 3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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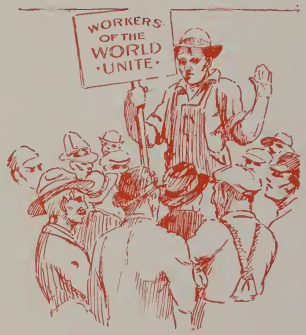
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# Don't Let Them Hang Richard Ford!




## He Organized The Workers

### *That Is His Only Crime*

Richard Ford was sentenced to life imprisonment after being convicted of murder in 1914. He helped to organize the strike of the Wheatland hop-fields pickers on the Durst Bros. ranch at Wheatland, Cal., in 1913. The hop-pickers' meeting was shot up by the sheriff and district attorney and their gunmen, at the request of the Durst brothers. The strikers defended themselves, and the district attorney and a deputy sheriff were killed.




Ford was not armed, and was in no way to be blamed for the fight. But he helped to start the strike; he organized workers to prevent their exploitation, and the hop-pickers are determined to have his blood.

After being imprisoned eleven years, for conviction of murdering the district attorney, he is now paroled and will stand trial for murder, for killing the deputy sheriff. They mean to hang him this time!

As he defended workers, so you, workers, defend him. Send donations for the Ford Defense to General Defense Committee, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, or to California Branch of the General Defense, P. O. Box 574, San Francisco, California.



William R. Langdon, American consul at Antung, China, makes a report to the United States Department of Commerce: "The enterprise of Pacific Coast lumber manufacturers and cheap water transportation across the Pacific have closed all the 23 sawmills in Antung."

American workers in the woods of Washington and Oregon and California are cheaper to the boss than Asiatics and more profit is made by exploting them!

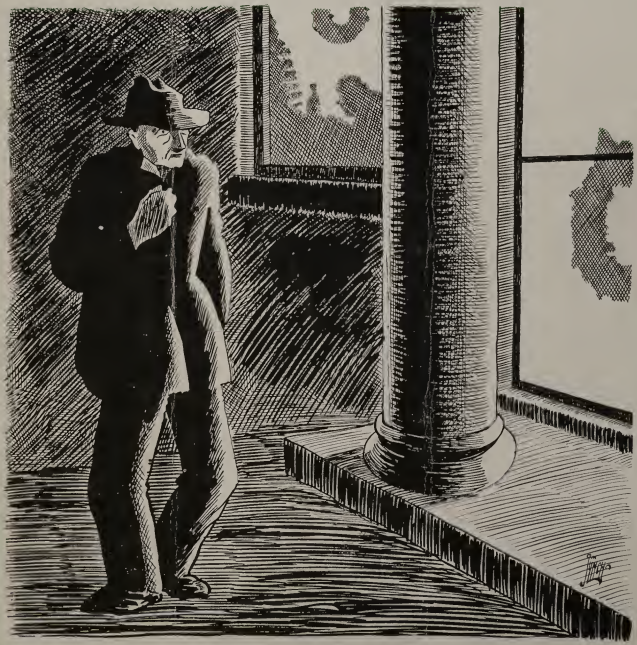
Think of that, you slaves of the machine.—Get busy and organize in the I. W. W., and take for yourself some of these profits!

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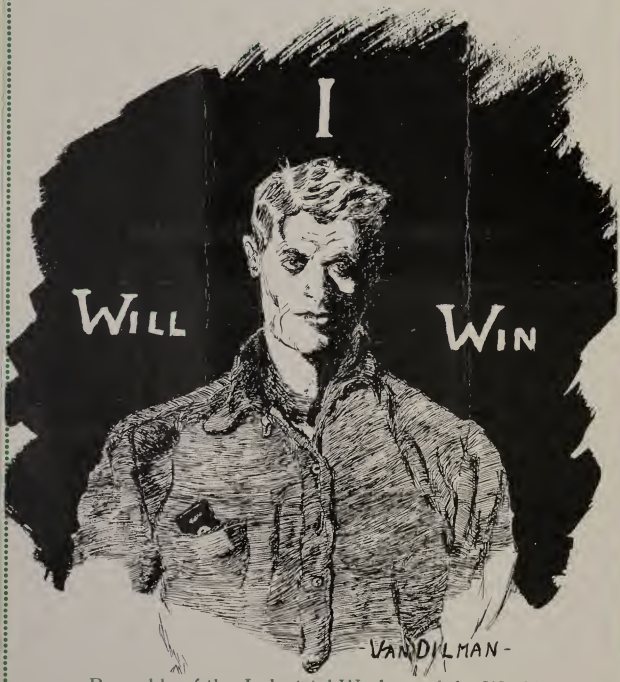
DECEMBER, 1925 PRICE, 20 CENTS

# The Industrial Pioneer

*An Illustrated Labor Magazine*



Good Cheer and Xmas Jollity




## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all the members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all. Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalism, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.




# The Industrial Pioneer

Edited by Vern Smith

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It should be understood by members and others who read this magazine, that it is the policy of the I. W. W. to designate as OFFICIAL, any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. ANYTHING NOT SO DESIGNATED, IS NOT OFFICIAL. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals or individual, writing or editing the same.

**Volume III. No. VIII DECEMBER, 1925 Whole Number 32**


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# Editorials

**CALIFORNIA ADOPTS PEONAGE.**—Signs of a new drift in the United States, away from wage slavery and back to chattel slavery are multiplying. We have often discussed the peonage system of the South, where the negro is kept at work not by the payment of any fixed wage, but by grants of food and clothing from the land-owner's store, and by constant threats of a vagrancy law. The vagrancy law is so worded that anybody not actually employed is guilty. Only negroes and "foreigners" (traveling workers from the North or West) are ever arrested under this law. When arrested they are put to work for the state, relieving the land-owner of some of his necessity to pay taxes, or they are sold to lumber companies, or even to plantation owners, for the term of their sentence. Either actually as a convict under guard, or through fear of becoming one, the resident negro worker and the migratory white worker are kept on the job, without getting wages for what they do, and without being at liberty to quit when they like.

It has been definitely established that the system has spread to California. At present it meets with a certain amount of opposition. To this fact we owe the knowledge of its presence, probably. Various individuals, including the attorney for the State Labor Commission in the southern part of the state, are complaining about the combination effected between the justice of the peace at Independence, Inyo County, Cal., with the district attorney of the county, and of these two with the managers and owners of the big borax mines of that district. The combination, or understanding, whatever it can be called (some people would probably want to call it graft, but we think it is nothing but a natural development of big capitalism), results in Mexican laborers of the borax mining company being arrested when they try to quit their jobs in the mines, and sentenced to jail, ostensibly because they have not paid their board bill.

The frame-up becomes more apparent when the contract under which the workers labor is examined, and it is there pointed out that the board is to be deducted from the wages. It is evident that they were not getting any wages.

In addition to this the Mexican laborers put up as a defence that the work is killing them. That, of course, is one of the reasons for a peonage system, and is one of the advantages of chattel slavery, in the opinion of the capitalist You can work the slave to death quickly, and he has nothing to say.




**NOW THAT'S TALKING!**—On this page you see a picture of the first locomotive that pulled the first train out of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, on the day the strike of 18,000 railroad workers came to an end. Written in great big letters all over the tender of the locomotive, for the world to see, is the slogan, "Workers of the World, Unite!" and another beside it, "Keep the Red Flag Flying!"

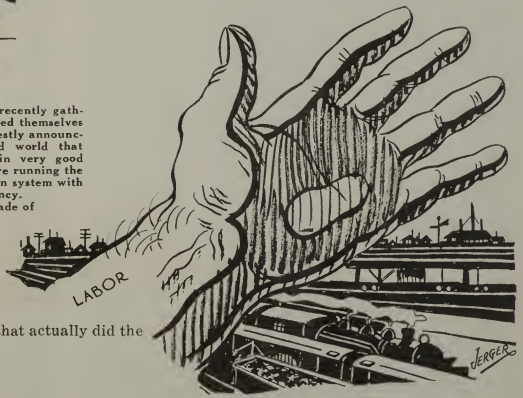
Can you imagine such things on the tenders of American locomotives? Not yet. But then, how long has it been since American railroad men actually won a real strike? How long has it been since they were willing to keep on striking when "our government," in the course of its continual and loyal support of the bosses, ordered them to stop?

This is what the railroad workers of



Railway executives recently gathered at Chicago, patted themselves on the back and modestly announced to the cock-eyed world that the railroads were in very good hands and THEY were running the nation's transportation system with extraordinary efficiency.

No mention was made of the HAND that actually did the work!




In Australia the workers on the railroads have their employers so well tamed that they can hold regular meetings on the job, and on the employer's time. In England railroad workers are so strongly organized that their threat to strike in conjunction with the miners caused the government to pay fifty million dollars for a truce.

Queensland did. Their government, which by the way calls itself a "labor government," ordered them to go before an arbitration court, and the arbitration court reduced their wages five percent. It also reduced wages of other lines of work.

The workers in Australia, and elsewhere, though not in America, have an institution known as the "Stop Work Meeting." This means holding union meetings on the boss's time, and frequently for the purpose of making demands on the boss, or of adopting resolutions of protest against something he has done.

So they began to hold these stop work meetings, and ask for their five percent again, and the railroad officials, backed by the government, locked them out. It was intended as a lesson for them, but they knew something about that sort of thing already, and when the company was ready to start work again, it found that instead of a lockout it had a 100 percent strike on its hands. Out of 18,000 railroad workers, there were only nine who stayed at work, and these were high departmental heads They were not even called out. No one expected them to come.

The workers won all their demands within a week, and in addition to that, they demanded and won a five per cent pay increase for all other workers who had been cut by the arbitration court. That's solidarity!

**THEY WIN AT ABERDEEN.** — Another proof of the efficacy of strike action has just come out of the sawmill town of Aberdeen, Washington. The workers there, as mentioned in these columns last month, went on strike for "some increase in pay," as the song has it. They got most of what they demanded---they did not ask for much. This was an unorganized strike, and the workers were afraid of organizing. This is sure proof that only grim necessity drove them to use their economic power, and that they were distrustful of it, and timid in the presence of their masters. But the first step has to be taken some time, and it was indeed high time to begin stepping out in the sawmill country. The workers have been slaves there long enough. Let them take confidence in themselves, as a result of this first victory, and begin to plan another—something more worth while, this time. They have obtained a $3.75 minimum wage, whereas before, many of them were working for $3.25 per day. But the boss still makes more off of them than he can make even from the sweated "coolie" labor of China, as is proved by the fact that while the sawmills of Washington state are putting on an extra shift, those of Antung, China, have been closed down by American competition. Certainly the workers of Washington ought to get as large a share of the value produced in the industry as the Chinese "coolie"! The first thing to do is to organize!

**THE TRUTH FOR THE WORKERS.**—This is the story of two Chicago newspapers. One of them is the Workers' Paper. One is not. One is Industrial Solidarity, official organ of the I. W. W., and one is the Chicago Daily News, something like an official organ of the capitalist plunderbund. You would naturally expect the daily, with its enormous organization, its hundreds of highly-paid officials and correspondents, and its thousands of common ordinary wage slaves, would have the news first.

Certainly you would expect it to put out important news which is available to all, at least as quickly as Industrial Solidarity can get it out, for Sol is a weekly, with a staff of two, each of whom is able to devote only a part of his time to the work of the Industrial Solidarity, on account of other duties.

However, it makes a difference what kind of news you are looking for. If you want the latest bunk from the eternal battle line between rival gangs of bootleggers out on the West Side in Chicago, then you can read the Daily News. If you want to hear about the man who robbed a jewelry store, again the News is best. But if you are listening in for information about the class war, just as eternal, and of far more real interest to you if you only know it, you won't find much of it in the News. If you want to find out about who robbed **you**, well, then, we know one case where Industrial Solidarity and the Chicago Daily News agreed—only in this case Industrial Solidarity had the news a whole two weeks before the Chicago Daily News got it.

We refer the reader to the issue of Industrial Solidarity of October 28, 1925, on the third page of which there appeared a Federated Press News Service article by Leland Olds, telling how 1,000 corporations in the United States got half of the total income of all corporations, as proved by the income tax returns. The article continues to point out how less than one-twentieth of one percent of all the corporations took 28 percent of the total income of all corporations, and how one half of one percent of all the corporations get 57 percent of all the profits. That shows who is robbing you. That shows, as the I. W. W. preamble says, there is a "centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands"—for industry runs for profit, and won't function otherwise, under capitalism.

Then in its issue of November 10, 1925, the Chicago Daily News comes along with the same figures, in a front-page article, written by one William P. Helm, Jr.

MORAL: Read the I. W. W. papers and get the best first.

**DOES CRIME PAY?**—Napoleon said he had to have the Catholic Church as a "spiritual gendarmery" to keep the people in order. The Rotarians and Babbitts who do all the retail governing of the people in this

country do not believe in Papal Bulls, but they have a great confidence in "bull" in general—which is to say, in the power of advertising.

The big plunderers of the country have to have a corrupt police force in order to frame up radicals, slug the waitresses and ladies' garment workers when they strike, etc., and these cops naturally take with both hands. Or in order words, they are too much pickpockets and sluggers themselves, to stop the professional pickpockets, bootleggers and burglars. So crime flourishes, and the little cockroaches suffer.

But there is always advertising! So they put up car cards, pictures built around the assertion that "Crime Does Not Pay!" Gone are the days when the criminal was threatened with Hell. The soul of Babbitt knows no greater disaster than to lose the profit—if it doesn't pay, it's damned in all the good Rotarian circles, anyway.

So we have the car cards. One of them shows a man in jail, and outside are his wife, in rags, and four children, the youngest a babe in arms. Babbitt never stops to think, evidently, that perhaps this condition, this family, hungry at the table of an unemployed man, might send him out on the road to crime, without any hope of profit at all, but merely as the lesser alternative to starvation!

But when Babbitt's artist depicts a policeman, standing with his arms folded, looking at a crowd of crooks, and then they spring the same old catch-phrase at you, "Crime Does Not Pay," you have to laugh. You think of Police Captain Westbrook to whom it paid $16,000. And though Westbrook was caught, you think of the hundreds and hundreds who are not caught. You know that almost any policeman will let anybody sell liquor on his beat for a standard price of $5—if he should charge more, the bootlegger would feel that he had a right to go to the sergeant and complain. You think of the open, undisguised chasing of "bucks" (petty graft) in every station house where professional bondsmen operate. And you look at that cynical-faced cop on the poster, with his hands resting on the "bucks" in his vest pocket, and you have to laugh. Crime does not pay! Haw! Haw!

Crime paid Morgan and it paid Rockefeller, when the one sold rotten guns to the government, and the other handed out rebates, and when both committed murder on the bodies of their unfortunate slaves. Crime paid Armour when he sold the condemned beef to the boys in blue in the Spanish-American war, and when he saved up all that was not too much used in that war to sell again in the World War. It pays Townsend and Diamond to commit perjury in California, and it pays the Chicago police—many, many "bucks." Crime does not pay!

The I. W. W. works to establish conditions where it will not pay, but the time is not yet.



DOES CRIME PAY?



They All go SOUTH For The Winter.

# Shivering Santa Clauses

By CARD No. 794514

"MA-MA, you said that Santa Claus had a warm heart!"

"Yes, my dear, he has."

"Well, then Ma-ma, why does he shiver so?"

Kids do see things, and that's what they say when they pass a poor woe-begone migratory worker, trying to make a miserable nickel or two by togging himself out like a clown in cheap cotton furs, filthy from last year's wearer, and ringing a little bell at the street corner during the Christmas rush.

For Santa Claus is commercialized in America. He acts as a "come-on" for the Salvation Army, and for the big department stores. The department stores pay a little less for good long-legged West Madison Street Santa Clauses, but they dress them a little warmer. The department stores have some pride. Your Salvation Army is thrifty about these things, and however warm a woolen shirt your "captain" or "commander" may have under his blue and red uniform, the shivering Santa Clauses that they hire for a dollar and a half a day, have to stuff their shirts with newspapers if they are going to get through a day of bell ringing without freezing their ribs.



"Say, Mister Scab Herder, did you run Santa Claus out of town too?"







THE FAMILY GOES A-MARKETING TO BUY SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER

Once the city street cleaning, or snow shoveling, warmed the bones of the "stiffs" trying to get through this winter on memories of the hopes they had last summer for a "winter's stake." Every big snowstorm used to be heralded by cries of delight from the cheap "flop houses" and the "missions." Now there would be work for all for a few days! Get in line for a city job, shoveling snow!

But that is no more. There is not a big city left in the United States where there is much work shoveling snow. Oh yes, "Jake" up in the sky there sends down the snow, same as always, but the **machines** clean it up. There is a plow that runs along the side of the curb, and piles the stuff out of the gutter; there is another kind of a plow that clears it from the streetcar tracks—these are run by gas engines or by electric motors. They take only one man apiece, and they move right along, do a lot of work in a day, more than a hundred men could do with shovels.

Neither are men needed in any considerable numbers any longer to load the snowballs. For the last three years huge loading machines have been used, and are steadily being perfected. "Perfection" means that they will be completely automatic, and require none at all of the hungry "bums" from the "skid road." The summer was very slow. Talk about "prosperity" left out of account altogether the soft coal miners, thousands of whom eked out an existence on the lettuce they grew in their back yards, and what little food they could buy with their two or three days' work a week, and the textile workers who hung around hoping that when the boss had worked to death those who got the first chance to run thirty looms, the first to be fired would get a chance, and the plate mill steel workers who are discharged when the new doubling machines went in, and even the cranberry sprayers, who won't work this year, because the holiday cranberries are now sprayed from aeroplanes! There has been plenty of unemployment all through the summer, though not enough to start a revolution or anything of that sort.

And fortunately for them, perhaps just because of the slow summer, and the rapid installation of labor-saving machinery, and partly because of the greed of the employment sharks there were really more odd jobs, short-time jobs, mostly construction jobs, than usual, this Fall.

I have included the greed of the employment shark. Probably everybody knows the function of this worthy in multiplying, not the amount of the work, but the number of jobs. The employment agent charges from two and a half to three-fifty for the job, and the boss who does the hiring gets his fifty cents out of it, works the stiff for a few days, so that the law is evaded, and fires him. Another man means another fee, and another four bits for the construction job boss. It's a good game, whenever there are a lot of unemployed men, it makes it look as though there were lots of jobs, keeps the shiverers always shivering in happy anticipation and really does distribute the work a little, and give everyone a chance. A very wasteful procedure, though.

Even these sorts of jobs are about ended by Christmas time though, and then begins the Santa Claus "fakin'" and the mission soup graft. Many men panhandle on the streets, and quite a few are picked up dead, frozen stiff, after every big blizzard. In Chicago the city has a special wagon to go around and pick them up, like cord wood—and just as stiff.

Yes, Christmas is great in a big city these years. Who knows it better than Santa Claus—shivering on the street corner and trying to eat his beard from hunger!

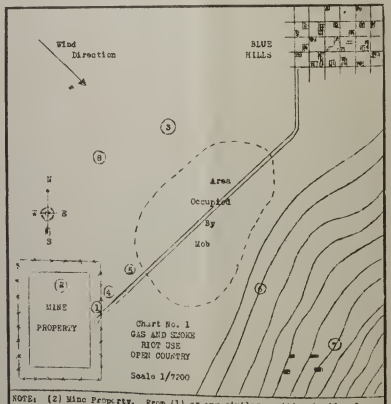
# "Poison the Women Gently"- Army's New Code of Chivalry

MAJOR GENERAL AMOS A. FRIES, the U. S. army's official poisoner, or as he is more politely entitled by those who believe in poisoning strikers and radicals, "Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service," writes to the public press of New York City to say, "If possible, consideration should be given to women and children (when gassing them with poison gas) so as to cause them no undue injury. Isn't that sensible, humane, and even gallant? Would you teach a policeman to use the same vicious blow with a club on the head of a child or a woman as he would on a desperate armed man? Again, we think there is but one answer to the question."

General Fries was defending himself against a certain amount of rather shocked criticism, evoked among a certain section of the bourgeois press, because of statements in his book of instructions to subordinate poisoners, officers and gentlemen of the U. S. Army, as to the best way to protect the profits of coal mine owners, factory owners, etc., by dispersing with clouds of deadly (or perhaps merely injurious) gasses, any mass picketing, or by the same means breaking up meetings held in rooms on the third stories of buildings, which previous information might have led the officer in charge of the protection of profits in that locality to believe were for the purpose of calling strikes, etc.

Some naive liberals someway got the idea that it was barbarous and inhumane to gas crowds of women and children, especially miners' wives, and offspring, most probably, with the sort of poison clouds that rotted out the lungs of the soldiers in France.

They quoted from the general's text book on "Provisional Instructions for the Control of Mobs by Chemical Warfare," that statement about, **if possible,** not inflicting **undue** injury on women and children. They commented adversely upon it, and the general came right back at them; the general declares absolutely that it is "sensible, humane, and even gallant" to shoot the kids full of poison gas, just as sensible, humane and gallant as it is for a cop to **slightly** fracture their skulls, instead of trying to "tear their damn cans off," as is the custom when subduing male strikers—and, of course, nothing could be more gallant in the treatment of women and children than **that.**




NOTE: (2) Mine Property. From (1) or any similar position inside of barbed wire area; 4" Stokes Mortars can fire gas or smoke on any points within a radius of 1,000 yards; (3) (5) (7) are given as typical Stokes mortar targets; Hand grenades can be thrown 30 yards and be placed outside of barbed wire area on locations such as (4); rifle grenades can be fired up to 250 yards and can be placed on points such as (5). Aviation Gas and Aviation Smoke Bombs can be used on such points as (5) (6) (7). From (6) Candles or Cylinders can be used to establish a gas cloud of gas which will drift into the mob. Sprinkling of persistent gases previous to the attack will effectively deny areas and approaches, places.

A PAGE FROM THE U. S. ARMY'S BOOK ON GIVING POISON GAS TO STRIKERS



THE STRIKE
For This The U. S. Army Suggests Poison Gas

In this article to the public, General Fries tells how:

"An officer of the Chemical Warfare Service, with tear gases, was sent to the Mingo mine fields some four years ago. It is to the credit of the War Department that he was sent there. Had any force been necessary, tear gases would have been used and any dangerous situations arising from excited, armed men would have been avoided without bloodshed or destruction of property. How can the words "barbarous" and "uncivilized" be applied to such materials? If preserving law and order by the mildest means ever known to man is to be considered barbarous, then how can civilization endure?

Ah, how indeed? Remember Engels' conclusion, based on long study of various ruling class utterances, that every ruling class, throughout history, has identified its interests with those of the whole world, has considered itself synonymous with culture, civilization, learning, and all things desirable. Each of them was certain that if it passed, the torch of progress, or of civilization or whatever they considered desirable, would be extinguished. It is a natural sort of a feeling, however false history has proved to be—in the case of General Fries, the official poisoner for American capitalism, we can understand how he, regarding as he does the proper development of the gentle art of gassing men for profit, should look with grave distrust on any group of men or any proposition, which proposes to stop him. Indeed at the close of his newspaper article he tells in the plainest of words what he regards as progress:

"I am quoting facts, not fancies. I am giving the truth and not propaganda. Our records are open to any man who will examine them. If he be honest he cannot but decide with us that **the world needs gas more than any other one thing** to preserve law and order with the least damage possible to human beings or to property."

Probably his underlings are in substantial accord with him, and none of them, despite an occasional reference to "defending our beloved country from foreign aggression" have any doubt at all about whom they are going to gas. Another hearty believer in poison for women and children one Henry Fry, a major in the Chemical Warfare Reserves, rushes into print, with a letter to a newspaper in New York, in which he says eactly what poison gas is good for. Remember in reading his explanation, that the bourgeoisie do not distinguish one sort of radical from another, and when he says "Communist" he is as likely as not to mean "I. W. W." Here are the concluding remarks fom his little speech:

"With Communism seeking a foothold in America, both by its direct agencies and through the use of various side-line activities, the American people would be foolish to discard a weapon that may be badly needed against the Red menace.

"In instructing his officers how to use war gas for riot duty, General Fries is merely carrying out a routine detail of his office as Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service. Criticism of his instructions because he happens to be a gas officer are misleading. Every department has its own riot tactics, including the Regular Army, National Guard and, here at home, the New York Police Department. The New York police force has its gas section, which is instructed in the use of gas as a riot weapon.

"The Bolshevist, the Communist and the radicals generally—ranging from light crimson down to delicate pink—would like to see chemical warfare eliminated, but it is here to stay and the day may

come when it will prove to be the salvation of the United States."

Then when we turn to the book itself, the instructions for proper and efficient gassing, which started the stench, we see that though the word "mob" is used throughout, the obvious implication is that except in the case of armed mobs, practically revolutionary armies, the word "mob" means any aggregation of working men, mass picketing, or gathered in a meeting near the company property for the purpose of hearing speakers, perhaps, or maybe assembled in a hall, in a building—for provision is made for throwing gas through third story windows.

Chemical Warfare Service officers are taught in the poison gas book, on page 6, that there are three types of "mobs":

"(a) A more or less well-disciplined organization of men in numbers from 500 up to a few thousand, fairly well armed and having some semblance of discipline.

"(b) Small organizations of men with a few arms, poorly organized and with very little discipline."

The women and children come in the next "mob":

"(c) Mobs that will be composed not only of men, but of women, boys and sometimes small children, unorganized but excited and irresponsible."

"The gas cloud," runs the book, under the heading "Mob Psychology in Gas," "being heavier than air, will generally cling near the surface of the ground, ordinarily rising not over 30 feet. It will fill cellars, hallways, mine shafts and extend in every direction in which a breeze is blowing.

"A mob understands that the fire of machine guns or rifles cannot reach around the corners of a building or through a street barricade, but with gas the mob understands that when a cloud is turned loose this cloud will cover all areas. . . .

"The first appearance of the faint white smoke of a gas cloud will cause a stampede even in the most determined mob. . . . If possible, consideration should be given to women and children, so as to cause them no undue injury."

"Ordinarily," says the book, "the members of a mob will not run into the cloud, but will run with the cloud in an endeavor to escape being encircled. Members who attempt to enter houses, cellars, side alleyways, will only find that the gas has preceded them."

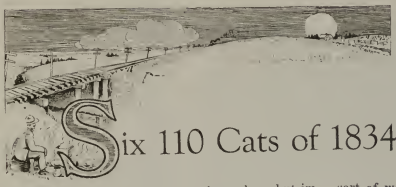
"Probably the quickest way to appreciate the power which the presence of gas has upon a body of men is to picture the fear which a human being has of having his breathing interfered with by smothering or choking and the instinctive dread this same human being has of losing his vision. A sneezing or vomiting **war** gas will interfere with breathing and a tear gas will practically close the eyes of a man. . . . The cloud is invisible, and though it usually can be detected by its odor this detection often comes too late to prevent the gas taking effect."

"Their efforts to escape," so the book tells officers, "will exceed those made by a mob to escape from the flow of machine-gun bullets. Instead of stopping when corners are turned, the members of the mob will continue to run, carrying with them on their skin and in their clothing sufficient gas to make them believe they are still within the atmosphere of gas or that the cloud may overtake them again at any time.

"Barricaded groups of men in buildings may not be frightened by a gas cloud until the actual odor and effect are on them. A cloud caused by a grenade shot into a third-story window will slowly enter the halls, roll down the stairs and gas the lower two floors. In case of special drafts the grenades shot into the windows of the lower two floors will prevent any room escaping the gas itself. Under such circumstances the occupants will abandon the house by the nearest available exit. Certain individuals will complain of the effects of a tear-gas cloud. It is impossible to injure seriously anyone with tear gas in **field concentrations.**"

It is impossible to permanently blind or kill anyone with tear gas used in **field concentrations**—that is, such concentrations as would prevail from a few bombs thrown in the open—but throwing grenades into a closed building is different, and young officers are especially informed during the course of their instruction that they can kill all the men they want with tear gas, to say nothing of the more powerful Lewisite or mustard gas, if they increase the concentration, by using it in greater quantity, or by using it in a confined space. Besides the tear gas, phosphorus may be employed to create a thick white suffocating smoke, and to stick to the hide of any unlucky one who happens to be spattered with it, and there burn to the bone. One gas, "bromobenzylcyanide," can be turned loose in a street, and will make that street impassable for a solid week, or will make any valley or plain in the open country impassible for three days. Gas can be sprinkled on the crowd, it can be shot at the crowd in rifle grenades or from Stokes mortars, it can be taken out to windward of the crowd and turned loose out of cylinders, to form a cloud and drift down on them, it may be burned out of "candles," and it may be poured out of airplanes.

It is used always, all the time for the preservation of profits, and to make effective picketing difficult. It has already been used against the I. W. W., and without doubt it will be used again. It behooves us to seriously think of possibilities for circumventing this new weapon of the capitalist class. Meanwhile, we will tell the world, in the very words of the poison gas experts, that the army, and their branch of it especially, exists for the purpose of crushing strikes, breaking up meetings of workers, and maintaining the system of slavery which they call "civilization."



# Six 110 Cats of 1834

TWO incidents, slight in themselves, but important in their historical significance, have taken place in Chicago, recently. One was the death of Henry James Brine, and the other was the visit of the old British Convict Ship, the "Success."

The skipper of the "Success" is a business man who hired an able press agent, and then seems to have sold part of the ship to the Hearst syndicate of newspapers, if one can judge by the amount of advertising space he got in the news columns. The "Success," be it remembered, is now a museum, serving capitalism in the person of its owner, who gets the stiff admission fee charged sightseers, even as she once served the capitalism of all England by carrying labor agitators "away to Botany Bay, to work their lives away," as the old rhyme has it.

The owner of the "Success" exploited all this early cruelty, showed off the monstrous instruments of torture on board, and then when all that palled, began to exploit red-haired girls, and get publicity by hiring them to spend the night in the ship's dungeon (sure, she had one, she was an unusual ship) or to climb up and paint the figurehead red. The figurehead was a statute of Queen Victoria, who reigned over England at the time the "Success" was functioning as a floating prison.

But all the time the "'Success" was flaunting her ancient shame and adding some modern refinements to it, by way of making news, Henry James Brine, the descendant of a family of British workers, who gave the "Success" in her day more fame or infamy than she ever got through any number of red-headed girls, was slowly dying, in Chicago.

James Brine was his uncle, and James Brine was one of the Tolpuddle martyrs, one of the "Six Men of Dorset," the conviction of whom made almost as great a commotion in their day as the Criminal Syndicalism law makes in our time. Their story shows the similarity of the methods used in 1834 in England, with those used in 1925 in California, and the thing they were fighting for was the same. There is much freshness and ignorance about the way in which these men tried to organize the agricultural workers of Dorchester, but they were fairly successful at that, and the statement of the judge who sentenced them to seven years' transportation to Australia might almost have issued from the lips of Judge Busick: **"Not for anything you have done but for an example for others I consider it my duty to sentence you to seven years penal servitude."**

The late twenties and the early thirties of the nineteenth century had been years of disappointment, despair, and struggle for the workers of England. The new capitalism, the factory system, had just got firmly entrenched. It was a period of ruthless exploitation, of child labor, of merciless suppression of the workers by the power of the state, of newer and still newer laws against any sort of working class action.

There was unemployment for a decade or so after the Napoleonic wars, partly due to the speeding up of industry during the war, the more rapid capitalization of the country, and the sudden cessation of the war market, and partly due to the release from military duty of great armies of young men, who had to find somehow a way back into peace-time pursuits.

But this period passed, and as 1830 came around, industry absorbed more men, there was a basis for labor organization, and for the first time under capitalism, labor organization sprang up on a large scale. The parallel between that period and the period following the great world war (1914-1918) is surprisingly accurate, and if it continues to hold good, we should be due for a great unionization of labor during the next few years.

But back there in 1830, they did not know anything about unions, they were making them for the first time—inventing them. The first of these were of course local bodies, and because of the primitively religious character of most of the workers, and because of the semi-secret nature of the unions to escape the harsh laws, and because of the influence of Continental European secret societies, the unions had a good deal of mummery and ceremony attached. Workers were sworn in to membership on a stack of bibles, before painted figures of death, angels, or demons, and the whole procedure was something like initiation into a Babbitt Society of the present period.

This necessity which the workers felt for taking oaths was one of the points at which they were to be attacked. A set of laws known as "The Six Acts of 1819" prohibited unauthorized persons from administering oaths. These laws were directed against dynastic rebels, plotters to change the king, and were never intended to be used on workers. But capitalism uses its biggest weapons against its most dan-



HENRY JAMES BRINE

gerous enemies, and capitalism, for the first time in history, found itself confronting a union campaign. The unions continued to develop, spontaneously, everywhere, and it was not long, after they were once started, before the idea occurred to some one to federate them, and have a national organization. Robert Owen, the Utopian Socialist, had a good deal to do with this new idea of a national union. The union was started; it was called "The Grand National Consolidated Trades Union," and it spread. Perhaps nothing in the nature of a labor organization ever spread so fast before or since. It was organized in January, 1834, and in a month or so had a foothold in nearly all the trades. The "benevolent societies" and the "workers' aid" associations flocked into it, and it created in addition to these a great many new locals, sending delegates about the country in pairs to organize in all sorts of places, though first of all in the north of England.

The moderately liberal Webbs, in their book, "The History of Trade Unionism," say: "Nothing in the annals of unionism in this country at all approached the rapidity of the growth which ensued. Within a few weeks the union appears to have been joined by at least half a million members, including tens of thousands of farm laborers and women . . . numerous missionary **delegates**, duly equipped with all the paraphernalia required for the mystic initiation rites perambulated the country, and a positive mania for trade unionism set in."

Needless to say, the British state, at this time representing a compromise between the land owning aristocracy and "squirearchy," and the rising bourgeoisie, was alarmed. If the unions had been confined to the trades and crafts of the towns, probably the Tory politicians might have been tolerant, at least. In later years, the representatives of the landlords attempted to win the support of the proletariat of the cities by passing factory legislation and other "liberal" measures. But the new unionism swore in **agricultural** laborers! And the land owning interests were as bitter against it as the real estate gamblers and hop field owners of California are against the I. W. W.

There was an alliance between landlord and capitalist right away, to suppress it. Lord Melbourne, the Whig (capitalist) home secretary who was just taking office in 1830 (before the organization of the Grand National Consolidated), at once got into consultation with his predecessor in office, his political enemy, Sir Robert Peel, and in his own words, the results of their conversation were a complete agreement. "'The unions of trades in the north of England and in the southern parts of the country for the purpose of raising wages, etc., and the general union for the same purpose, were pointed out to me by Sir Robert Peel in a conversation I had with him upon the then state of the country, as the most formidable difficulty and danger with which we had to contend, and it struck me as well as the rest of His Majesty's servants in the same light."

Just as they do now, the capitalists of those days first called in their dopesters, their first line of defense, the bourgeois intellectuals. There was a professional economist, Nassau Senior, working for the University of Oxford. He was put to work to "investigate" the situation, and he set the example for many such "investigations" to come. Without taking any notice of the workers' side at all, or hearing any evidence in their behalf, he and his assistants got together a bulky report, a bitter indictment of unionism, and recommended terrible penalties for the organizers and members of unions, such penalties to be made still more terrible if any unions inrulged in striking, and even still worse if the offense were aggravated by picketing. The investigating committee seriously proposed that for the purposes of arresting any of his own workers, every employer should be regarded as a police officer, and should have power something like that of a feudal baron to keep discipline among his serfs of the machine or of the plowed fields.

Melbourne did not dare to go as far as Senior advised, but in August, 1833, when the Yorkshire manufacturers presented a memorial on 'The Trades Unions," he had one of his underlings answer for him that, "His Lordship considered it unnecessary to repeat the strong opinions entertained by His Majesty's ministers of the criminal character and the evil effects of the unions described in the memorial, and that, "No doubt can be entertained that combinations for the purposes enumerated (to raise wages) are illegal conspiracies, and liable to be prosecuted as such at common law."

This laid the background for the Tolpuddle martyrdom, and it was not long in following. Any other place in England would have done as well, it merely happened that the union of agricultural laborers organized at Tolpuddle, an insignificant town in Dorsetshire, met up with a new judge, anxious to show his masters his zeal in their interests, and that he got started before the rest of the judges could move.

In the vicinity of Tolpuddle the agricultural workers had made some time before an agreement, witnessed by the village parson ,that wages should be ten shillings a week. There was at this time no formal organization. The employers, like the Durst Brothers of California, had no conception of the sacredness of a promise, and used the time gained by an apparent yielding to plot the workers' injury. By one trick or another, they contrived to reduce the going wage until they had it down to seven shillings.

Then John and George Loveless, brothers, proceeded to organize a local union, "The Friendly Society of Agricultural Workers." They were visited by delegates of the Grand National Consolidated and were planning to get their local to affiliate with it. As part of their regular process of initiation, and following the custom of the time, they administered an oath to the new members, swearing them to

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# The Confessions of a Cockroach

By JOHN H. DEQUER

**This confession made and signed by A. Cockroach while under the influence of Tia Juana Spirit, November 9, 1925. Mr. Cockroach deposes as follows:**

I AM an honest man. I have to be lest the Great Roaches up above me on the financial ladder cut off my credit. I must pay my bills or do without goods which I need to scheme and juggle my way through the world. I must be on the square with those who trust me or I will lose the respect of my fellow cock and hen roaches. I simply must manage to keep up my dignity as a merchant.

Not only I, but cockroaches as a class are honest men. I have to make this strong so that you dear reader will not lose sight of it as I proceed with this confession, for I feel in my bones that those of you who make your way in the sweat of your brow may not entirely agree with the definition of honesty as commonly accepted in Rotary and Kiwanis circles. With us honesty means the successful acquisition of enough money with which to pay one's bills when due. It is a limited sort of honesty operating in periods of thirty,sixty and ninety days. How we get the money is never asked. All that is needed is that we get it and a little more. This makes us Successes and gives us entree to the commercial club, and trusteeships in the little church around the corner. It makes us pillars of Society.

On the other hand, if we should fail to get the money within the time limit, we would fall into the hands of the Receiver and would be adjudged failures and condemned to honest labor for an indefinite period.

Naturally we all want to be successes. None of us like to work under specific orders from a muscular gentleman who generally speaks with a foreign accent or a brogue. We would rather be hard pressed cockroaches than horny handed sons of toil. Cockroaches do not make their living by running trains, digging ditches, picking fruit, harvesting grain and other vulgar and unelete forms of activity.

The truth is we have lived so long by sheer mendacity that we have come to believe our own lies when we tell them. Our stereotyped phrase, "Labor is honorable," is an example of this kind. None of us are in the market for that kind of honor. When we mouth this phrase we are in vulgar parlance, "throwing the bull."

This brings me to the matter of **Phrases.** Phrases are very useful commodities when dealing with the public. In point of fact they are really powerful. Don't you remember such terms, "he kept us out of war," and "make the world safe for democracy," and "a full dinner pail:" I tell you if it were not for the power of phrases we, the Cockroach Clan, could not exist. As it is we are a pack of vampires who fan our victims asleep with pretty words, while we and the Great Roaches above us eat them out of house and home.

Speaking of the Great Roaches above us, those mighty ones whom we envy and fear with a psychophancy that beggars description! They, too, have degenerated. They, too, like us, have lost what little of real honesty they once had. They, too, have become a pack of hypocrites. Some years ago there yet were men who dared to say right out in meeting, "Charge all the traffic will bear." That was honest. That is what we all are after. None of us are in business for our health. We are after the dough. And there were those who said plainly and fearlessly, "the public be damned." That, too, is honest. It is the way any one who has to do with the public in an overcrowded and overdone business feels.

But we cockroaches today dare not talk that way. It is not policy. Policy is one of our Gods. You know the dear people taken in mass are rather primitive. Such honest and above-board statements as those we have quoted might excite their gregarious instinct and lead to mob formation, a form of activity that is always very dangerous and extremely unrefined.

That is why the Great Roaches which we cockroaches always mimmic have gone into the business of phrase making and done away with all forms of dangerous truth telling. This is much better for us, as it keeps the producing classes quiet while we wrangle over the spoils. Probably you may have heard some of these phrases. They are quite the thing just now. You may see them in the papers, and heard them from the pulpit. "The public be served," "Safety first" (except in war time, of course), "We have interests in common," and "Patronize your neighborhood grocer." All these phrases are good as the great producing mass take them at their face value while we get by upon their backs in safety and in comfort.

Now if we were honest in the sense that Webster defines that word, we would discard all these phrases and say right out, that we are in business because we want to keep our hands off the mallet and the hoe, and keep the boss from looking directly down our collar. That, and that alone, is our excuse for membership in the Cockroach Clan.

Truly we are a stupid pack. We lack social vision. We dare not think of helping to recast the world in a better mold. We are all laboring under the delusion that the great beast **Labor** can harbor an unlimited crop of cooties. We are all trying to hold

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# God of Gods

(Translated and adapted from the Scandinavian)
By E. E. A.

YOU! manchild, bow you down and worship!

Cast yourself in the dust before the gods—before the big gods—before the little gods; but first and foremost before the god of all gods—GOD MAMMON!

Men are born who are proud and have freedom of mind, who challenge the gods, and who have within them the capabilities of becoming gods themselves—and there are men—individuals—who crouch in the dust kissing the footprints of the gods. These last are the many.

They are ever trailing gods; and should one of them lose sight of his god, he has no peace of mind until he finds another.

The new god he then worships in holy, unsophisticated fealty, with a slave soul's submissive give-all, until this god has also lost his halo; after which the unbound slave soul flutters about bewildered.

A Christ found millions of adherents; a Mohammed and a Gautama also; but one god have they all in common—GOD MAMMON.

What is Christ, what is Allah and what are all the holy prophets, but low caste temple servants of the one great god?

Each great and noble thought, each tender feeling and honst intent, that you possess, shall you barter and pawn forever—God Mammon returns nothing, there is no buying back.

There is but one God and his name is MAMMON; he has a son whose name is WAR, and a HOLY GHOST that resides within the belly-crawling slave souls.



# How Long Can It Last?

By E. L. CHICANOT

**THE question is how long can the United States continue its reckless increase of newsprint consumption and Canada continue to meet its voracious demands. The heedless manner in which the Republic is requisitioning this product and the frantic strivings on the Dominion's part to establish new mills and secure the profits have combined to create a situation which should be regarded seriously without delay if a halt is ever to be made. There may be no immediate apprehension of Canadian forests being overtaken by the same denudation which has occurred in the United States and no sane citizen has any quarrel with intelligent utilization, but the present situation is one of criminal and wholly unnecessary wastage and conservational action in both direction lies to a great extent within the hands of the people of the United States.**

Few Americans have any adequate appreciation of the manner in which they are slowly but inevitably denuding the Canadian forests, as they did their own, or give any heed to the primary processes of the newspapers they read. A newspaper is taken for granted; they come and go. With the greater popularity and more general adoption of colored supplements, rotogravure sections, and magazine supplements, and other features which are constantly being added to weekly newspaper editions, these have reached unwieldly and to a large extent unreadable proportions which means sheer lavish waste. For the main part these papers are merely glanced over and thoughtlessly discarded, and all the time more trees are disappearing from Canadian forests to be thrown away in the streets of American cities.

It is astonishing, no less than alarming, to discover the tremendous rate at which the consumption of newsprint in the United States has increased since the beginning of the present century. One can scarcely conclude that Americans are to any degree more assiduous or voluminous readers and it is not a matter of increased population, for whilst the number of people has grown their average consumption of newsprint has likewise increased. Today the greater population of the United States is consuming per capita nearly four times what that lesser population consumed per capita at the beginning of the century. In 1900 there were fifteen pounds of newsprint available for consumption per capita in the United States; in 1923 there were fifty pounds so available.

The reason of it is to be found in any newspaper directory, in the number of newspapers and their size. It may be a question whether Americans are the greatest readers in the world, but they are easily and beyond question the gratest consumers of newsprint, using, in fact, as great a volume as all other countries of the world combined. In 1923 there were in the United States some sixty major newspapers each of which had circulation in excess of 100,000 copies, and which throughout the year averaged 27 pages in their weekly and 101 pages in their Sunday editions, proportions never before attained. What is believed to have been a record was achieved when a New York paper put out a Sunday edition of twelve sections with a total of 192 pages, the total weight of paper for the 565,000 copies being 877 tons.

Where does this newsprint originally come from? Mainly from Canada, though small quantities are purchased in Scandinavia, Germany and Finland. Canada has a comparatively small consumption of forest products, most of her raw materials as well as manufactured products going out of the country. An analysis of these export figures reveals the fact that 92 per cent of the manufactured newsprint goes to the United States and over 77 per cent of the manufactured pulp as well as practically the entire export of pulpwood. Roughly the United States has come to depend on Canada for 95 per cent of its newsprint supply and the Republic consumes 85 per cent of the Canadian fabricated product.

The fact is that whilst United States mills, largely through the use of Canadian raw materials, have

been increasing their output at a frantic rate, it has not been adequate to meet the increasing domestic demand. Thus though United States newsprint production increased from 1,448,000 tons in 1922 to 1,485,000 in 1923, or by 37,000 tons, the increase over the entire country in consumption rose by five pounds per capita. This is the situation which in the embargo placed on the export of raw materials from certain lands has resulted in the establishment of mills in Canada and the development of the pulp and paper industry in the Dominion within the past decade to be its first industrial activity and take second place in productive revenue only to the gigantic wheat fields of the western provinces.

Canadian newsprint manufacture and export have made such phenomenal growth that at the present time it is quite impossible to predict where it is all going to end. In 1923 Canada produced 1,263,000 tons of newsprint, a volume 16 per cent greater than in 1922 and 56 per cent greater than in 1921. The total average daily capacity of Canadian newsprint machines in 1922 was 3,825 tons; in 1923 it was 4,200 tons; in 1924 it is estimated to be in the neighborhood of 4,700 tons, making a production for the year of something like 1,410,000 tons. Four more mills were producing newsprint in Canada for the United States in 1922 than in the previous year. There is apparently no end to it.

In the year 1900 Canada's entire export of paper was valued at $120. In the year 1913 Canada exported to the United States 219,602 tons of newsprint. Last year the Dominion sent across the border to the Republic 1,115,355 tons, an increase of 863 per cent for the decade. In addition the United States in 1923 took 678,077 tons of pulp out of a total Canadian production of 875,370 tons. Production of newsprint in the United States was greater than ever before with the exception of one year; Canada's newsprint production reached a new record. The Dominion's exports of newsprint and pulpwood reached figures never before attained and yet there is not the slightest indication of abatement.

What does this mean to the average citizen who is filling the city's garbage cans with Canadian trees in the shape of newspapers? Suppose American newspaper consumption is translated into terms of trees. For the purpose of rough calculation about fifteen growing trees, twenty feet long and ten feet in diameter, enter into the production of a ton of newsprint. This would mean that in manufactured newsprint from Canada sent to the United States last year the equivalent of nearly seventeen million trees. About twenty-four trees enter into the production of a ton of pulp, which would mean that in this form Canada sent to the United States last year about 21,000,000 trees. About 12,000,000 trees were exported in the form of pulpwood, which makes a grand total of fifty million trees. That one New York newspaper going out to heedless Sunday readers permanently took 1,300 trees from the Canadian forest.

Fifty million Canadian trees blotted out of existence in a single year to satisfy the extravagant newspaper readers of a country which has wasted its own forest heritance! Nothing but mute stumps over thousands of acres of Canadian woods, testimony to the beauty and economy which flourished there a short time before. But it is necessary and reasonable utilization, it may be argued. But is it? Are people securing any greater benefit from newspapers of over one hundred pages than they did from journals of one-quarter the size? And the pinnacle is nowhere in sight yet. Where is it going to end?

It is significant that the United States, which is



BEAUTIFUL YOUNG TREES
Awaiting Transformation Into Mutt and Jeff Cartoons



**CUT OVER LAND IN CANADA**
**A Forest Gone To Waste—Made Into Chicago Tribune Editorials**

now almost entirely dependent upon Canada for its pulp and paper raw material and products, was originally blessed by nature with an extent of timber land approximately equal to that in Canada. Canada's forest land amounts to about 600,000,000 acres, of which 150,000,000 acres may be classed as growing saw timber. Most of the remainder is producing pulpwood, the Dominion's supply of which is estimated at 1,033,370,000 cords, not including large supplies of poplar and jackpine, which have not yet been requisitioned. In Eastern Canada there are 305,000,000 cords of pulpwood, Quebec having 155,000,000 cords, New Brunswick 26,000,000 cords, Ontario 100,000,000 cords and Nova Scotia 25,000,000 cords. In Western Canada there are 340,000,000 cords of spruce, western hemlock and balsam, 255,00,000 cords of this being in British Columbia. The demand for newsprint and pulp across the border has caused more than one hundred mills to spring up in every part of the Dominion, and now there is not a single section of Canadian forests which is not being depleted to some extent to satisfy the voracious consumption of United States newspapers. Starting in Quebec and Ontario the industry spread to the splendid forests of the Maritime provinces and then out to the Pacific coast.

Although the figures of Canadian resources loom up tremendously vast, when they are read in the light of consumption of about 5,000,000 cords a year they play havoc with such terms as illimitable. A depletion at this rate, even though there were no such wastage as that by fire and other means, and omitting the inevitable increase in future years, definitely brings exhaustion within reach. Canada's forests are not one bit more inexhaustible than were those of the United States and American newspaper readers are consuming them at many times the rate they did their own forest resources.

It is a situation very difficult to meet and to remedy. Whilst it is the United States which is responsible for the enormous consumption and the demand which is made upon Canada, it is the Dominion which is materially benefiting. Pulp and paper products constitute more than one-half of Canada's exports to the United States. If provision is to be made for the future peoples of both countries it must be thought of now and a halt made in the extravagant lengths to which newspapers are going in length and number.

# Visions of Class War

By LAURA TANNE

## IN DEDHAM COURTHOUSE

(Where Nicola Sacco was convicted)

I cannot shut my eyes
Without the vision of the convict's wife
Coming to me.

Her wailing that beat against
The stone wall of the courthouse
Until her voice bled.
The terror in her eyes,
Crushing the brown flowers sleeping within . . .
And the passion-strength of her arms
As she tore into the bars of the cage
Which imprisoned her loved Nick . . .

And he with sad comforting hands
Smooths her tangled red hair
After he had cried out
From the despair of his soul,
"I am innocent!"

## TWO WHO RIDE FORWARD

I remember two leaders of men
Who ride on the hopes of the people.
One has a horse
With thrust-out belly and proud eyes,
And his saddle is cushioned softly.

The other one also rides,
But his horse is battle-scarred
And weary . . . an outcast . . .
Yet men speak his name gladly,
And little red sprigs of hope
Sprout from their words.

I give my hand to one.
But the other hides his glance
That he may not be slashed
By stilletos of hate.

# Gene Hapless

By E. W. M.

I'LL never forget Gene. He was a large man; square shouldered; vibrant voice and smiling blue eyes. Outwardly, he seemed to be adamant; but he was innately kind with indomitable courage.

It was on the skid-road—the slave market where lumberjacks seek work—during a "cessation" period, where I first met Gene. We were seeking the elusive job. Elusive to the thousands of aimless who daily throng the street; aimless through no fault of their own, but made so by an economic system of forcing insecurity for the masses.

On a bright September morning, as I was about to suggest a walk into a suburban town, Gene emerged from deep thought and announced that he was going to the hall.

"What hall?" I questioned.

"The I. W. W. hall," thundered Gene. "You better come along." His resonant voice could be heard for blocks.

When we got there the chairs were nearly all filled. The speaker was standing in the rostrum, scanning the audience eagerly as he sang.

Behind the piano a small choir lifted their voices, strenuously, with Fellow Worker Glade, a hook-tender, who sang bass and could read music, giving a general leadership by raising and lowering the little red song book he held with the beats of the music.

When the words, "Solidarity forever," rang out, every person in the audience seemed inspired. It brought to my mind Robert G. Ingersoll's poem, "A Vision of the Future."

Although hungry and careworn by a long siege of involuntary idleness I came from that meeting overjoyed. To me it was a promise; a promise that is to be fulfilled. A world where humanity will have its economic freedom. Here, I pondered. Why is it that all do not strive for a world where freedom rules supreme?

The loggers' and sawmill workers' living standard was at a very low ebb at this time. The long ten and eleven hours a day so exhausted the workers that they were unable to withstand the strain for any length of time.

Finally, they decided to make their demands for shorter hours and a higher wage known to their employers, and, if the companies refused to grant the demands, they would then go on a strike.

They were forced to do the latter when the companies refused to recognize their demands.

Everybody in this community knows Old Nick. He is one of the owners of one of the largest and up-to-date, electrical driven sawmills in this part of the state.

We were on watch in the picket line informing strange workers and those who were scabbing about the strike, and the necessity for an eight hour day.

Along came Old Nick. Gene was one of the first to "spot" him.

"Hello, Nick. Making lots of lumber these days? Gene inquired, rather facetiously.

"You fellows will have a damn long time to wait for that eight hours." Then, stamping one foot and the other, he defiantly assured us, by shouting "Never, in my time."

"Never?" That's a long time, Nick," Gene added, very soberly. "And WE never forget. Say, old man, what kind of meat do you eat?" quizzed Gene. Nick did not reply. He just sauntered away.

The strike lasted a few weeks. Violence was in evidence, on the part of the mill owners, and finally the most militant men were shipped out of town, in a cattle-car. The strikers were defeated. However, it had an effect on the operators. It impressed them so that the working conditions were made better.

* * *

Time passed. Six years later the eight-hour day and good working conditions were gained, by the organized lumber workers of the I. W. W.

It was not until then that I had an opportunity to become intimately acquainted with Gene.

After the eight-hour day was won the employers became very discriminating. They much preferred the 100 per cent Henry Dubb class of workers. The heralded, chimerical pro-Hun traitors, and the seditious were taboo.

This state of affairs forced many of us to change our names, and our occupation, and also to seek a change of climate.

This day I went to a sawmill seeking work. I never expected to see anybody I knew. Almost the first man I met was Gene.

"Hello, little man, looking for work? They kill off men like you here. When the boss comes 'round, I'll speak to him," Gene proffered.

I landed a job on the chain. It was no sinecure, pulling panel boards, ceiling and flooring stock.

The second day on the job Gene came over and showed me how to handle lumber. The task was much easier after that. To those who have never visited one of these speeded-up, highly productive and electrically-driven sawmills, no idea of what this sort of work is like is conceivable. We can not use sufficient space here to portray the technique.

Time passed.

Gene was growing more cynical from day to day. It was now getting difficult for Gene to get a day's work. He was considered a dangerous agitator and suspected of being disloyal to the flag "that follows the swag." He was called a disturber, and the

100 percenters said he caused unrest among the workers.

Gene was a born militant, not to be muzzled, or even bridled. His wife had tried tentative methods, to no avail.

One day he asked me if I thought life was worth living.

"I am not a damn bit better off at home, now, than when I was employed as a longshoreman making fairly good money as compared with the mill slave. It is the same old squalor in the same old way. That damn slob is never at home. She imagines she is some bologny, hobnobbing with the babbits of this town that can't support a hat cleaner. Some day I'll snuff it out. This little old ball of mud will get along fine without me." Gene related rather lugubriously.

"May I ask, what about Johnnie and Sis?" I queried.

"Oh, they'll only grow up 100 per cent scissorbills, like their mother. She has already taught them to hate me." Gene answered acrimoniously.

"Well Gene, you asked me a fair question, and I will give you my answer by asking you a question," I countered.

"It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. It is also the historic mission of capitalism to do away with itself. Now, is life worth living?"

"Tomorrow is Sunday. Come over to the house and we will discuss the question," Gene replied.

Sunday came and I went over to Gene's place. On entering I saw that Mrs. Gene, Johnnie and Sis were getting ready to go out. I had met Mrs. Gene before. She is a fatuous, proteinaceous person, all of 250 pounds, with dog-salmon eyes. She is a member of all the lodges and orders attended by the small town upstarts, 100 percenters and other respectables. She believes in a "fair day's work," etc. In short, she is a veritable Mrs. Henry Dubb.

Johnnie and Sis, Gene's appellation for the two children are constantly under their mother's surveillance.

"I don't want Johnnie to grow up and be like his father," Mrs. Gene remarked, on one occasion.

"Hello, there. I s'pose you brought some of that Bolsheviki literature with you?" She broached me sarcastically as I entered the house.

"No, not exactly," I replied. "But, as usual, I have some literature on Industrial Unionism."

As she left the house, Gene remarked: "See. That's an everyday occurrence. That's the last I'll see of them until midnight. Some life. But some day she'll have something else to do."

* * *

Gene and I discussed the question, "Is life worth living?" pro and con, until it was wearing late into the night, so we parted with a hearty handshake and a good-night.

All of my talk, of a persuasive nature, I could see had failed to impress Gene.

* * *

Several weeks later I met Gene, at his gate. He was ringing wet with sweat. He had been "working a boat," he said. A cold sleet was falling.

"See that?" he said, pointing to the house. "Here I am, cold and hungry, coming home to a cold house and nobody at home. This kind of thing is going to end, right now. The world will get along all o. k. without me."

"Well Gene, I am in a hurry," I announced, as I sped away to fill an appointment.

* * *

One morning, several months later, making a cursory perusal of the morning Blat, I came across this caption: "LONGSHOREMAN A SUICIDE."

My heart almost stopped beating. I thought of what Gene had often told me. On my way to work I stopped at the morgue. One glance at the quiet face, and I recognized Gene, still in death, his azure eyes closed forever.

On a stand, near the blood-stained rocking-chair, at his home, he had left a note. The wording was:

"Educate, and organize the women; then, the way to economic freedom will be easy.

"There is something bothering my head, and, being only a workingman, I am unable to consult a specialist. I can't keep up the fight longer.—Goodbye, all. "Gene."

"The end of Life cancels all Bands."

—Shakespeare.

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loyalty, and fair dealings among themselves, and resistance to wage cuts. The magistrates heard of the affair (no real secrecy was attempted) and posted notices forbidding the workers to organize, and issued warrants against any who unlawfully administered oaths. They did organize, and three days after the notices went up, the arrests were made—the two Loveless brothers, Grime, and three others. The trial was a frame-up; the country was in an uproar, all avenues of publicity were controlled by the ruling class, Parliament interfered, but only to encourage the judge to greater speed and rigor, and thus supported, the judge "threw the book at them," gave them the limit, and the Melbourne cabinet was enabled to announce to the joy of an applauding public opinion of capitalists and country squires that the six desperate unionists were on their way to Botany Bay in the good ship "Success."

Nowadays the "Success" is a museum, the last known relative of these early 110 delegates has died, and the Grand National Consolidated itself has given way to organization less spectacular and pretentious though more effective. But it is fitting and proper that workers who ride the freights of the Middle West in America, and line up threshing crews in the great wheat belt of the United States, and spend some time in jails like the one in Fargo, should remember that they are following in the trail of the "Six Men of Dorset," and that some honor attaches to these early unionists.

**Drunkenness and Prostitution Are the Two Evil Ways in Which the Slaves of the Machine Attempt to Avoid Enforced Monotony and Enforced Celibacy.**

# From the Lower Depths

## 1. Magdalen's Defense

By COVINGTON AMI

"Wot'd I say, Judge,
To this Mrs. or Miss?
Well, I says, says I,
'Mrs. or Miss, wotever you is
I'll just let you know
You ain't the whole show!
You're flashy but lazy!
You're loony an' loco an' crazy!
In spite o' your clothes,
An' your shiny silk hose,
It's evidenced that
Youse a wampus cat!
You ain't no lady!
Your ways is too shady!
You society beats
Keep off our streets!'
'At's wot I says,
Judge, 'at's wot I says.—
I'm a lady, your honor,—
My name?—It's O'Connor,—
Miss Magdalen Mary O'Connor.
Yea, 'at's wot I says.

HE WINED HER AND DINED HER



"Then she says, Judge, she says,
'O you shet up!
Or your eyes I will pet up!'—
'At's wot she says!
An' I says,
'You old painted slut,
You ain't got the gut!'
With which she comes screeching,
For my golden locks reaching;
But I socked her a wallop
'At turned the old doll up!
I kicked her an' clawed her,
I punched her an' chawed her;
I treated her tuf
Till she hollered, 'Enuf!'
'At's wot I done her,—
I made her some runner!—
'At's wot I says.

"The Judge?—
O, he soaked me,
He fined me an' broked me;
'At's wot he done,
The son of a gun.

"The 'Lady'?—
'Innercent,' says the Judge, 'I find her.'—
An' then he took her an' dined her,
An' cooed her an' wined her, —
An' me in the Hole!—
Damn his old soul!

"Sweetie, honey
You got any money?
Thankee, Frankie."

## 2. The Mill Hand Speaks To the Mission Shark

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

I'm drunk, plain drunk—you bet your life I am!
And what is more, me friend, don't give a damn!

(Continued on Next Page)



NOBODY EVER SAW THIS

And I'll be drunker still afore I'm through—
And what the hell, I ask, is it to you?

I drew me pay jes' 'bout an hour ago,
Two fives, a ten, a two-spot, one, and so

For thirty-six hours from slavery
I've won the right by sixty to be free.

Ten hours the day and six long days the week
I've labored like a slave, both hard and meek;

Sweated and blistered by the furnace door,
Inhaled the steamin' fumes of boilin' ore;

Reeled tired from the modern steel mills' hell,
To eat and smoke and rest me for a spell;—

To eat the plain unwholesome company fare,
To smoke the twist they sell at prices dear,

With weary limbs to sink upon a bed
Still dented with the lousy night man's head;

To wake at morning with an aching brow
And face the same distasteful mess of chow

Left over from the meal the night before—
And then dig in and work ten hours more.

You bet I'm drunk! and so would you be too
If you had toiled the hours I've toiled through.

Don't preach to me of heaven and of hell,
Of poison whiskey and the devil's spell,
Of manhood dyin' in the dives of sin,
Of missions with a lovin' God within,
Of souls you want to save for heaven bright,—
For I can't bide your cant and shams tonight.

It isn't tracts I need or platitudes,
But better housin', hours, better foods,
And better pay, so that I can afford
To wed and have a home and find the Lord
At my own fireside where children play
And happy hearts are singin' all the day.

Say! if you want the folks like me
Why don't you fight the greed and tyranny

That makes us what we are? That grinds, enslaves,
And sends us tainted to our pauper graves?

Why don't you fight the seed and not the fruit?
The system that turns out the workin' brute?

Why don't you try and stem the graft and lust
Which trails poor men and women in the dust?

(Continued on Next Page)




**BUT ALL OF US CAN SEE THIS ANY DAY**

Which turns the halls of wealth to dens of vice?
Which high and low sells women for a price?

Why don't—Ah hell! you know as well as I
The things on every side of us that lie!

You know the woes and miseries that we stand,
The graspin' hands which seize and mar the land,

The golden altars raised to Mammon grim,
And of "Thy kingdom come ON EARTH" of him,

Who preached against the things you tolerate
And praise to all as bulwarks of the state.

Don't talk to me of temperance and all
When you yourself are shirking the real call!

First go and win us Christianity—(see note)
And then you lack not followers like me!

NOTE: It must be understood that in the above lines an average disgruntled mill slave is voicing his sentiments and that the allusion to winning Christianity must in no sense be taken as an expression of the writer's views.—H. G. W.



# The Rise of Bill Jones

By ROBERT GRAYSON

BILL JONES was a "no good guy." All cities have lots of the type; every town has several; no village thrives without at least one specimen. But as there are various kinds of undesirables who circulate like bad money among the impeccable or real-thing population, it is incumbent upon us to classify this particular Bill. He was a married man with a mangy brood. Bill was mangy himself, and the marriage estate fell lightly on his shoulders. His chief business was to loiter, to slouch through life at a minimum of effort either mental or physcial, and at his chief business he became markedly successful with the passage of time. Lucy Jones kept the threshold clear of wolf tracks by endless wrestling with the soiled linen of more fortunate humans. Lucy took in washings for a living. It was a slim one, at that, but Bill seemed satisfied, and the children wallowed out a ragged existence.

Young Bill reached twelve. He seemed older than that when you looked at his face, pinched and worried and with eyes that were clouded. His body was undersized. Bill Sr. had been observing the peculiarity of maturity in his boy's countenance for some time with speculation waking his dull brain. At last he thought that the time had come for Bill Jr. to go to work. Of course the boy had sold papers after school, and had done odd jobs during "vacations" for fully five years, but now the loving father believed it best that he should devote all of his time to gainful occupation.

Lucy fought against it, but she was already fatigued from her battle of the tubs, and she subsided just as limp as a sheer shirtwaist in the sudsy water. Young Bill was coached to lie about his age so that the authorities would present the needed working papers. He went to them, lied as directed, and marched home armed with the necessary credentia. Bill Jones smiled, settled himself in an armchair by the fire, and smoked. Lucy let a few tears drop into the suds, and their little world went on.

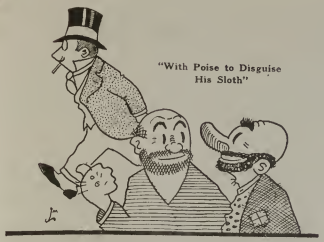
But when Bill tried to put Joseph, aged eleven, to work, the neighbors complained to the officials. The result was that Bill was hailed before them and quizzed. Presently he was required to account for his own habitual indolence. Now, Bill was not any kind of genius, but fear of the workhouse lent fluency to his peech. He asked for a chance to redeem his past. So well did he appeal that it was granted. Thenceforth Bill Jones proceeded to follow the paths of respectability. More than this even: he chose the select course of all honored members of society.

Withal he did not intend to change habits that were as much a part of him as the marrow of his bones. Bill decided to become a boss. He raised enough capital to buy a dozen wash tubs and their corrugated affinities. Placing these ancient instruments for cleanliness at the cost of feminine torture in a shop along with soaps, washing powders and the stove whereon water was to be heated, he was ready to hire help.



"Fatigued From Her Battle With The Tubs"

An advertisement brought, in a day or two, the working force. Other advertisements brought in the wash, and the suds began to fly. Lucy was allowed to quit her tub at home. Profits came in from the laundry and Bill Jr. returned to school. In a month the Jones family moved into a better



"With Poise to Disguise His Sloth"

house. Later new furniture was purchased. The Jones brood got rid of the mange, young Bill lost his worried air and grew stouter.

All this caused the town to sit up and take notice. "What a wonderful change" had come over that man. Bill Jones of old, slouching, unkempt, now became Mr. William Jones, erect, well-dressed, with poise to disguise his sloth.

In a year he joined the local Chamber of Commerce, and became a Rotarian. Another year rolled around on the golden pivot and he was attending their convention. On the whole he was prospering splendidly, and the world was satisfied with the manner in which he had honored the pledge made to the authorities in the days of his shiftlessness. Indeed, not that the world about him often made the direct comparison any longer. William Jones was accepted as a success,, and in our parvenu civilization the past is soon forgotten.

So Lucy Jones drew a veil of forgetfulness over the time of the tubs. She considered herself designed for another social set and took her place therein as the wife of a prominent business man. By the time she was considered as "belonging", Bill had learned how to wear evening clothes and to make after-dinner speeches.

The shop had been modernized and speeded up. Instead of a dozen workers he now employed a hundred. He had redeemed himself with a will. His fellow citizens were very proud of him. They looked eagerly for his greeting, and listened to his wise counsel. Seldom speaking, for the very good reason that he knew so little, he was regarded as very sagacious, and when he did speak his natural sluggishness made the words come forth with a ponderous, measured effect that passed universally for wisdom.

Now this yarn is getting to look like the happy ending of one of our screen stories. The resemblance is not consonant with our purpose and we must now set about drawing a moral that is sure to spoil a promising scenario that might well have been entitled, "The Reward of Ambition," or "The Rise of Bill Jones," either of which, with the proper movie wind-up, would send the crowd home all "pepped up" with ambition and resolutions to "get ahead."

Bill Jones as a loafer was not good to look upon. His conduct was reprehensible. He lived on the labor of one washerwoman, his wife. Then he added another breadwinner in the person of his boy. And when he tried to initiate a still younger son in the mysteries of wage slavery through the factory maw, it was with righteous indignation that the neighbors reported his conduct and had him summoned before the town fathers.

Bill Jones risen to Mr. William Jones, with twelve tubs going to capacity, enslaved twelve women and thereby extracted profits, surplus value, from their sweat. He abolished the home tub, rehabilitated his Lucy, brought the boy back to school. In the process he undoubtedly caused many other boys to quit school and go to work before the age specified by law.

If our estimate of the man is to be based on an arithmetical computation Jones still doing no useful work and living on the labor not only of two others but of many, becomes a number of times more guilty after his feet have taken the path of the solid citizen. But this view, seemingly patent, is still too obscure for the ordinary citizenry to compass. Instead of considering that the lesser culprit had become a greater parasite, he was honored and emulated. He became a community model, a person to boast about knowing and about having as a resident of the place. And in direct ratio to his success in business, which meant keeping wages down and profits up, the washerwomen suffered. But they suffered in the dim background, on a back street, while Lucy was in full view, emancipated, up on Main Street.

Jones escaped the taskmaster. We all want to escape. There is, however, a certain amount of work that must be performed. There can be no social justice that is not based on an equality of effort and a corresponding equality in the apportioning of the social products.

Whatever tends to bring such a state of industry into the world works for human welfare. It is the only real success worth talking about, organizing to attain, and fighting for. Whether in rubbing, scrubbing, playing or consuming, society must be revolutionized to include ALL.

# The "Rain" of Colton and Randolph
## At the Harrison Theatre, Chicago

**SECOND ARTICLE IN THE "WORKERS' PLAY" SERIES**

By ROSA A. KNUUTI

THE unexpected sometimes happens, even in the realm of the theatre. Here I've been nursing a chronic peeve about the maudlin piffle that is passed out to one ordinarily in the name of good drama. My grief has received a temporary setback, however—at least the wail has been taken out of the lamentation that there is nothing worth seeing at the theatres.

What with O'Neil's "Desire Under the Elms" prospering at the Schubert Princess, and Colton & Randolph's "Rain" pouring and pattering for large audiences at the Harris Theatre—it really seems as though the public is getting a chance at intelligent drama. The fact that plays of this caliber are prospering evinces that the average public after all is not incorrigibly stupid but is improving and can become reconciled to plays usually catalogued as "radical," and therefore unpopular.

Sommerset Moughns' story "Miss Thompson," cleverly dramatized by Messrs. Colton and Randolph, belongs in this category. However, it cannot be said that "Rain" is not unpopular in the literary sense, for it has had a three-year successive run in New York City. But it is not for the Victorian, the sunday school mind; that is sure.

"Rain" is a good specimen of modern drama. The trend of the times with ever changing standards of the recognized human morals, demands art in keeping with the times. This is true about "Rain". Several years ago it would have been almost treason to display such a work of art before the public.

### "Rain" Not Highbrow

The play is not a highbrow theme dealing with abstractions or far-fetched ideas, for its story is most ordinary and commonplace, and incidentally believable to the multitudes.

It belongs to no particular country or race; to no particular climate, although its action takes place in a South Sea Island port where tropical rains menace the well being of its inhabitants and in the case of the story, the whites mostly. Circumstances granted, it could have taken place almost anywhere: in a western prairie town, or again in a New England fishing village for all of that—since we have underpaid women slaves and religious fanatics and reformers in all corners of the earth.

Which is what "Rain" is concerned with.

### Story of Play

Sadie Thompson, a gone-to-the-dogs waitress from Kansas and San Francisco, a fugitive from California justice by the way—drifts into the Port of Pago Pago. She is on her way to Sydney, Australia, and a possible chance to go straight, but the boat is quarantined at Pago Pago and throws her under the same roof with a Reverend Davidson, a missionary at the islands, and his wife.

The story tells of the hidden desires of this missionary who makes his religious ravings the only outlet for his suppressed emotions. (Please page Freud.) Sadie with her scarlet soul is a fitting object for his soul-saving aspirations. Indeed, he is consumed with a passion for soul salvation—particularly Sadie's. He goes after the girl with all the vengeance his holiness can muster, and he would have almost succeeded in rescuing her from old Nick if it hadn't been that the odds were against him from the start.

He hadn't figured that mother nature has a way of retribution for the violation of her laws, not any more than he had figured that putting "civilized" clothes on the bodies of the natives of Pago Pago would not put the fear of a Christian god into their pagan hearts. He cajoled and coerced them into "white" ways—godly ways—his ways. Gone were the wind gods, the tree gods, nature gods of the natives out of the path of the relentless and holy Reverend Davidson.

Yes, he was spiritual, this missionary, and so was his sex-starved wife, so much so, that they were spiritually wed, neither thereby having a decent incentive for a normal or natural life. Small wonder they put the lid on the native dances and festivals. Small wonder they in turn gained the hatred of everyone around them. Even jolly old Joe Horn, the white innkeeper with a native wife and an epicurian outlook on life hated these uplifters. Had not he lived on the island with the blacks for a decade without trying to "civilize" them through the mission-work route? Instead he read Nietzsche to them, think of it—! Yes, he understood the conjugal feasts and dances of these savages so well that I had a sneaking suspicion he devoured a volume of Morgan's Ancient Society. Indeed, he might have repeated Marx's "Das Kapital" from memory, so rational and learned were his utterances.

But the missionary, I'll go back to him since the play concerns him most. Truly he was typical. Looked and acted like any member of the reverend tribe I had encountered in my day. Thanks to whoever was responsible for drawing the character.

Eyes popping out in the most demented manner and shaking his touseled mane as he blubbered incoherent platitudes on sin, punctuating each of his holy utterances with a peculiar lick of the tongue—he made a terrible picture. Even the monotonous cadance of his voice rising and falling with his gestures gave me the creeps. Uncanny, but typical. A veritable madman, fit only for a madhouse—such is the minister of "Rain."

He uses all the tricks of the trade to mesmerize the little prostitute. He spellbinds her into a perfect symphony of frenzy. He not only frightens her into confession and apparent repentance, but makes her like the idea of going back to California and the can. He also acts as stoolpigeon, tattles on Sadie to the governor of the islands, and arranges for her deportation to the States.

In the meantime, however, the holy spirit of the missionary has gone awry; it turns to very material flesh and blood, this spirit, and lusts for the body of the salvaged Sadie. This makes her come to. She realizes that her salvation is the bunk, which in turn drives the old hypocrite to wander out into the night and a tropical swamp and cut his throat. (Let them all do likewise). Which leaves Sadie again free to go to Sydney and "straight" or wherever she chooses.

Not a pretty tale this "Rain." Rather strong and raw. But, luckily, it was not written to delight the audience but to interpret truthfully a very possible and commonplace happening in life.

Which is what we want. Don't we?

# Candidly Criticizing Candida

By ROBERT GRAYSON

Eminence in letters, like proverbial charity, serves to cover a multitude of sins. When distinction has been won even the weirdest errors in literary workmanship and the most crooked psychological constructions pass the critical perception unscathed. The successful writer nears an untouchable estate. Under protection of this tabu some queer liberties are indulged. It is said that once the literary artist is accepted and his place is secure he can dig up much rubbish and find a clamoring market eager for the inferior wares. Struggling in his novitiate a writer enjoys none of these advantages. He is obliged to start from the scratch, as it were, and to compete under closest scrutiny. Let him hold up the unreal, the improbable, as life's mirror in an age so exacting that it tends to reduce all possible to a quantitative basis for analysis, and straightway censure falls on his head. All of which is good for his training, preventing carelessness. But why not keep critical eyes centered also on those who have achieved greatness? For them even more meticulous assaying should be reserved. They set the literary standards and make the classics of tomorrow.

Which prefacing brings me around to G. Bernard Shaw. Unquestionably this canny Irish writer has enriched contemporary literature. He has by dramatic genius won his spurs. Whenever he writes the world of readers pays attention, for we have come to expect something worth while whenever he breaks silence. This habit has grown on us, and we have not considered his gradual approach to dotage. The latest of his plays, "Back to Methuselah" and "'Saint Joan" bear this out. They are full of mystical poppycock, and the less we say about them now the better. Incidentally, the latter was reviewed in this magazine last March. It is not these works which stir my ire, for senility may be forgiven much. An earlier production, "Candida," enjoys a perennial success. Seeing it played some years ago I found nothing in it. The universal chorus of encomiums the drama aroused caused me to read the text several times and to attend another of its performances. What seemed nourishing, palpable, to the audiences left me unsatisfied. Then I made a decision: "Candida" failed to nourish me because it had no meat. It is sweet, no doubt, but a sugar-teat has the same quality and will not appease an adult appetite.

This declaration is to the Shavian what "To hell with the pope" is to the Catholic, and having committed the heresy I must advance my case against "Candida," a production by Shaw neither in his maturation nor dotage.

The modern demand of the novel or drama makes probability a first esential. Situations must develop with an inevitability as peculiar to realism as it was negligible in romanticism. It has been truly said that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Let one link in the chain of events composing the drama be weakened by the unreal, the improbable, and the requisite inevitability is gone. The chain is sundered.

Wit, humor and poetry, however sparkling, penetrating or fairly imaged can not rescue a drama from failure—at least as a work of art a true representation of a page or pages from life as it is—with this inevitability lacking. "Candida" reveals this deficiency. It is a discord of no minor degree, but occurs in the major theme. Indeed its presence carries the play along for several acts to a finale almost lurid. We do not dissent when the eighteen-year-old poet learns to love Candida who is thirty. Freudian sophistication and the Oedipus complex carry that part to credulity. For her part, Candida was simply warming her heart in the sunlight of the young poet's passion. She was playing. Thus far perfectly natural.

But the husband. He is a clergyman, forty years

old, practical and pugnacious. A forward-looking man who reads Karl Marx and should have better sense than he displays in this affair. He is a solid person, more likely to protect a wife and provide for her wants than to be demonstrative in affection. So the poet's praise and adoration were a lark and sweetmeats for Candida. Early in the play the poet confesses to the parson that he loves his wife. The boy is effeminate, impractical, penniless and homeless. He has quit his home because of family friction and is the minister's guest. Yet this aggressive minister, manly, rugged, worldly-wise, with a "living," takes the boy with utmost seriousness.

When he trembles through the rest of the play lest Candida lose her heart to the boy, the play totters. Credulity is being pushed too far. But when finally he very dramatically orders her to make a choice between them, the "rival" being present, the drama falls down flat. In life the poet would have been assisted, more or less decorously, to the sidewalk as soon as he blurted out his feelings to the husky husband. Thereafter life within would have gone on as though there had never been this interlude of a poet's pretty phrases humming in a wife's ears.

The play was recently revived in New York and still more recently in Chicago. As usual the critics discussed the art of the actors and not that of the playwright. Even so astute a dramatic critic as George Jean Nathan in his review had nothing to say of this absurd business I have been analyzing. In justice to Shaw, however, it must be said that Candida is quite sensible in her choice. She dismisses the adolescent worshipper and turns to the keeper of the altars, for he is a Good Provider and Candida, being a healthy goddess and a woman, must have material gifts. She eats and wears clothing, she must have proper shelter and entertainment. All these cost money. Life is safe with her so long as she has the minister. Hence the poet, so rich in words and so poor in pocket, never really had a chance, and the parson should have known it. Still where would the play be had he acted with common sense?

The defects I have indicated must be apparent to many others and often their failure to name them can be traced to timidity. They are not quite sure. Shaw is admittedly great. Something must be wrong with them and not with the dramatist. Then, too, he has a way of saying things that is excellent. Still, I contend that "'Candida" is psychologically false, and lacking the inevitability which distinguishes the best in modern drama from the fanciful of other eras, no amount of interpretative talent can compensate for this want.

# Confessions of a Cockroach

(Continued From Page 13)

on to him some way. We do not want to become absorbed in him. He is so unrefined.

We are a mendacious pack. We talk glibly about the awfulness of waste. Yet on the street where I live there are eleven drug stores in seven blocks. They are open early and late. They are tenanted by about ten times as many of my fellow cock and hen roaches as are really needed to hand out a few pills and powdrs to the people. Do you think for a moment that we would sell patent medicines and kindred junk to the dear people if we had any idea that we were trying to live a life of honesty and truth? Certainly not. We say many things, not because they are true but only because they are expedient.

But the druggist domain of the Cockroach Clan must not be considered as being worse than the grocery, shoe or clothing domains. In every branch of distributive activity there are at least ten of us cockroaches trying to do the work of one. Stores, stores, stores, all manned and womaned by us who love the working class, as gulls love fish and wolves love sheep. We hang on to the back of labor like poisonous vines on a tree for no other purpose than to escape the stigma of honest work.

For all that we are an unhappy brood. The future has no great prospect for us. We feel that our children will not be able to follow in our footsteps, because the big roaches higher up continually kick our feet from under us. We therefore try to chase our boys into the professions. This degenerates these more intellectual aspects of human activity into mere adjuncts of the marts of trade. Our influence has changed the healing profession into an operation trust, and the legal profession into an Ananias Club. Our influence upon art and religion is that of a miasmic plague. We actually try to give our stupidity a scientific aspect. We establish schools of salesmanship where we teach the black art of persuading people to buy what they do not want, never use and cannot afford.

Production is strictly against our religion as cockroaches. Our creed may be summed up in these words:

**We love our country,**
**Respect its flag,**
**Talk about service**
**And grab the swag.**

In short, a cockroach is a microbe which thrives in the sores on the social body. This ought to be prefaced with an apology to the microbe. The microbe is no blood relative to its host. In a word, as a cockroach I am below the microbe in character, in that I have the effrontery to call my victims "brothers." But when these boasted brothers seek to better their conditions by striking for a little more of their product, then of course I at once come out in my true character, and fight on the side of those whom I envy, but must obey.



# Liberals Criticizing Capitalism

(Book Review)

"Hear No Evil, Speak No Evil, See No Evil"

The J. B. Lippincott Company publishes a trilogy in their series in sociology. Dr. Edward Cary Hayes, the editor of the series, explains how it works; he tells us "the plan of action." First there is the book by Professor Seba Eldridge on "Political Action," which proves that merely voting good laws and electing good men to office cannot cure many of the admittedly bad spots in present society. Then comes Professor Pitrim Sorokin, one of Kerensky's followers, a Menshevik, professional hanger on of the petty bourgeois, as the author of "The Sociology of Revolution," in which he tells how all revolutionists must be crazy, because of the way they act. It is incidentally let out that the said Sorokin was thrown out on his ear, so to speak, when the Kerensky government collapsed. Hayes says this book of Sorokin's will "make those who are ready to turn toward revolution as the only hope of fundamental progress revolt with horror from the thought and regard stagnation mitigated by revolution as a formula no more acceptable than the ancient "tyranny mitigated by assassination."

**Pluralism Views The Nations**

The third person in this Trinity is Professor Herbert Adolphus Miller with a book called "Races, Nations and Classes," and he, of course, in the opinion of Lippincott's editor, "comes forward with the thesis that force is as impotent to establish order among heterogeneous groups as it is to secure progress, and that order as well as progress must be based upon agreements, upon states of mind, upon established opinions ,sentiments aims, that operate, if not in unison, at least in harmony. . . . And progress need not resort to the destructive expedient of revolution. Social changes resemble the transformation of the winter landscape in spring, not the action of blasting dynamite. . . ."

We don't want to call any editor of Lippincott's a liar, so we will just assume that Hayes hasn't read the book that Miller wrote. For "Races, Nations and Classes" certainly doesn't defend any such thesis. It hardly touches at all on social changes, the shift from one form of society to another. There are a few scattered references to the class war, which is entangled with the suppression of the Jews and the Negroes, and a bare passing mention or two of trade unions, the I. W. W., and the Bolsheviki (none of which he can possibly know much about, as we shall prove). There is one short chapter on "The Class Conflict," which states that the suppression of labor consists largely in its having to do uninteresting work, and that the proper thing to have instead is "Industrial Democracy." That is fine, as far as it goes, only Miller neither defines "Industrial Democracy," nor tells how it is to be achieved. He does not even tell us about "the transformation of the winter landscape in the spring." He merely leaves it an empty phrase.

It is just as well that Miller does leave the labor problem pretty much alone, for his opinion of the class war is that it all springs from no deeper a source, no more fundamental an interest, than the injured egotism of a group which feels itself despised and suppressed, bossed and ordered around, and made to run machinery. He seems to have no conception of a real and material injury, nor of the fact that the workers produce the wealth and do not get it. When he discusses particular phases and groupings of the labor movement, he quickly betrays the shallowness of his research in that field, and likewise the fact that he does not know it is shallow. Thus, in the same sentence in which he makes a sweeping and dogmatic assertion about the Bolsheviki (page 164) he states, "Their name is derived from the fact that they aimed directly at the maximum demands of their program, rather than at the gradual attainment of such goals as seemed practicable. . . ." Leaving the matter of the Bolshevik theory entirely aside, it is evident from Miller's own words that he has certainly not even a slight acquaintance with the history of the party, or he would know that the name "Bolshevik" refers to an incident at a party congress a few years ago, and has no reference to the "fact" he states. But this does not keep him from sweeping judgments about the Bolsheviks, as we said before, and it certainly does not keep us from becoming instantly suspicious of Mr. Miller's method in general.

In the case of the I. W. W., Miller repeats, uncritically, and obviously without real investigation, Carlton Parker's statement that the I. W. W. is psychopathic. He considers that something to our credit, because if we are not a little crazy, then in

his opinion we must be very wicked. To quote Miller, ". . . before Carlton Parker, the I. W. W. were considered perverse instead of phychopathic" (page 34). And again: "Carlton Parker showed that the extrme radical who belonged to the I. W. W. was the product of psychologically abnormal conditions. They were, he said, homeless, loveless, and voteless . . . and found a substitute in the social radicalism of the I. W. W."

Perhaps we should not be too harsh on Carlton Parker; he began to investigate the I. W. W. at a time when psychology was not nearly so far advanced as at present, and he made a sort of primitive psycho analysis of several wanderers belonging to our unions, at least a few of whom were government stool pigeons of the Townsend variety, and he judged the I. W. W. as a whole, from them. But it is very unscientific for Miller to go on repeating this decision of Parker's as though it were one of the laws of nature.

Well, if Miller's book is not after all a solution of the problem of classes, what is it? It is a collection of observations, neither new nor very startling, but conveniently compiled, in a single handy volume, on the problem of national patriotisms, imperialism, and the results of national suppressions.

Miller points out very well the schemes used by imperialist powers to divide and split up subject nations, and to eliminate their culture and language, and religion, if they have any. He does not excuse the American imperialists either, and shows how Americanization is applied in the United States, in exactly the same spirit that Russification was applied in Finland and the Ukraine by the Russian monarch, or in the same way that the Japanese have tried to Japanify Korea. And in just the same way, in each case the young nationalism, whether of American immigrants or of subject countries, rallies around something; the Catholic Church was the point of resistance of the Irish; infidelity and skepticism and the Sokol were the point of resistance of the Czechs (with whom the author seems to have an especial sympathy); language was the chief point on which the Hungarians based their resistance of Austria, and the first thing they tried to suppress among some of their own subject nations.

It is this wealth of illustration, and succinct description of similar practices all over the world, among imperialists and the similar attempts of the subject people to rally around some particular outstanding fortress of prejudice in every empire, that gives the book its value.

As soon as Miller leaves the familiar ground of objective description, and begins to theorize, the trouble starts again, and he is betrayed by his professional class optimism into such pious misapprehensions as this: "The example of England's finally yielding something to Ireland is a precedent for herself in other relations which will affect India and China" (page 183). England's brutal slaughter of the Chinese strikers in Shanghai ought to be sufficient answer. England (the British capitalist government) yields to force, and to nothing else. The Irish revolution and the Irish agitation in the United States were getting to be too destructive and expensive for England—and that was how the Irish question was settled.

Hardly more need be said about Miller's hope (same page) that "In fact, the recent Washington conference witnessed the acceptance in principle of a new world attitude towards China. It is being demonstrated that the domination of empire can be yielded." Well, it is being demonstrated in China, as well as in Syria and Morocco, that if you bump off your masters, you can go free—but that was known before the Washington conference, which last was only an unsuccessful attempt among the imperialists to divide the swag with less fuss and fury.

Nationalism, according to the author, is the strongest of all loyalties among men, and religion, and language, and distinctive culture are very much subsidiary, and are seldom allowed to interfere with it. The main thesis of the book seems to be an attempt to propound a solution for the problem of nationalist hatreds, and the solution proposed is much vaguer than the analysis of the problem, and resembles the "solution" in the case of class war.

It consists, so far as I can see, in advocating a policy of "live and let live." One culture is not proved worse than another, by either intelligence tests (which are useless until much improved), or any other kind of test, and most of them at least, are needed in the world to give richness and variety to human experience. So one nation **ought not** to oppress another. And that is all.

It is something like saying there ought to be industrial democracy. It is a statement that will not challenge much opposition, but the question arises—how? Just as the meanst of trusts, when it thinks it can get away with it, promulgates company unions and announces that the dawn of industrial democracy is at hand, so your Hundred Percent American will agree heartily with this part of Miller's book, and tell you how he helps the inferior races, instead of hindering them. Miller, of course, may mean real democracy—but if he does he fails to say just what will make Gary turn the mills over to the workers, or just how the Syrians will get the French to leave, any other way than by revolution.

Miller would not agree with what I am about to say, but I think it can be proved: the good doctor's refusal (stated in the introduction to his book) to accept the materialistic conception of history is itself one of the best bits of evidence possible of the general confusion of Miller's method and conclusions. He rejects it on grounds that show he does not understand it, and announces himself a Pragmatist, instead. Now Pragmatism is a very dangerous philosophy for a superficial investigator to hold, for it rationalizes a tendency to set down the facts

without digesting them. It holds a suspicion of all explanations in general terms of fundamental bases, and at the same time—since man **must** generalize in order to think at all, it allows him to generalize from the surface phenomena, to offer pluralistic explanations, uncritically, and with generalizations that fit the whole circumstance only partially. And after this has been done, it allows him to defend these partially inapplicable generalizations against charges of inconsistency with certain facts by saying that science is very diverse, and we must be pluralistic in our outlook, etc., meaning that no generalization can fit anyway, and that one is as good as another. This is skepticism with a mask on; this is Nihilism—and the result is no science at all, but a mass of facts and alleged facts which may be useful and may not be useful, but certainly are not explained.

A perfect short example of this pragmatic error is contained in another of Miller's works (Science, Pseudo-Science and Race—"The World Tomorrow," November, 1925—reprinted in part from "The Crisis"), in which he says, "Economics is one of the worst scientific offenders in its particularism. Economic determinism and the economic interpretation of history assume that the economic urge is the only one."

As far as the statement about the economic (materiastic?) interpretation of history is concerned, it is almost too silly to answer. Those who have forgotten will find the classical statement of the theory in the preface to Karl Marx's "Critique of Political Economy," and will see there that the argument, in essence, is that social systems, governments, and to a lesser degree and indirectly, attitudes toward and expressions of art, religion, philosophy, etc., are based on the way in which the people make their living, and that when this basis changes, the attitudes and systems change too. If Miller had considered his facts about workers, nationalities, etc., in the light of this theory, he would have found it illuminating, and would not have made the peculiar blunders which we have mentioned above. He would then have ceased to naively expect that it would do any good for him to tell people that they ought not to be so chauvinistic. He sees all right that the press and mediums of propaganda are in the hands of the wealthy, he would then see that the wealthy of one nation, finding themselves in a life and death struggle with capitalist groups of other nations, **must** drum up continual war, or perish. He sees that the capitalists stir up national passions against workers of other nationalities and against radicals, while practicing internationalism themselves; if he studied the material basis, the source of life of the bourgeois class, he would see that this same hypocrisy has been inherent in them from the beginning, and is as natural to them as water to a duck. He sees that countries long suppressed like Ireland and Bohemia are suddenly developing a tremendous pitch of national consciousness and breaking away from their imperial masters, and that other nations like Italy and Germany have recently coalesced, and he flounders around hunting for reasons for this phenomenon; a study such as would be suggested by the economic interpretation of history would have shown him that the nations are products of capitalism; the budding merchandising aspect of it produced dynastic monarchies, the full blown capitalism created the "democratic" state, and imperialism of capital brings political empire in modern times. At all times capitalism remodels the state boundaries to suit its needs. When struggling for existence, it makes an ideal of nationality because of the need for communication and the emphasis on it, which means a national language. After that, imperialism is the keynote, and capital seeks subject countries, where markets can be monopolized by tariff walls, etc., and where raw materials of industry can be extracted. This is the peculiar basis of nationalistic imperialism, as distinct from dynastic, or from feudal imperialism. But it builds up capitalism in the subject countries, and finally **they** start in the cycle again, with independence movements. The anger, the rage, the "pathology," as Miller calls it, of these independence movements is not to be exorcised by some kind of Freudian psycho-analysis of the situation that does not take into account that capitalist groups will perpetuate and must perpetuate nationalistic clashes, and must extort profit from the wage slaves, if they are to survive.

Of course ,if you do take this deduction into account, you are forced to admit that the only cure is revolution, and that would demoralize Lippincott's trilogy.

**RACES, NATIONS and CLASSES (The Psychology of Domination and Freedom), by Herbert Adolphus Miller, Ph. D. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price, $2.**

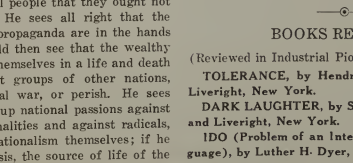
## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in Industrial Pioneer for January, 1926)

**TOLERANCE, by Hendrik Van Loon, Boni and Liveright, New York.**

**DARK LAUGHTER, by Sherwood Anderson, Boni and Liveright, New York.**

**IDO (Problem of an International Auxiliary Language), by Luther H. Dyer, Pitman & Sons, London.**



# WOBBLES




MAKE HIM "COUGH UP!"

### ECCLESIASTES TEACHES UNIONISM

"Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow, but woe to him who is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up, and if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him, and a threefold cord is not quickly broken."

* * *

### THIS ONE FROM CARL DEGNER

"I happened to get within just a few feet of the President of the of the U. S. A. and Mrs. Coolidge when they were in my town. Some woman next to me, whom I had never seen, was evidently so excited at being so near the President that she turned to me and said, "Oh, is my hat on straight?"

* * *

During the war when the "work or fight" law was on the books, a contractor was running wild, looking for men to work. He spied a comfortable, unhurried sort of an individual walking along the railroad track, and rushed up to him, demanding, "What are you doing idle? Can't you do anything with a shovel?"

"Sure can," said the man. "I can fry ham on it." —C. D.

### MORE RELATIVITY

State Patrol: "Have ye yer permit on ye for dhriven' the cyar?"

Motorist: "I have that. Are ye wantin' to see ut?"

State Patrol: "What for would I be wantin' to see ut if ye have ut? It's if ye had ut not that I'd want a look at ut."

Fanny, the little daughter of a clergyman, pranced into her father's study one evening while the reverend gentleman was preparing a lengthy sermon for the following Sunday. She looked curiously at the manuscript for a moment, and then turned to her father. "Papa, does God tell you what to write?"

"Certainly, dearie," replied the clergyman.

"Then why do you scratch so much of it out?"

### SIGN OF LUNACY

A visitor to an insane asylum saw a guard in charge of about a hundred inmates who were out for exercise. The visitor inquired of the guard if he was not afraid of being attacked by one of the lunatics.

"No; I can lick any of them," the guard answered.

"Yes, but suppose they all attacked you?"

"No chance of that," said the guard. "Crazy people never organize."

### CAUSE AND EFFECT

At a conservative estimate about ten thousand Wobs have made the can in the last ten years. And Thomas Mott Osborne, most noted of authorities on prisons and prison life, has said: "Generally speaking, prisoners are on a higher plane than the general run of the public."

"Foreign Devils"—that's what 100 per cent Chinamen call 'em.

"Damn Foreigners"—that's what 100 per cent Americans call 'em.

Ain't it nice to think oneself so much better than everybody else on earth?

WORKINGMEN WRITE THESE PAPERS



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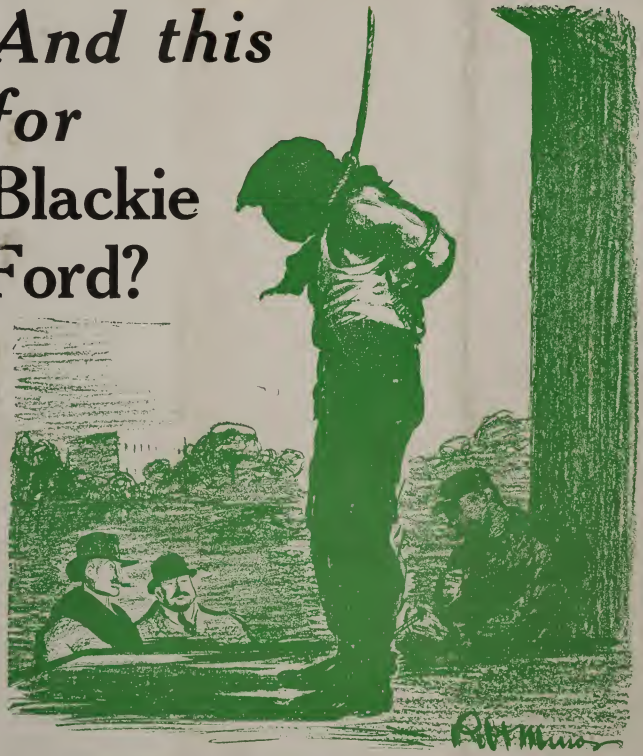
**INDUSTRIALISTI**

(The Industrialist)

Published daily in Duluth, Minn. Write to Box 464, Duluth, Minn., for prices on bundle orders and subscription.

WORKINGMEN OUGHT TO READ THEM

# *And this for* Blackie Ford?



# NEVER!

Don't let them hang Richard Ford! Send donations for Ford's defense to California Branch of the General Defense, P.O. Box 574, San Francisco, California.

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# The INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

January 1926

*An Illustrated Labor Magazine*

Price Twenty Cents



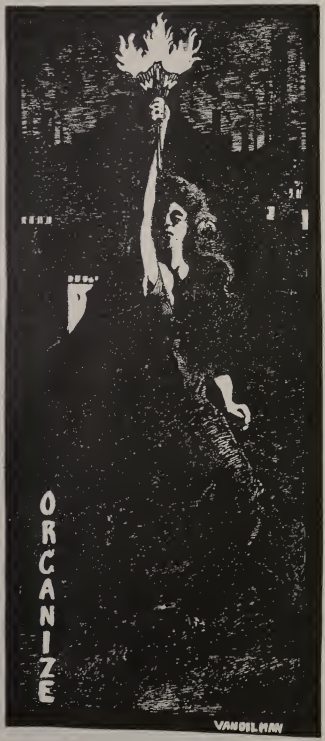
The Workers Look to Montevideo.

Slavery in Alaska.

Woman in the Post War Period.

Crime, Salesmanship and such things.

Tramps on Wheels.




# I.W.W. PREAMBLE

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system".

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.




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Edited by Vern Smith

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**Volume III, No. IX. JANUARY, 1926 Whole Number 33**


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# EDITORIALS

**JANUARY 1, 1926**—Over most of the world, according to the final decision of an old discussion in which several popes and a handful of emperors have taken part, this is the beginning of a new year.

Of course this is only a conventional arrangement, since it is necessary for people to start counting time from some fixed point, and since the above-mentioned notables have in their day had influence enough to get the point fixed on this particular day. It seems reasonable to suppose that they picked out the heart of winter as the auspicious date from a sense of pessimism and that the populations of the earth accepted such a decision in their hopelessness.

For thousands of years the common people of the civilized world have been told "Go, and they go; come, and they come," by other people no better than they in any case, and most often much worse. They have likewise, and as a part of the process, been exploited mercilessly, first under one system and then under another. They have been fooled by priests, betrayed by false friends, killed by generals, and robbed by a vast and bewildering assortment of legalized robbers.

But we look to see the time when all these years, of which the present is just one more, hardly long enough to be counted in the sum of all the years of slavery that have passed, will end in a year that sees the overthrow of capitalism—after which we shall probably fittingly celebrate by counting the first of May as New Year's Day. Happy New Year!

**THE IWW CONVENTION**—The delegates to the IWW general convention have done their work and departed for the time being. This convention was marked by several innovations, proving that the IWW itself is a growing and possibly a changing institution, and not a dead-weight cast-iron mold. The membership of the organization are live workers, with eyes and ears, which they use, and capable of learning from experience, and their organization is and should be a sensitive instrument, readily answering to their direction.

The convention scrapped an experiment or two, most important of them being the venture into "universalism" (equal dues and initiation fees for all the unions). Whether they reflected the spirit and the decision of the rest of the membership in so doing will be seen when the referendum ballot is counted, during this January.

It is up to the rank and file to decide, and everybody is hoping that a big majority of it will make an effort to secure ballots and vote—a definite decision one way or the other by a large portion of the membership is what is needed, and will do more to make everybody satisfied than anything else. The men on the jobs must go a little out of their road to get and use these referendum ballots now in the field. It is not fair to the incoming officials to ask them to enforce decisions of the membership which it is possible to argue were not really decided by the membership, because only a few thousand voted out of the many thousands who should have voted.

**DON'T WORRY—ORGANIZE.**—In recent issues of Industrial Solidarity, the I. W. W. weekly newspaper, there is a good deal of information about the Diesel engine being used in larger and larger ships, throwing out of employment three quarters of the "black gang" wherever installed.

In issue before last, we printed a description of a coal-loading machine which is being instituted rapidly in the nonunion fields,




**WHEN ALL THE MINERS ARE IN ONE BIG UNION.**

and is throwing men out of employment by the thousands. Recent news of this machine and its continued spread indicates that it is being proposed to the union misleaders of the unionized fields, especially in Illinois, and that it will probably be impossible to prevent its use here, as the Farrington-Lewis bureaucracy has very little stomach for a battle with the employers, and spends its time only in trying to preserve enough union to keep the treasury full, and handy to Farrington and Lewis.

There is a continual spread of labor-saving machinery in building construction. In longshore work, some branches such as the loading of ore and wheat on the Great Lakes where both are handled in bulk, have ceased to be longshore work at all, and instead become something rather more like steamshovel engineering, or cranemen's jobs—only a few men taking the place of hundreds.

These are only a few industries—the same story applies to practically all of them. In spite of the well authenticated fact, proven again by the suit of Prof. Fessender against the eight great electrical goods manufacturing companies of Amer-

ica, that invention proceeds faster than the capitalists are willing to make use of it, they do make use of enough of the labor-saving inventions to keep labor continually hunting for the "job that ain't."

We do not propose fighting these new inventions. We propose taking possession of them, and using them for the benefit of the workers as a class. It is only when we are selling ourselves as a commodity—selling our labor power to the boss at so much per day—that we have to dread the labor-saving machine. While we are selling labor power on the market, anything which restricts that market by reducing the number of jobs is an injury to us, but on the day when we become free men, through the ownership of our own products, on that day do we cease to be injured by inventions, and begin to be aided by them. Every man who can then produce a labor-saving device will be hailed as a friend of leisure, the best friend of man—the prerequisite for all culture, all recreation; all sane thinking and almost all pleasure.



THE DOVE OF LOCARNO.—There was no peace decided upon at Locarno, where the representatives of the leaders in the League of Nations met with the envoys of their old enemy, Germany, and signed a treaty involving the withdrawal of troops from over the Rhine, and the recognition of a world court. It was not a peace treaty—it was a bandit-bund, a compact of solidarity among robbers who have never, under any circumstances, shown any of the "honor among thieves".

Consider the situation. Over all, the brooding shadow of Shylock—Uncle Sam, the international pawnbroker, with half the industries of Europe in his hock shop. Here is France (French capitalism) with a bankrupt government, a peasantry that has never been taxed, and doesn't intend to be, a working class growing rapidly more rebellious. Here is England (English capitalism) losing her foreign trade to the U. S. A., unemployment growing, balance of trade against her. Here is Germany (German capitalism) sweating under the Dawes plan. Here is Italy (Italian capitalism) only saved from revolution by the Fascist militia, with a government only saved from bankruptcy by the Morgan loans, and the generosity of the U. S. Oligarchy; certain to undergo an explosion sooner or later.

Besides the workers' revolution, brewing in each of these countries, each is faced with a peasant uprising. It is not only France with her home peasantry. France and England and Italy are great industrialized countries, true, but just to the extent that a country is industrialized, in these modern times, just to that extent also does it become a peasant country. It is rather strange on the whole, to hear people, radicals especially, discussing the Russian revolution and saying that one of the differences between Russia and other "more industrialized" countries of Europe and America is that Russia is a peasant country, "eighty-five percent peasant". Whatever the differences, that is certainly not one of them. Take Britain for instance. People usually think of her as a highly industrialized country—yet the British Empire has only twenty million middle class, and an insignificant number of big capitalists and nobility, and twenty million industrial workers, most of them in England. On the other hand, she has over four hundred million peasants—a proportion of more than ninety percent peasants. England's peasant are in India—two hundred and fifty million of them, and the rest are in South Africa, Egypt, Canada, Australia, the Soudan, British East Africa and the islands of the British Empire. Probably we should count in this list the populations of Latvia, Portugal,



NOT EXACTLY THE DOVE OF PEACE

Palestine, the Yang-tse valley and various other places where England has either a League of Nations "mandate" or has riveted down the chains of her financial empire so firmly that she controls the product of the land. In that case, of course, the percentage of peasants would be greater. Among all these peasants, just as much a part of the British social structure as the farmers of Devonshire, those farthest away from London are closer in the actual time and expense of transporting their products than the peasants of Kamchatka are to the industrial region around Moscow, so good a highway has the sea became.

The other countries under discussion here, Italy with her African empire, France with her African and Asiatic empire, and Germany promised African colonies at Locarno, are in the same situation. All of them have far more peasants than they have of any other class, and these peasants are absolutely necessary as markets and as providers of raw material, without which each of these capitalistic empires would sink to the status of Spain, or lower.

Now, bear these facts in mind, remember the peasant uprisings raging in Africa, in Eastern Asia, in the Near East, and the tendency of Canada and Australia to look for money and support to the United States capitalists rather than to the English, and you will see why the robbers draw together at Locarno.

Under the circumstances is was to be expected that the League Council would refuse to hear the case of the Druses, or to receive their delegates, for these wished to protest against the way General Serrail had carried out "the sacred mandate of the League of Nations, to uplift the peoples given into the control of France, and to keep the peace, and minister to their material and moral comfort." It is to be expected that the League world court would refuse to grant the Turks a fair trial in their claims against England for their own oil lands of Mosul. (The Turks are an agricultural people).

But there is another side. The robbers have not enough booty to go around, and yet they have taken all they are likely to get. Some of it even, may slip from their sacks, due to the above mentioned uprisings of peasant peoples. But each of these countries must get more empire, or collapse. So they must rob each other. Even at the moment they kiss each other on the cheek at Locarno, they reach around each other's backs to feel out the proper place for the point of the stiletto. The French catch England conducting an elaborate espionage system among French airplane officers; the Italian papers expose England's scheme to fence Italy out of the Eastern Mediterranean with a network of coaling and naval stations, obtained from Greece, while Mussolini loudly declaims, "Italy may be in a permanent state of war in five or ten years"; the French defiantly refuse to decrease the number of their submarines, in spite of English admirals storming and bluster against them as "devil's weapons, which have taken all the chivalry out of war at sea". France can blockade England with those subs ,and she thinks she may need them.

So the Locarno pact is one more step toward war—one more temporary alliance among robbers, against their creditors in the U. S. A., and against their revolting slaves, but doomed to be only temporary, and certain to give way sooner or later to the bloodiest quarrel history has ever known. Nothing but an organized working class can stop it.

# The Shipping Octopus

By R. FRANCEZON

THE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON. Thus starts the Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World and never was a truer statement presented before the descendants of the early proles and medieval serfs. The seafarers know better than any other workers the veracity of those words.

Since the rising of capitalism, seamen have been subject to the most outrageous form of slavery. When applied to the realm of the sea, the capitalistic laws are of the most stringent character. Right now, in the twentieth century, in this age praised by the apologists of the present system as the greatest in the history of civilized mankind, the seamen are no better than the serfs kept in thraldom by the feudal laws of the middle age. Taking advantage of our precarious economic conditions, the industrial pirates known as shipping magnates, force the men in need of a job, to sign their liberty away for a chance to toil in their rotten, floating coffins.

As soon as the human beings known as seamen, are out on the open sea, they forfeit all the few privileges (miscalled "rights") that their fellow workers in the other industries are allowed to enjoy. They become part of the floating machinery, and have to produce wealth for their parasitical exploiters, for an indeterminate period ranging from six to eighteen months.

During that time they have to submit to the whim of the petty narrow minded type of morons, that represent the shipowners aboard the ship, namely Captains, Mates, etc., and if the seaman feels that he is manhandled and should have the right to leave that floating hell, where he happens to be, he will forfeit his wages and in many instances, be arrested as a deserter and sent back to the ship, where he will have to work, many a time with a lose of wages, taken from his pay in form of fines and what is termed in the marine jargon, "logging".

The shipping trust becomes rich, beyond the most sanguine dreams of avarice, through such forms of marine slavery; like a big octopus, the shipping trust spreads out its tentacles to the four corner of the earth, to grab more markets and cheaper human labor. Its wealth is the product of human misery, political tyranny, hypocritical education and religious fanaticism.

The marine workers, inadequately organized, often misled by renegade labor fakirs, mostly confused by the many theories and "isms" put forth by unscrupulous politicians, who are gravitating around the gilded capitalistic **Orb,** are nevertheless fighting for more of the good things of life.

It is a constant, titanic battle between the exploited and the exploiters, the workers and the shirkers, therefore proving the truthfulness of that first line of the preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common".

It doesn't matter which part of this planet we are looking at, the shipping interest aggressively drives the seafaring men into the fight. At the most strategic position of the earth's waterways, where the ocean lanes converge together, forming the world's largest entrepots, we see the marine slaves in desperate struggle for existence against their ruthless exploiters. No matter how cruel the repression may be, no matter how many sons of the working class will be slaughtered in sacrifice to that new Moloch, The Maritime Mammon, the tyrannical abuses of the greedy shipowners force the marine workers to rebel against these intolerable conditions.

(Continued On Page 30)



# The Workers Look to Montevideo

By ADOLFO GARCIA
(Editor "Solidaridad," I. W. W. Spanish-Language Newspaper)

THE First International Conference of Marine Transport Workers of the Western Hemisphere decided to have the Second Conference in Havana, Cuba, on January 15, 1925. But due to the persecution by the Cuban governmental authorities, representing their capitalists and other capitalists, most of the revolutionary organizations and unions of Havana have been smashed. And because of the fact that the Cuban authorities are nothing but willing tools of the American sugar trust, shipping trust, bankers, etc., it is not certain that there would be security there for an international conference of workers, and that insecurity forces the unions to seriously doubt the safety of their delegates, and might prevent some of them from sending delegates at all. Furthermore the Main Office of the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 510 of the I. W. W. has tried to communicate with the different bodies of organized workers in Havana, and cannot get any answer. So the former program to make arrangements for a big conference there must be dropped. The plan is changed, and the city of Montevideo, Uruguay, has by common consent been selected as the best place still remaining for the purpose.

The change in the place of meeting and the disruption of the previous arrangements makes it advisable to delay the conference two months more, and the new date is March 15, 1926.

From our point of view, when we are looking just at our immediate problems as members in the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union of the I. W. W. (of

the United States), the originally selected city, Havana, would have been better. The reason is that the M. T. W. members from the United States come into most direct contact with the Caribbean trade, with Mexico, Central America, Cuba, and islands near by.

But if we consider the vast future for a general, Western Hemisphere organization or cooperation of marine transport workers' unions then it is just as true that Montevideo is a good deal the best place that could be found. The biggest unions of South America are in Chile, Argentine Republic, and Brazil. These workers do not take much part in the Caribbean trade, or Gulf of Mexico trade, and perhaps would not pay much attention to a conference which is held too far north.

Still another reason making Montevideo the best place for the meeting is that a lot of propaganda has been conducted in the Spanish language press, accusing the I. W .W. of being imperialistic, and of trying to dictate the policies of the Latin-American unions. If we were to meet in Havana where, perhaps only the small countries would be represented, just those small Central American and island countries which are most directly under the influence of American Dollar Diplomacy, and are really part of the American financial empire, it might be possible for someone to argue that the charge of imperialism levelled against us has some basis in fact.

But if American delegates go to a place where it is a certainty that they will be in a minority and that too, just in the place which has been the center in which the worst of these criticisms and rumors took form, it will be proof that there is nothing of reality in this talk of our "imperialism," and a better feeling is certain to prevail.

Probably the Brazilian unions will be strongly represented at the Montevideo Conference. The Brazilian unions have a fine organization, and have kept wages up in good style. During the years 1910 and later the government recognized the union job control on the big main line of Brazilian ships, Lloyd Braziliero. Wages were better than on any other ships of the American continent. They were ten to twenty dollars higher than on U. S. ships. The steamer line was owned by a government corporation, something like the U. S. Shipping Board, and the capital was much increased by Brazil's entry into the World War, which enabled that country's government to seize as prizes of war all German ships in her harbors.

In the beginning the unions were nothing but tools of the government, organized on a craft basis. But lately there have been some sections which have developed strong revolutionary tendencies, and have not hesitated to fight their governmental employers.

The longshoremen of Brazil are not so very well organized except in certain harbors, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Pernambuco, and a few others. There is some organization in all harbors, but no national federation of all longshore workers, or anything of the sort.

In Argentina the longshoremen are, most of them, unorganized; and there are no harbors in which there is at present a hundred percent organization. Most of the time most of the longshoremen's groups have been with the Federacion Obrera Regional Argentina, the body which puts out "La Protesta," the anarchist daily. The seamen's unions have been organized in the federated body, the Union Sindical Argentina, which is syndicalist rather than anarchist. There has been a continual struggle between these two, much to the detriment of the labor movement there, and this is one of the reasons for the present state of disorganization.

The seamen of Argentina had for years a strong organization called Federacion Obrera Maritima. For six years it had healthy branches in all the seaports and the river ports of the Platte. They had a pact of solidarity with the ship's officers' unions by which all on board were forced to be union men. If the captain was not a member of the officers' union, he could not get a crew; and if the owners asked a union captain to ship a nonunion crew, he refused. This gave complete job control.

The F. O. M. was able to sustain a strike for fourteen months tying up a whole half of the Argentine fleet, all the ships of the Mihanovich line, and forcing them to surrender. This was in 1918 and 1919. After that they had some other strikes, for the right to boycott, and won them. Just after that they had a general strike for better wages and conditions, and after this was won, they continued the boycott against certain flour mills. All the shipowners came together and declared a lockout, only three or four days after the union had won the general strike. The government seized the whole merchant fleet, operated it, and recognized the right of boycott by the crew. Afterwards the ships were turned back to their owners.

This history shows that these unionists have a revolutionary spirit, and are capable of real solidarity with all workers.

The pact of solidarity between the seamen and the officers was a thing that the shipowners had tried time after time to break, and failed. Finally, however, they succeeded through juggling with a pension law, in dividing the interests of the captains and crews. When the general body, the Union Sindical Argentina, declared a general strike all over the country, the captains and officers, who were in favor of the pension law, took out scab crews.

Even after this strike there was harmony between the officers and crews, but eventually the latter had to go on strike against one of the three unions of officers, that of the deep water captains, which broke away from the pact, and there has been hard feeling ever since. There had to be a general strike and finally, through desertion of the other officers' unions (of coastwise captains, and of pilots) the strike was lost, and there is today no job control by the F. O. M. There is also a split between the syndicalists and those of socialist tendencies




who are for the pension law (presented to parliament by the Socialist Party). The union has lost heavily in membership, and now these socialists have started a movement to reorganize under the influence of the Socialist Party, which if they are successful, will probably result in the union being ultra-reformistic and conservative, as the Argentine Socialist Party believes in class collaboration, etc., and gets help from the government in its efforts to create a yellow union.

There used to be a strong Federacion Obrera Maritima in Uruguay and another in Paraguay, modelled along the same lines as that of Argentina, and closely cooperating with it. However, the union in Paraguay is now small and though the workers have shown good solidarity, the leaders are governmental politicians, and have used the union to defeat revolutions by boycotting them, etc. The longshoremen and seamen are together in the same organization.

In Uruguay, the Federacion Obrera Maritima is affiliated with the Union Sindical Uruguaya which is a federated body with the same principles and form of organization as the Union Sindical Argentina.

The longshoremen in Montevideo are divided. Some of them are in unions affiliated with the U. S. U., and some are in unions affiliated with the anarchist national body, Federacion Obrera Regional Uruguaya, precisely similar in its outlook to the Federacion Obrera Regional Argentina. There is no job control, partly because of the friction between these two groups. There is even violence committed in this fratricidal conflict.

In Chile, the seamen have as their only organized power the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial

Union of the I. W. W. of Chile. The captains and officers have two different organizations. One has been formed not long ago and keeps good relations of solidarity with the M. T. W. They have already struggled side by side against the shipowners and won, sometimes with the crews helping the officers and at other times with the officers helping the crews.

The longshoremen of Chile are divided between the M. T. W. and the Confederacion Obrera de Chile, which is influenced by the Communist Party and is affiliated with the Red International. In none of the harbors do any of the longshoremen's unions have absolute control. There are craft divisions, disguised as sections, such as boatmen, etc.

Peru and Equador have little shipping, most of it local with the exception of a line running up to Colon, which has seven or eight ships. There is only one real union in Peru, among marine transport workers, and that is in Callao, where the longshoremen are organized independently.

In Columbia there is little shipping as yet, though there will be sometime, as there are good harbors, with oilfields and great plantations lying back of them, and mines as yet undeveloped, fruit, and lumber, coffee and cocoa.

There is very little organization in Central America. Panama has a kind of fictitious fleet, because some of the U. S. ships adopted Panamanian registry in order to carry booze. But they have their regular U. S. captains and crews.

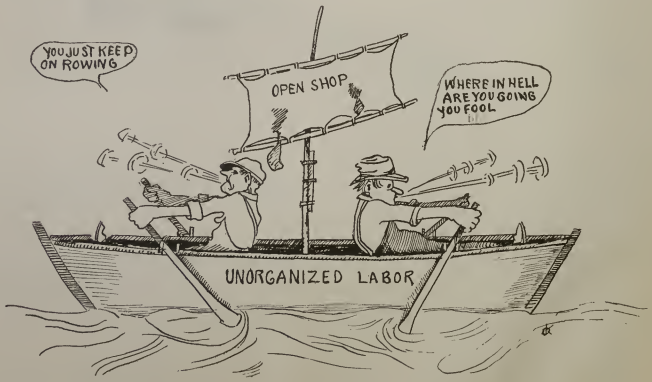
I think the workers organized in the maritime unions of Brazil will amount to about 18,000. In Argentina, at the present time, there are from 5,000 to 8,000 in all the different bodies. In Uruguay there may be about 4,000 altogether. In Paraguay the numbers count for more, because of the degree of job control, and they have from 3,000 to 5,000 organized marine transport workers. In Chile the M. T. W. has about 4,000 to 5,000 organized.

The workers really employed in the marine industries of these South American countries will amount to over a million, and the task of organizing them is an important one.

In economic strength of actually organized workers, Cuba is more important than the countries of the continent, because nearly all of her ports are organized, and there exists some job control in all of them, and a good deal in some of them. Up to last year they were independent of each other altogether, but this year, after the national conference in Camaguey, they formed a Federacion Obrera Maritima, similar in organization to those bodies of the same name in South America. Before the governmental persecution started there were undoubtedly 25,000 or more marine transport workers organized in Cuba. It is hard to tell how many there are at present.

In Mexico nearly all the steamers are owned and operated by the government. The unions have job control. In 1921 and 1922 when U. S. seamen were getting as low as $35 per month, the Mexican seamen were getting $85 a month, and had the three-watch system (eight-hour day). The longshoremen are also well organized, and have a stevedoring cooperative in Tampico worth $500,000. In this port there are no stevedores or contractors at all, and the union itself takes the contracts to load or unload ships.

There must be, perhaps 25,000 to 30,000 members of marine transport unions in Mexico. They are not all in one union. The Tampico cooperative is




NOT LIKE THIS!

independent. In Vera Cruz there is a national body for longshoremen, with different branches scattered around, some outside of the state of Vera Cruz. They are not adherents of any other national body, or any international. The seamen have a national organization, which sent a delegate to the New Orleans Conference. It is called Union de Fogoneros y Marineros. It has control of all steamers. It has a pact of solidarity with the officers and they have assisted each other against the big companies. (The big oil companies have tug boats and other small craft, and La Aguila Oil Company has oil tankers under the Mexican flag). The British officers of these company boats were finally chased off and now the crews from the captain down are unionists.

What shall the I. W. W. do at Montevideo?

We ought to support a motion to recognize the delegates of all the unions who send representation. We do not have to pay any attention to the little quarrels and stigmas which the individual unions fasten upon each other.

Bear in mind that the first clause of our Preamble, "The capitalist class and the working class have nothing in common," prevents us from having dealings with the organizations which admit, as a principle, the collaboration of classes.

The New Orleans conference had as its main purpose the arrangement of a big international strike. This is no longer the main issue, and on the contrary, the next congress, the Montevideo conference, will probably be faced as its main problem, with the task of forming some permanent organization.

In my opinion the best way to approach this is for the I. W. W. to propose to the others that all the members of any organization which enters into a pact of solidarity at Montevideo, shall have the same rights of membership in all other unions. Thus a member of the F. O. M. visiting in New York, will be regarded while here as a member of I. U. 510 of the I. W. W., and vice versa, and the same with all.

It seems to me we should propose that in the ports of greatest importance, such as Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, etc., there shall be international delegates placed, carrying international credentials and supplies. Each delegate's duty will be to visit all the ships, bearing the flag of any country in the Western Hemisphere, with the exception of the country in whose port he is. He could visit European and other ships, which have regular service to American ports (North or South America).

These international delegates should have the right to organize all the workers who are not already organized, to collect dues from all members of any union in the pact, and give all the help and protection that any of the unions are capable of giving. In general, each delegate is to be a true representative of all the foreign seamen in any circumstances where they need the representation of the union.

The delegate's wages should be equal to the current wage scale of seamen in the country where he is stationed, and should come out of the initiations and dues that are collected. If he collects more than wages and expenses, the rest should go half to the local union of the harbor where he is, and half to the union of the members from whom he collects. New members should belong to the local union where the delegate works; a copy of the reports of each international delegate should go to the main office of the union to which the member belongs.

The international delegates should have books and stamps printed for that purpose which can be paid for pro-rata by all the unions in the pact of solidarity.

With this system there will not be anybody who can sustain the charge that the I. W. W. is trying to invade or subjugate the other organizations of seamen, but on the contrary, it will be clear that this plan will permit representatives of unions of South America to come on American ships; if they organize these ships which are as yet unorganized, there will be no grievance; we will have a really organized working class as far as the marine transport workers are concerned.

In case we are really trying to form a pact of solidarity, it will be necessary to create an office of "secretary of relations," which will have no power whatever, over any of the organizations who become part of the pact of solidarity. Its functions should be just to translate the correspondence and send it to the different organizations interested. The legislative and resolutive power ought to be in the hands of the different organizations and all the alterations or reforms in the pact of solidarity should be made in international conferences.

These, I think, are some of the points that Montevideo conference should consider if we are really trying to live in reality and give up illusions.

# To Labor

(By HENRY GEORGE WEISS)

You are the heart that pumps the blood
Of commerce through this modern world,
You are the hand that curbs the flood
Which from the mountain heights are hurled:

You are the feet that walk the earth,
You are the sweat that tills the soil,
You are the brawn, you are the girth,
You are the ribs of them that toil.

You are the eyes that see afar,
You are the ears of all that hear,
You are the voice that rings the star
Of Progress in its mad career.

Heart, hand and feet, sweat, brawn and girth,
Stout ribs, and eyes, and ears and voice,
Oh, what can tell thee of thy worth,
Rise up, thou king, rejoice, rejoice!

**There is only one way to better conditions in the fishing industry, and that is through organization.**

**Fishermen's Industrial Union No. 130 of the I. W. W. is the One Big Union of the fishing industry. It embraces all who work in the industry, barring none who work for wages. If you work in the fishing industry, join F. I. U. 130, and help to better conditions. For further information write to F. I. U. 130, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

# Slavery In Alaska

By WALTER BACON



CANNERY DOCK AT CORDOVA

HAVING wintered in Seattle and hearing that the clam-canneries of Alaska were going to ship men to Alaska to dig clams, I decided I might as well be in Alaska as in Seattle looking for a master. So along in the latter part of February I applied for a job, and after answering many questions I was signed on to dig clams at Cordova for the season of 1925, the wages being three cents per pound, and a bonus of one-half a cent if I stayed the season. In other words, they bet me one-half a cent on each pound that I dug; conditions were so bad that I couldn't stay.

On the twenty-sixth of March I received a letter telling me to call on the day following at the office of the company in Seattle for my ticket (which they were advancing) as we were to leave Seattle at 9 a. m. March 29th, on the S. S. "Yukon."

The trip north was all that a slave could expect —being obliged to pay our own fare, and not being wise to the game nor conditions to be found on the clam beach at Cordova. We went as steerage passengers, and the accommodations were anything but the best. The steerage passengers must furnish their own blankets. The bunks were four high and placed down below the water line, so the ventilation was very poor. The "chow" furnished was mostly stew and boiled liver, badly cooked; the pastry was good, but we received plain cake and no pie. Considering that we only had to pay $37 for our passage and a chance to supply the world with clams, I suppose we shouldn't complain. The trip was favored with good weather all the way, which is unusual for that time of the year, and the scenery along this trip is fine at any time of the year.

We arrived at Cordova on April 2nd at 2 p. m., and proceeded to inquire for the cannery which had loaned us the privilege to dig clams. After locating the office we were outfitted, and by 6 p. m. we boarded a cannery tender bound for the camping grounds, nine miles away.

Just before casting off, a tax collector came on the deck with a list of our names, which she had secured from the office of the company, and had us give our age, so that they could collect $5 from each of us.

As to the camp and conditions we found there, I will say this: According to our agreement, we were to be furnished a cabin for each two men, the said cabin to be equipped with a stove, dishes, bed, and mattress. When we arrived at this camp we found that there were only about half enough cabins to go around and, being broke, we had to crowd into these small quarters and make the best of it. These cabins had not been occupied for eight months and were exposed to the snow and rain, so that they were water-soaked. The stoves furnished were small sheet-iron camp stoves (the variety with no grates) and our fuel was to be one hundred pounds of coal per week.

After a week or so we were furnished lumber and a tent which we had to put up ourselves. Groceries were advanced us—to be paid for out of the first money earned, along with the fare and any other expenses. At these camps there were no facilities for bathing or washing one's clothing. Our supplies were brought out to us two days after ordering them.

Our groceries came from the company commissary



BOAT OF JOHN OBERG—"INDEPENDENT FISHERMAN"

It will be understood that a considerable sum of money must be accumulated by the worker before he can buy a power boat like this with nets and other equipment necessary for him to operate as an "independent fisherman".

and though they seemed to have a different price for everybody, they charged everybody enough.

At these clam camps there was no medical attention, not even a first-aid kit furnished. If one had an accident or was sick he just got to town the best way he could.

### What the Work Is Like

Clam digging, unlike most work, can only be done at extreme low tide. There is an average of fifteen tides a month which are low enough to dig clams on. The digging time on these tides is about two hours. The clam beds are from one to six miles from camp, each two men are furnished with a skiff (row-boat) and a gas boat for each two skiffs.

During April the weather is still cold and rainy with many days of sleet and snow, and good stiff wind blowing.

After waiting nearly two weeks for a tide that we could work in, the great day came when we could commence producing clams. We arose at 4 o'clock and after an hour of traveling we came to one of the many bars where clams were supposed to abound, but our troubles had just begun as it was still so cold that few clams were showing, and our hands grew so cold and numb that it was next to impossible to hold on to a clam.

I don't want anyone to draw the conclusion that the conditions in all the camps are the same as in this one, as I learned later that in some they were worse. In one camp they had no power boats and the diggers were obliged to row to the bars, which took several hours of strenuous work.

One camp was on an island which was not much more than a bar and at times at high tide the water covered the island. One fellow worker who was working at this camp told me that one night he awoke and got up to see that everything was all right as the wind was blowing hard, he jumped out of his bunk into ice cold water which came above his knees. His kindling had floated away and so there was nothing to do but go back to bed and wait for the tide to go down. The water at this camp was hauled in by a cannery tender and sometimes this boat was late or did not bring enough water to go around.

Clam digging is somewhat of a trade, and the majority of us had never dug clams before; the main reason for so many green diggers is because the bars are getting dug out and the companies, in order to get clams enough to run their canneries, must put on more diggers each year. In 1924 there were 200 diggers; in 1925 there were nearly 500.

Alaska has a law which makes it a crime, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, for having in one's possession clams under four inches long. A number of slaves were arrested and fined $25 each. But owing to the fact that they were broke the company paid the fine for them, and I suppose they still owe it.

### The Strike

After working eight tides during April, I had dug 560 pounds at $0.03 per pound, and I owed the company $80 for fare and groceries. Now I was only one of seventy-five men in this one camp in the same fix. There were six camps, so we began to compare notes as it were, and on May the 7th we went on strike for $0.04 flat, and no agreement.

There were men from many walks of life to be found on the clam beach, ranging from a corn doctor from Los Angeles to a logger from Duluth. It is a well known fact that unorganized men do not go

on strike unless conditions drive them to it, as a last resort. This strike was no exception in that respect. However, we were confronted with a different situation than the majority of us ever had to deal with.

On May 8th 300 men came into Cordova. Three hundred strikers who had come off the beach to try and improve their conditions were broke to the man. I don't believe there was $50 in the crowd, and the first thing to do was to find a place to eat and sleep.

The hotels and restaurants gave us credit, but some of us thought it would be better not to go too far in debt, so we established a strike kitchen and secured credit for the strike.

It lasted two weeks and was lost. Most of the men went to work at other work, leaving the company holding the sack.

### The Canneries Bad Too

Not only did I find conditions bad on the beach but also in the canneries where these same clams are canned.

Girls are hired to clean clams and get 35 and 40 cents per hundred pounds of cleaned clams. During April these girls made $5 each. At one cannery one of the girls told me that the most made by any of them at that cannery for the two months of May and June, was $18. Even at that they were better off in some ways than the men who had done the digging, as they have free fare up and back, and get their board free.

By the 16th of May I decided not to go back to the beach, so I hired out as engineer on a cannery tender for which I received $135 per month.

### Fishing Not Good Sport

I was still to see many bad working conditions. Salmon fishing is anything but pleasant. The fishing here was done on what is known as the Copper River Flats.

These flats are cut with channels leading from the sloughs at the mouth of the river and even the small fishing boats can only navigate while the tide is in. Stake nets were not allowed on the flats in the season of 1925, so the fishing was all done with drift nets during May and June.

The boats used for gill net fishing are small, with scarcely enough room to accommodate two men, so in some cases one man fishes alone. Two hundred and fifty fathoms of net are used, and the drifting is done at slack tide. The fishermen get 75 cents each for King Salmon and fifteen cents each for Sockeyes. Each fisherman is allowed $45 worth of groceries for his board, and if more are used he must pay for them.

The independent fishermen (those owning their own outfits, and selling to whom they please) get $1.25 to $1.50 each for Kings and 30 cents for Reds. These fishermen leave Cordova the first of May for the flats which are thirty miles away. They are obliged to lie out there on those flats in those small boats in all kinds of weather for two months, and they must work night and day during a run of fish. Their supplies are brought out to them by the cannery tenders which make daily trips. Water and coal are also brought them daily. Most of these men are shipped from Seattle with no guarantee of anything; it all depends on the number of fish. Some years fishermen make good money, while in others they scarcely make anything. The season of 1925 averaged them less than $200 each. This is not much even for two months' work; but when one considers the time wasted, that they leave Seattle the first part of April and get back there the last of August, it is decidedly small pay.

During July and the first part of August the fish are caught in traps which require less men. A few fishermen take pink salmon with purse seins but the canneries pay only two and a half cents each for these.

Wages paid in the canneries are also low. Most of the labor in the canneries is done by Orientals who get $280 for the season, while the rest of the crew get $80 per month and board. The season at these canneries lasts five months.

### Ten-Hour Day—Or More

Ten hours is the length of a workday throughout the fishing industry of Alaska. The cannery help is all shipped up from Seattle where they sign an agreement drawn up to give the company all the advantage over the worker.

In this agreement the worker promises to work for the company in Alaska for the season, for so much a month and board, fare from Seattle and return to be paid by the company if said employe stays the entire season; but if he or she quits or is discharged for any reason, the company shall hold out of his or her pay the fare advanced, and any other expenses caused by said employe.

### Worth His Salt

On July 9th, having made the last trip to the flats, we were laid off, and I took passage on the S. S. Alaska for La Touche, to look for a master. I arrived there the 10th, and hired out on a floating saltry as a gibber.

Bad conditions were still the order of the day. Low wages, long hours, no facilities for bathing, no place for clothes, lack of fresh water, and no place of recreation are a few things I found to complain about.

Like the clam and salmon canneries, the herring saltries hire the bulk of their help in Seattle, and their agreements are similar: eight dollars per month and board for the monthly men, with fifty cents per hour for overtime. The gibbers signed up to work for 40 cents per bbl. and were to have a bonus of 20 cents per bbl. if they stayed the season.

Piece-work has had the same affect on the slaves in the herring saltries as in other industries. For a few years gibbers were paid $1 a barrel; only men were hired, and they used good judgment and packed no more than ten barrels a day. But during the

(Continued On Page 25)

# Proletarian Preludes

By I. WILL REBEL

To call an American craft unionist a "proletarian" is like sprinkling a polecat with attar of roses and then dubbing him an American Beauty; but it doesn't change anything, and it's about time the dubbs learned it.

## I Wanter be a Miner

**I wanter be a Miner and with the Miners roam,**
**A gunman for my guardian and a bullpen for my home;**
**I wanter be a member of that free, untrammeled band,**
**A lamp upon my forehead and a pickaxe in my hand.**

**I wanter be a Miner-man and hear the pollies sing**
**The praise of "honest labor" while the big bluewhistlers ring;**
**To cheer for Uncle Trusty till my empty insides bust,**
**And follow Johnny Lewis till my ragged form is dust.**

LIKE HELLANMARIA I DO.

**Whenever I hear a Craft Union bureaucrat denouncing scabbery, I always feel like I am listening to Beelzebub casting out devils, to a creator damning his own creation.**

* * *

Craft union organization of mass production industries will get the workers therein exactly what "our soldier boys" were promised when they got back home, and no more". Nothing will be too good for you when you get back home, boys!" sobbed the Law and the Profits, and—**nothing** it was.

* * *

**Workingmen of the World, unite! WE have nothing but our LIVES to lose, and they are not worth a DAMN, anyhow!**




*Grandfather* *Timberbeast* *I.W.W. "Lumberjack"*

# The Simple Epic of the Underground Miners - Written Down by One of Them







(By G. L. NEUMANN)

Up the street
In the early morn,
Goin' to work
Sure's you're born.

Reaches the dry,
Flops on a bench
Or gulps some water
His thirst to quench.

Diggin' clothes down,
Now on the floor.
Come on in, Mutt,
Shut that door!

Out of the suit
He wears on the streets
Into the one
Which always reeks

Of powder and gas
Dirt and sweat.
May need washin'
But not quite yet!

Then checks in,
Fills his lamp,
Shivers like a dog
His clothes are damp

Walks to the beadframe
And waits in the sun
Weary as if
His day's work was done.

The shift boss calls
Loud and gruff,
This day's order's
The same old stuff.

"Three more men
On the bottom deck;
Get the lead out
There, you, Speck."

On the cage and
Six bells down,
Then all start cussin'
Old Man Brown.

The bottom deck lands,
The cable slacks,
Then all unload
And shake their backs.

Fool with lamps,
They finally light,
Another day
And nothing's right.

In Crosscut A
Carbon dioxide air,
To make some guy
A millionaire.

His ax is dull,
His saw is worse,
(Some day he'll be
At the toolroom first).

The machine is clogged,
The steel won't fit,
Still he must
Do his bit.

The air hose leaks,
No water now.
Dust in the eyes,
Sweat on the brow.

Machine set up
And all is well.
Yes it is
Like the very heck!

A little oil,
A twist of the wrist,
The Leyner starts
And makes its grist.

Time for rest,
Time for lunch,
Let's walk up here
And find the bunch.

Grab a laggin'
Or a plank,
Lay yourself out—
Lean and lank.

A slab of punk,
A hunk of meat,
Holy Caeser!
Let us eat.

A piece of cheese,
A pickle, too,
Onions or garlic,
That will do.

Pail empty,
Forbidden to smoke;
Chew or nap
Or play a joke.

Big boss coming,
That's his light. . . .

The pictures on these two pages represent a silhoutte of miners going to work, a mining scene where they still use draft stock to haul the cars, a machine miner at work, and a mining town. The poem refers to the metal mines, and some of the pictures show coal mining scenes. However, the life is equally hard, the rewards for labor equally small, and the need for organization equally great in both.



We'd better be getting
Out of sight.

Holes finally in,
Fair enough,
Now let's take
A dip of snuff.

Hunt boss around
For powder slip.
(Try not to find him,
Though, you Dip).

56 and 14—
Make 'er out?
Get the powder
And walk about.

The round's all in
But cannot spit
Now, just where
Can we sit?

A level boss,
Big as an ox:
"Come on, boys,
Rock in the box."

Up the crosscut
And down the drift
Just awaitin'
To go off shift.

Climb a ladder
Then crawl back
To get a bar
Or a double jack.

Jackhammer, Stoper,
Where can you be?
Oh, here you are
And hoses three.

Quarter of,
Let's go back,
Spit our holes,
Cousin Jack.

The holes spit,
We're on our way
Out to the shaft
And light of day.

March along the drift,
Stand in line
For bosses' pleasure,
And for whistle pine.

But break the line
(A snarling throat)
Then you get
The yellow note.

We pile on deck
And up we go
Out of the deep,
Dark hole below.

Into the dry
Then a bath
With maybe a wrestling
Aftermath.

First to town
To get the mail;
Hey there, Mike,
Here's your pail.

Then to dinner
Hungry now,
Wonder what
We'll have for chow.

Rotten grub,
Rotten cook,
Then a ten-cent
Movie book.

Crawl in bunk,
Fancy dreams,
Struck it rich—
See how it gleams.

Dogs bark,
Disturb dreams,
Turned to iron pyrites
Those yellow seams.

The miner alone
Can never win;
The O. B. U.
Is the thing for him.

Wake Up—Get Wise,
For Dreams—they fade,
Join the I. W. W.
And make the grade!

# The Mighty Gods

By SOPHIE SJOMAN.

For none shall move the most high gods
Who are most cruel—being high.
* * * * * * * * * * *
Cry out! Thou shalt learn what prayers are worth,
Thou dust and earth.

—Swinburne.

They will not hear us, though we call
From early dawn till set of sun,
And midnight spreads her sable pall
To hide the deeds that men have done.

They will not answer though we bow
Our heads in meekness to their will—
The mighty gods—they care not how
Our voices echo good or ill.

One thing shall move them—only one—
A power as mighty as their own:
Pray not to them, "Thy will be done!"
But act with deeds of might alone.

Pray, and the heavens mock thy prayer;
Strike, and the gods of earth shall hear;
Thy prayers are made of empty air,
But deeds are golden everywhere.

Too long beneath the masters' whip
The slaves have bent with suppliant knee;
With servile voice and trembling lip
Praying to gods that could not see;

To gods that could not see nor hear
The palsying hand—the tearful cry;
But now the hosts of might shall bear
A mightier summons to the sky.

With hearts aflame and muscle taut,
United in one iron band,
The hosts that long have freedom sought
Are rallying in every land.

And power, not prayer, their rallying call
Henceforth and evermore shall be
Till every tyrant power shall fall—
Industrial Solidarity!

**This article, by a student in the I. W. W. Work People's College, at Duluth, Minn., shows what members in that institution are capable of producing. It is a timely and thoughtful piece of work, based on a knowledge of statistics unknown to most people and interpreted by a correct theory.—EDITOR IND. PIONEER.**

# Woman in the Post War Period

By LEMPI KAHRA

THE tragedy of woman is written deeply across the pages of the war period and the succeeding years of dilatory reconstruction. Through it all she has been the martyr of human greed even more than man. It is her mission under capitalism to be a breeder of soldiers both of war and industry and then, when capitalist accumulation has stimulated the birth rate abnormally, to enter the field of industry and compete her breadwinner into the depths of unemployment and vagabondage.

In capitalist society woman plays a double role. First, as a competitive worker in industry, and second as the medium through which expanding capital produces the phenomenon of redundant working class population, with increased competition and resultant hunger and misery. In the first role she displaces man in industry by introducing a cheaper form of labor power. In the second role she becomes temporarily a dependent of the male worker as wife and mother, and thereby breeds the human material for the industrial reserve army of unemployed labor. Then, when the cycle of capitalist accumulation again gluts its coffers with the exploited products of her breadwinner's toil; when intensified competition in the struggle for markets between capitalists forces a reduction in wages and costs of production, she responds again to the competitive demand for cheaper labor power and, leaving her love dreams to the gods of chance and the day nurseries, she enters industry to take her husband's place.

What becomes of her husband, we workers know. Every court of domestic relations knows, too. Cast upon the street in a period of industrial depression, the husband succumbs to the deteriorating influence of long periods of idleness, and abandons the futile struggle to maintain a family. To be sure, he does not succumb without a struggle. There are many stages in the descent. First, heroic effort, then discouragement, apathy, despair, drink, petty crime, or vagrancy follow, and finally a wanderlust that calls him to leave his scene of defeat and migrate over the ways of the earth known to the itinerant and the hobo. But the woman remains with the children. In them she has given hostages to fortune and she cannot escape. There is left to her, her mother love and the factory or shop, and the rearing of the children the cruel "god" of capitalism has forced upon her.

In the census decade of 1910-20, marked by the World War, the total number of women over ten years of age in industry increased to a total of 8,549,511, a gain of about 500,00 over the preceding decade. Yet, in spite of this, the population increased faster still, so that there was a relative decrease in the total number of women industrially employed from 23.4% in 1910 to 21.1% in 1920. This relative decrease might at first seem encouraging, but the application of a little Marxian analysis reveals the operation of the Marxian law of capitalist accumulation with its co-relative of an increase in the surplus population.

The war expansion of capital, by temporarily increasing wages increased the number of marriages. Woman withdrew from industry to take up her natural duties of wife and mother. At least, these duties would be natural under a sane system of social production and distribution of wealth. But the after-war reaction came. The frenzied expansion of wartime was over. Wages were reduced. Living costs advanced. The illusion of permanent prosperity based upon war inflation and destruction vanished.. The cold awakening in the dawn of reality came. The returned soldiers joined the anxious throngs on the "skid roads," competing for jobs. The working women who had dared fate by indulging a daydream of romance, love and home, found their husbands out of work or reduced to the wages of "normalcy." With babies clinging to their skirts, they bravely took up the burden and again entered industry to eke out their husbands' earnings with their own, or worse, to support their children alone, deserted. Benevolent capitalism gave them day nurseries as substitutes for homes at the same time that it drove their male breadwinners into the streets to join the army of the unemployed.

The Malthusian conception that war decreases the total population is thus shown to be an error. The redundant birth rate established by these war marriages more than replaced the millions slain. The old theory of positive checks to population in the forms of war, pestilence and famine were again exposed as fallacies. War and pestilence and famine, the triple scourges of the human race, descended

together upon the earth like the locusts that fell on Pharaoh's kingdom. But no "Golden Age of Labor" followed. The children of the proletariat still swarm in increasing numbers in our slums and the homeless, starving poor huddle in barracks or join the increasing throngs of the hunger-driven protestants called criminals. Vice flourishes like a green bay tree. All the phenomena of a disordered birth rate appear. Child labor increases and gains national sanction by Supreme Court decision.

The government's statistics of 1920 show approximately 2,000,000 married women engaged in industry and the United States Women's Bureau emphasizes the fact in its 1924 bulletins that "marriage does not necessarily mean a release of women from breadwinning activities, but frequently greater economic responsibilities." The American Labor Year Book for 1925 says:

"Of nearly 40,000 women and girls studied in four communities, 55% were or had been married. Nearly two-thirds of these married women had wage-earning husbands. More than half of them were mothers. Two-fifths of the mothers had children less than five years old."

These children are the offspring of the war expansion and false optimism that caused the normally single workers to undertake the responsibilities of families under the influence of high wages and war prosperity. The United States Children's Bureau's Twelfth Annual Report, 1924, states that "of 34 cities furnishing the bureau with statistics, 30 reported an increase in the number of 14 and 15-year-old children employed during the calendar year 1923, in comparison with 1922. This resulted from the annulment of the Federal Child Labor law in 1922." Since that time children have taken the place of men in sugar, fruit and vegetable canning, textile, and other industries.

What is woman going to do about it? Her tenderest and noblest aspirations, her love impulses, her maternal instincts are capitalized. If she brings children into the world it is to see them torn from the cradle and the home of which she dreamed, to stock the slave market with their tender bodies. If she practices Malthusian abstinance the purlieus of vice testify to the result. Even this latter is more merciful than the home-destroying influence of capitalist industry. One lesson, at least, might be learned from Margaret Sanger—to refrain from slave breeding, to check that "reproductive ability of the working class which gluts the channels of progress with the helpless and weak, and stimulates the tyrants of the earth in their oppression of mankind."

And last but not least, there is organization and education in preparation for that day when capitalism shall be no more. From the brothel, the slum, the jungle and the slave barracks, the voice of judgment cries out. Let the women of industry lend their voice and action to the agencies of emancipation. Industrial unionism will lead through orderly processes to that deliverance which otherwise women must acclaim as the coming of the

"——Fiery, red-winged angel of the devil
To give her back her soul and womanhood."

# The Next Step In Conscription



"Dollar a year" patriot, member of Valorous Citiziens League for the Enforcement of the Law for Compulsory Pregnancy, (threateningly), "Mrs. Newlywed, it has come to our attention that you have been married four months and no report has been made regarding your physical condition.

In view of the fact that your examining physician's report certifies that both you and your husband are capable, legal procedure will be taken to enforce the law,—unless— a **favorable** report is made within the next few days!"

# Crime Salesmanship and Such Things

By SAM MURRAY

THERE is one point upon which nearly all people will agree no matter how much they may differ as to the cause or remedy and that is that crime is increasing in this country at an alarming rate. We are constantly meeting with reference to it. In our daily and weekly press, in our large magazines, and from both the pulpit and bench we are being showered with what almost amounts to a wail of despair over the uncontrolable flood of crime that is raging through the land and which threatens to engulf our whole population in an orgy of lawlessness and transform us into a race of crooks.

Lately the Saturday Evening Post has been publishing a series of articles by Richard Washburn Child on the subject under the title of "Our Great National Scandal". Child is a fairly good writer and unearths some interesting facts but in the end he seems to fall down miserably in the matter of getting at the root of the problem.

### Crime A Well Organized Industry!

In his first article he discovers that crime has become a well organized and important industry. For example: If you are an unemployed but competent burglar and wish to engage in your regular vocation you do just as, say, a plumber would under similar circumstances. He goes, not to the house of someone whose plumbing may need looking after but to the office of a firm engaged in the business of installing and repairing plumbing and if needed he is furnished with the necessary information and plans and sent to the place where his services are required and when finished the firm collects for the work and pays him a part in wages.

The burglar is engaged in an office of the organized crime ring which is probably masquerading as a real estate or investment office. Here he is given plans and specifications of a house to be burglarized, a master planner having thought out all the details and accumulated all the facts that might be of use to the skilled operative. Also, the matter of disposing of the loot and furnishing the burglar with plans for the getaway or defense and alibi in case of a pinch is carefully attended to.

After reading this first article in the long series, which one would naturally expect to be the foundation of what is to follow, you look for further information about the crime ring and suggestions as to how society is to cope with it. However we find absolutely no reference to it and the situation is dealt with as though no such a thing as a crime organization existed and the whole problem was a matter of dealing with the individual criminal. Why is this? You wonder what has happened during the few weeks that intervened between the appearance of the first and second article of the series. Has the crime octopus became so powerful and well organized that it can forestall publicity just as the other great combines do? It looks that way and if so how is the future to cope with the problem? If



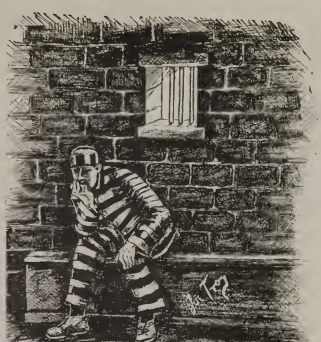
PRISON—ACCORDING TO THE POST

the ring is in a position to command hands off and the only criminal who is in danger of aprehension is the one who attempts to get it alone, which condition is largely true of the bootlegging industry, then capitalism has gotten itself into a sorry mess. Be that as it may be, we learn no more from Child about the crime organization as he leads us through a mass of words and repetitions that takes up ten lengthy articles in which he joins in the popular clamor that has been so noticable of late that the "pampering" of criminals shall cease and cries for a greater vengeance to be wrecked on the victims of the system. Well at any rate this cannot interfere seriously with a well organized crime ring for even if an occosional member is sent up his pull will protect him from the rough stuff that is being handed out to the obscure and friendless criminal. It is just what one might expect, not from reformers but from a ring of grafters upon whose usurped domain some individual has dared to trespass.

### Startling Facts Disclosed!

However whether the real facts are as suggested or not the analysis of some of his findings are interesting and instructive in showing the inability of the present civilization to protect itself from the facts of its own practices and teachings.

Here are a few of the discoveries he makes: Not one killer in a hundred suffers the death penalty, in fifteen years the average age of the inmates of our penal institutions shrank ten years, or in other words if the average was thirty-six it would now be twenty-six and if the same shrinkage occured the



PRISON—AS THE WOBBLIES FIND IT

next fifteen years we could expect our prisons by 1940 to be filled with youths of sixteen years. He also notes that there is an increasing number of criminals among the well-to-do but misses the significance of the fact that nearly all crimes are committed by the idle and pampered well-to-do and the degraded poor.

A few of the causes he suggests are: Downfall of religion, wrong kinds of moving pictures, "Drunk on thrills," breaking up the American home, pampering of criminals and making of American prisons such desirable places that criminals have no dread of them, breakdown of the law and that we are "becoming a nation of nomads".

### The Usual Bourgeois Claptrap.

There is nothing new in the above. One runs across about the same stuff wherever crime is discussed. While some of the causes given are genuine, to the member of the I. W. W. who has been in the clutches of the law, this stuff about pampering of criminals and the attractive charter of our prisons will seem like a joke.

He claims that not one killer in a hundred suffers the death penalty but says nothing about the fact that of the members of the I. W. W. arrested for Criminal Syndicalism in California about fifty per cent are convicted although none of them have ever been proven guilty of an overt act. Tom Connors is given five years for a crime of which he is innocent while in an adjoining county a man proven guilty of the same offense is given five days—not much breakdown of the law where an I. W. W. is concerned. It is far safer to be a safe blower, murderer or malefactor of any stripe than a worker with the spirit to refuse to be a snitch and to have the courage to stand up for his rights and try to induce his fellow workers to do so.

In repeating the old platitudes to account for the great increase of crime he fails to note that the causes—so-called—are merely the effect of the economic system. The downfall of the religion of the last century supposed by a conventional fiction to be the religion that one Jesus Christ taught two thousand years ago, and the breaking up of the "American home" upon which that religion was largely based is purely the result of the high development obtained by capitalism in this country and if any simp thinks that he can revive the "Good Old Days" he is away off.

There may be some of the features of the old system that are good particularly when viewed in light of old prejudices and measured on the scale of old beliefs and standards but the old is dead and the new is alive. People who are shocked at the criminal tendencies of the present may look with regret upon the passing of the time when the family instead of the factory or salesroom was the unit of society but modern civilization, the expression of modern production and exchange, will continue and so will its good and evil features until it has worked out its destiny and been superceded by something else.

In the "Good Old Days" the family, on the farm, the shop or the manor house, was the social unit, and ideas and customs developed accordingly. The young girl worked under the watchful care of her mother, the one person most concerned in her welfare. The boy generally grew up on his father's farm or learned his trade in his father's shop and was taught to take pride in his work and the consequent development of the sense of workmanship reflected itself in his character. Instead of the dull monotony of the modern factory where the professional nutscrewer swelters away his irksome hours the son of the village blacksmith sang to the accompaniment of his hammer which fashioned article after article while each scintillating spark as it flashed from the face of his anvil radiated the joy of creative work. There are two classes of people who never sing at their work but toil in sullen silence—they are the convicts in our prisons and the industrial slaves of our modern factories.

### Crime Flood Economic.

We take the stand that the criminal tendencies of the present are either due to economic stress or criminal influence incidental to the present economic order. Now if it is true, as everybody seem to admit, that America is the most criminal country then it is also true that the cause of this circumstance is to be found in some of the peculiar factors of our economic life.

I have been offered the opportunity within the last year of renewing my acquantance with that part of the country that is the most distinctly American —particularly in the sense of the post-war one hundred per cent variety—the Central States. It is

here that you meet up with the opulent moronism, the mediocre respectability that has been immortalized by such writers as Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson and I could not help but note some interesting developments. With them salesmenship is the true measure of mature manhood and productive labor is in disrepute. One can understand how Los Angeles has come by her peculiar psychological atmosphere when he remembers that her population is largely made up out of the successful dollar chasers of the Middle States. (Of the many geniuses produced in California since '49 not one has come from south of the Tehatchepi Pass.) One also notes the development of the real estate game, particularly in Ohio and Michigan. It is surprising the amount of land in this fertile agricultural region that has been withdrawn from cultivation and set out in lots. Strange to say, the same class of people are buying who are selling: an exchange of property between property worshipers for speculative purposes.

There are as many colleges as there are bull rings in Spain and each is under the control of one of the many Protestant sects. College graduates are as plentiful as fleas in a Frisco two-bits lodging house and most of them are engaged in some branch of the selling game and all are devoutly Protestant. the "Klan" flourishes like the proverbial green bay tree. A double halo of glory awaits anyone who can discover evidence that Jesus Christ was a real estate salesman instead of a carpenter. Bryan and his Fundamentalism are at a discount and the Bible stories don't seem to be taken very seriously, yet you are expected to accept a religion that has no foundation outside the Bible under penalty of losing caste. Conversations when not running to real estate or religion are usually on disease or death and subjects of general interest are seldom dealt with.

### Sowing the Winds of Salesmanship and Thrills and Reaping a Whirlwind of Crime

Besides the worship of salesmanship the most pronounced feature of the American character is the thirst for thrills, or as foreigners often put it, "Americans crave excitement". This attribute has an historical background that will be obvious to any intelligent student of American history. Our movies and popular fiction abound in thrills yet there is no more reason why the normal person should crave thrills than that he should have a desire for whiskey or narcotics until the habit has been fostered. Of the three I am convinced that the former is by far the most potent in promoting crime yet the most conventional of American homes encourage this trait.

Some time ago I observed a book in the living room of a middle-class family with growing children. It was written by a mediocre author whose name I have forgotten and entitled, "His Father's Son" and was a story of that immaginary West that never had any existence outside of the movies and low-class fiction. Every page contained a thrill but the whole book contained not a single fact that would add to the readers intelligence or inspire him with a thirst for knowledge or a desire for truth. The book ended in true melodramatic style; the hero got the girl and the villain got the can. It also contained nothing disturbing to last century's ideas and prejudices, so in the eyes of respectability it contained a sufficient moral and was a safe and desirable publication. And this in general is the class of literature endorsed in this country. However the patron of thrilling novels and moving pictures is not generally affected by the moral. He, no doubt, would prefer to imitate the hero if he had the character and courage to do so but it is far easier to get drunk on moonshine, steal an automobile or murder a fouteen year old child.

### Salesmanship and Crime.

The importance of the spirit of salesmanship as a factor in developing the character of America is always overlooked by investigators and for obvious reasons, yet it is self-evident. The salesman must always overrate the article he sells whether it is an automobile or a pair of socks. He makes his gain not by creating something but by getting it away from the other fellow so that his vocation developes the predatory at the expense of the creative instinct. No matter whether he exaggerates ten per cent beyond the facts or perpetrates an absolute fraud by selling a worthless article at a fabulous price there is always present that element of fraud and the predatory impulse. This is why the present American generation is habitually criminal.

Sydney A. Reeve claims that during the period 1870-1910 the people engaged in producing food and clothing increased 35 per cent, commercial pursuits 240 per cent and salesmanship 456 per cent. Is it any wonder that crime is increasing; that in a late survey in New York the criminals were found to be above the average in intelligence? They were educated for criminal careers and in organizing they are merely following the lead of other lines of business. This will also explain why it is becoming more respectable to be a criminal than a useful worker and a greater crime to organize a union than to rob a house.

### Faulty Statistics.

Still, statistics based on the investigation of inmates of prisons are unreliable and of little worth as they take no account of the fact that probably not one criminal in twenty is apprehended and furthermore they take no account of the frame-up, which is an established and highly developed art in American court and police circles. With the typical judge or district attorney the matter of finding the guilty party is secondary to that of securing a "subject" against whom they can frame up a conviction even though they have to use the perjured testimony of the denizens of the underworld who may have been brow-beaten into testifying because

the police have something on them. All they want is a "record" with no comma's misplaced and no technical error on the part of the court. It is safe to say that fully fifty per cent of the convicts are victims of a frame-up, the guilty party having escaped.

People who have learned the inside facts about the Mooney case generally regard it as an exception. However Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings were regularly framed in accordance with the best traditions of American court procedure.

In the face of the above facts it is plain that any set of statistics taken from the inmates of prisons perporting to show the percentage of criminals among foreigners, negroes or migratory workers (Nomads) is questionable. The guilty native or "homeguard" will often escape and the friendless stranger be victimized in his place. I know of the case of a Russian who was serving a four year term for forgery, who could not speak English and could not read or write Russian, the only language he knew. The above mentioned class of persons make good "subjects" for the frameup and therefore they loom up big among the five per cent that are caught.

### Foreigners and Crime.

It may be true that some foreigners have peculiar traits that lead them into a certain class of crimes but why is it that there are not more crimes in their own countries? An American city with less than a hundred thousand of these foreigners will produce more crime than millions of the same people at home. I feel certain that the foreign criminal is more often the so-called "Americanized" foreigner. If they live their simple lives and observe their modest customs they seldom get into mischief but they are often unsophisticated peasants who have read thrilling stories of wild life in America so that they fall easy prey for the allurements of American underworld life especially after a few years of the degenerating influence and the slavery of our factory system.

It is also claimed by some investigators that the children of foreigners are often more criminal than either their parents or the native Americans of a farther remove. This is no more than natural. Raised in a bad environment and looked down upon more or less by both sides they have learned too much about America for the patient submission that has characterized their parents.

The young Americanized foreigner often tries to outdo the native in his vain display of wealth. I know a case of a mechanic who spent $500 for an engagement ring for his fiancee. They will sometimes spend the results of years of saving on a wedding and then retire to a couple of rooms in a back alley and proceed to litter the town up with half starved kids. This is bound to lead to trouble—yet moron respectability encourages this very thing and constantly warns the "ignorant foreigner" against the saner advice of the revolutionary agitator. It is a noticeable fact that there is little crime among the revolutionists either foreign or domestic, except the common "cirme" of opposing a crime breeding system.

### The Remedy.

If our premise is correct that crime (in the general sense) is economic, than the remedy must be economic and the doling out of more severe punishment will be of little consequence, as will also be any kind of prison reform. Some of Child's proposals in his ten breezy articles are well fitted for the joke column. He claims that the murder of an old women for a few dollars in Chicago was due to the failure to hang Loeb and Leopold. According to his idea they were afraid of hanging but were willing to do life for the privilege of securing a few dollars. The claim that punishment is a deterrent to crime may be true in some cases but to suppose that the average criminal stops to consider whether he will hang or get life or as to just how long he will serve is ridiculous. The gambling spirit developed by our sport columns and the spirit of salesmanship will always induce him to take a chance.

Child's pet remedy is to organize civil committees whose purpose will be to jack up the police and courts and in a general way deal with the crime problem. To all of this we can only give the laugh. The history of all these uprisings of the "respectable" element is that it only works until some other fad gains their attention and then it "peters out". As a crime doctor he is the bunk.

In fact, there is no remedy for the crime problem that will be reasonably effective so long as the condition that promotes it prevails. When the rank individualism which prevails at present has been superceded by the spirit of helpfulness that every experienced worker knows follows in the wake of industrial unionism and when the mind of the worker is turned from the frivolous matters that now gain his attention to the purposes of the union, this, with the better conditions consequently prevailing on the jobs, will tend to create in him good habits of workmanship and a remolding of character far beyond anything that has prevailed in the past.

Respect for the law as we know it under the rotten system of court procedure will only aggravate the evil. Instead we must agitate incessantly for the complete overthrow of the institution of law based on technical jurisprudence. A system born of an age of small scale production has now become a merc tool in the hands of professional politicians who know nothing and care less about our needs under the system, never having themselves done anything useful under it, and whose only purpose is to shake down bootleggers, sell favors to corporations and oppress union men.

It may be argued that this is all well in theory but since the world is not run by theories but by economic law then if saesmanship and crime are increasing will they not continue to do so? Very

well, but we must also remember that all law is subject to the universal law of change.

In the early days when war was carried on more cheaply and the cost was less than the value of the loot, war was a legitimate enterprise, but now that it (as a general proposition) no longer pays, there is a great cry going up to outlaw war. Things did not remain as they were and will not remain as they are. Sydney A. Reeve shows that out of every dollar that the consumer pays for a commodity more than fifty cents goes to salemanship and similar non-productive activities. Will a system like this continue to prevail against a saner system of production for use?

The age of salesmanship is but a passing phase in the development of capitalism. Already we see signs of its nemesis. Chain stores, mail order houses, and other institutions of the larger development of capitalism all tend toward the elimination of useless expenditure so that the indication is that sooner or later distribution will be reduced to the same degree of efficiency now reached in the most advanced productive industries, that the fininshed product will reach the ultimate consumer without any useless outlay.

Also, in respect to the law: Great industries no longer look to the government for aid and defy when they do not command it. Intelligent workingman are also learning the lesson. Only mediocre respectability and its dupes are "law abiding and patriotic," and all signs seem to indicate that the time is near at hand when both technical law and parliamentary methods of government will be in the discard. Humanity emancipated from the illusions of the past will be in a position to face the cold facts of the present, unhampered by political and religious superstitions and to prepare for a future where labor will come into its own, where merit will be the measure of reward and where there will be no place for crime except that negligible quantity classed by Professor Ferri as "non-economic crimes" and as these are mostly pathological they can be dealt with accordingly by the most advanced scientific methods that an improved age can afford.

You can talk as you will about the "Good Old Times" and crab all you like about the wicked and criminal character of the present, there are brighter stars beyond the futures portal than have ever shone before.

## *And They Want To Hang Richard Ford!*

"Not one killer in a hundred suffers the death penalty," says Child, but Capitalism, which won't hurt you much if you kill a picket or sell poison booze, will hang you for merely organizing a strike. That's all Ford did, and he served eleven years for it, and next month will be tried again. Send funds for his defense to Sec'y. Cal. Branch of the General Defense, Box 574, San Francisco, Cal.

# Slavery in Alaska

(Continued from Page 14)

war women were hired, and they were anxious to get rich quickly, and packed as high as twenty barrels. The usual cut in wages followed. And now they must pack seventeen barrels to receive as much as they formerly received for ten.

The fishermen are hired in two different ways: first (or the old way) they get $50 a month and board, and seven cents a barrel, this to be based on the amount of fish packed; secondly, (or the new way), they pay the fishing crew $1 per barrel, to be divided among five men. This new way is becoming very popular with the companies, for if there is no fish, the men receive no pay.

After working aboard this saltry for a month, we found out that other floating saltries were paying 75 cents for gibbing, but owing to the bonus system most of the crew were afraid to demand an increase. After nearly another month they did get up courage enough to meekly ask for 75 cents per barrel, but were told that they could work for sixty or be paid off at forty. And as that would mean a loss of about $120 each, they decided to work. As for me, I was hired in Alaska, and at a flat scale, so I called for my walking papers. On September 3 I boarded the S. S. Redondo at Blue Fox Bay (where the Floating Saltry was anchored) and on Sunday, September 6, arrived at Seldovia.

### The Whims of Poor Fish

Now I heard that the saltries there would run until the first of the year, so I expected to get work and complete my winter stake, but on arriving there I found that there were no herring running at that time.

I got a room at the only hotel and proceeded to wait for the herring to decide to come, and incidently I began to spend my winter stake, as it cost me from three to five dollars to live in Seldovia.

To make a long story short, I waited until the first of October for that elusive job to show up. Then I was lucky enough to get signed onto a four-masted schooner bound for Seattle.

Leaving Seldovia October 4 we battled with tides and head winds for nine days and lost nearly all the sails and dropped anchor at Seldovia; we never got more than thirty miles out, and the wind would drive us back. As I never was a sailor, and had never been to sea, I will not say anything about conditions on this schooner as I suppose they were the same as on all other sailing vessels. On the 16th of October we were paid off and the next boat was due the 6th of November.

Good-bye my winter stake.

**The third article in "The Workers' Play" series has been unavoidable omitted from this issue. We hope to resume the series next month.—EDITOR.**



HENDRICK VAN LOON

# Book Reviews

**A Bible For A Classless World**

In red letters on the jacket of the latest book by Hendrick Willem Van Loon attention is called to the fact that this man is the author of "The Story of Mankind". That, presumably, is the reason for his writing, "Tolerance". Probably it is also the reason he wrote, "The Story of the Bible". For in "The Story of Mankind," Van Loon, attempting to make history easy for children, charmed millions of adults with his simple, rather quaint, straightforward, homely Dutch style, and became a "best seller." Naturally he has tried to do it again, and I am of the opinion he has not succeeded.

For "The History of Mankind" was really a history, inaccurate in spots, but primarily a setting down of fact in a rather pleasing way. "Tolerance" is too little a history of free speech (as it purports to be) and too much a sort of rambling Liberal lecture on the evils of revolution, for Van Loon is horrified to find that all the revolutions thus far, have involved a period of bitter struggle, in which the revolutionists forgot to be gentlemen and ladies, and showed a tendency to stuff the mouths of their traducers with grave dust, or choke their words short with nooses.

There is no place in Van Loon's philosophy for a class war to the very death of an oppressing class, and unfortunately, all class wars known to history have been of this type. Indeed, once the actual final battle is on, I do not see how it is to be avoided that there will be a period during which "tolerance" of the enemy, especially of the recently defeated former ruling class, will be the most suicidal folly, resulting in groups to which history has signaled, "exit" rushing once more onto the stage of human affairs, and turning mere drama into tragedy. When the workers get control of the industries, Van Loon will immediately demand the greatest and widest tolerance for the former owners of the industries, and all their friends and agents, agents provocateurs included, and counter revolution will immediately raise its head if his words are heeded.

The reason for Van Loon's attitude on this point, which he shows in his discussion of the Reformation, the Cromwellian Revolt, the Great French Revolution, and the present proletarian revolution, is that he like most of the educated Liberals, does not want any revolution. Liberals are publicists, and authors, and college professors, and doctors and lawyers. They live busy (but not too busy) comfortable (but not luxurious) lives, and they find themselves perfectly safe and happy as long as they deal with pure science, philosophy, and similar studies. Revolution has little to offer them, and would temporarily interfere with their work. Their work is of such a nature that strife plays no part in it, and free discussion a great part. Naturally this intermediate group of literateurs and pedagogs sees no real need for the workers to get the industries, and is in no hurry about it, when it does in isolated cases, see the need of a change in the social system. Van Loon expresses its attitude perfectly when he says:

"The human race is possessed of almost incredible vitality.

"It has survived theology.

"In due time it will survive industrialism.

"It has lived through cholera and plague, high heels and blue laws.

"It will also learn how to overcome the many spiritual ills which beset the present generation.

"History, chary of revealing her secrets, has thus far taught us one great lesson.

"What the hand of man has done, the hand of man can also undo.

"It is a question of courage, and next to courage, of education." (p. 395.)

This is the true voice of the Liberal. It is the voice of a group of people who are proving up to the hilt the Marxian theory that people's thoughts and most of all their thoughts on social movements and structures usually depend on the way they make their living. On pages 352, 353 of "Tolerance" we have the same thing in other words. Van Loon says there are three types of statesmanship. One is the type which despises the common herd and deliberately starts out to rule them for their own good, and this type establishes "emperors, sultans, sachems,* sheiks and archbishops and they rarely regard labor unions as an essential part of civilization."

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* NOTE.—Van Loon is wrong about sachems—see Morgans, "Ancient Society".

The second type is the group of oligarchs, dictators, first consuls, and Lord protectors, who think mankind is all right in the main, but that executive business is best handled through the trusted friends of the people.

Then the third group is the Liberals—hear Van Loon on his own class: "They contemplate man with the sober eye of science and accept him as he is. they appreciate his good qualities, they understand his limitations. They are convinced from a long observation of past events that the average citizen, when not under the influence of passion or self-interest, tries, really very hard to do what is right. But they make themselves no false illusions. They know that the natural process of growth is exceedingly slow, that it would be as futile to try and hasten the tides or the seasons as the growth of human intelligence. They are rarely invited to assume the government of a state, but whenever they have a chance to put their ideas into action, they build roads, improve the jails and spend the rest of the available funds upon schools and universities. For they are such incorrigible optimists that they believe that education of the right sort will gradually rid this world of most of its ancient evils and is therefore a thing that ought to be encouraged at all costs."

There is much more of this sort of thing scattered through the book, or perhaps it would be better to say, there is a certain amount of history and biography scattered through a book on this sort of a philosophy. If we add to the above two quotations the statement that Van Loon believes that intolerance comes from fear, and that sometime, in ten thousand years or a hundred thousand years, when education shall have conquered fear, there will also be perfect tolerance, we have a fair summary of his theory.

In a sense we can agree with him. It is fear of losing its fat and having to go to work that makes the present ruling class pass Criminal Syndicalism laws, as another ruling class established an Inquisition. But unfortunately for us, the working class, which is afraid all the time of losing jobs, or losing its heavenly home, or its well mortgaged bungalows in the suburbs, and its individual reputations for being good slaves, is also tolerant—too damn tolerant of bad conditions, and low pay, and millionaires, and preachers, and international wars for the House of Morgan, and unemployment. I think it is too tolerant of the whole outfit of middle-class Liberals who tell it to be more tolerant.

The workers need the industries. When they get the industries and have managed to establish a classless society, then "Tolerance" will be good advice. When there are no vested selfish interests either ruling the world in defiance of the masses of the people and exploiting those masses, or organizing counter revolutions to take back what has just been taken from them, then will fear disappear, at least the fear of losing your wealth and the fear of being fired, and then we can all be calm, cold, collected scientists—but not until then.

Meanwhile, workers who are not as much interested in petty bourgeois theory as they are in the story of the fight which each successive revolutionary group has had to wage for the privilege of putting out its propaganda, will do well to avoid Van Loon and possess themselves of a somewhat older book, Bury's "History of the Freedom of Thought" (Home University Library) where in a third as many words, with considerably more accuracy of detail, at one fifth the price, they will find the facts they want. The philosophy is hardly better, but there is much less of it, and that is an advantage over Van Loon.

CARD 794514.

**TOLERANCE, by Hendrick Willem Van Loon, Boni and Liveright, New York. Price, $3.**

**It Happened On Armistice Day**

The gifted author of "Poor White," "Marching Men," "Winesburg, Ohio" and other stories, has again created a tale that is easy to read in "Dark Laughter". Sherwood Anderson's latest novel is variously described by literary critics as "a better thing than his superb 'Winesburg, Ohio'; "Some of the most marvelous writing Mr. Anderson has ever done"; "a bid for immortality," and so on.

The story is about a newspaper reporter whose wife is a feature writer and also engages much of her time in writing a fanciful novel which calls forth the amusement of her husband. But this is silent. He merely smiles, maddening her. Their interests seem very different, and his smile is as cruel to her as is her oft-expressed thought that her husband is unreliable, flighty.

However, the latter estimate seems correct. One evening after having driven her from their apartment with that quiet smile of superiority, he starts out without even leaving a note and goes down the Ohio and Mississippi in a boat, something after the fashion of Huckleberry Finn—just drifting along in no hurry. He stays for months in New Orleans. Then northward he turns again to Old Harbor, Ohio, where he spent his boyhood. He has changed his name.

In Old Harbor he secures work at varnishing automobile wheels. Here he labors beside Sponge Martin, a distinctive character who goes, in good weather, on fishing parties with his "Old Woman". They take along some moonshine stimulant and while the fire smoulders low in the mild night air, and the lines are out in the stream these two, beneath the magical potency of the booze, drop off their years and she "acts like a kid". Reality grows hazy, they do not see each other's wrinkles nor the other blighting marks of adding years. Their youth is renewed; love knows a renaissance; the factory is forgotten; the night both soothes and stirs, and they are happy.

These two are figures to be remembered, more I think than the central character and his women. Oh, yes, there are women connected with this Bruce

Dudley, the runaway reporter. In Old Harbor he excites the interest of his employer's wife, who frequently drives down from the hill where she lives to the factory to take her husband home. Sponge notes her regard and joshes Bruce about it. Bruce takes "the bull by the horns" and applies at her residence for a job as gardener. He gets it. She is pleased while her husband is irritated. Perhaps he scents disaster.

In time Bruce seduces the willing wife while her husband is parading down town on Armistice Day. Soon after that she tells him that she is to have a child. Bruce has quit and gone out of the scene. But he comes back and persuades the woman to go away with him. She tells her husband her intention and that the child to be born is not his. They leave in the night. The negresses who are servants in the household come home with their beaux, and the disconsolate husband, the town's leading citizen, young and rich, hears them laughing shrilly as one says: "I knowed it all the time".

But the husband attempts to console himself by thinking of the indigent lover trying to take care of his pampered wife whose shoes are made to order at thirty dollars a pair, and of the twenty pairs she is used to having at all times.

And that's about all the story. Dudley makes a weak figure, strong only in a sort of sadism, a maliciousness which prompts his quiet smile of derision and causes him to take a woman, in whom he is not greatly concerned, from her husband. They are two drifters meeting on a muddy stream, this erstwhile reporter and the manufacturer's wife. But that the latter should go away from luxury with a penniless man is seldom supported by the actualities of life, and the act has something about it, if not desperate, then certainly heroic. It is passion overruling reason, raising a wall between the future and clear vision.

The story, as are all of Anderson's, is simply told, so simply, with such ordinary language that it seems an excess in this direction. His technique is almost patently studied, and verges on tautology in many places. Still there is much beauty of description, and keen penetration of the ways in which minds work. The psychological concern of this author, and his Sponge Martin make the book worth reading while the praises raised upon its publication appear exaggerations. Perhaps they were sounded partly because of Anderson's courage in dealing with a subject just a fraction as frankly as Europe's best writers limn it. There is in the psychological novel, in the novel of life as it really moves, no successful evasion of sex possible. Puritanical England and America hypocritically brand candid mention of sex pornography. If that be true think of the great works of literature that fall under this reprobation. "Madame Bovary," "The Red Lily," "Growth of the Soil"; even much of "Les Miserables" and "Germinal"! Just a few, to illustrate. Here is an Index Expurgatorius by the killjoys which would fling into oblivion much of the world's greatest literature.

For daring, even so mildly, and with employment of suggestions and subterfuges, to defy this Sumnerizing Anderson is to be congratulated.

ROBERT GRAYSON.

**Dark Laughter, by Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright, New York. Price, $2.50.**

**Should Babel Be Blasted?**

Considerable interest is attached to the various attempts that have been made to introduce into common use an international auxiliary language. It seems, however, that most of the literature published on the subject deals with the merits or demerits of the different projects proposed rather than with the feasibility and soundnes of the idea. The book called, "Ido (Problem of an International Auxiliary Language)" by Luther H. Dyer, tells of the latest plan and gives arguments in favor of its general adoption.

The language barrier to the dissemination of ideas is generally overestimated and there is no evidence to prove that if all the great nations of the world would adopt a common language that there would be any noticable abatement in prevailing jealousies and animosities.

We do not have wars because nations misunderstand each other's motives, the reverse comes nearer being the truth. There is no reason to believe that had the delegates who concocted the Versailles treaty had the use of a common language that the terms of the treaty would have been different in any respect. It is conceding a great deal to admit that the proceedings might have been simplified to a noticable degree.

It requires years of practice to acquire facility in the use of a language and it cannot be denied that even a simplified scientific language must present some difficulties to the learner which can be overcome only through hard study and continuous practice. A large delegation of persons who have not made languages their special study would probably find itself in a position where each individual is forced to employ a foreign language to express his thoughts if Ido, Esperanto or some similar artificial language were officially adopted for international conferences.

As an aid to the promotion of better understanding among the workers of different nationalities the idea of the usefulness of such a language may be discarded at once. We find within each industrial country a considerable number of more or less antagonistic movements offering solutions to the problems of the working class. If the possession of a common language is to create greater harmony in the labor movement; then within present linguistic boundaries there should be little or no divergence in opinion as to how best to solve working class problems. As a matter of fact there is now very little difference between the most advanced labor

organizations of the various nations of the world, while at the same time each nation has organizations ranging from the extreme conservative to progressive radical.

Clearly then, it is not the difficulties of communication that have caused the development of factions, cults and parties within economic classes. Neither do these difficulties interpose any barrier to the spreading of ideas where economic interests demand their acceptance. We find generally where interests and conditions are the same that ideas are the same or similar, and any important difference in beliefs or structure of organization is traceable to differences in physical surroundings. This without regard to nationality or language.

It is interesting to note how tenaciously immigrants to the United States cling to their native language. Is it to be supposed that they, or the native workers either, would take kindly to another language which they would be required to use only occasionally?

If one is convinced that an auxiliary language is really a practical possibility, the one known as "Ido" may without doubt be accepted as the best so far offered.—**C. K.**

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in Industrial Pioneer for February, 1926)

**POLITICAL ACTION, by Seba Eldridge, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.**

**POPULATION PROBLEMS, by Edward B. Reuter, Lippincott.**

**SOCIAL WORK IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY, by Stuart A. Queen, Lippincott.**

# The Beggar on Wheels

NO MORE they say, "If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride," for the beggar may go in an auto now, and just because he is in a second hand Ford, is no proof that he is not a beggar yet. Here you see the happy (?) home of the "Fruit Tramps" of California.



California is noted for its many schemes of graft, and the "auto park" is one of the latest, and best. As always, it is the worker who is beggared in the course of the graft.

The "Fruit Tramp" is making his appearance in the orange belt towns and his car must have, not a garage, indeed, but standing room while its owner seeks a job with which to buy it gasoline and other provender.

An adaptable capitalism arranges such matters—for a price. Yes, for cash. It costs from twenty-five to fifty cents a night, or by the week about a dollar and a half, in most places, to provide lodgings for Lizzie in an "auto park".

The fruit rancher seeks the victims of his exploitation most readily in the "auto park" for he knows that the proletarian in a jit, the migratory by gas, has to work all the time to manage it, and therefore has to work at whatever wages are offered. If he does not, the owner of the "auto park" will take all his money and push him out, without mercy and without "joy juice," absolutely stationary by the side of the road, until the first motorcycle policeman comes along and arrests him for parking where the law sayeth there shall be no parking.

Men, whether ordinary migratory workers or ruined small farmers, become "Auto tramps" in the hope of gathering some of the gold of the "Golden West," some of the golden oranges, some of the pale yellow lemons and glorious apricots, and the luscious Santa Clara valley prune and (Have you had your breakfast, er, that is to say, have you had your iron today?) some of the raisin grapes of Fresno. Not for themselves of course—ambition does not rise so high. If they owned the oranges, or if they could pay the several dollars a box they are worth to people who own them—they would not be "Auto Tramps". No, the "Auto Tramp" is a meek soul, and if he can get about ten cents a box for picking the precious "Sun Kist" fruit of California, he will be quite happy.

In order to have any chance at all, he rushes up and down the state, from oranges to nectarines, and to prunes and to grapes, going farther north to the apples of Oregon and the Wenatchee valley, and coming back for late crops in California. Weather means nothing to him—for the job is just ahead, always, beckoning him on—and Lizzie creeks, and groans, demanding new springs and piston rings, and the sand of California's countless dust storms gets into his food as he eats it in the lee of her grimy, battered flanks. It is a hell of a life, and one filled with worries and cares.



**A Bad Forecastle**

Double deck bunks have no place in modern shipping, but the employers will continue to use them as long as the workers are divided and unable to effectively demand anything better.

# The Shipping Octopus

(Continued From Page 6)

We see our brown and yellow fellow workers fighting the most desperate battle against the world's greatest imerialistic nations, and in Shanghaii, Canton, Hongkong,

we see the vested interests of Lord Inchcape, Great Britain's largest maritime concern, the American-Scotch concern represented by Capt. Robert Dollar, the Japanese shipowners and these Great Christian French companies (mostly controlled by the society of Jesus) united together against their striking seamen.

In Australia, we see Melbourne, Sydney, Freemantle, the center of a perfect strike, as realizing their situation, every marine worker, whether a seaman or a longshoreman or anything else connected with sea transportation, strikes and shows the most wonderful spirit of Solidarity, a thing unknown in this paradise for scabs and stool pigeons called the Uniter States.

In the United States the American interest allies itself to the foreign shipping trusts, (one more proof of capitalistic solidarity) and drives the seamen and longshoremen into the most abject state of servitude. Due to the distrust spread amongst the seafaring peoples by the rotten tactics of labor fakirs in conspiracy with the shipowners, it is clear sailing for the ship slave owners of America.

In Europe, we see the sons of the proud Vikings, our yellow haired fellow workers, the men who pioneered the sea a few centuries ago, as freemen—the Norwegian seamen, in another words—now trying to do away with the horrible conditions imposed upon them by the same vampires, the shipping octopus.

Whether we are under the direct ownership of Morgan, Rockefeller, Dollar in America, Inchcape, Ellerman, Pirries in England, or the Jesuitic interests who own the French **Messagerie Maritime** or **La Compagnie General Transatlantique,** we must realize that the day we fight one of them we must be prepared to fight all the other concerns as well. Their solidarity is perfect, and educational meetings on the subject are no longer required. They ally themselves into a solid united front against the poor deluded and chloroformed marine slaves.

### Much Divided Marine Slaves.

Over 900,000 ship workers and 1,100,000 dockers, longshoremen and similar workers, are spread over all parts of the world, sailing the seven seas, loading and unloading ships of the same master. Yet **they** are divided by petty warring creeds and racial prejudices, all subtlely accentuated by their exploiters. Pitted against each other, often estranged by

insurmontable barriers, such as languages and atavistic racial incompatibility, which has so far prevented their coming to a common understanding, with geographical boundaries, capitalistic propaganda, cunningly disseminated so as to create nationalistic tendencies with their natural Xenophobia, the cards are stacked against these men who are the source of wealth and are suffering the same evil exploitation at the hand of the same culprit.

**Greed Forcing Unification.**

However the capitalist system is carrying within itself the seed of its own destruction. Grinding its slaves, in order to increase its profit, the shipping octopus steadily drives the suffering human herd into open rebellion, and during the year 1925 we witness the result of the cruel policy of Imperialistic expansion of the shipping magnates. A frontal attack is being made by the British and American shipowners ( the most aggresive among the International combine) against the marine workers the world over—reduction and drastic cuts of wages, lengthening the working hours—in their arrogance they forget all prudence, and all their past tactics in trying to sugar-coat their proposition, it is the last resort of a desperate attempt at breaking the remaining unions that are left to the marine workers.

However the ruthless actions of the shipping trust awake the slaves to the fact that internationalism is required, in order to prevent any further encroachment and in order to protect the common interests of the toilers of the sea, of men that have been in contact for years and at last recognize their mutual suffering, and are finally convinced that the pangs of hunger are felt by the white Britisher as well as by the yellow coolie. 1925 witnesses the dark deeds of a corrupt society on the brink of collapse, trying to hold its own, by the bloody outrage of a drunken dictatorship over the subjected colored races of Africa and China as well as over the white seamen of Australia and America. Great Britain shocked by the resistance of the British seamen, sees the entire Empire paralyzed by a general strike of marine workers encircling the Globe. The United States themselves answer the call and the Marine Transport Workers of the I. W. W. shows its detestation towards the exploiters of the working class, by a wonderful gesture of solidarity, considering the unfavorable economic conditions existing at that time.

These struggles prove beyond the shadow of the doubt, that the seafarers are realizing, that the time has come for international action. It is forced upon them by the imperious necessity for protection. We all realize that nationalistic prejudices still exist to a very great extent, but we also rejoice at the recent awakening of all races to cooperate and their clamoring for international understanding among the workers of all colors and all creeds. We are paving the way toward One Big Union of Marine Workers, who will lead the way to a cooperative commonwealth of all workers.

The need of an international understanding, among the marine workers, is felt so keenly, that regardless of the various obstacles found in the way the Marine Transport Workers I. U. 510 of the I. W. W. insists on going ahead with their original plan of bringing together, the various elements that compose the Marine Industry in the Western Hemisphere.

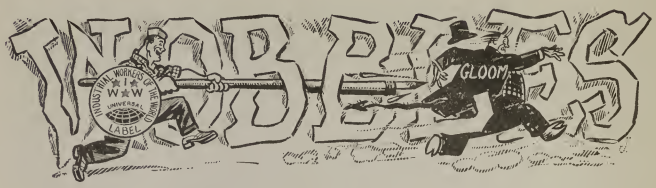
Seamen sailing out of New York, New Orleans, Frisco, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Vera Cruz or Tampico and a few other ports of minor importance, are considered by the so-called **better class landlubbers**, as the riff-raff, the floatsam and jetsam of the human race. Yet these same men are the very ones to whom are entrusted international transportation, without which the parasitical gang of shipping manipulators and stock exchange brokers of Wall St. could not raise five cents to buy an ink pad, let alone the waste of a fortune on night parties, uptown on Broadway.

The greatest problem that confronts the seamen in their struggle against the shipowners, is the lack of cooperation and sometimes the complete disinterest of seamen's organizations in other localities not directly affected by the strike. In many instances strikes have been broken, sometimes unconsciously, by transporting cargoes on foreign bottoms, while a nation happened to have a national general strike of seamen. Yet the seamen who were helping the shipowners to defeat another group of seafaringmen, were considered perfectly good union men. While the M. T. W. I. U. 510 had a strike in the United States, the N. S. & F. U. of Great Britain or the Syndicat des Marins in France or unions in South America, considered themselves perfectly justified to stay on the job under their respective flags and carry the cargoes which would have been carried by the struck ships in normal time.

However, progressive seamen the world over have lately realized the folly of such a mode of action, and decided to find ways and means of coming to some kind of an understanding between the various unions of marine workers.

At Montevideo, where the Second International Conference of Marine Workers of the Western Hemisphere will meet, lie the hopes of all revolutionary marine workers. **Sectarianism will have to be banned and only discussion on economic questions regarding the betterment of the marine slaves and the way to protect the seafaring class and kindred workers will have to be in order and nothing else**—thus avoiding side tracking the most important issues and losing very valuable time on minor theoretical "isms".

The outcome of this conference cannot be prophesied, though if the workers who man the ships are ready to forget their petty divisions and racial prejudices, and come together on common grounds, they will certainly bring many changes in the marine industry. At this conference the marine workers will have the opportunity of forging weapon, and will become able to attack the combined forces of the shipping trust.




**MAGICIAN IN PERFORMANCE: "So you see I merely dip him in the magic liquid, and behold; how fat he gets right before your eyes".**

**SKEPTIC IN AUDIENCE: "That's nothing, he's probably getting fat from profit."**



KIND HEARTED CAPITALISTS UPLIFT FARMER JOHN

**SCISSORBILL: "I'm sorry to hear you've buried your boss.**

**WOBBLY: "Ah just had to—he was stealing what I produced".**

**Nervous Scissorbill** (expecting to take out a red card): "Is this organization perfectly safe?"

**I. W. W. Delegate:** "Hell, no; not until the workers blow the whistle for the parasites to go to work.

---

The skipper was sore at Quartermaster Bob Hayes, who was at the wheel, where he did excellent steering. The skipper came and looked at the instrument. He said nothing, but went to the lee side. He came back and looked again at the compass bowl. Again he said nothing and went to the weather side of the vessel. Hayes was getting angry, feeling that he knew his own job. The skipper made a third dart over to the compass bowl and Hayes said:

"Say, I'll call you when I get these eggs boiled."



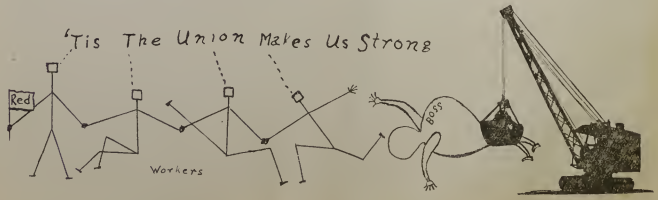
ANYBODY MIGHT BE DURKIN!

**Professor:** "What are the different ages of history?"

**Tom:** "The stone age, the bronze age, and the iron age."

**Professor:** "What age are we living now?"

**Tom:** "Starvation."





# THE MINERS ARE OUT!

The miners of Wayne have struck, and it is the finest fight ever seen. They have tied up the mining industry of Alberta, Canada, and they will win if properly supported. They have joined the I. W. W., and the I. W. W. must stand by them. Raise money to feed 2,000 striking coal miners with families; raise money and send it to Fred Peters, Box 68, Wayne, Alberta, Canada. Raise money to establish the I. W. W. in Canada, and to win the 1924 scale for the miners of Wayne!

# WHY NOT READ?

Sure. You have eyes, haven't you? You want to know what is going on in the world, don't you? You are convinced that you can't see all the progress of the international labor movement out of your own bunk house door, aren't you?

## *Industrial Solidarity*

is the I. W. W. official organ. It is a weekly newspaper. Here you find in plain and simple language articles on all the schemes of the boss and the organization of the workers destined to frustrate them. 5 cents a copy; $2 per year; bundle orders 3 cents a copy.

## *Industrial Worker*

is the official organ of the Northwest branches of the I. W. W., the scene of the Wobblies' big general strikes. Special attention to all Pacific Coast activities. General news too. Organization articles. Close to the big lumber industry. Weekly. Same Price as Sol.

## *Industrial Pioneer*

gives the workers the priceless opportunity for self-expression along the lines of art, education, and proletarian science. The magazine of the thinking toiler. Monthly. 20 cents a copy; $2 per year; bundle orders, 15 cents returnable and 12 cents non-returnable.

Ask for other

# I. W. W. PUBLICATIONS

# The Industrial Pioneer

*An Illustrated Labor Magazine*

February 1926 — Price 20 Cents



The Lumber Industry--Will Its Workers Wake?

Colorado Capitalism--The History of a Crime.

They Rot Before They Die.

Warning to California

A Wobbly--Why Not?

Humor, Drama, Books



"Thus Nature becomes one of the organs of Man's activity, one that he annexes to his own bodily organs, adding stature to himself in spite of the Bible."—Karl Marx.

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

THE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

The conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.




# The Industrial Pioneer

Edited by Vern Smith

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It should be understood by members and others who read this magazine, that it is the policy of the I. W. W. to designate as OFFICIAL, any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. ANYTHING NOT SO DESIGNATED, IS NOT OFFICIAL. All other matter berein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals, or individual writing or editing the same.

**Volume III. No. X. FEBRUARY, 1926. Whole Number 34.**



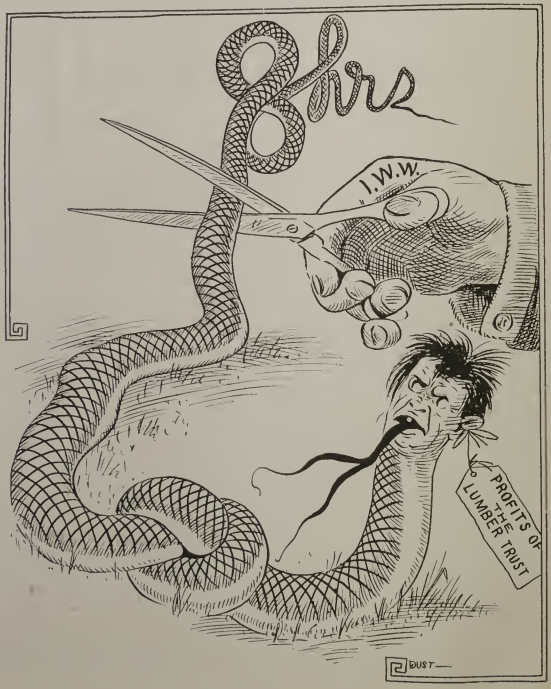
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# EDITORIALS

**EXCITEMENT IN THE WOODS.**—The eight-hour day means eight hours work from camp to camp. Ever so often the job pictured below has to be done over again, and when the time comes, there is always a big fuss started. The logger who, like Scissor Bill, "Always will be satisfied, until he's dead, with coffee and doughnut, and a lousy old bed," had better quit now and go into town. He will feel out of place pretty soon, for real men are weary of conditions as they are.



**TRAMP, TRAMP.**—Still they blame the Wobblies for being migratory! And just last month the City of Oakland, California, raided the one warm spot in the misty, chilly, Bay Region, outside of a certain abandoned cemetery on the peninsula, where unemployed workers congregate. This was the California Pottery Plant. There some sixty men, unable to get casual jobs enough to keep out of the streets at night, slept around the warm lime kilns, huddled together like sheep around a haystack. Judges W. J. Hennesy and Edwin J. Tyrrell, in a display of that unusual legal perspicacity which has always distinguished California jurists, decided that it was illegal for workers to be without a home, so they should be chased out of Oakland, and put on the tramp. This was done. And the editors of capitalist journals around the Bay region wrote editorials about the evils of tramp life, and blamed these would be workers, these unwanted workers, for being tramps! There is no limit to the stupidity of capitalist police and capitalist editors.

**RATTLE, RATTLE.**—Stanley S. Ringer, General Electric employee, calling himself a toolmaker, supposed to have been employed at this trade by the G. E. in their West Lynn plant went up to talk to the young master class students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology the other day.

He described to them what he ingeniously calls the "suggestion system" in force in the G. E. shops, by which a mixed board receives suggestions from the slaves for stunts that will displace labor, or throw sops to the workers, and keep them quiet. The students wanted to know whether the unions objected to this board, and Ringer stated that they did. The students wanted to know whether this sort of activity prevented the unions from growing, and Ringer was pleased to state that it did. The students wanted to know whether there was anything at all for a union to do where such a system prevailed, and Ringer said:

"Yes, in my opinion. A Labor Union can use its organization for social activities. If the employes are met by a decision by the final arbiter, the manager, which dissatisfies them, then the union organization could function in the regular way. It could finance a strike, and use its economic power to get justice. I will say that we have not yet found anything serious enough to question the manager's decision."

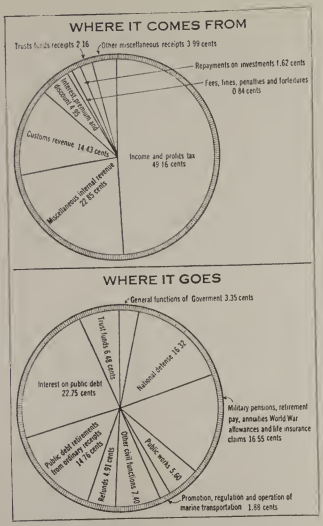
When you hear a workingman talking like this, always listen very carefully—the keen ear will detect a faint metallic rattle, the slight chinking noise of the thirty pieces of silver in his pocket.

**THE TRADE CONFLICT.**—The alignment of Europe against the United States grows clearer to certain of the more far sighted servants of American capitalism, and they react by making the first careful moves in the chess-game of international war. They prepare for the inevitable conflict first of all by pointing out how the United States is being attacked, and by insinuating a threat of war against "our" assailants, a threatening gesture carefully disguised as a longing for peace, because that is part of the game. The words of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon are like those of the fond parent who gets a sadistic pleasure out of beating up his children, "This hurts me, my son, more than it does you." Mellon says in his last official report on the Treasury Department:

"It is of interest to point out the pro



An Army Is Also Useful For Killing Strikers




**SOURCE AND DISTRIBUTION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT INCOME**

**Of Course The Worker Provides It In The First Place**

portion of government expenditures which are due to war. While it is not possible to segregate entirely all expenditures which might fall in this category . . . the expenditures which are directly or indirectly attributable to war and the national defense compose over 80 per cent. of total Federal expenditures. The amounts spent by this Government in aid of agriculture and business, for science, education, better roads, and other constructive efforts are insignificant when compared with outlays due to war and national defense. This will be the inevitable situation as long as war is the method of settling international disputes. These facts should be faced squarely by those who clamor for reduced government expenditures and at the same time oppose the world's efforts to devise rational methods for dealing with international questions."

Mellon knows, as well as anybody, that there will be no "rational methods" devised, that his auditors, the business and financial magnates of Wall Street, would be the last in the world to give up their plans for world-wide financial hegemony (extension of the Dawes Plan, etc.) and therefore this is simply a statement to the common people who are expected to fight the battles of the next war that they can do so with a clear conscience, for we are not the aggressors; this is a call to the rich for a continuation of their financial expenditures, and their probable increase, —a rallying cry to the bourgeoisie of America—a note of persuasion and an argument for them to make ready.

Hoover is even plainer. He points to the specific issue, the thing for which the armaments are needed. He has complained in a recent speech before the Chamber of Commerce in Erie, Pa., that the debtor nations in Europe are not acting right. They have control of some of the sources of raw material that is needed by the industrial oligarchy in America, and are daring to "hold us up".

One of the financial editors of the Chicago Tribune, reporting on this situation says: "Secretary Hoover appealed to the other nations to abandon these wars upon us and other consuming nations, basing that appeal on the **interest of the world as a whole (!)** (our emphasis, Editor). The Tribune also says: "Is the world on the brink of a great international trade war precipitated by the monopolization of impartant products through the governmental action of various powers?

"It is known that British government legislation established the system of restricting the output of rubber in the British possessions in the far east as a result of which American consumers in 1926 will pay $600,000,000 more than what is considered a fair price. The British are boasting that at this rate they will collect from

Americans in a few years enough to discharge the British war debt to the United States.

"It is known that the Brazilian government has enabled the Brazilian coffee planters to double and treble the price of that berry by manipulation of exportation and that similar expedients in Yucatan have boosted the price of sisal from which the farmers' binding twine is made".

And from the same inspired article we learn that Congress is discussing, on the quiet, various forms of reprisal.

Hoover, however, though from the same inspired source (the Trib's feature article) we learn that he denounces the British and other monopolies as "swindles," does not come directly out with a threat of "reprisals". That sounds too brutal, and the common people must learn to think that we are long suffering, patient, and most forgiving. He proposes that we accomplish the same thing in another way. We shall just ruin these monopolies; we shall 1) find substitutes for their products, and 2) "stimulate production in countries which are not in the control of these monopolies".

This last means that we shall compete in the race for colonies, since all the products monopolized are tropical goods. We have made a beginning in Liberia, and we are on our way to empire, in Africa, South America, and the sea islands, and Asia. That's all. Of course, there couldn't be any objection to that! Only about a thousand wars have been fought over colonies, and there are only four colonial rebellion going on at the present time, on account of the European colonial policy!




CARTOON FROM LONDON LABOR HERALD

ritish Workers Understand The Motives of The Professional Patriots Perfectly. Do the Workers of the U. S. A.?




A Washington fir saw log, 12 feet in diameter and 32 feet long.

# The Lumber Industry

## Will Its Workers Waken?

By J. J. DUNNING.

(Secretary-Treasurer of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 120 of the I. W. W.)

THERE is nothing wrong with the lumber industry of the Pacific Northwest, but there seems to be a lot that is wrong with its workers. The industry is doing very well indeed. It is all right for the Acme Swenson Employment Office in Portland to say that times are hard in the woods, in order to justify its cynical advice to the workers, "LIVE, HORSE, 'TILL THE GRASS COMES". (They actually posted this notice last week on their black-board, which was void of job offers).

But the lumber industry is running along alright. It is not in what could be called a "boom" period, but the constant demand for timber has resulted in a constant and normal activity in the woods.

Figures recently received from the Grays Harbor district show that this typical territory is turning out practically its full quantity of product—as much as it ever cuts. Official (state) figures compiled for 1925 show that Grays Harbor lumber production for 1925 reached the enormous total of 1,400,000,000 feet. This figure exceeds by almost 200,000,000 feet the production of 1923, but falls approximately 100,000,000 below the estimated production of 1924, based on the shipments by rail and water that year. The drop in the annual cut is accounted for by the mill strike during the fall months, which substantially reduced the figures of five of the larger mills.

The Grays Harbor Lumber company, Hoquiam, had the largest individual cut of any mill, the production there totaling 146,000,000 feet. Of this cut, approximately

two-thirds was shipped by water, 54,775,000 feet being consigned to domestic markets and 48,600,000 to foreign ports.

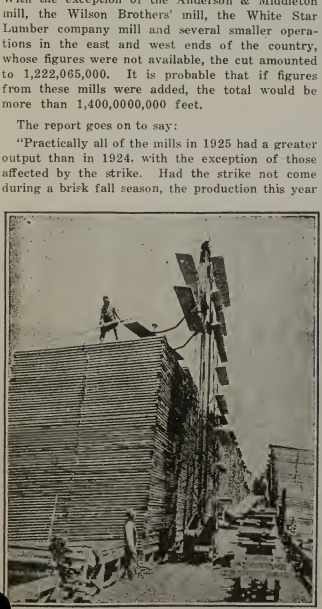
The Eureka mill, cutting hemlock, had the second highest individual figure, 133,000,000 feet, of which practically all was shipped to the East Coast by water. The Grays Harbor Commercial company was a close third, the figures from that mill being 132,414,000 feet, of which about 80 per cent was shipped by water.

The Donovan Lumber company, operating two plants, had the largest cut of any company, the total for both mills being 160,373,000 feet. The Schafer Brothers' Lumber company, with three plants, had a total cut estimated at 150,000,000 feet.

Figures of the lumber cut for 1925 were compiled from a survey of the production of all mills. With the exception of the Anderson & Middleton mill, the Wilson Brothers' mill, the White Star Lumber company mill and several smaller operations in the east and west ends of the country, whose figures were not available, the cut amounted to 1,222,065,000. It is probable that if figures from these mills were added, the total would be more than 1,400,0000,000 feet.

The report goes on to say:

"Practically all of the mills in 1925 had a greater output than in 1924. with the exception of those affected by the strike. Had the strike not come during a brisk fall season, the production this year would have reached a total of 1,600,000,000 feet, it is believed."



THE FINISHED PRODUCT
Sawed Lumber Being Piled By Machinery

The strike, it will be remembered, was an unorganized walkout during the first week in October, last year, which resulted in a raise of fifty cents per day for most of the workers in the Aberdeen saw mills. It was a means of deflecting a part of the enormous profit of the lumber barons into the pockets of the slaves who make those profits possible, and it was good as far as it went. The figures show that it made only an insignificent dent in those profits, and that there is plenty more where that four bits raise came from—the workers have only to reach out and take it. They have only to organize and strike. Unorganized, they have probably won all they can get.

These figures refer only to sawmill production, but as the mill is at the end of the process, and the master class has so far never, during strikes or otherwise, found any way to make the mills function without the activity of the workers in the logging camps, it seems reasonable to suppose that the loggers are fairly busy during this period also, and that their masters are being made fairly prosperous.

And the workers in these logging camps? What are their conditions, their wages, and hours?

Well, they are getting their $3.50 low, on the average, with a dollar or a dollar and a quarter deducted for board. The board is steadily getting worse, just as the bosses are steadily getting richer —wonder if there isn't some little connection here? And the camps, here and there, are sneaking back to the old nine hour day, top bunks, charging for bedding, bad conditions, etc.

Perhaps to explain this we had better have a little glance at history. In the old days, all over the Northwest, there were fairly standardized, bad conditions. Wages ran about $3 low, the hours were ten in Seattle, and eleven in Grays Harbor country, pack your own bed from camp to camp, sleep two high, wash up, if at all, in a John D. oil can.

Then we had the big strike of 1917, and a miraculous change took place. During 1919 and 1920, on to 1921, wages were double what they had been, wash-houses were provided, the double deck bunks were abolished, bedding and laundry service was supplied by the employer, and the eight hour day became universal. A strong, well organized, militant unionism pervaded the whole district. The boss still made money, but he had to suffer the pangs of a tortured acquisitiveness at the sight of the good food and the nice wages being wasted on a lot of lowly unpatriotic. radical industrial unionists, all belonging to Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 120 of the I. W. W.

The problem before the boss was: how to wreck this union, how to break down solidarity, how to get the workers to go it alone, as individuals, each man competing against his fellow, as in the good old low wage days. He knew low wages would return if he could.

The boss tried a bitter, slashing persecution—both legal and illegal. It did some good, it scared some of the faint hearted out of the union.

Then he tried a cunning scheme. The forest east of Spokane, through Washington and up into the states of Montana and Idaho is called the "short log" country. Trees are smaller there, they do not require so much effort to handle, not so much nor as large machinery. It is frequently possible for teams to take the place of yarders. Acting under the excuse that some of the timber had been burned over, and partly destroyed, and also using various other pretexts, the lumber lords began to encourage the policy of piece work ("bushel work," "cutting by the inch," "cutting by the mile"). They also encouraged the practise of subcontracting ("gypoing") by men of little means, former lumberjacks, who sometimes themselves hired other labor, by the foot or the day, to work on their contracted plots. The amounts to be made were greater for a good hard day's work than the lumberjack could possibly make at regular day work. That was the trap. And right here the workers made their grand and fatal mistake. They fell into the trap. Instead of taking this higher piece work wage as proof that the boss could afford to pay more than he was paying for day work, and immediately striking and putting up the wages so far that only a fool would work by the piece, one after another they went "gypo".



IN THE LONG LOG COUNTRY

Logs Lying on Cars on a Logging Railroad. Loading Donkey In Background. Hard Timber For the "Gyppo" to Handle

At first a healthy sentiment existed against "gypoing". It went so far that at one time, during 1920, and 1921, it was proposed to expel from the I. W. W. any person who worked by the piece or contracted. But the sound feeling of the more class conscious workers could not stop the insidious practise, and more and more men left the union of their class, and followed after the gods of the petty bourgeois—each hoping to chop his way through the "gypoed" forests to a home, or a little busines of his own, or a farm, or whatever it is he hankered after.

There was also division within Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 120 of the I. W. W. The piece workers did not all leave the organization, and they, and their friends, and a number of sincere unionists who thought the right way to work was to throw down the bars and agitate against "gypoing" but organize the "gypoes," turned the tide, in 1923, and since then, a piece worker has been as good a union man as any other.

The bad results of this were partly to blame for the slump in union membership during those years, but that condition in the union has now worked itself out, perhaps, because of the very apparent bad results on the job of the piece work system itself. The solidarity of the workers being smashed in this way, there resulted a falling of the piece rates, and a tightening up all around on the poor "gypo". Piece work always lowers the wage, anywhere. At present the piece work system in Eastern Washington is not so much thought of by the individual worker, for even an expert man hardly makes more than his regular $3.50 or a little more—about what he could make at day work—**and about what he could have made in 1916, before the strike!**

The union is smashed in Eastern Washington, in the short log country generally, what is the use to deny that,—but it is evident that there is here a good ground now, to actually organize the lowly paid, hard working loggers—they are all discontented, wage workers and piece workers alike.

The union was weakened by the piece work business; and by the persecution, and by the very better conditions themselves in some places, workers feeling that they had made improvement enough.

But the piece work system never got going go in the "long straw" country of the West Coas

(Continued on Page 20)

# They Rot Before They Die

By CARD No. 794514

WITHIN historical times two world orders, two great systems of society, two great social organisms, if you will, have perished. The third is perishing, and if this fact is remembered, much of the phenomena of modern social life, otherwise so puzzling, becomes understandable.

A week or so ago, a rather prominent preacher, the Rev. Dr. C. Copeland Smith, addressed the congregation of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, and unburdened himself of a few fairly accurate observations. He pointed out that society has retrogressed to such an alarming extent within the last ten years that it is fast approaching decay and race suicide.

Within that time, Dr. Smith said, dances have become but semblances of the most riotous of savage orgies, while the music appropriate to their accompaniment is as much "the syncopated hiccup of an inebriated cannibal" as anything else; legitimate art has given place to the wildest ravings of "crazy geometricians" who, instead of confining "their ravings to the padded room flaunt them before the eyes of a distracted public."

"If you believe there is no cause for trepidation and alarm cast your mind back to 1916 and see the rapid progress we have made along the path of race suicide and decay.



LOUIS XV FURNITURE
Now a Symbol of Decadence—If You Think This Is Curious, Read Further

Even then our dances still preserved some semblance of decency. Our music still contained some remnants of harmony and dignity. Our art was even then intelligible to the ordinary mind, as all true art should be.

"But in ten short years we have so far retrogressed that, in addition to dances and music, the legitimate drama is rapidly approaching the moment of its decline and only holds what remaining popularity it possesses by an increasing sex appeal and an increasingly maudlin method of dealing with the problems of our times.

"The silent drama ever goes to further lengths in portraying before breathless thousands facial expressions that rightly belong to the last and secret stages of sexual bestiality. The legitimate actor is fighting for his existence in an age that refuses to think after the great dramatists of history.

"As to legitimate art, Beethoven is as dead as Queen Anne, and even Wagner is fast losing his public. These are things that all men may see and also the fact that the appalling decadence of our day has all been brought about within one decade.

"In the world of morals there is naturally an accompanying decline. Cardinal Mundelein, in his New Year letter, says that we have exaggerated our own wickedness.

"I wonder if the cardinal has ever sat—as I did recently for one whole morning—in our Morals court. In just one morning, from just one district of our city, the weary judge dealt with sixty-four defendants, all accused with crimes against elementary public decency. The

corridors to the Court of Domestic Relations were impassable, or nearly so.

"That is to say that practically all the divorces are from among the younger section of the married portion of the community."*

This is merely the most recent expression by the spokesmen of the social conservatives, of a general theme, which has been growing stronger and stronger in their utterances, for a considerable time. Even in the declining days of last century, certain far sighted bourgeois publicists, Max Nordau, for instance, began to sound the danger note, and to point to the decay of manners, morals, principles, and tastes. Nordau's big book, **Degeneration,** contains an abundance of proof of a neurotic, decadent, unhealthy tendency in social affairs, and in art and literature (those two valuable indications of the mentality of a society) most of all. Nordau himself, by the way, soon gave up the unequal struggle against such an evolution, or perhaps better called "devolution," and retired from the world, so to speak—devoted all his energies to the romantic ideal of Zionism. And that alone, as we shall see, is one indication of the fatal disease of a great world order.

When a ruling class is rising, is revolutionary, is gaining in strength—when the individuals that compose that class find opportunity for progress and advancement—the avenues of expression controlled by that class, the artists and the literateurs, the architects and the moralists, are triumphant, vigorous, vivid, courageous, and optimistic.

If the fight is easy, and the conquest certain—there is great license, of a healthy, happy sort. The victory of the bourgeoisie in the Italian City states gave rise to the Renaissance of art and letters, expressed itself in the jocund vulgarity of the Decameron, showed itself in the fearless grasping after new things by explorers and in the recklessness of the condottieri.

If the fight is hard; if the rising class cannot spare any strength for dissipation, Cromwell crowds out Boccaccio; we have puritanism, but a vigorous, crusading, militant puritanism, giving way, as soon as security comes, to a restoration of enjoyment and luxury.

But these two forms of class expression are the attributes of the winning class. In old, dying social systems there are times when the old, dying class holds the means of expression in its own hands, and sets the tune. The individuals in this class are filled with vague forbodings, and have a sense of their own incompetency. They know that all is not right with their world, even though they may not be wise enough to point it out directly. They usually have a number of idealistic clashes—and what some psychologists call suppressed desires. They have usually a culture that tends to over-refinement; many of them are out of touch with reality; many others are being steadily denied opportunities that their fathers had to make money or to control affairs, and on the other hand Mendel's law has put many a non-entity, many a weakling, in the position of power, of control of vast fortune, or high political position, which he is unable to properly fill, and which he fain would abandon. Many are weak from their father's dissipations. Many know too much for their father's simple, predatory faith to help them.



MIXED LOUIS XV AND LOUIS XVI FURNITURE
In Their Longing For Old Things, the Bourgeois Hardly Pretend to Understand Them

In this uncomfortable position, the individuals of the ruling class react in two different ways. One group says, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," as the epicures of the ancient world said, or it says, as the gentlemen of King Louis' court said, "After us, the Deluge." The other group becomes even more strictly moral, shrinks from the world, commits suicide, or if without that much courage, retires into monasteries, or into the dream world (Spiritualism, Theosophy, Christian Science etc.).

Anybody who wishes a good description of the

*NOTE.—Smith's sermon, as reported in Chicago Daily News, Jan. 4, 1926.

debauchery with which the rulers of ancient Rome, the rulers of the slave society, solaced themselves will find it in the pages of Tacitus, Suetonius, Livy, Dio, and other contemporaries. It involved extravagent waste, depraved appetities, a constant search for new means of intoxication (drinks, drugs, etc.) and a weariness of ordinary sexual overindulgence, and a substitution for it of various perversions, and especially of cruelty, sadism, and masochism.*

As for the period of the death of feudal society, it was at this time that the progress of the tendencies of sadism and masochism became so well recognized as to break into literature and soon afterwards they received their present names; after popular authors; it was at this time that the formal organization for the deflowering of young virgins was founded, with a whole ritual and set of regulations; it was at this time that the king's mistresses openly



"THE LAST TOKEN"

From A Famous Painting, Showing A Girl Of The Lower Classes About To Be Eaten By Wild Animals To Make A Roman Holiday

ruled France; it was at this time that the Black Mass gained many adherents; it was at this time that opium and hashesh began to be common in upper class Europe.

*NOTE.—It is the custom of modern historians to express doubt of the acuracy of the history of the Roman biographers. It is possible that these worthies maligned the character of Nero and others of his sort, in individual cases, but it is improbable that they could have invented out of whole cloth all of the abominations they describe. These practices were undoubtedly familiar to many of their period, whether they were properly ascribed to exactly the persons who had incurred the ancient chroniclers' malice, or not.

The debaucheries of these two periods accord well in nature and style with the corruption of the present time; with its murder for fun, committed by university students (Loeb and Leopold case) with its rape accompanied by sadistic violence (the killing of a young girl by the Grand Dragon of the



"THE ORGY"

Is It A Feast In Babylon, Or A Fancy Dress Ball In Chicago?

Ku Klux Klan, realm of Michigan). If the ancients had their gladiatorial combats, we burn negroes at the stake, often with superfine variations, as in a notorious recent case in Arkansas, where the victim was not allowed to die quickly from inhaling flames, but was laid out horizontally, and had his legs burned off scientifically, a few inches at a time, with gasoline and kerosene. There are also the fearful excesses of the White Terror in many countries. True, most of the victims of the modern degenerate are those who may be considered in some way, or suspected to be, rebels against existing society. But in healthier times such rebels would be hanged or shot, not tortured to death. There is an element of vicious cruelty, creeping into the class war, such as you find only at those preceding stages where the ruling class was decadent. Even the gladiator was usually a rebellious slave, a captive in war, or a debtor.

These perversions are world wide, like the accompanying dissipation and the generally hectic life of the bourgeoisie wherever capitalism has penetrated. The insane cruelty, and the raping of native women by imperialists in all of the colonies, the blowing of whole cities to bits, the inhuman tor-

tures inflicted on dark skinned workers, the glorifying of machine gun work on dense crowds of unarmed Chinese, which capitalism in general gives evidence of in Asia, Africa, and the Indian islands, is part of it. The succession of scandals, tripping on each other's heels, detailing the buying of military titles in the British Empire through the sale of pretty wives by their husbands, is only an exposure of a practice that has been going on for some time. Just now the war-time head of Scotland Yard has been fined $25 for what the newspapers, refusing details, "call "a revolting offense against public decency." This great man, Sir Basil Thompson, the idol of his class, so far lost his sense of responsibility that an ordinary park policeman was able to catch him in the very act, and to get a statement from his girl victim.

Continental Europe recognizes that high social circles are hotbeds of nameless vices, and shrugs its shoulders; such things are described only by the novelists and the psycho-pathologists. The last Kaiser of Germany did clean out several officers' clubs and "break" a few highly placed perverts, but that did little good.

When the factory system is imported into a country which did not know it before; it comes over entire, bringing all its most advanced "superstructure" with it, of capitalist society, labor unions, and psychological reflexes. Just as they import the most modern forms of trustified production into Japan, right along with them they import the idea of the petting party and the flapper, as the Tokyo **Jiji** has observed.

On the other hand, the other sort of rotting ruler, the ascetic or the suicide, the kind that flees in one way or another from a world grown distasteful and disgusting to him, is about the same in each of the great historical catastrophes. Many of the Roman sages committed suicide. Practically all of them advocated it, and urged their friends to open their veins in a bath of hot water. Says one of the noblest of them all, Seneca, in a letter to his noble friend Lucilius:

"What is there that can tempt you away from death? You have tasted all the enjoyments that might make you hesitate; none of them are strange to you; you have had your fill of all. You know the taste of wine and honey; is it not a matter of indifference to you whether one hundred or one thousand bottles of them pass down your throat? Also, you have tasted oysters and crabs, Thanks to your splendid living, nothing remains untasted for you in the years that are to come. And can you not separate yourself from these things? What is it you may still have to regret? Friends? Home? Do you really value them so highly that you would sacrifice yourself for them to the extent of postponing your supper-hour? Oh, had it been in your power, you would have extinguished the sun itself, for you have accomplished nothing worthy of the light. Confess it: you are hesitating to die, not because you will be sorry to leave the Curia, the



THE JAPANESE FLAPPER
A Cartoon From The Tokio Jiji, Showing Old Japan's Opinion Of Her

Forum, or the beauties of nature. You are merely sorry to leave the flesh-market and yet you have already tasted all its supplies."

Contrast this with any of the suicide notes left so frequently nowadays on the park benches, on the piers that jut out into the lake, and especially in hotel rooms where men and women shoot themselves. They are all the same. A single note of woe pervades them all. "We are incompetent; we are not happy; we don't think life is worth the struggle;" and watch, over and over again you catch that significant phrase, "the body of a well-dressed young man (or woman)" in the newspaper announcements.

The capitalist scribe takes it for granted that the harrassed, diseased, hopeless poor will kill themselves, everybody knows they have nothing to live for, but he takes note, with a slight surprise, of the fact that an increasing number of men and women of the middle and uppper classes are finding the world too dirty a place for their unstable nervous systems. In the declining period of feudalism, of course, the superstitious Roman Catholicism of the times, with its prescription of hell-fire for the self-murdered, prevented such crimes, to some extent. In those days they went into monasteries. There was little difference in their fate, and none at all in their motives.

On first thought, if one recollects the incessant jangling, boisterous emphasis on optimism displayed by the capitalist press, the plethora of cartoons

showing "Father Knickerbocker" or "Father Dearborn" or "Uncle Sam" or the "Joys" kicking the "Calamity Howler" down stairs; and if one takes into consideration the yapping enthusiasm of the "boosters" at Kiwanis, Rotary, and fraternal order functions, and the wild applause for prosperity at business men's stag dinners, he might think our modern rulers felt themselves secure. But a second thought should convince him that where there is so much denial, there must be something to deny. The real situation is that every business man has a little blue devil riding him, and he tries to exorcise the imp with printers' ink and the potent strains of "Howdy Sal."

We have plenty of defeated individuals of the perishing middle and upper classes in America and Europe who flee to magic and occultism for some stimulant that will give them a little more hope in a really hopeless situation. The bookshops are full of astrological and Rosi-crucian literature; there are thousands of Christian Science churches, surrounded every Wednesday night and Sunday by swarms of automobiles; "New Thought" has many adherents, and the Theosophists are about to consummate their long planned scheme of foisting Christ upon us again, not this time in the shape of Nazarene Blondie, the Holy Kid, the boomer carpenter, for such a pesron would not be welcomed nowadays by the slaves; this time he appears as a hyper-cultured aristocratic Hindu of the highest caste. He will have his following—among the upper castes of America and Europe.

The cramped and disgusted remnants of the perishing middle class, especially, become freakish, and with a tremendous amount of heat and energy espouse various fads; the "sunshine worshipers," the "cult of the naked," psycho-analysis, perhaps even "Free-Masonry" and the K. K. K. Some of these movements might have something of value in them, but their devotees hail them as panaceas, for a while and then lose interest in them.

Naturally, not all learning, not all mental ability, not all power of resistance is equally weak in a decaying ruling class. Those individuals with the keenest insight recognize the collapse of their world and all that they hold dear, and sometimes describe it with great power and vividness, hoping to find, guessing at, various explanations, and searching vainly for a cure. The Rev. Smith thinks that if the preachers would stick closer to the Bible, "we" (his fellow exploiters) could be reborn, forget our jazz and petting parties, take an interest in culture again ,and lay off of the moonshine. In Europe, where the deterioration has gone further, and where there is more real brains among the learned anyway, because of an older culture, they have the same illusions or stranger ones. The gloomy bishop, Dean Inge of London, freely perdicts the ultimate destruction of the entire social order. That most moody and pessimistic of would-be humorists, G. K. Chesterton, flays modern morals, prohibition, as well, and advocates a flight back to the land, a return



G. K. CHESTERTON'S UTOPIA

to a simpler form of social system, less mnaufacturing, the reassertion of the rights of man as head of an indissoluble family, the end of divorce, state religion, etc. "Back to the Seventeenth Century!" is his prescription. Hillare Belloc, the English Catholic, and various guild-socialists, too, would like to return to an even older social order, the thirteenth century would about suit them.

Bergson, the French philosopher, abandons thought, and teaches a new mysticism, the value of the intuitions. The German philosopher Ernst calls on all the tired Westerners to look to stagnant China for hope and an example. Says he: "We must attain clarity on the point that the foundations for the sufferings of men do not lie in institutions but in the attitude crcating institutions. . . . The Chinese loves and honors agricultural work, and has always succeeded in obtaining the little parcel of land that he needs, and can produce on it what is required for his simple tastes. . . . **We want no reforms or revolutions**, but an introspective return to true morality."*

Another German philosopher and scientist, Oswald Spengler, predicts that the civilization of the White Race will soon be impotent, on account of its internal weakness, to resist the "Yellow Peril," and will perish as did that of Rome, in the onslaught of the barbarian. Spengler thinks he has found the key of human history in the notion that society, like an organism, has a period of growth, decay, and death. Each great world order, Greece, Rome, and

*NOTE.—THE COLLAPSE OF GERMAN IDEALISM, by Paul Ernst, 1918.

so on, was started, accomplished certain things, lost its vigor, and entered into decline. The world order of western Europe and America has now passed its prime, Fate (Spengler believes in a kind of divine spirit which ordains the life history of races) has plunged civilization into the time of weakness and imbecility; society as we know it is collapsing, and we have only to sadly chronicle its death struggles; nothing can be done to stop them. All of which is quite pessimistic, and reflects the spirit of the ruling class of Europe, which is harder hit than that of America.*

A greater philosopher than either of these, Bertrand Russell, has recently been given to many such sad reflections. In his book, **Icarus**, he prophesies that civilization will soon be overthrown by the inherent contradiction in psychology, which is that man has progressed in ability faster than he has progressed morally, that he cannot properly use the terrific powers his inventive genius has released on the world, and that he will poison gas, drug, and bomb himself out of existence, even as he wrecks his health with food substitutes, and his social organization with propaganda. And Russell, too, hankers after the calm, peaceful, practically unconscious life of the Chinese peasant. In Seneca's time he would hang himself, in the middle ages he would become a monk, and today he is a college professor.

So far I have contented myself with pointing out that what the Rev. Smith is so worried about, and the philosophers are so sad about, is nothing new in world history. It is a phenomenon exactly like in its significance those spectacular scenes that accompanied the death rattle of the feudal nobility rotting at the monarch's court, and the ebbing life blood of the master class of Greece and Rome.

That seems nothing for us to fret over, but it occasionally occurs to some of us that there is perhaps a danger, after all. The decaying feudal order scarcely infected the hardy common people of its time with any of its contagious anaemia. The population of France, just before the Great Revolution, might be hungry, but it was neither weakened by dissipation, nor was it corrupted by world-weariness rationalized into a philosophical system or a religion. To be sure, the **Proles** of Rome, in Spartacus's time, were like the slum proletariat of more modern cities; they were sufficiently spoiled, lived a parasitic life, were fed by the state, were as eager for the circus as for bread, and asked for wine with the bread. But they were only a small section of the general population, and Spartacus got his followers somewhere else. Suppose the whole population had been corrupt? As indeed the Roman slaves became corrupt, in another way, later?

Now today the movies, the bootlegger, necking parties, and jazz are almost as prevalent among the working masses as among the rich. Nothing differs but the quality. The Gold Coast drunkard pays perhaps twenty dollars a pint for imported Scotch (which may be faked), and the West Madison street day laborer pays perhaps two dollars a pint for what hardly pretends to be anything else than re-distilled denatured alcohol flavored with juniper juice. The proletarian may not have an automobile in which to take out his jazz-baby, but he finds a chance, anyhow, though perhaps not quite as comfortable nor quite as safe a chance. The movies he attends are not as costly as those indulged in by the bourgeoisie, but they are hardly to be called better. Etc.

It may be that there is a real danger here to the revolution and to civilization; possibly those pessimistic bourgeois philosophers are right, when they disregard the class struggle as insignificant compared with the general, universal decadence and corruption, impotence and sterility.

Certainly one **can** find instances in past history where classes which should have been revolutionary lost their morale, and did not fight. The Roman slaves, who came within a hair's breadth of overthrowing ancient society during the times of Spartacus and Eunius, a very short time later fled from the practical struggle into the mysticism of early Christianity, and there was no large scale revolution for fourteen hundred years, and even then, not a slave revolution.

Likewise, considerable numbers of the terribly persecuted peasantry and petty bourgeoisie of Russia, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, went in for burning themselves alive **en masse**, and other indulged in orgiastic religions.*

The modern working class is not particularly pessimistic in its outlook, but for the first time in history it is possible perhaps for large sections of the working class to accomplish through dissipation that helplessness which other slaves have attained through ceasing to struggle in the world, ceasing to care what happened to them, physically, and instead turning their attention either to death, or after-death.

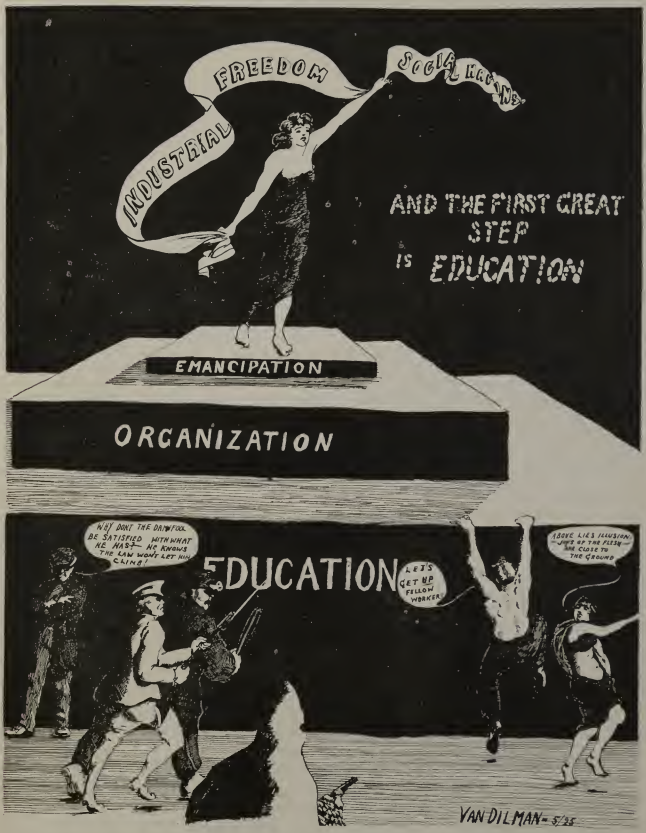
A moment's reflection, however, should convince one that this is probably not so. Let us take some of the vices usually considered most destructive and most prevalent now.

One of the chief, one of the spreading, one of the most tenacious, and altogether the most dangerous forms of vice is the practice of drug taking. The pursuit of more potent means of intoxication and narcosis, mentioned by the ancient historians, still continues today with considerable success. The traffic in morphine, cocain and heroin is something remarkable. Caches worth hundreds of thousands of dollars are occasionally discovered and seized by revenue officers; the undiscovered supplies must amount to millions of dollars. But "Mary, Katy and Harry" move in the most exclusive circles, in the upper crust of society, and in the underworld. Factory workers do not know them, their acquaint-

(Continued on Page 30)

*THE OVERTHROW OF THE OCCIDENT, by Oswald Spengler, 1920. The idea is not a new one. Flinders Petrie, the Egyptologist, believes there is a biological reason for the rise and fall of civilizations.

*NOTE.—A wonderful impressionistic description, perhaps not accurate in detail, of these events may be found in Merezhkovsky's novel, PETER AND ALEXIUS.




**Living in the midst of the disgusting debaucheries of the capitalistic hogs who wallow in the products of modern industry, and continually menaced by the persecutions of their filthy gunmen, thugs, and murderers, the working class is still, on the whole, untainted and uncowed. It continually strives towards the three things the I. W. W. takes as its motto: Education, Organization, Emancipation. It not only tries in individual cases to mount this staircase towards the stars, but it is socially minded, and each member calls on his fellow to rise along with him.**

# A Wobbly – Why Not?

By H. J. HOLMES

HIS name really does not matter, but for the sake of the story let us call him Willie Minter. Meeting him on the street in the Big Town aroused old memories.

My thoughts went back to the time when we were school boys, both attending the same country school.

My father had died earlier in the year, leaving four children to be scattered to the different parts of the globe. I was farmed out to a middle-aged couple living in the backwoods of northern Minnesota, but when school started they in turn sent me to relatives of theirs, who, living closer to a school, could offer me the advantages of a little education.

In my first days at school I did not notice him, for he was shy by nature and did not join in our games as readily as the others. He was about ten years old, tall for one of his age, big boned and awkward.

He was not good looking, but his appealing, wistful eyes drew one to him, so I tried to make friends with him and succeeded to the extent that he was soon my pal and confident. He was bright in his studies, especially so with figures. I recall an incident that occurred about two months after school had opened, or rather close to Thanksgiving.

The schoolma'am, who had been living in a shack set apart from the others, right across the tracks from the railroad station, had been forced to move as a fire had partially burned the shack, and now she was living at the grocer's (the only one there). This grocer's son, Andrew, and Willie were in the same class, and this day each of them had ten problems set out for them on the blackboard. In doing his, Willie had made a trifling mistake, to which the teacher had at once called his attention, lecturing him rather severely, and giving him a mark of only seventy-five out of a possible hundred.

Now came Andrew's turn, and out of the ten problems given him he had made mistakes in four of them. (I had reason to observe all this, as I was the star pupil in school, and being long ago through with my own lessons, I was idly watching what went on at the blackboards.) The schoolma'am, merely glancing at his answers, gave Andrew a mark of **eighty-five** out of a possible one hundred. We'll forgive her, for wasn't she living at his home?

Quickly I raised my hand and snapped my fingers and when she asked what was wanted, I called her attention to this partiality. "It's none of your business," she flashed, and grabbed a rod that she used as a pointer, and—I can still remember the whaling I got. This incident made closer friends than ever out of us, as in his eyes I was a sort of a hero and being two years older and from the city, more sophisticated also.

I found out more about his home life. The family was large, seven children, six of whom were staying at home, and the oldest, a daughter, was an inhabitant of the red light district in the city. Her loss had broken down the mother, had driven her to an early grave, leaving the burden of six children to be fed, clothed and sheltered, on the father. He was a big, heavy set man, with an awful temper, which I thought accounted for the frightened timidity in the eyes of the children and the wistful appealing expression in Willie's eyes.

As the winter months wore away ,the task of feeding so many mouths began to tell on this man. His ugly temper was now running out of bounds. The children were often seen crying and their eyes began to pop out with an expression of dread and fear in them.

What could the father do? The farm was not self-supporting, there was no outside work and he could not leave these children to look for work elsewhere. The winter was terrible.

Next spring it culminated. The old man was found dead in his bed, with a rifle on the floor. He was found wanting, as our best writers are so fond of saying. The problem had been too big for him, so he had taken the easiest way out.

Shortly after this the family scattered, the young ones being sent to children's homes, Willie among them.

I heard no more of them until, last fall, I met Willie face to face on Fifth avenue in the Big Town. With him were another young man and a young lady. We met in front of the Tarmo Club; he was on his way there for supper.

I hardly recognized him at first, so great was the change time had wrought. Gone was that hurt expression in his eyes that had so pained you to look into, and gone was the meekness and shyness of his bearing.

Now you looked into two gray eyes that seemed to pierce through yours and his posture was that of a man defying the world to harm him. A determined looking man indeed.

We did not have much time to talk as his companions were waiting, so he shortly excused himself.

I could not help but wonder at the change in him, I had never pictured him so, for even yet I remember the shy, unresponsive boy that he was.

I could come to only one conclusion and that one was later verified. Capitalism had fashioned for itself another nemesis through its inability to care for its victims.

And he smiled as he turned to go, leaving me thinking over his last words.

"Yes, I'm a Wobbly. Why not?"

Yes indeed—Why not?

# Twelve Years After Ludlow



## Capitalism in Colorado -- the History of a Crime

By JOHN GAHAN

"WHAT BEAUTIFUL PEAKS!"

We were trudging along a road on the edge of Walsenburg. Our way ran past the Walsen Mine, one of Rockefeller's industrial shambles, under dominion of the infamous Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. My companion was a miner, of the race having numerical ascendency in the district, a keen-witted son of old Mexico—by birth. By choice he was counted among that fellowship of a greater race, the militant workers of the world, too big for national cagings and patriotic poppycock.

"Yes," said Manuel, lifting his dark eyes to the craggy grandeur that had inspired me to exclaim, "They are beautiful, and they have a history."

A history? Very likely. Which of all the mountains and hills around us had not played a sanguinary part in the record of the coal monster?

As though divining my thoughts he went on:

"Their interesting history is older than that of King Coal."

So we rested on a stone bridge that spanned a tumbling creek, black from the inflow of mine pumping, and while the western skies caught the glory of late afternoon sunlight, Manuel told me the story of the two commanding summits whose snow-crests absorbed roseate hues of a setting sun.

He reminded me of the tale of conquest by intrepid Cortez, who, with a few hundred soldiers, faced westward in Mexico after burning behind him not proverbial bridges, but his ships, the galleons that rode between the hostile New World and friendly Spain. And how this desperate invader compelled the allegiance of so many of Montezuma's foes that when the Aztec capital was reached—where now stands Mexico City—60,000 troops hailed him their chief.

"And what, Manuel, has this to do with the mountains above us?"

Then he related how Cortez demanded gold. Well, foemen fallen into Aztec captivity had described to Montezuma two peaks where gold was abundant. They led the Aztec runners to the mountains that rise west of sprawling Walsenburg. Sure enough, the gold was there. Thus, when the Conquistador called for yellow precious metal there was much to give.

Subsequently that bright, weighty metal which Aztec runners carried over valley, desert and mountain range to the feet of their mighty emperor was loaded on the galleons of Hispaniola to fall in turn to England's protected pirates, Drake, Hawkins and their kind.

In the annals of the Aztec people was written of these Colorado peaks: "They rise from a valley like the breasts of a maiden." More, thought I, like the breasts of a generous mother with a gift of life to all. That a few stole the treasure meant for many is a mark of society divided into classes. Indeed, this is its chief characteristic, its mainspring.

No longer are these "Spanish Peaks" burdened with gold, but necessity and ingenuity, blood and toil and pain have wrung from the hearts of Colorado's picturesque hills that black treasure of capitalism on which has been builded a bourgeois civilization. That factory wheels may whirr, that ships and railroads may operate, that heat and light and life itself be maintained, coal must be mined. And in the country around Walsenburg in every direction for many miles there is no valley without its coal camp, no hill without its tipple, and when shifts are changed roads and paths are filled with black-faced diggers who must reach home ere they free their bodies from the grime of their toil.

Here is one of the minor grievances present not only in Colorado coal mines, but also in many in Wyoming. Wash-houses are not provided at the mines. At South Superior a petition for them by miners, as provided by law, was signed, but because the workers were not ready to take organized, eco-

nomic action no wash-houses were built, law provision notwithstanding.

Colorado's history of laws for betterment of miners is well to consider. I remember sitting in New York's Carnegie Hall twelve years ago at a mass meeting of protest against the massacre at Ludlow. A monument is there now to commemorate the incident, and when monuments are raised it is timely to chronicle anew the fearful story.

It should be recalled that for seventeen years prior to 1913 Colorado provided for many alleviations of the harsh conditions to which miners were subject, and for a variety of protective measures of economic and physical natures.

Ludlow, away off in the hills, was unknown to the world until the miners, their wives and children rose in rebellion against vicious industrial serfdom. They expressed economic determination to gain what the dead laws "guaranteed" for so long. Camp after camp struck, and into tents went the strikers as they left the huts owned by operators.

At Ludlow uniformed thugs, employed by the Colorado Fuel and Iron, saturated the tents with John D.'s kerosene oil and set fire to them. Escaping from the tents the men, women and children were met by a rain of leaden death poured from rifle and machine gun fire. Into a timbred dugout, used for confinement cases, a number of women and children crowded. Here two of the women and eleven of the children were roasted and smothered to death. In Walsenburg at one of our meetings I met a miner who told me that his wife and two children had died in that tragerdy, and that his father had been shot dead.

At the Industrial Relations Commission hearings in 1914 held in NewYork's City Hall, witnesses of this massacre were examined. Rockefeller, Jr., was also quizzed. It developed that he commanded his lackey, Welborn, to crush the strike by any means. Welborn was then, I believe, a mine or district superintendent. He obeyed with such gusto that the world was startled and horrified.

That was about twelve years ago. The other day I was handed a magazine issued by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Therein I noticed that this murderer, Welborn, has been rewarded well by the sanctimonious Baptists of Cleveland and Tarrytown. Welborn is now at the head of the C. F. and I.

Letters to think about—C. F. and I. You know all about Rockefeller's "Plan," company unionism, and the rest of the flapdoodle to bless mine slavery. The magazine says the company's initials are also spelled out "Cooperation, Friendship and Industry." How nice! We might almost forget the dreadful odor of roasting flesh, and fail longer to remember the blood-drenched hills in the Pollyannaism of this edifying company journal.

But there is more than the **past** to consider. We exist in the **present**. Today and now are of quickening interest to us. "Wealth has its responsibilities," we are often told. Millions upon millions of dollars have been spent by the Rockefeller interests to shape a social destiny favorable to the "interests." A pretension is made that the welfare of the miners is safeguarded by C. F. and I. Examination of the company's sweet solicitude in this respect is quite touching.

Twelve years after Ludlow, what is the social status of the coal miner in Colorado and under norms set by C. F. and I.? Let me see the homes of workers and their social position is revealed. Not in phrases of a company magazine is the truth to be found. "We have had no accidents in ——— days," runs the lie. I saw C. F. and I. employes almost daily injured while at work.

But it was of miners' homes we were speaking. On a road from Walsenburg I saw a number of nondescript hovels, which I thought were for storage purposes, for chickens or pigs. Coming nearer I saw a hog come from one of these huts—and a woman from another shack adjoining no different in structure except for a smokestack piercing its roof.

In another of these C. F. and I. "homes" of miners I inventoried the household effects. There was a table, several boxes in lieu of chairs, a stove, some dishes and culinary utensils, while on the floor were two mattresses. The walls were entirely bare and very rough. This "case" was a bit extreme.

"Is this all the furniture you can afford?" I questioned.

The miner's wife then told me that her husband favored unionism, labor, not company, and he had been discharged and blacklisted so much that they were almost nomadic in their frequent moves from camp to camp.

C. F. and I. wants no labor unionism because this strikes at profits, at the super-exploitation oppressing its slaves. The company union is "safe." It will boost profits while sustaining its hungry helots on platitudes and giving them wishbones to suck.

"Super-exploitation?" You may raise quizzical brows.

Exactly! Some capitalists have a code of ethics. They will cheat within a definite sphere. For example, if you are to do a certain task for a dollar the dollar is forthcoming when the task is done. But not with this hallowed Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. I should say not!

Check-weighmen are unknown in Colorado. Now a check-weighman is a man hired by the workers to weigh the coal they mine. The company has its weighman and he is employed to take care of the company's interest. He does so with a vengeance in Colorado, where the miners have no one to check up on the weighing.

Many miners told me that they had estimated that for every three tons of coal they load they are paid for one! I am convinced that this is not exaggerated.

How the C. F. and I. raises the "morale" of its employes may be gathered from the following:

I observed a group of miners before the office of



A COLORADO MINING CAMP IN THE OLD GOLD MINING DAYS
(Many of The Metal Mining Camps Grew Up To Be Coal Centers)

a superintendent. They had been summoned to appear there. It was a cold day and they shivered on the steps in front of the sacred precinct. But more than cold caused them to shiver. Presently a glowering giant emerged and "dog-eyed" these slaves. Then he charged them with loading rock for coal, and threatened them with discharge if they repeated the offense.

Load three tons in low holes on the knees. Wet mines. And then get paid for one ton! Then threatened with discharge for loading a little rock. Co-operation!

The miners seemed cowed. They slunk away. The big officious driver spat vigorously and returned to his swivel-chair.

I have mentioned C. F. and I. because this company dominates the situation and its example is followed by other companies. But under all, conditions are quite alike. Recently C. F. and I. forced employes to sign a petition praying for a wage reduction from $7.75 to $5.25.

Their prayer was granted, and I'm afraid that the woman on the hill will not have to live with a pig next year. Indeed she'll probably have no pig at all.

Those houses. I can't forget them. How the wind blew through the cracks in walls, floors and ceilings! C. F. and I. apparently interested in conserving proper ventilation. And what mangy broods to mature in this degradation.

Mexicans, Greeks, Italians, Slavs—these races are in the majority. So-called "white men" are bosses and gunmen and Kluxers, for the greater part. Over it all is the invisible power of espionage. One mentions unionism to the miners and they look around to see who is near. They have a job complex. But their jobs are good if they last four days to the week.

Organizing there is a trying labor. Yet it must be done or the miners are sure to sink steadily to a more outraged condition. And though we find the companies triumphant today, arrogant in their unchallenged autocracy, we should not be without strong hope for the success of the I. W. W. among them if one great concept can be roused among the miners.

This is to feel in themselves a power making for their own deliverance. While speaking there I urged them to look to no others for salvation, but to build up their forces without ever being dependent on leaders from without and within. We have not an inconsiderable membership in Colorado, but it must train itself to carry on organization work itself. Until this competency is developed progress will be slow.

The United Mine Workers of America have practically no membership in Colorado, and sentiment is so strong against that organization on the part of the miners that it is almost certain that it can never be revived. On the other hand the miners have a good sentiment for the I. W. W., though it is difficult to get much expression on account of prevailing surveilance, the blacklist and other gentle gestures of the paternalistic C. F. and I. self-appointed and God-anointed exponent of "Cooperation, Friendship and Industry."

We often speak of Ludlow's massacre. I have mentioned the monument. Yet it is more wholesome to look for other memorials of the class warfare in Colorado. Martyrdom is an incident of our

struggle; it is not its object, as some pacifistic brethren among us seem to think. Therefore I looked for other marks than those raised to a massacre of women and babies of my class.

Because these exist there in numbers to gladden any rebel heart it seems to me we can approach the future conflict more optimistically. All fight has not been crushed out of the Colorado miners. In common with workers throughout the land they have slumped into an apathy that has been disastrous. But from our meetings there we know that a reawakening is near. We succeeded in getting about a hundred miners to each meeting, with weather conditions very much against us. The U. M. W. of A. organizers, who became visible only when they feared the I. W. W., would sweep the district, held a meeting in Walsenburg, which was attended by five persons. Out in the hills, at Skinner, they had another "meeting," which found an audience of two. A few years ago when one of our speakers was in Walsenburg the U. M. W. of A. officials succeeded in bringing the sheriff to the meeting which he promptly stopped.

I was at Rocky Mountain, a camp where company gunmen instituted a reign of terror in 1913. There is a row of company houses which were torn to pieces by the strikers in this battle. The mine tipple is a charred ruin, and not far away is a circular barricade on the highest butte from which the thugs of King Coal learned that the miners could fight.

One of the company officials at that time declared that the coal diggers were "yellow," and he urged a group of plug-uglies to join him for the purpose of smashing a picket line. Well, they made the attack. Their leader fell first and seven of the valiant heroes who

"With whiskey in their bellies
And vengeance in their souls
Prayed that God would help them
Shoot the miners full of holes"

died with him.

Such are the deeds of my class of which I am proud to speak. The need for organization in Colorado is very great. In past struggles the miners have shown their mettle. Armed with the spirit of solidarity, that is the gift of the I. W. W., we may look forward to a time when our organization there will be powerful and the condition of the workers correspondingly improved.

Of this the miners are sure—that company unionism—"Cooperation, Friendship and Industry"—means pay for one ton where three have been loaded; wages reduced from $7.75 to $5.25. They know, too, that C. F. and I., and all other companies, means spies, lack of mine safety, the blacklist. And where company stores exist they know that to those stores they are perennially indebted.

The company gush is distributed in magazine form, and on the entrance of each mine is a notice forbidding miners to take into the mines literature of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Thus are exhibited C. F. and I. prejudices, holding a significance which will slowly dawn upon the miners' brains. They will learn that if the I. W. W. is the bitter enemy of C. F. and I. it is by the same token the staunch friend of the working class in which it has its being and its almighty destiny.

When they learn this fact, and learn to revive that splendid militancy which challenged industrial serfdom in 1913 and which met violence not with a turned cheek, but blow for blow and shot for shot, then only will their status change for the better. Then only will their wages rise and their abodes become fit for human habitation. Then only will they dare to stand erect as men, free to hold opinions and to express them. Then only will company despotism be ground into those eternally beautiful hills by the mighty tread of a really united army of coal diggers and mine workers.

# The Lumber Industry - Will Its Workers Waken?

(Continued from Page 8)

where the extremely large trees grow. Still, with a weakened union on his hands, the boss had hopes, and began to gradually make hours longer and conditions worse.

The first blow came from the side of the workers. In two strikes in 1923, they retrieved part of the conditions that were being lost. They won the right to free bedding in Grays Harbor district, where it had never been entirely secured, and was being taken away wherever it was previously won.

These strikes were under the organization and general leadership of the I. W. W. The boss promptly struck back at the I. W. W. Realizing that the unorganized man would not fight for the I. W. W. as such, as long as nothing else bothered him, the employers, banded together in the West Coast Lumbermen's Association, and in other organizations, jammed through, in a few month's time, during 1923, the so-called "clearing house system".

They had a bad habit of the loggers to work on, here, just as they did in the short log country. Or to put it in other words, the loggers were not sufficiently educated, and they let the boss get in the entering wedge of his program. The bad habit of the West Coast was that of patronizing Employment Sharks. Militant workers had fought the

whole employment office system from the beginning, and demanded hiring from the union halls, but the masses of the loggers had continued to go to the big agencies on the "skid roads" when they needed work, and "buy their jobs".

It was only necessary to **organize** these employment sharks for the bosses' use, as they had been working **individually** for the bosses' use even before this, and the trick was done. Now you go to the employment shark, and pay your dollar for the job, and you don't get it back as you did once. Then you have to take your job ticket and go to the "clearing house" established in the lumber towns, and be inspected. You "run the gauntlet" of inquisition, and they look up your record to see if you are lying. In extreme cases they have your picture. Even finger prints have been heard of. Anyway, if you have ever fought for decent living conditions, if you have ever organized a union or a strike, you don't go on the job.

They drove the most militant workers from the jobs, and then they made the jobs bad for the workers and good for the boss. Wages and hours and conditions are right back where they were in 1916, or very near there. They began subtlely enough, not to throw the bedding out at first, but just to make the worker pay for his laundry. Then a bunk charge, and then a deposit required for blankets, and so on, higher and higher charges, untill many of them go back to the "balloon" to escape these extra charges. **The worker is encouraged to himself throw out the bedding,** and become a "bindle stiff". The only merit in the whole thing is that it is gradually undoing the work of the blacklist. A new crop of discontented loggers is growing up and there is great agitation now, still sterile of results, but promising for the future.

The I. W. W. immediately reflects and accepts this new situation, the rising dissatisfaction of the workers of the lumber industry. Three big conferences have just been held, on Dec. 28, in Spokane, Seattle, and Portland. These conferences had before them the following set of demands put out by Aberdeen Branch of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union of the I. W. W.

**For Logging Camps**

"A minimum scale of wages of sixty cents per hour with all board, bed, hospital and first aid charges abolished.

"Standard single beds to be provided in camps, with mattresses of pure cotton (not shoddy), at least six and a half feet long, three feet wide, and four inches thick. Quilts and blankets to be as long as the mattresses and two feet wider; sheets to be two feet longer and two feet wider than mattresses. No top bunks.

**For Sawmill Workers**

"A minimum scale of wages of seventy-five cents per hour.

"Where sawmill companies furnish board and room it shall be free (also hospital and first aid) and minimum scale shall be sixty cents per hour.

**Joint Demands for Logging Camps and Sawmills**

"All piecework where done to be increased by fifty percent above present rates.

"All men hired from union hall.

"Delegates and organizers to have free right to organize on any job.

"No censorship or interference with mails coming into companies' offices.

"A forty-four hour week; Saturday afternoon to be a holiday. Time and a half for overtime.

"Release of all political prisoners now held in Walla Walla and no more persecution of union members for their union activities."

It will be noticed that it is recognized that the piece work evil is here, and that we have to make the best of it, and establish a minimum rate for it. Personally I would be in favor of continuing to fight the spread of this most evil system. But where it has already established itself, through the ignorance and the lack of spirit of the workers, we have to make the best of it.

It will also be observed that the black list system is done away with if these demands can be fought for and won.

Everybody in the I. W. W. agrees on fighting the blacklist. The main argument is whether we shall make it the only demand (of course we always include a demand for the freedom of class war prisoners) or whether we shall make it only one of a series of demands about hours, wages and conditions. Those who argue for the Aberdeen scale of demands point out that the unorganized worker is not affected much by the blacklist, and and will not strike to abolish it alone; he will fight only for pork-chops. And unless he strikes too, we can't overturn the black-list. The others, (including the majority at the Seattle Conference) believe that we should concentrate on just the release of class war prisoners and the abolition of the black list. This question will be threshed out, throughout the branches.

There will be a another big conference sometime this spring, in Portland, after the workers have a chance to talk all the matters over to their heart's content, and that conference will be an extremely important one— if they want to make it so. It may be the turning point in the whole industrial history of the Northwest putting into the shade anything that happened in 1917.

Will the workers waken? Will they rise and be strong—through organization and through action?

# Knocking the 'ell Out of "Glory"

## At the Studebaker Theatre, Chicago

**THIRD ARTICLE IN THE "WORKERS' PLAY" SERIES**

By ROSA ALEXANDRA KNUUTI

**"For it's true**
**They paid the price**
**Of having served too well,**
**A poor cause and a lost."—Anonymous.**

"War is hell," it has been said, and I came much nearer realizing the worth of this classic statement as I listened to a bunch of weary and war-sick soldiers curse their way through three acts of Stallings' and Anderson's war play, "What Price Glory".

I had my misgivings though, as I found my way to view this play of war. I'd been fooled before. So rather like a sulky youngster I slid into my seat ready for the worse.

Memory called up the times I had gone to the movies or the theater showing a play with a war theme and full of hope in a dumbfool way expecting something from the working class angle I would see some monstrosity that amounted to nothing more nor less than the justification or glorification of wholesale slaughter.

Would this be different, I mused? Would they inject a few truths into the thing? Would they really do without the old hokum, the flagwaving, the "heroics" and cheap sentiment about fighting for "democracy," etc.?

Well, as a certain Roman once had occasion to say "veni, vidi, vici," I, too, came and saw and remained to pretty darn near burn incense at the shrine of this "What Price Glory." It seemed too good to be true, and I pinched myself, so to speak, to see if I was all there, or had part of me meandered off into a volume of Kirkpatrick's "War, What For?"

### Takes Tang Out of Glory of Slaughter

But sure enough, it was, if anything, an indictment against war . No band playing—no flagwaving. What a relief! Only a play of a dirty, filthy, bitter, unjust war it was . A story boldly told of American soldiers in the hellholes of France, fighting and swearing and cursing their way through three acts. Gosh, I never heard so much blasphemeing in all my life. Surely, they broke all the world's records for plain and fancy swearing in their effort to express their sentiments about the "hellofamess" they were thrown into—not a word about doing their noble duty, nor doing their bit for the dear old sod. No siree. They just cursed all over the place. They cursed their "brainy" superiors who remained back of the lines; they cursed the corned willy, the Y. M. C. A. tobacco profiteers—and themselves for being born.

I was hoping it would keep up until they had cussed the party really responsible for their dilemna. But that was expecting too much. I was glad enough to see that the boys weren't kidding themselves about the illusive something known as "glory," about that vague something called "democracy." It had no place in the minds of the doughboys who tramped through mud and rain in tattered uniforms; tired and heartsick subsisting on corned willy—fighting to make the world safe for the master class, which reminded me:

**"Not though the soldier knew**
**Someone had blundered.**
**Their's not to make reply,**
**Their's not to reason why,**
**Their's but to do and die," and etc.**

And I wondered for how long?

Albeit, "What Price Glory" is primarily a story of war, it has a simple romance interwoven through it. But, then, what's a play without it?

There's the captain and sergeant both laying siege to the same girl, "Cognac Pete's" daughter. The captain, played by Louis Wolfheim, of "Hairy Ape" fame, isn't so sure whether she is his or the sergeant's meat, until he has occasion to leave on an errand for a day or two. The usual thing happens. The sergeant vamps the lady in the meantime or vice versa, whichever way such things happen, and thereby gets himself into a fine fix. Not only is the captain good and peeved on his return, but old "Cognac Pete" himself isn't so sure that the American soldiers haven't taken advantage of his Charmaine, particularly the sergeant. Pete seeks retribution for these liberties. It'll cost the sergeant a pretty franc for holding Charmaine on his knee and "parley vouing" if the captain has anything to say about it. But this is war, and an order to the front is the sergeant's salvation. He does, however, sign away his monthly allowance to the girl.

The second act takes you into the cellar of a disputed town and holds one in a vise of interest. It reveals the life of the soldier in the stress of actual fighting. Here they kill and are killed and don't know why. Tired. sick of war, they cry when things seem to go badly with them, like so many homesick children. A wounded German moans and cries "kamerad" throughout the fearful night and drives the idealist, Lipinsky, out of his mind. Here

you see as much of war as you ever want to see. Here you see the price that is paid for glory.

A live bit of actual propaganda against war, which makes me wonder how it will react on the militarist element. I conjecture it will seriously upset their mental balance, and I'm a little afraid for "What Price Glory." There's the Daughters of the A. Revolution, the American Legion and other murderously inclined outfits to reckon with. Goodness knows, they may annihilate it for a row of flagpoles. Either that, or tone it down to suit their martial tastes.

I hope it keeps intact though, for we need this kind of theater and more of it—and ere long the "glory of war" will have become a "beautiful" myth taking its place in due time along with the rest of the fossilized piffle that has deluded man's mind this many a day.

So I want to go on record as voting this commonsense play of the war as pretty darn good. And I don't mean maybe. I'd go and see it again.

# Book Reviews



Seba Eldridge, Assoc. Prof. of Sociology, University of Kansas, has written a book called **Political Action** which is very easy to read and very hard to adequately review. If you are to do more than give a summary of the argument, if you are to properly check-up and either correct or judge to be correct all of the keen, startling, snappy statements in this production, you will have to have a good reading knowledge of all the old and recent philosophers (including the pragmatists, especially), all the sociologists, all the old and especially the very latest psychologists, all history, all political theory, the principles at least of biology, something of religion, a considerable amount of economics, a little statistics, and most everything that has been written on the materialistic conception of history.

**Psychological Basis Of Direct Action**

What I am going to do in this review is to give a brief abstract of Eldridge's argument and conclusions, point to one or two outstanding errors, and emphasize by quotations a few of the things which it seems to me he has sufficiently proved. Perhaps some intellectual athlete will be stimulated to undertake a serious consideration of the subjects opened for discussion.

First, one of Eldridge's mistakes, made in a field in which most of the readers of the Industrial Pioneer are more at home than Eldridge is. The author implies (p. 60) that the main reason for the radicalism of the I. W. W. is that its members, made up of the the migratory lumber workers of the Northwest, are suffering from suppressed sex instincts—are without homes, families, and wives. He does not, as does another of Lippincott's authors, writing in the same sociological series with Eldridge, also imply that there is nothing else wrong, and that therefore the Wobblies are merely poor, helpless freaks, in a bad situation and without hope of escape except through assistance from the outside. On the contrary, he recognizes that there are many other forms of oppression from which members of the migratory industries suffer, in common with other workers, and that the I. W. W. is no mean force; he says, "It should not be too easily assumed that the organization of men such as these can play but a feeble role in the labor movement. Similar elements played a very mportant role in the French revolution and the events which followed . . ."

This whole idea that industrial unionism is a psychopathic symptom is the fault of Carlton Parker. Ever since Parker attempted to psychoanalyse the migratory workers, back in 1914-15 following the Wheatland affair) sociologists and psychologists and every sort of educated bourgeois writer has accepted his findings, and repeated his conclusions without any attempt, apparently, to find out whether they were right or not. And they are not. Parker investigated few of the workers of the camps and the sea; he gathered his material from the **skid-roads** of lumber towns and from the extremely migratory fruit harvest workers of California. These most transient workers are all right, too, most of them, but the sensible ones have learned to be very cautious about talking to people who ask questions; the frame-up and dragnet proceedings that followed the Ford and Suhr trial and other earlier cases taught wariness to any who would otherwise be too free with the story of their lives. So these gave no information to Parker. Those who supplied him with data (?) were the egomaniacs, such as later started the "E. P.", and the stool-pigeons of the Townsend and Coutts variety, who told Parker what they thought their paymasters wanted him to hear. Parker's decision that the Wobbly is red largely because he is homeless,

hopeless, voteless, wifeless, and peevish has become one of those enthroned errors that cast their shadows down across all subsequent thought—the sort of a thing that old Sir Francis Bacon called an "idol of the mind".

The migratory worker becomes radical quicker than the homeguard because he has less to lose if he loses a strike (his job is never permanent) and because he not only sees but works in modern society and the industrial system over a wider scope—he travels, meets more different kinds of people, has a better chance to investigate, is forced to study the situation in order to make a living more than the man following one groove in a two-by-four town. Many unskilled factory workers are just as wifeless as the migratory; the lower ranks of the army and navy are just as sex-starved, and even more repressed (military discipline) but none of these are as radical as the "stiff" because they do not get his comprehensive view of modern industry.

We would not say for a moment that the migratory worker is not repressed, as other workers are, nor that he does not resent it, nor that he does not have some special difficultics of his own, uncertainty of employment and bad treatment by the authorities. But on the other hand he escapes some of the restraints the stationary worker suffers from, and has more freedom of movement. His special difficulties are largely directly economical, and he readily adopts an economic organization to get rid of them.

The first half of the book and the last chapter are largely psychological. Eldridge sets forth certain "instincts": hunger, fear, repulsion, pugnacity, sex, parental instinct, acquisitiveness, gregariousness, and play. In one chapter on each, he discusses the effects on each of them of the modern social system, and how they cause men to react in that system.

Hunger produces much of our activity. Famine causes governmental changes, rebellions, peace and war sometimes.

Fear, especially of losing the job, prevents labor from organizing, frustrates gregarous impulses, makes the individual worker meek, and "we must say, on the bass of this analysis that fear largely dominates the behavior of the modern workingman . . ." (. 35).

As for repulsion: "No reiteration is too vehement to express the hopeless feeling of loathing for the machine and the monotony that it forces upon the workers—the constant drilling of an unchanging motion, a never-ending repetition that destroys all interest and kills all creative effort. This feeling of hatred is doubly strong because it is constant and for the worker is infinite and without escape." (Quoted on Page 44. from Tannenbaum, New Republic, July 7, 1920.)

Pugnacity has been made a group matter, which means that "personal conflict is now organized, for the most part, and has reference to the group divisions in society". Workers are not as pugnacious as their masters, "but holding a job . . . entails all the repressions we have indicated," and the worker must work, one place or another, so: "The laborer, in short, is cornered. And he will react as all men react when cornered. He will fight." This fighting impulse is partisan, without thought for the good of the opponent, and cannot be effectually "sublimated" under conditions as they are.

Thwarted sex impulses are the basis for much misery among the working class; and fear of not being able to provide for a family continually thwarts them. It is here that the discussion of the I. W. W. comes in. The paternal instinct is similar in its effects, smilarly thwarted by the conditions of the modern laborer's life. Both make the worker less confident when facing the boss, because the worker with wife and child is more afraid of losing his job than the single man.

Acquisitiveness is stronger among capitalists than among workers. It is the most dominant impulse in the dominant class in society. It is strong in the workers too, where it may lead to either strikes or treason to the cause of labor, but it is the ruling passion of the capitalist class. "Any machinery devised by society for regulating the struggle over product and power will eventually be repudiated by any party to the struggle whose interests are consistently defeated thereby, and who would eventually conclude that this machinery was set up, or at least functioned in the interest of an opposing party. Just these considerations explain in large part the growing distrust of existing political and economic institutions, despite their traditionary sanctions, and the growing strength of movements for their modification or abolition." (p. 72).

Self assertion is subdued among workers, on account of submissiveness and fear, but it rankles them to be so subdued. It would be wise of the masters, from their own point of view, to be very tactful in their rule, and when they are, they have little rebellion. But this is too much to ask of human nature, and self-assertion frequently runs rampant among the upper classes, is bitterly resented by the lower, and leads to outbreaks.

Curiously enough, yet a well known fact to agitators, some large sections of the slave class like to be bossed around. Submissiveness of a part is one of the things that keeps the whole lower class in slavery. Any change will have to take place without the submissive ones, unless at the critical moment they can be dominated into going with the revolution.

Curiosity is the basis of intellectual action, of planning and of reasoned judgement based on investigation. It functions well in only a very few people; through science and invention it has a very large indirect influence, but very little direct influence. People act according to habit.

Constructiveness is a real urge. If suppressed among workers they feel resentment. Many schemes to keep the workers quiet and satisfied on low wages

have been evolved by clever managers, most of them encouraging the worker to think he helps to run the business.

The gregarious impulses, or the "herd instincts," work best in the herd appearing to represent historically dominant traditions, in the numerically larger herd, and the one with the best means of intercommunication between its members. Workers feel class interest, but the capitalist class erects a larger herd, not nearly so real, called the "nation," and by control of practically all the means of intercommunication, persuades workers to a loyalty to their country and their country's master class all of it a direct injury to their loyalty to the working class. "The idea or opinion which is reiterated oftenest will be associated with the herd, and is therefore accepted by the members of the herd. Those in a position to put the greatest volume of reiteration behind their views will have those views prevail. They will be opposed by smaller herds who have become dissatisfied to some degree with the larger herd, through a realization that the machinery of communication itself creates this larger herd, and that it functions in the interest of the class which controls the machinery of communication". (p. 130).

Play is considered in its relation to the industrial process, many employers believing that it is possible for well managed games and spectacles to prevent the workers' disgust for badly paid, monotonous labor. The author decides that it is not a substitute for the other "instincts" repressed, though it is of some service to a master class, and gives some enjoyment to the worker himself.

Considerable space is taken up with a defense of the practise of calling these tendencies just described "instincts". The behaviorists would deny that they were anything but response patterns. For immediate practical purposes, of analyzing modern society, it seems to me that it does not matter which they are called; they exist, and they operate as he says. The author's analysis is useful, and thought-provoking; I think it is accurate in the main. But Eldridge is trying to prove the pessimistic theory that there is no hope of any improvement, for these same instincts are "as they were in the beginning, are now, and ever shall be, world without end," revolution or not, education or not, no matter what you have—and that means perpetual social war. On the other hand, if they are not instincts, if there are no instincts, or only very simple and tractible ones, situations might easily arise in which they ceased to exist. Eldridge's attack on the behaviorists seems to me to be rather weak; most of his objections are already answered in Allport's **"Social Psychology"** (Reviewed in Industrial Pioneer, Nov.. 1924).

After his review of the "instincts" the author considers cultural factors—everything that man has learned or made, including those prevalent ideas that he learned under one set of circumstances and which are no longer useful or correct. Thus the principles of liberty and equality sprang from the necessity for freedom of contract and private property, but, "Freedom of contract and private property have fostered a political and economic development which clearly violates the principle of liberty and equality, while (a positive) freedom of contract and private property themselves have become the prerogative of a comparatively small class. The accumulation and concentration of capital have clearly given a large measure of political control to a small class, and this violates the principles of liberty (or self goversment), while the grossly unequal distribution of wealth, and of opportunity, violates the principle of equality. And in the course of this development a class (the proletariat—V. S.) arose whose conditions, tested by the so-called normal standard of living has steadily deteriorated." (p. 161).

All this leads up a discussion of the role of intelligence is social affairs, and Eldridge decides that except for a very few people, there is little thought about social or political science as a whole; most people react according to their instincts, directed by what they know and hear; people don't have time to think.

So we have a class struggle, which cannot be solved by any peaceful means. It is not possible for the various liberal groups to get their programs accepted, because every one of them involves the voluntary surrender by the capitalists of some of their power, prerogatives, and wealth, and it is quite futile to ask them to so surrender. They will yield to some superior force. and not otherwise. You cannot expect them to violate all of their instincts—or habit patterns.

Neither can any peaceful parliamentary action by a labor party or otherwise correct these evils. For with the capitalist class in control of all means of communication or nearly all (and the best ones) and with its ability to maintain the loyalty of many workers to capitalist institutions through playing on such instincts as individual acquisitiveness, parental feeling, fear, etc., it is quite impossible for a labor party to even get all the workers in it, and the workers are a minority anyway. The working class, unless it violates all of its most important urges and desires, must continue to grow more radical, less considerate of other classes, and less credulous of the present fiction of democracy. Or, in other words, it is driven to the use of direct action.

Much of Eldridge's analysis remainds one of that of the professed historical materialists. Eldridge does not realize this, or perhaps he does, and is on the defensive. At any rate he puts in a chapter on "economic determinism" a doctrine which he ascribes to Marx and Engels and against which he urges the usual objections of those who do not go to the original sources for the theory. He considers it a point in opposition that at certain times in any given society, we find whole classes acting contrary to their economic interests. The fact that

there are such vestiges of ideology as the above described notions of "liberty and equality" he thinks is an indication that the theory must be modified, "and its name changed," for economics cannot account for their presence. I would suggest that he consider the name, "Historical Materialism," which is what Marx and Engels called their theory. and consider the theory they actually worked out, and not the modification of it he is evidently familiar with. You can't get a correct idea of historical materialism from E. R. A. Seligman.

Eldridge does put up one objection, new to me at least, which is this: the emphasis on the economic factor in historical changes prevents one from giving proper attention to the retarding influences which make the superstucture lag behind the material development. , Psychology, for instance might not be properly investigated, if the world should suddenly be converted to "economic determinism." I think there might even be something to this objection by Eldridge, but the danger at present is just the opposite. The economic basis of the superstructure is denied, or obscured.

We might agree with Eldridge that John Dewey and his following, with their naive faith that education will change the basis of human nature as it is now, are all wrong, and yet not agree with Eldridge that it will not change. Those of us who have become convinced that historical materialism is a true explanation of the structure of modern society, and other societies, claim that new tools, new machinery of production, will bring new classes into a dominant position—not instantly, but as soon as the social laws invelved permit these things to work themselves out. To demand an instant reflection of the new productive force in the structure of society and the mental and "instinctive" life of society would be like demanding ripe grain from the plowed ground on the day after the sowing. Yet we have a great mass of historical evidence, much too much to repeat here, that there does result from such changes in the economic basis of society a change in its structure, its dominant class, and in the psychology and philosophy of that class—such a change as is meant by a shift in the "instinct which has a hegemony" (to quote Eldridge). This is a change in human nature. Just as the hegemony of "self-assertiveness" in the feudal master class gives way to that of "acquisitiveness" in the capitalist master class—so in a workers' commonwealth we may expect "gregarious instincts" to be greatly strengthened. Before we have any such change in human nature, we must, by intensifying the class war, sweep capitalism away and give these now suppressed "instincts" a chance to develop. The economic basis of the workers' commonwealth is already here—and the class war itself is the way in which the superstructure, including the psychology of society, is being made to conform to it.

On the whole, and if Eldridge's various errors are remembered, it is an extremely valuable book that he has written, and one I should like to quote more from. It will be a pleasure to watch for reports of further investigation by the same author. I hope that the next time he writes he will not have one of Prof. E. C. Hayes' usual asinine "editor's introductions". In the case of **Political Action** Hayes also encumbers the pages with several footnotes of extraordinary stupidity.

VERN SMITH.

**POLITICAL ACTION, by Seba Eldridge, Lippincott, Philadelphia. Price, $2.**

**Professionalizing Social Poulticing**

"Social Work In the Light of History" was first in the Lippincott sociological series. The author in his preface states very clearly his purposes in writing the volume and his manner of working. He says that in preparing the pages for the press he "had several groups of readers in mind, especially college students and interested citizens who wish, without delving deeply into the subject, to have some definite notion of the significance of social work," and later, "No attempt has been made to produce an original contribution to knowledge of any subdivision of history, and there has been relatively little use of original documents". The book, true to these promises, never delves beneath the veriest surface of social problems nor contributes one whit the interest that did the volumes of research he consulted, such as those of Lallemand, Webb, Asley or Bosanquet.

The method of the book is what Professeor Queen calls "studying history backward". Rather than "starting at the beginning," he chooses to "look about and form a tentative estimate of today" before turning back into our yesterdays. Thus Part I "Present Tendencies in Social Work," treats with 1. Professionalizing Social Work, 2. Correlation of Social Agencies and 3. Preventive and Constructive Work; while Part II deals with "Nineteenth Century Humanitarianism"; Part III with "The English Poor Law," Part IV with "The Medieval Church and Philanthropy, and Part V goes back to "Mutual Aid in Medieval Communities." After taking us back as far as the 14th century, the author simply stops "studying history backward" and we have a final chapter of "Summary and Conclusion".

The advantages of this method, over the ordinary historically "right side up" picture, are not apparent. Certainly Part I: "Present Tendencies in Social Work" makes estimates that are not upheld by the later introduced historical material nor based on historical insight or perspective; we trust it is truly but a "tentative estimate". The claim is made that: "Already social science, particularly sociology, has established the fact of the relativity of moral codes and the general manner in which social institutions grow and decay. It has demonstrated the intimate relations of government, industry, religion, family—in other words,

the unity of the social process. It has shown the importance and some methods of applying functional tests to social agencies. It has made clear the possibility of controlling many of the conditions of our common life". Doctor Queen worries a great deal about the stigma that "charity," and "philanthropy" have acquired, denies at length any "assumption of social or economic superiority" implied, and pleads for the "new professional attitude," and says that the social worker, like the physician, lawyer, minister and teacher, should be recognized as "professional folks who are engaged in doing things which people need to have done and which in this era of specialization they are not able to do for themselves". Professor Queen chooses to ignore the rather obvious differences that the professional persons he names are paid by the persons they serve, they exercise no financial control as such over their clients, they are not concerned to "patch" the existing economic organism where it is rent. He says, "the social worker should not be looked upon as handing down to the inferior classes some of the surplus of the superior," and that, "Now it is a revulsion against just this sort of thing that is providing one of the most powerful impulses of the professionalizing of social work. Charity has sometimes been presented as a device for quieting unrest and avoiding important social or economic readjustments. But the scorn of the socialist, trade-unionist and often the moderate liberal for charity is being felt . . . Additional impetus is given to this transition by the gradually increasing use of social agencies by the well-to-do, sometimes with the payment of a fee for the service, and by the extension of the government participation in social work. Just as there need be no humiliation in consultation with a physician, attorney, architect or engineer, so it may be that the social worker will presently be looked to by all of us for the rendering of certain specialized services".

These kind of statements indicate a type of confused thinking, a quality of evasion, a lack of appreciation of the different types of functions that a social worker does or may serve, and on the other hand his functional purpose as a unit in the social and economic organization of society. Many persons may approve of the personal services that he can render, the type of non-financial advise in social situations that he can give—the Better Baby Clinics, the Child Behavior Problems Clinics, the Legal Aid Societies—are examples of this type of service, which while not free of the "Charity Stigma," are yet purely voluntary, not coercive and have the true germ of "social service" in the way of making public and available to all professional abilities which hitherto could be purchased individually only and at a too high, nay at a prohibitive price. But it is a very curious reasoning which, while recognizing the economic implications of these same problems and realizing that many persons, understandably and perhaps justifiably, see in charity "a device for quieting unrest and avoiding important social or economic readjustments," will yet hope to answer these same objections merely by putting social service on a professional plane. That were truly an easy answer to all our economic and social ills.

The historical material presented is interesting though not full nor new. Part IV " The Medieval Church and Philanthropy" traces the influence and effect of the Church on social conditions and the type of social amelioration that followed. "The idea that the giving of alms constituted a sacrifice in the sense of a religious ceremony seems first to have appeared in the teachings of the church fathers." (p. 217). Then, "With this continued emphasis upon the spiritual welfare of the givers, it was inevitable that the particular need of the recipients should often be overlooked. Consequently, there not only was failure to provide the things most needed, but there was encouragement of begging and idleness". Then, in turn, as to methods taken to curb these same evils: "Europe would not have resorted to whipping, branding, galleys, deportation and even slavery and death punishments for begging unless this had been a very serious evil." (p. 226). The arraignment of the Medieval Period in the History of Social Service is enlightening, and complete:

"But an even more serious effect of the philanthropy which was based on the religious merit of almsgiving was the ignoring of fundamental social problems. From the very beginning of the Christian Church, there was an acceptance of the established order. This was doubtless due to the hope for an early return of the Lord and a feeling that injustice in this world mattered little because it would so soon be rectified in the next. Therefore, the Church did not undertake to destroy the institution of human slavery. It advised the slaves instead of caring for freedom, rather to make good use of their calling as slaves. Indeed, the Church itself became in the fourth and fifth centuries the owner of a large number of slaves. From the passing of the Apostles to the end of the Crusades the expectation of an early return of the Lord was gradually given up, but the notion that the social order was subject to change did not enter men's minds for many centuries. The unequal distribution of property, the social distinctions between the rich and poor, the subjection of women, and other injustices which have by no means entirely vanished, were long accepted as a matter of course, and no efforts were put forth for their elimination". (p. 226).

When he views the great strides that have been made in "public service," the growth of "social consicence," Professor Queen finds himself much encouraged and he is very hopeful He looks to "social insurance, free compulsory education, and all those things that will go to make complete political and industrial democracy," to "break down class lines and give everyone an equal part in our common life." He says: "Charity thus means a se-

cond sort of abstraction. It implies that something is wrong with the political and industrial system". He perceives basic problems but would cure them with what appear to many earnest thinkers as poor palliatives. He acknowledges fundamental sores, sees wounds and infections that have persisted through the centuries; and he would cure them with simple remedies, professional treatment and social legislation the efficacy of which are all belied by that very history he "studied backward" so long.

—E. M.

**SOCIAL WORK IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY, by Stuart Albert Queen, Ph. D. Published by Lippincott, Philadelphia. Price, $2.**

**Are Workers Too Bad Or Too Poor?**

Any country in which the established social system is nearing its point of maximum development is characterized by a redundancy of population. Nothing presages more clearly an impending economic readjustment than the presence of a large class of people whose standard of living is constantly being depressed because the increase in population is more rapid than increase in the available necessities of life, or because of an inequitable system of distribution of these necessities. In either case the ingenuity of the race is applied to the problem of finding a way in which to break down the barriers to further human progress.

While it may reasonably be taken for granted that the remedy will be discovered and applied in the future as it has in the past by the class that has no material wealth to lose through a revolutionary change, much valuable and interesting material is supplied by the researches of those who are interested only in a modification of the existing system and its further perfection.

I have before me such a work, Population Problems by Edward B. Reuter Ph. D. of the University of Ohio. Here we have an excellent treatise containing valuable statistical data and a discussion of various population theories, race mixtures, biological differences in races and individuals, and many other questions of human and scientific interest.

However, after having carefully read the book I cannot but feel that the most vital part of the question has received inadequate treatment at the hands of the author. There can be no objection to a thorough handling of the subject of the biologically inferior individuals and the manner in which these may be eliminated. But a real consideration of the subject requires first of all recognition of the fact that the important factor in determining the character of the population is not biological but social and that effective improvement of the individual units composing it is to be made only by sweeping economic changes that will result in the recasting of the social structure.

The author does not entirely neglect this matter. He brings in the Jukes and the Kallicaks for inspection and gives them rather better treatment than they usually receive at the hands of sociologists, admiting that the unfavorable environment in which the young of the trike were reared probably had more to do with their delinquencies in later life than any inherent mental or moral defect.

But curiously enough he places all the stress on the necessity of eliminating the congenitally defective and regrets that the government has not adopted a more sensible policy in the selection of immigrants. He thinks that this nation needs a definite conception of the type of society desired. Obviously such a national conception is quite impossible. There is no possibility of compromise between the ideal of the class that profits by the present social arrangements and the class that suffers because of it. The workers' conception of a desirable social order would scarcely meet with approval from the employing class and the prevailing discontent among the workers sufficiently attests that the system the ruling class has succeeded in imposing on humanity is by by no means satisfactory.

In fact it is no longer possible to properly consider the problems of population from a nationalistic point of view. From year to year economic pressure is being applied more uniformly on all the peoples of the earth, national and even racial inequalities and differences are gradually but surely being ironed out. The time is not far distant when the human units composing society will be disguishable from one another only by a difference in complexion. Immigration restrictons can only retard this tendency to a very limited extent. If American capital cannot import Coolie labor to compete with American workers here there is no insuperable barrier to the growth of modern industry in China, and like economic conditions will inevitably produce similar social conditions modified only in unimportant details by tradition and racial differences. Ultimately the effect of the Chinese worker employed in a factory in China is as great on the American worker similarly employed as it would be if they were working side by side under the same roof. The standard of living of the one is effected by that of the other and all the conditions effecting the quantity and quality of the population tend to become the same.

China is an extreme case, but take any number of countries already far advanced in industrial development—Japan, practically all the European countries, and the United States—in all of these we find conditions are rapidly approaching uniformity and all of them have the same population problems. The trend is decidedly toward homogeneity.

The author states that attempts to make improvements in the quality of the population by considering only the social and not the biological side of the problem have not met with success and he mentions as proof that various Utopian schemes

have uniformly failed. This contention can by no means be admitted to be correct nor can the proof be accepted as valid. The fact is that all social progress has resulted from the improvement of environment made possible by the easing of economic pressure. To be sure the Utopian schemes have contributed nothing to this work but the conscious efforts of the suppressed classes have. In our own day we have the organized labor movement acting with a considerable degree of effectiveness in developing a better type of population, not because union men and women are biologically superior to the unorganized but because they have been able to establish for themselves a more satisfactory environment.

It is well for us to know which human defects are inherited and which are the result of unfavorable environment, but if we are able to eliminate the latter the others will not constitute much of a problem, especially as it is known that the race is gradually becoming immune to many of them.

In matters that do not touch too closely on economics the book is good and well worth reading. The phenomenon of the falling birth rate, marriage and sex relationship are fairly discussed. Malthus' theory with its mixture of obvious fact and puritan dogma is very properly discarded as a historical exhibit, interesting but not useful.

—CARL KELLER.

**POPULATION PROBLEMS, by Edward H. Reuter. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price, $2.**

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**The editor regrets that in the review of IDO last month, the statement of name of author and publishing house was inadvertently omitted.**

**IDO (Problem of an International Auxiliary Language), by Luther H. Dyer, Pitman & Sons, London. Distributed by International Key Bureau, Box 537, Sta. C, Los Angeles, Cal.**

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Next month we promise you an extra good Pioneer. The cover design is a powerful drawing by Lynch. "The Coming Revolution in the Printing Industry," by a Civil Engineer is an article that shows the effect of new machinery—very interesting to many not in the printing industry. "Working Too Hard" is a scream—a burlesque of a good slave in action. Edward Lloyd is right there with a half humorous, half serious (very serious) article entitled "Stone Cross and Double Cross." These we have already. Who knows what more good things will come in before printing time? Spread the Good News. Get your friends to subscribe.—**Editor.**

# Warning!

## California!

The world is watching you;
Look to it what you do.
It is such deeds as these
Have shattered tyrannies.
Turn, turn the dungeon keys
And free the seventy-two,
The dauntless brave, the few
Who dared to beard the crew
That robbed and lynched and slew;
And free the twenty-two
In Folsom gagged and bound
Because they dared to sound
The tocsin far and wide
Of liberty denied;
Fling open every cell
And from each living hell
Let labor captives come;
Give Mooney to his wife
And Billings back to life;
Lead Ford from out the shadow of
the tomb.

## California!

The world is watching you;
Look to it what you do.
Bind not those slender hands
With your iron bands.
Immure not in a cell
One who loved too well
The outcast and the poor
That starved within your door;
One who with vision clear
Saw hunger, vice ,despair
Blot out the landscape fair;
Saw Labor crucified
And "rights of man" denied
By vested wealth and pride.

## California!

Again the bastile reels,
Again the creaking wheels
Go by, and tyrants feel
The kiss of flashing steel. . . .
**The world is watching you;**
**Look to it what you do.**

—HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

# They Rot Before They Die

(Continued from Page 14)

ance is too expensive. A real worker who does become "hooked up" has to cease to be a worker and either turn stool-pigeon or turn crook (usually both) in order to get the five to ten dollars a day required for a well-developed habit.

Not all that the preachers and the moralists lump together as signs of decadence, are really such, when divorced of the attitude which surrounds them, when the motives that impel human beings towards them are considered, and when an eye is had to the effects. Bernard Shaw, in one of his later plays, "Heartbreak House," lays down a principle that is probably true. He says that as long as the captain of a ship can manage his ship, what he drinks is of little concern, socially. But when the ship is drifting at the mercy of storm and waves, with the captain helpless in his cabin bunk, that captain is worthless, even if he has had nothing stronger to drink than weak tea. Lincoln said something like this, when various politicians tried to get General Grant demoted on the grounds that he drank whiskey; Lincoln told them, so the story goes, to find out what brand Grant used, and he would send some to the other Union generals, and maybe they could occasionally win a battle too. We have seen that under certain circumstances a winning, revolutionary class is possessed of a superabundance of vigor and "pep" and will "step out" all the time, will roister and "jazz" its way to victory, even while the losing class is doing much the same thing from opposite motives and with an opposite result, is making itself sodden to drown its sorrows, and is fleeing from an unequal battle to the compensations of wine, women and song. It is partly a question of motives, and partly a question of whether we have sufficient control to still fight while we have our fun, whether what is unquestionably mere degeneration on the part of the ruling class is degeneration for the workers too.* The workers are still able to function; the capitalists are becoming increasingly unable to conduct affairs (witness Europe).

The bourgeoisie indulge in ruinous dissipation for the same reason they become mystics, or take gas, namely, hopelessness and boredom. The working class is only bored in so far as it is not class conscious. When a worker becomes a radical, he invariably ceases to be a booze-fighter, or at least he ceases to be a slave to drunkenness. The responsible union official who gets drunk at inopportune moments, or gambles very much, will have short shrift among revolutionists, at least.

Then there is another aspect to this thing. Not all that the preachers and the moralists lump together as signs of decadence are really such when divorced of the conventional, ruling class attitude towards them. What Rev. Smith calls (after Roosevelt) "race suicide" has no terrors to the proletariat. We know that the world would be a better place to live in with fewer people in it. A superabundant population of workers is convenient for the capitalists, anxious to break down strikes with a great army of the unemployed, and useful to militarists, who need material for their armies. But for the worker, a scarcity of mouths to feed is better. There is no danger that the world will be depopulated. The danger is quite otherwise. Every sociologist of any reputation is worried about the possibility of a food famine from **overpopulation.***

Furthermore, it is undoubtedly true that the family, both among proletarians and bourgeoisie, is less stable than it was even ten years ago. It is undoubtedly true that sexual promiscuity, or perhaps, if that is too strong a word, varietism, is on the increase. To yield to such tendencies as this is a serious collapse of morale, if you are a member of the bourgeoisie, because the Christian family is one of the mainstays of the bourgeois social order. The monogamous, or pseudo-monogamous, family, with the man the head of the family, is one of those conservative forces which are at the same time stabilizers of property relations (inheritance, etc.) and also centers of conservative propaganda, points of support for a class on the defensive. The family and private property have been connected all through the history of civilization.

But it by no means follows that in a condition of wage slavery, or of the cooperative commonwealth either, a rigid monogamy will be desirable. Here we can well afford to let nature take its course, feeling sure that if we can abolish such things as poverty, discrimination on the industrial field against women, and various abnormal factors—monotony, ignorance, enforced celebacy, organized prudery, for example, everything will turn out well enough.**

At present people's lives are too nervous, even proletarians' lives are too nervous, and this nervousness reflects itself in a tendency to change mates faster than they would otherwise, but it is doubtful if mere promiscuity itself does any particular harm; the great harm is done by the original nervousness, irritation, worry, etc., of which the ultra-promiscuity is only a symptom. It is also extremely doubtful whether futuristic art, jazz music and jazz dancing are particularly injurious to the proletariat, though they are disturbing factors in a conservative society,

*NOTE.—No one is defending alcohol and drugs as fit articles for human consumption. Anybody would be better off without them. I merely argue that they have not yet reduced the working class to helplessness.

**NOTE.—For a good modern survey of this problem, see Edward M. East, MANKIND AT THE CROSSROADS.

**NOTE.—Of course the actual process by which the home of the proletarian is being broken up today is a capitalistic one, and a very painful and sordid one: women and child exploitation, unemployment of men because of competition with women and machinery, under pay, inability to support, etc. Nothing good can be said about it.

and conservative spokesmen do well from their point of view to oppose them.

Jazz, in all of its manifestations, is an indication of the nervous tension of modern society—it is a product of rushing, noisy, worried life, and in a saner social system, would lose most of its savor. Just what would be accomplished, from a proletarian point of view, by an attempt to supress the symptoms, which are relatively harmless, while permitting the cause, namely, the insecurity, the worry, the fretting, which makes such things as jazz palatable, and perhaps necessary, to the modern proletarian, I cannot see.

Of course we may find, as the fight develops, that like other revolutionary classes, we have to become puritans merely because we dare not spare time and energy for anything else than the class war. In that case, our morality will resemble that of the Ironsides, who followed Cromwell's advice, to "put some conscience into their fighting," far more than that of St. Augustin and Simeon Stylites. It will certainly not even be as religious as that of the English Puritans, for the utilitarian aspect of it will be plain for all to see and not hidden beneath Biblical phraseology, as was theirs.

At present there is no apparent need of anything of this sort; we can well let things run along as they are ;merely preventing the dissipation of the workers' money during strikes, demanding efficiency of our union officials, and letting everybody go to what dances, establish whatever domestic relations, and admire whatever forms of art or alleged art they may care to look upon. (Anyway it is a fact that good music, painting and drama have more sincere admirers among the poor than the rich.)

On the other hand, a sensible bourgeois must fight such tendencies, for they break down the cultural superiority of the rich, and the feeling of dignity and reserve strength. All change is dangerous to a ruling class. A sensible bourgeois must battle for his grand opera, even though he doesn't understand it a bit, must insist on preserving the pictures of the old masters, though he cannot appreciate them, must especially fill his houses with "period" furniture, though it is useless to him, and makes him uncomfortable. It is curious how the bourgeois of America pathetically clings to such trivialities as old furniture. It is something like Henry Ford's ludicrous attempt to revive what, for him, means oldness, stability, wholesomeness and happiness, namely the square dances of his youth. Just so do the fashionable hotels and the mansions of the **nouveaux riches** advertise, in one way or another, their "Louis XV," "Georgian," etc., rooms. The thing creeps into even pleasure resort literature. For instance, we quote a few paragraphs from the advertising circular of "The Breakers," a huge, twelve story Atlantic City paradise for the upper middle class—small town merchants in the city, and the like:

"From the Boardwalk level, we walk into the concourse; its high-vaulted marble ceiling and walls give a coolness that even on the warmest mid-summer day afford a respite from the hot sun. On either side runs a wide-stepped marble staircase, one leading into the lobby and the other takes us to the **Louis XVI Restaurant.** Three high-speed elevators whisk us to the floors above.

"Even as we enter the doors, friendly hands are ready to serve, and yet with no show of obtrusiveness. The sheer comfort of the hotel, and unlooked-for little services, the charming environment are noted immediately. No matter where we go, little luxuries spring up, pleasant, friendly, comforting luxuries that one doesn't expect but is mighty glad to meet with.

"The Louis XVI Restaurant is a revelation. Here one may sit at tables looking right on the ocean, and on those days when the temperature is moderate, swing wide the great French windows and dine out-doors. Imagine a cuisine so savory as to satiate the epicure, imagine an orchestra strumming a suite of Grieg, a Beethoven Symphony or a raggy Irving Berlin fox-trot; imagine a steak, thick and juicy, garnished with new-picked mushrooms and grilled to that nicety that shows just a tinge of carmine when you cut it; imagine a service of silver and of linen so immaculate that it fairly glistens; fresh cut flowers on the table, and you have a faint picture of dining here. . . .

"Tonight we will dine 'atop The Breakers in the **Egyptian Restaurant.** The dreamy atmosphere of the Pharaohs is carried out in its arrangement, and one feels as if here has been transplanted the Sphinx and the Pyramids of the Nile. On four sides the windows open wide on balconies w here we may stroll and view the seven long miles of Boardwalk. It is situated one hundred and sixty-five feet 'atop the hotel landing, quiet from the gaiety below. One thousand may dine here at one time. . . ."

You will see here the strong appeal made to oldness, exclusiveness, "good taste," formality—even in a building dedicated to pleasure. Also how jazz creeps in here too, just as Irving Berlin, the jazzing Jew, himself has slipped into a most conservative, Roman-Catholic, millionaire family.

The old men of the class that cannot keep its youth from carrying hip flasks, seizes a bit of flotsam from old times, and makes a virtue of that. This, I think, is one of the most perfect, and vivid, confessions of the senility of the bourgeoisie, of its decadence, its failure to separate form from content. The bourgeoisie is perishing, its civilization is collapsing, nothing is sound any more but the proletariat; capitalism cannot even properly diagnose its own disease, because of the prevailing pessimism that poisons it to the core, makes some of its members skeptical of all serious thought, and fills others with a dreary and useless joy, based on chemicals or the hypnotic sounds of saxaphones. Capitalism is dying, and like all previous ruling class systems, it is rotting before it dies. The stench is something awful, but I guess we will have to stand it, for it is our fate to bury the corpse.

# WOBBLES

**A wobble: By the way, the wobbles in our papers have a true office to perform—that of bringing the sublime and the ridiculous into a compromising proximity. . . .**

**True humor, after all, is the carefree manhandling of extremes—to extremes extreme sorrow. To illustrate:**

**A STEEL MAGNATE CRYING IS A PATHETIC FIGURE.**

**Not always!**

**A steel magnate crying and (at the same time) eating a pig's foot—is rather a pleasing spectacle.**

**That's what I mean by sublime and ridiculous. . . .**

**—T-BS.**

### THEY'RE ALWAYS THAT WAY

A much inebriated man slumped down into a seat in the lobby of the Robidoux Hotel, St. Joe, Mo., landing beside a clergyman.

"Fine (hic) day," he began.

"Yes, it is," from the clergyman.

"Thish's a fine hotel."

"Yes, I find it very comfortable."

"Won't'sh have a drink?" asked the man, encouraged by the courteous replies.

The clergyman's face hardened. "No, thank you, I do not indulge."

"Shay, whatcha givin' me? You gotcha collar on backwards now."

### THE CELESTIAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS

An educated Chinaman, visiting in the Occident heard with interest a lengthy discussion on the Christian Trinity. His host asked him what he thought of God, now that he had listened to the opinions of those present.

"Isn't it just like a bunch of Englishmen," countered the Chinaman, "to make him a committee"?

"Why aren't you working? Did you go on strike?"

"No, not me! I got laid off, if you please."

"Then the boss played with you and struck you out!"

First Harvest Hand: "What became of that auto tramp the boss hired yesterday?"

Second Ditto: "Didn't you hear? He got so used to a flivver that when the mules stopped he crawled under them to see why they wouldn't go."




## Industrial Rubiyat

**(With Profuse Apologies to Dear Old Omar)**

Ah Love, though you and I could with fate conspire,
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire.
Could we shatter it to bits, and then
Remold it, nearer to the heart's desire?

I doubt—not only doubt, but fear,
Our desire to shatetr would come to naught, my dear.
Our puny efforts, the feeble strength of two
Is naught, but a wish, as **might** is needed here.

Ah Love, you and I can but regret,
That our power is but the dream of few as yet.
Our Power, lying dormant within the workers of this earth,
Awaiting, as unknown to them, the hour to strike is set.

**—By H. J. Holmes.**

The minister had come to Sunday dinner, which necessitated the killing of a chicken on short notice. After dinner a brood of motherless chicks kept coming up on the porch cheeping plaintively. Time and again little Jim drove them away.

Finally, exasperated, he exclaimed: "You needn't come around me cheeping. There sets the man that et your maw."

**THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER,** wobbly organ of the imminent revolution of the proletariat, has for its columnist one **T-Bone Slim,** a gentleman I strongly suspect of originating many of the newer wobbly words and phrases. In a recent number he wrote:

"A working stiff often gets it into what he thinks is his head that by merely saving what money he can spare from his $3.50 per day, and investing it in **Just Some Good, Safe Stocks,** he will some day surely become a **Ford** or a **Rockefeller.** Such a working stiff, gentlemen, should be treated at once. He is suffering from the first stages of **hydro-forbesia."**

A great Hearst publicist comes in for much razzing at the hand of Slim, and **brisbanalities** is now official in the wobbly thesaurus.—Stewart H. Holbrook, in **The American Mercury.**

# T-BONE SLIM

## *Has An Article Every Week In*

# SOLIDARITY

There is a lot more in Industrial Solidarity and Industrial Worker than T-Bone Slim's column. These two papers are the I. W. W. weekly publications, packed full of news about the labor movement; and about the workers' correct form of organization.

Industrial Solidarity is the official organ of the I. W. W., published at General Headquarters, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago. Sells for $2 a year; single copies five cents; bundle orders of five or more, three cents a copy.

Industrial Worker is the newspaper of the Northwest Branches of the I. W. W., same price as Industrial Solidarity, published at Seattle, Wash., Address P. O. Box 1857.

You are missing a lot if you don't get each of these papers. You can't say you know the labor movement of America unless you read the journals of its most militant section. Written by workers, and written for workers.

*Write for sample of Solidarity to*

3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

# The Industrial Pioneer

*An Illustrated Labor Magazine*

MARCH 1926 — Price 20 Cents




## THE COMING REVOLUTION

in the Printing Industry--
in the Mining Industry.

What Will Result From The Ford Case?

Wobbles -- Books -- Poems -- Cartoons




# Diffusion of Knowledge

(By ULISUJ J. LOTGISDEN)

As we contemplate the history of the past, the almost interminable vista of darkness during which the mass of men seemed to slumber is not the only one which arrests our attention. There flashed now and anon across the sombre firmament of ignorance, a genius, who like a meteor shooting through space, left a trace of radiance in his wake. There arose from among the multitudes, students and philosophers, scientists and dreamers, striving for knowledge, panting for truth. But their soaring minds dwelt mainly among the stars, or contemplated the mysteries of Fate and the blind forces of nature far more seriously than they did the physical powers, and the legitimate aspirations of man. They advanced theories, claimed principles, built systems which they deemed eternal, and which subsequent generations saw levelled to the ground and scattered to the winds. Once in a while fragments of the whole remained, and helped to increase the small store of positive knowledge; but how infinitesimal was this when compared

*Continued on page* 18



# The Industrial Pioneer

Edited by Vern Smith

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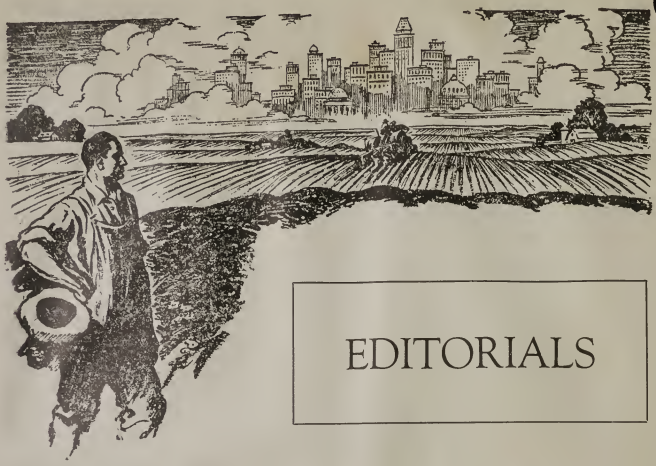
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It should be understood by members and others who read this magazine, that it is the policy of the I. W. W. to designate as OFFICIAL, any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. ANYTHING NOT SO DESIGNATED, IS NOT OFFICIAL. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals, or individual writing or editing the same.

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# EDITORIALS

**PROFITS AND ORGANIZATION.**—Profits, overwhelming profits, are the outstanding fact in the industrial and financial reports which all corporation are making now on their activities during last year. It was a year of sub-normal employment; and of just moderate sales. It looks a little as though the markets were being flooded.

But it was the wildest orgy of profiteering ever known in America, aside from the holy years of the war.

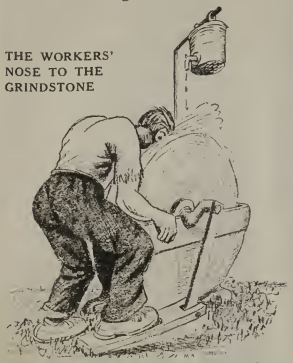
Normally, when capitalists are getting tremendous incomes, a few crumbs from their feast fall to the share of labor. There is usually in such times a little increase in wages, even without strikes, and a great deal more employment. But not so last year. Last year there was a little less employment than usual, and wages increased only here and there, only in the well-organized industries, and only as a result of bitterly contested strikes.

This seems to indicate the course of industry, in "good times," from now on. The enormous exploitation will surely bring a period of collapse and unemployment, sooner or later, and this will be, naturally, followed by one of relative "good times" again. But if this present epoch of "prosperity" means anything, then even in times of prosperity, there are too many, very much too many, men for the jobs. The industrial reserve army of the unemployed is permanently larger than ever before. Wages will not go up without striking, and only well-organized strikes win much. Strikes are harder to win.

In this situation, what is left the workers but industrial unionism, the sort of unionism that has a chance to win? Have any craft unions won any strike during the last year? Only when, as in the building trades, they have operated in unison, in the whole locality, and then only in places where there is a building boom going on. Practically all the strikes that have been won have been in industries where the unions are semi-industrial at least; men's clothing workers, ladies' garment workers, Alberta miners, lumber workers—marine transport workers—where else? Notice that the Australian Seamen's Union (indus-

trial in form) won its strike, and the British Sailors' and Firemen's Union (more industrial than the I. S. U., but not enough so) lost its strike.

Industrial unionism is the only kind of unionism that can meet the new conditions, of capitalistic prosperity in the midst of workers' unemployment. And the I. W. W. is **the** industrial organization.




(But Maybe It Will Sharpen His Head)

**"LEFT BEHIND".**—The organ of the conservative wing of the British Labor Movement, the Daily Herald of London, in a recent issue publishes a very fair, purely objective review of Gompers official biography. The title of the review is the most significant part of it: "The Sort of Labor Leader We Have Left Behind". What will this, the **right wing** of British labor say about Green, the present A. F. L. head, who is a mile to the right of Gompers? What will the rapidly growing **left wing** in England, and other countries say about the high salaried double crossers that the A. F. L. has in power? Probably the reason they haven't said much so far is because foreign unionists, right or left, cannot believe that a bunch of workingmen would be so silly as to pay up to $25,000 per year to anybody for his services as a Judas to them. It does seem rather queer, at that. We never could understand it.




**THE KING ON INDUSTRY.**—The king of England is one of those ornaments which, however great the expense, capitalism has to maintain. His function becomes apparent from a glance at his twelve-minute speech at the opening of Parliament a short time ago. Says he, in effect: "The country is f ced with a little trouble in the coal fields. A spirit of conciliation on the part of labor will make this danger pass away, and the glory of my reign will continue, untarnished. I thank you. Let Parliament continue to talk."

We do not think that many of the English workers will be fooled by this royal message, outlined, of course, by whoever is head of the organized capitalists of Great Britain at present. The time has gone by when even a king can persuade the English worker that everything is all right —just leave it to George (the Fifth) and the windbags gathered in the capitalist parliament. They have watched that parliament cringe before the threat of a nation-wide mine and transport strike, and deliver millions of pounds to pay the wages that capital had once decided to cut. They have seen the king, shining with diamonds, address his glittering lords and his not overly brilliant commons in parliament,

and talk like the secretary of an American chamber of commerce about "capital and labor getting together"—so that the industries will run along and profit continue unabated. They will realize, we hope, that they have the whip hand, if they will only use it. If they do, workers of all lands will learn from them.

**KENTUCKY SAVES A NEGRO.**—The governor of Kentucky swore that Ed Harris, a negro, would not be lynched, so he called out the militia and jammed the town of Frankfort with troops. Tanks rumbled up and down the streets, machine guns glared from the centers of the blocks, tear-gas drifted over the curious crowds like fog. The negro, who was supposed to be in danger of lynching, was rushed to a nearby town ,regularly tried, and sentenced to death within thirteen minutes after the trial started. Going to be hanged anyway. Net cost of this big Wild West circus—about $20,000.

Now we suspect the sincerity of everybody concerned in this whole blooming business. Probably the negro confessed under duress. There seems to have been no adequate reporting on the trial—the public was absent during its course. Certainly there doesn't have to be a whole army called out to keep a southern mob from lynching a negro. Seven men and a corporal could have done that. A handful of sheriff's deputies could have done it. There has never yet been a case where a sheriff who was really determined to defend his prisoner ever had him taken away and lynched. All the lynchings take place with the sheriff a silent partner to the lynchers. A mob of southern gentlemen never, under any circumstances, faces any gunfire, unless there is a whole race war going on, and they fight out of fear.



"The Big House"—A Palace of the White Master



The Burden Bearer—The Negro Does Heavy Work

Why all this military display—tanks, tear gas, machine guns? We suspect that it might be partly hysteria. But we also suspect that it was a dress rehearsal in subduing mass picketing—that it was a little practice maneuvers to prepare the militia of Kentucky for their real work—defending profits. There are coal mines in Kentucky.

However, perhaps we are mistaken. Perhaps it was all designed to impress the "Nawthen traducahs" of the South with a deep respect for her love of law and order—to hasten the flow of capital into Southern fields, and maybe to convince all and sundry that it is really too expensive to save any negroes who ought to be lynched. Anyway we will wait and see if they go to all this trouble to legally lynch, instead of just lynch, the next negro.

**FORD IS FREE.**—The noose got snarled, Busick made a mistake, the jury was not dismissed when it should have been, and all Busick's ranting about "un-American conduct in setting free this dangerous criminal," and all his sentencing to jail for contempt of court of spectators who applauded the verdict of "not guilty" will not put Richard Ford back in the shadow of the scaffold from which he has just stepped.

And now for Suhr. If Ford is, by the verdict of his second trial in Marysville, not guilty of murder—then he should not have been confined for twelve years in a California state penitentiary. And if Ford was unjustly confined there for twelve years, where, in the name of Pontius Pilate and Bloody Judge Jeffreys, does the law in California get the right to keep Suhr, his partner in crime—or innocence—in jail for still longer?

Every class-conscious worker should tell

the world the facts about the case of Ford and Suhr. They were convicted in 1914 of conspiring to create a strike during which they could murder some officers of the law. The facts do not bear out this theory. There were abominable conditions on the Durst Bros. hop ranch, in Yuba county, California, and between two and three thousand hop pickers went on strike. Everybody, including a government investigating commission, agrees that they were amply justified in striking. Ford and Suhr were there, and they organized the workers for victory. They made speeches, urging them to hold out. They did not advise any violence.

The strike committee was tricked, threatened, and flouted by Durst, the employer. False warrants were issued for the arrest of the "ringleaders" of the strike—illegal warrants. Attempts were also made to arrest without warrants. Finally—the evidence of the second trial of Ford shows this, and the jury believed it—officers, friends of Durst, came and fired into the crowd, killing and maiming. In the confusion an unknown Porto Rican worker wrested a gun from one of the officers and killed two of them. It is for these killings in self-defense (they can not be called "murders") that Ford and Suhr were convicted; it is on this flimsy case of "conspiracy to kill" that Ford was recently retried for his life, and that Suhr is still held in prison, after twelve years. The acquittal of Ford should bring the release of Suhr —but it won't unless Labor makes its voice heard in no uncertain tones, demanding this release. The readers of this magazine are all workers, let them take this cause to heart, and line up with the I. W. W. in its efforts to free Herman Suhr.

**A RELEASE IN SIGHT?**—The courageous attitude and the manly determination to stick to their principles in the face of the most outrageous persecution, shown by the members of the I. W. W. in San Quentin Prison has done something more than to force a grudging note of admiration from some sections of the press in California. It has convinced a considerable part of the populace, including some articulate parts (possessing newspapers) that such persecution is useless. If it doesn't accomplish what it is intended to accomplish, if it doesn't break the spirit of the I. W. W.—what is the use of it? Why the expense, and the ignominy of keeping brave men in jail for a political offense? So they reason.

Here is a typical editorial statement; this one is from the Los Angeles Record.

"You can't imprison ideas. Since the dawn of man's civilization it has been tried and it has always failed. Now California is just learning the old, old lesson for itself.

"It has just been learned that of the 60 I. W. W. prisoners in San Quentin 50 are eligible to apply for parole, but have refused. A score are in solitary for having struck against alleged discrimination of the prison authorities against their fellows. All are willing to undergo further hardships rather than forswear their beliefs in industial unionism. Their leader estimates that of the 150 original wobbly convicts only 12 per cent have taken parole in place of what they are demanding—full pardon.

" 'Wrong opinions should be met only by fair discussion,' says Dr. David Starr Jordan, Stanford sage, neither a 'red' nor a 'pink'.

" 'To put them down by force or terrorism or by special legislation is a policy more dangerous than any expression of opinion can be.'

"Not only dangerous, but futile and humiliating for a land as big and impregnable as ours to jail its radical thinkers for their radical **thoughts.**

"If California is wise it will release its political prisoners and repeal its war-born, hysterical criminal syndicalism law."

The statement that "our" land is so "big and impregnable" to radical thinkers that they are harmless, is, of course, what the psychologists call "rationalizing," or what common sense calls, "making a virtue out of necessity". We don't care what excuse the bourgeoisie gives itself for giving up the criminal syndicalism persecution. The important thing is that they are realizing in California that it is ineffective.



HOP PICKERS LISTENING TO SPEAKERS ON DURST'S RANCH, Aug. 3, 1913
(The Shooting Started Shortly After This Picture Was Taken)

The crowd of strikers which was being addressed by Richard Ford at the time of the Wheatland Hop Field's massacre was most orderly and inoffensive. They were sitting and standing around on the ground, packed closely together, men, women and children of twenty-six different nationalities — not armed in any way, for Ford had requested any who had guns to leave them at home.

One of the grievances which had brought on the strike was the fact that the hop vines were trained up on high poles, and there were no special men hired to pull them down or pick the high hop vines. Women and children were not able to do this hard work, and the high wall of vines made the hop fields an inferno of heat by breaking any cool breeze that might start up.



HOP PICKERS LINED UP ALONG ROADWAY ON DURST'S RANCH
WHEATLAND



HOP PICKERS, WAITING FOR MEETING TO START, August 3, 1913

Hop pickers are migratory or semi-migratory workers, who have to make a living in the blazing central valleys of California by rushing from one district to another, following the varied crops as they ripen. For the rich ranchers they are just so much human power, to be used once a year and driven away, with no more expense than can be helped. The I. W. W. is the pickers' great hope.

"And so ends another chapter in that book, 'The Crime of a Decade'. The story of how a money-hungry hop rancher conspired to drive workers to despair; of how he attempted to enforce something even lower than peonage and in so doing caused five innocent men to be killed; of how he did not stop there, but went so far as to send two innocent men to prison with a life sentence as their due; of whom one returned after twelve years and proved to the world they were innocent. We found in the opening chapter that the story began on Sunday, August third, and now with our last page turned we learn that one man is given half freedom on Sunday, January 24th. With that thought in mind may we hope that before many more Sundays have passed into oblivion the workers who read these pages will have arisen and asserted themselves in no uncertain terms, to the end that Richard Ford and Herman Suhr will both be granted full and complete pardons by the governor of the State of California."—AUTHOR.

# Justice Triumphant



Hop Ranchers' Gun Men Guarding What Was Left of the Hop Pickers on Durst Brothers' Ranch, Aug. 4, 1913, the Day After the Shooting

## The Story of the Second Ford Trial

By A SPECTATOR

IN her own temples and with her own high priests officiating at the altars, "California Justice" has been publicly shamed. The acquittal of Richard Ford, in Marysville, on January 24th, clearly vindicated the I. W. W. and rendered a smashing rebuke to that which, for more than a decade, has masqueraded under the name of Justice in the "Golden State" whenever a class-conscious worker has been on trial.

To understand this story, you must go back to the sultry days of August, 1913. You must picture to yourself some twenty-eight hundred pickers camped in a field on the hop ranch of Durst Brothers, just outside the town of Wheatland, California. Men, women and children; Americans, Syrians, Japanese, Mexicans, and every other nationality that made up the migratory working class of the great interior valley of California, had gathered there. They had come to work, lured by advertisements scattered broadcast; but the first thing they found was that there was only work enough for half their number. They were there to



The Barren Field Where the Hop Pickers Were Camped on Durst Brothers' Ranch at Wheatland

make money; but they learned that the wages were to be lower than had been advertised and that the standards of picking were such as had never before been enforced upon a California hop ranch.

Worse still, the sanitary conditions were most inadequate and revolting. The wells which supplied water were pumped dry before the campers could all be supplied. In the hop yards themselves, there were no toilets at all for either men or women; water could be obtained only by purchasing an unpalatable dish of "stew" from a concessionary of the Durst Brothers or by purchasing "lemonade" made of citric acid from a nephew of the owners of the ranch.

The inevitable happened—the pickers met, formulated demands for higher wages and better conditions, and presented them to Ralph Durst, manager of the ranch. Durst met them with evasions; and was given additional time to consider. When, at the expiration of this time, Ford, as chairman of the hop pickers' committee, requested a definite answer, Durst struck him across the face with a heavy pair of goves; and the local constable, gun in sight, ordered him off the place and threatened to arrest him. The hop pickers decided to strike if their demands were not granted. The day was Sunday, so the strike had not actually begun.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, Ralph Durst, District Attorney Manwell, Sheriff George H. Voss and a posse of would-be gun men that had been hastily summoned from the saloons of Marysville, drove into the hop pickers' camp in two automobiles. The constable who had ordered Ford off the premises earlier in the day, possessed two warrants of doubtful legality. As they approached the great as semblage of pickers, the bench upon which Ford and others stood gave way with a loud crash. The crash was too much for the nerves of Henry Dakin, one of the impromptu deputy sheriffs. He fired a shotgun twice over the heads of the crowd.

It is safe to say that no one knows just what happened next. In less time almost than it takes to write it, the crowd scattered. Lying dead on the ground were District Attorney E. T. Manwell, Deputy Sheriff Riordan, an unknown member of the crowd, who is referred to as "The Porto Rican," and a young English boy, who had been in the act of carrying a bucket of water. In addition, Sheriff Voss, Constable Anderson and one of the strikers were badly wounded.

All of the officers were armed. Testimony later brought out in the trials proved that none of the workers were armed with the exception of the Porto Rican, who is said to have got a gun by disarming an officer after the shooting started.

Within a few days, many of the pickers were arrested; and in January, 1914, four of them, Ford, Suhr, Beck and Bagen were placed on trial for their lives, charged with the murder of District Attorney Manwell. Beck and Bagen were acquitted; Ford and Suhr were found guilty of murder in the second degree, with a recommendation for leniency. Both were sentenced to Folsom Prison for life by Judge E. P. McDaniel.

More than eleven years later, on September 11, 1925, Ford was paroled. The conditions of his parole were that he should go to Long Branch, Washington, where employment had been secured for him, and remain there, with the usual restrictions as to reporting to the California State Parole Officer.

Following the shooting of 1913, Ray Manwell, son of the deceased district attorney, was elected to the office which his father had held. His election was not brought about because of his legal ability, but out of public pity for the untimely death of his father. A call for such sympathy has been his principal stock in trade since then. However, a course of riotous living, which has become matter of public scandal, has threatened to undermine his position. He thought that if he could try Ford again he would regain the favor of the public.

Judge E. P. McDaniels, who had presided at the trial of Ford and Suhr, still occupies the Superior bench of Yuba County. This loquacious jurist—who has a habit of discussing all cases that come before him not only with every chance visitor to his chambers, but also with the town loafers at the cigar stand—had early won political preferment in his rural community by his hearty interest in race horses. A few years ago he sold his last horses; and his mind, in search for something to dwell upon, centered on the Ford case. It became a passion with him and all who disagreed with his views were immediately classed as being unintelligent.

### Ford Released from Prison

As Ford stepped from the gates of the old gray prison, he was met by the sheriff of Yuba County with a warrant for his arrest on the charge of murdering Deputy Sheriff Riordan. He was immediately taken to the county jail at Marysville.

The grand jury, at Manwell's request, returned an indictment, charging him with the murder of Eugene Riordan on August 3, 1913. Judge McDaniel had disqualified himself, so he could not try the man. Governor Richardson appointed Judge Charles O. Busick, of Sacramento, to sit upon the case.

Judge Busick is an honest God fearing man, according to California standards. He hates not only all criminals, but all who are accused of crime. If the accused chances to be a member of a labor union, the judicial hatred is increased manyfold. If he chances to be a member of the I. W. W. the judicial wrath knows no bounds. Ten years ago, his injunction against the Motion Picture Operators' Union of Sacramento marked him out as a foe to organized labor. His anti-I. W. W. injunction, in 1923, spread his reputation to all lands where injustice is abhorred. His achievements in the case of Tom Connors, as judge, and witness for the prosecution at the same time, won for him the title of "The California Pooh Bah." It was altogether

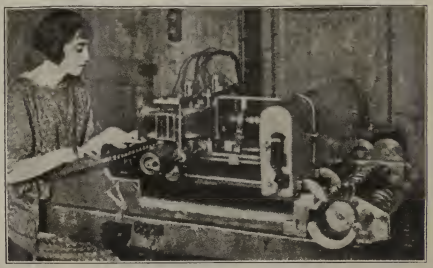
(Continued on Page 28)

# Coming Revolution in the Printing Industry

By CIVIL ENGINEER

EVER since the discovery of movable type carved by hand out of blocks of wood, printed matter in quantities has sold for much less than manuscript copies. After this first stage, metal type was substituted for wooden and the printing press was improved as a mechanical contrivance. This was the handicraft stage of printing—moveable type and handpress.

The next steps were the linotype and monotype machines. They gave us more efficient methods of setting type, but affected the printing press only indirectly. The press still used outside motive power in a limited degree only.



THE LINOTYPER'S LATEST ENEMY
New Photo-Engraving Camera

But from then on, inventors began to look for a yet more efficient method of cheapening the cost of the operation of printing and of increasing its speed. By common agreement, most of these attempts were connected with the art of photography. The general idea was to write something on a piece of paper and then reproduce it to an unlimited number of copies by a photographic process.

The invention of typewriting gave these informal gropings a powerful impulse. A typewritten page can be more easily read than a handwritten one, so the practicability of the desired invention dwindled down to the elaboration of a process capable of printing photographic copies of a typewritten negative cheaper and faster than the printing press could do the work.

Some fifteen years ago, an American patent was issued to an inventor who claimed to have solved the problem. It did not meet with success. The truth of the matter seems to be that economic reasons interfered with the commercial success of the invention. The printing industry awakened by the threatened danger to its equipment fought hard to kill further experimental work and for a while, the matter was left in abeyance.

That it was not so much of a failure as the printing industry claimed, was proved, in 1919, when an outlaw strike of the workers in the printing trades took place in New York City and some of the country's leading magazines were unable to appear on the newstands at the usual time.

In October 1919, the Literary Digest resurrected the discarded process and used it a short time. The pages were harder to read than ordinary printed matter and the number of words per square inch was far less than that of ordinary type. The lines were not evenly spaced in length as now. These features assumed a considerable importance.

When the strike was settled, the new method was again discarded but inventors kept up their studies of the relatively simple problem of quantity production of photographic prints and recently Messrs. **J. R. C. August** and **E. K. Hunter** of Walworth, England, have announced the perfection of an improved process which, if it meets the practical tests of speed and cheapness, bids fair to reduce the marvelous linotype machine to the rank of a curiosity to be displayed in a glass case in some museum of archeology.

It is said the new machine does away with metal type by substituting therefore a sensitive film upon which the typewritten lines have been photographed. For obvious reasons, the inventors have not published the details of their discovery but the main features of the new machine are known.

The machine itself is a combination into one apparatus of a typewriter, a camera and a reproducing machine embodying certain features not unlike those of process engraving.

The operator works at a keyboard similar to that

of a typewriter. The writing acts as a master film and is projected as fast as type on a sensitized photographic film base. The projection is then rapidly photographed by an exposure of a fraction of a second. The next operation consists in the development of the photographic plate which gives the equivalent of the "set-up material" or the type-line of the composing machine. It is, in reality, a photographic film bearing an image of the subject-matter to be printed and is somewhat similar to the stage reached by the process engraver when he obtains a negative by photographing an original.

From now on, printing proper is a very simple matter and may be done in a dozen different ways, by line-block for letter-press printing, by direct litho, by photographic processes from plate or stone or by the offset photo-litho throughout.

### Technical Advantages

The main advantage of the process resides in the fact that it permits printing in an almost endless variety of type without the use of metal type for each different class of lettering desired. By adjusting the focus of the projecting lens, the original writing of the typewriter may be distorted into a bewildering variety of lettering and this operation is completely automatic.

As a matter of fact, type-metal is completely eliminated. It is claimed that one spool of film, two inches in diameter and three inches wide is equivalent to 2,700 fonts. A font is a complete set of type.

By connecting this new machine with a radio broadcasting set, the composition made at a central point can be immediately transferred automatically to any desired point by the tele-photo process already in existence.

The complexity of the many possible material advantages which can be derived from the main process may be grapsed from the fact that it took no less than seventy different patents to cover them all in one single country.

### The Cultural Incidence

Printing was one of the greatest conquests of human ingenuity. The new invention if successful, cannot fail, even under capitalistic conditions of ownership, to cheapen the cost of printing and, in the measure that it does this, it will duplicate the huge advantages which the world of thought and ideas has been able to derive from the previous invention of movable type and the printing press.

### Possible Economic Results

From the point of view of the employers, the process is bound to lead to a considerable reduction of the cost of printing. The composing rooms of the future, instead of occupying a large amount of floor space covered with costly machines, will consist of offices of a small fraction of the present size housing only the camera compositors. Millions will be saved inasmuch as the bulk of the composing plants of today will become unnecessary.

An editor, with a few notes at hand, will be able to write and print his article in a hundred different places at the same time, and at one single operation.

A terrible blow will be struck at the press associations, those systematic poisoners of public information for the new process will completely eliminate the necessity of telegraphic news transmission, the nefarious monopoly of lying enjoyed today by the ruling class at the expense of the downtrodden class of wage-slaves victimized by the present system.

From the point of view of the workers, let us rapidly figure out the quantity of labor which is either reduced or completely eliminated by the new process.

The copy-boy becomes two-thirds useless.

On the basis of the comparative speed of the typewriter and the linotype, the number of camera-typewriters will be at most one half of the present number of linotype operators.

There is no further use for stereotypers.

Typefounders, as a trade, disappear.

There may be a small increase in the number of photo-engravers and lithographers.

The manufacture of the new machine does not involve one half of the mechanical complexity of the present linotype thus entailing an elimination of part of the machinist's labor required.

### Are the Workers Ready?

As in the case of every form of technological progress, private ownership will probably, at the start, prevent the new invention from becoming general in its use, at least until the machinery in place wears out and has to be scrapped. Employers' organization in the printing trades is too well developed and too complete to permit the hope that competition alone will boost the new invention immediately into general use. The introduction of the new process will take place in such a measure as the individual owners will allow it and their will in the matter shall rule supreme because their organization is inclusive of the whole of the industry and possesses therefore a degree of efficiency which will enable it to impose its decisions upon society as a whole.

The consumer of printed matter may not share fairly in the savings of the process under a system of private ownership. He will get something, as much or as little as the private owners will choose to dole out to him. Once more it is demonstrated, in this particular instance, that the logical corollary of every form of technological progress, in the direction of complete automatism in production, is collectivism or social ownership of the machinized tools. In the absence of this social and economic necessary consequence, the new invention will mainly increase the wealth, and the power of the controlling financial oligarchy and its hirelings.

The capacity of the workers to handle a new invention, that is, to shape matters during the period of transition from the existing to the new

(Continued on Page 25)



PORT ARTHUR LABOR TEMPLE
Owned Co-operatively By the I. W. W. Members There

# Training for Freedom

By J. A. McDONALD

THE I. W. W. differs from all other radical organizations in the fact that it plans not merely for the overthrow of the capitalist system, but also intends to use the same industrial unionism, the rise of which means the downfall of capitalism, as the basis of the future industrial society. As the preamble states, by organizing industrially "we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

But there will be more than work in the future society, in fact with the solution of the struggle for food, the brute struggle which has been the great portion of the history of the past, man will be given the opportunity to think thoughts unconnected with the stomach urges. New art, new drama, new poetry will arise when man at last is free. Relieved from the trammels of the struggle for food, which the machinery of today makes unnecessary except as the workers are refused access to those machines, man will blossom forth into countless forms of endeavor for the satisfaction of his higher nature.

Even within the shell of the old society, the I. W. W. is forming more than industrial unions, it is also forming the structure of new artistic conceptions, a new drama not of the counting house, and a morality which knows nothing of the trammels of capitalism.

Nearly a week spent in the headquarters of the I. W. W., in Port Arthur has emphasized this for me. The activities of our Finnish membership here is a lesson on building the new society right now. The big house with three floors, two halls, a director of dramatic art, a community restaurant, three different athletic clubs, one for the men, one for women, and the third for children, and countless other activities is a social center that although it is in the middle of capitalism is yet more in line with the new society than with the old.

In March of 1920, nearly three hundred Finnish workers got together and decided that they needed a center of agitation for industrial unionism, a center of social life, a revolutionary community center. They bought a hall three stories high, a big brick block costing approximately $30,000. They did not have the money to pay for it, but they were able to collect enough to handle the deal. Everyone got busy in that same way which has made possible the ownership of the daily paper **Industrialisti,** the Work People's College, and the magazines and publications now printed by the I. W. W. in the Finnish language.

One of the activities started then, was a community restaurant. At first those who were to eat there took stock. Since that time every one of



SCENE FROM "KATJA, THE DANCER"
Finnish Opera Sung By I. W. W. Workers in Their Own Theatre at Port Arthur, Canada

these stockholders have been paid off, and today I am informed that this is the only restaurant in America that is owned exclusively by those who eat there. At the present time some one hundred eat there at each meal. There is a manager elected by the patrons of the restaurant, and in the spring and summer when the men are in from the camps, there are two hundred or more eating at this restaurant regularly.

During the last year the price of meals was twenty cents. At the present this has been raised to twenty-five cents. Each meal is served for two hours, and there is in addition a long coffee table with a large variety of cakes where between the meal hours those who wish can have a lunch for fifteen cents. There is a greater variety of food served, and a far better service than one can find at almost any other boarding house. The arrangement is that when there is more than five thousand dollars in the bank to the credit of the restaurant, the prices are lowered, and then raised when the money on hand is spent. The persons eating at the restaurant have a board of directors, and these and the manager, Nick Viita, the stationary delegate of the I. W. W., are in charge of the management, subject at all times to the wishes of the rank and file.

There is a notice over the door of the kitchen. It is probably to keep out, but as I cannot read Finnish, I have been in the kitchen on numerous occasions. A sanitary inspector would enjoy the scrupulous cleanliness there unless he hated to make comparisons invidious to the average capitalistic boarding house.

The waitresses are all members of the I. W. W. The cook, or rather one of the cooks, is a woman who has served over a year in jail in Finland during that period when German cannons were drowning the aspiration of the workers at that country in blood. Some of the waitresses also took part on the side of the workers in this conflict, which is not ended and will not be until the workers everywhere are free. These waitresses are more than that. One of them is the greatest dramatic artist I have seen for many years on any stage—an opera star singing in a language that is alien to most of the people of America, singing the songs of the workers with an art with a soul.

On a table in one corner of the restaurant is to be found all the Finnish literature of the I. W. W. and the English papers and magazines of the movement.

Up stairs is the main floor of the hall. There are two cloak rooms on the left of one as he enters, and the lavatories. On the other side is the refreshment room during the many dances that are held. Immediately in front of one is the entrance to the main hall. Entering this one finds a dancing floor in perfect condition. It is hardwood like all the floors of the building and the opera chairs are piled up in rows in the corners. There is a large gallery, and a stage with all the equipments that are needed, including properties and scenery. At the Christmas dance there were over a thousand tickets sold at the booth outside the door. During the time I have been here this hall has been occupied every night, and always filled.

Two dances are held each week in this hall. Then there are concerts given by the membership for the public. The Port Arthur paper referring to these concerts said that the vocal talent of the singers here was such that local choral societies might have to look to their laurels if the Finnish people went in seriously for organized choral work. They have gone into it seriously for the love of music, not seriously for the love of money, and when one wants to hear the best in music, he comes to the concerts given here. This is merely stating a fact which practically every music lover at the head of the Great Lakes knows.

During the day some groups are doing gymnasium work in the theater portion of the hall. The organization has a director of music under way, and there is a band, two in fact, an orchestra and other practice in instrumental music is carried forward at stated periods. The children also have an orchestra.

The dramatic director, **L. Horth,** contralto singer, is an actor with long experience on the Finnish stage. His wife, also an experienced actor, adds much to the presentation of the plays which are given every few weeks—sometimes oftener.

On Saturday night the opera, "Katja, the Dancer" was given here. I did not understand one word of the entire play, but so good was the acting, that there was none of the story missed me. I had the same feeling that I had when I saw the Russian dramas given in the United States and parts of Canada a few years ago. Here was an art that did not require words to be expressive and to hold attention. **Miss H. Aaltonen,** who took the part of Katja the dancer, was delightful in the way in which she played her part, and in the rich timbre of her soprano voice. And supporting her was a cast and chorus that would be able to expose most of the players on the regular stage at the present time. The opera as it was rendered here did high credit to the director and his talented wife, and to the material he had here to develop.

The various activities here are so great, and the practicing for events, musical, dramatic, athletic or agitational so continuous that there are two meeting halls, the theater as it might best be called from its arrangement, and its complete equipment, and another hall on the third floor of the building which seats some three hundred.

The lesson of Port Arthur, the thing that has impressed me above all others here, is that if three hundred can through organization and endeavor form such a revolutionary center not only of I. W. W. organization on the job, but also of art, and thought and social life, under capitalism, what can not the workers do when they are free to give expression to all that there is within them of thought and emotion in a free society?

**Says Card No. 112357, the author of the article below, "I have never read a half true account about Leadville and have often wanted the facts compiled by the workers—so finally I attempted it myself, and found I could have written much more, if it were not for the fact that an article must not be too long for the worker's press."**

**This fellow worker has found out just what the editor of Industrial Pioneer has always been saying—that workers are perfectly capable of describing the industries in which they work, and of doing it from the working class point of view. In fact they are the only ones who can do it. The more of such articles as this that are written for Industrial Pioneer, the better satisfied everybody is.**

# A Famous Mining Camp

(By CARD No. 112357)

Invention has gone forward a step, and by means of a newly improved "floatation process," the low grade lead and zinc ore bodies of the Southwest are again regarded by many capitalists as the scene where much labor is to be profitably exploited in the near future. The territory around Leadville, Colorado, is rich in vast quantities of complex sulphide lead and zinc ores, suitable to proper floatation but so far unworked or piled in waste dumps while the historic battles between labor and capital raged over the mines of higher grade minerals, now nearly exhausted.

The possibility of awakening this industry from its present rather quiescent stage, makes it important, from the workers' point of view, to learn again here from the experiences of the past, for capital is still as ruthless and as greedy as ever, and workers as much in need.

During the onward march of progress, amid great eras, construction, the expansion of industries and the building of modern cities, attention is focused upon the phenomena of the present, while the older and once famous places and events are lost sight of and drop from memory in the minds of men.

The famous mining camp of Leadville, Colorado, with its past history and present status is not known to the present generation of men, therefore the facts in this story will be of value from the viewpoint of Labor.

Many accounts and tales of early day events have been written and published by bourgeois journalists, news writers and poets, but the present writer has never yet read the history of Leadville from the standpoint of the worker. He has lived in the camp many years, and has worked in its mines and smelters and on the railroads, therefore he is qualified to give Labor's version of its history.

The site of Leadville is picturesque in the extreme; it lies in an elevated basin (10,153 feet altitude; it is called "The Cloud City"), between the main range of the Rocky Mountains to the west and a parallel spur to the east, known as Mosquito Range. Between these two ranges and a few miles below Leadville lies a broad valley through which courses the Arkansas River, the source being 12 miles distant.

At right angles to, and running westward from Mosquito Range, are several deep gulches, and in the hills between them lie the main mineral treasure chests. This area is but 10 square miles, yet 40,000 mineral claims haave been located on it and it is known as The Leadville Mining District.

As early as 1860 emigrants in covered wagons were pushing their way up the Valley of the Arkansas; prospectors and miners were panning the stream beds of the intersecting gulches for their alluvial deposits.

Gold in abundance was struck in one of these gulches (near the present site of Leadville) and it was called "California Gulch," for it rivaled the findings in the great gold rush of California in 1849.

Thousands of pioneers and fortune seekers panned the gulches around this region and after the "diggings" seemed worked out they moved on, leaving a few prospectors in Oro City at the head of California Gulch.

In the subsequent years the hills were prospected and there followed a second strike about 1878; this time it was rich silver—lead carbonate ore found "at grass roots."

A camp was established and given the name "Leadville," or "The Carbonate Camp," and from a few hundred people in the spring of 1879 the population grew to 60,000 at the end of the year.

People from all corners of the earth came to this bonanza camp. With pick and shovel, with windlass and bucket, wagon loads of rich carbonate ore were dug and hauled by "bull team" to Colorado Springs, Colo. One such load sold for $30.000.

Fortunes were made in a few weeks—what

scenes and activities are related! Never before nor since in the history of mining camps was this period equaled.

No railroads within 150 miles and but one single telegraph wire connecting with the outside cities! Travel and transportation was by stage coach, bull teams and covered wagons. Here was a condition where for once all had equal opportunity; with but few exceptions men worked for themselves or as co-partners, and their product was **their own.**

Now, take note what followed! Financiers, brokers, **capitalists** came with a rush; syndicates were formed; companies were founded; claims were sold and resold—and stolen. Smelters were erected; mine machinery was hauled in and placed on properties, and as early as the year 1880 the camp witnessed a **great labor strike**—8,000 miners downed tools and demanded **more wages and better working conditions!**

The strike was effective; picketing prevented the importation of **strike breakers** and the miners showed a spirit of solidarity. Victory for the workers seemed near.

The mine operators and business men of the town organized what they called "A Committee of Safety"—"Vigilantes" would be a more correct name.

Arms and ammunition were brought into the camp and thousands were armed by this class in opposition to the miners who paraded the streets to show their **Union strength.** Spies and agents, provocateurs were placed among the strikers to stir up trouble, and as a last resort Leadville was put under a military siege; the militia encamped here for months. This broke the morale of most strikers and they soon returned to the mines and went back to work—defeated.

Again in 1896 the miners pitted their union strength against their masters; strike breaking followed; pitched battles ensued; trouble makers and traitors infested the ranks of the workers; conspiracy again brought the militia, the ready **tools** of capitalism, and again the miners' strike was lost.

In the years since then a few demands have been made by the workers of the district, but lack of the right kind of organization blocked their efforts, and nothing of importance was gained, so today there is no union of the miners or smeltermen here.

Since 1879 concentration of mining and smelter wealth has gone on apace. The mineral claims once owned by the prospectors and miners are now in the hands of corporate mining interests; the early day "independent" smelters have all ceased to operate. The Guggenheim Smelter Syndicate dominate the field; their plant at Leadville used to employ 3,000 workers; today owing to the mechanicalized processes, 900 tons of ore per day are put through its furnaces by a force of only 450 men, of whom 80 per cent are low-paid Mexican labor; the wages are $2.70 low and $5 high. This smelter combine had $12,000,000 earnings in 1924.

From the Leadville hills and gulches has been dug the fabulous sum of $500,000,000 worth of metal!—few mining camps have this production record.

The oxide ore at shallow depth was first mined, then sulphide ore deposits at greater depth were encountered and mined; the area of mineralization has been extended for miles and the geology of the camp has long been charted and studied.

Here are ore bodies of millions of tons; the hills are filled with mineral resources; gold, silver, lead, zinc, copper, iron, manganese, etc. The ores are complex and need separation, concentration, and smelting. The metallurgical processes have been solved and from these resources will be dug the metals for future generations, such is the extent of mineral wealth.

At present the population is not above 4,000, and Leadville is but the ghost of former years. The scenes have changed greatly; the hills once teeming with activity now seem deserted; hundreds of mine dumps and shaft houses and numerous smelter dumps stand as mute evidence of former life.

The landscape, once covered with evergreen Jack Pines and wild flowers and berries, is now almost barren. Civilization and poisonous smelter fumes killed off all nearby vegetation.

The gulches show great rock heaps from placer mining; old "Mother Earth" shows deep scars; mankind has often made desolate Nature's beauty.

Not a paved street can Leadville boast! Its single walks are wooden boards, showing the wear of years, loose and rickety.

Hundreds of structures have been wrecked the last few years and the materials shipped to other points in the state for construction purposes. Scores of houses are still vacant and in a state of decay.

Few homes are modern, a sewer system serves but a small portion of the town, and the populace still empty ashes in the streets and drain waste water into the gutters.

In former years the smelting processes gave lead poisoning to the workers; the young, brawny Italian and Austrian laborers fresh from their native homes met their fate in a short time. This industrial disease or poisoning would wreck and twist their bodies, and send them to an early grave.

Human labor was a cheap commodity due to a plentiful supply—nothing was done to conserve it—no protective measures or devices were provided. Today things are better, but still detrimental to the workers' health. The class of labor has changed with the years; Mexican labor now replaces that of Europeans.

The wage scale is as follows: Miners (machine men), $4.50 to $5 per 8 hours; muckers (helpers, etc.), $4 to $4.50 for 8 hours; pumpers, engineers, mechanics, $5 for 8 hours. This wage scale is from $1 to $2 lower per shift than in many other mining camps; conditions in these holes are generally poor and real bad in some of the mines, as there is no forced ventilation with blowers or suction fans.

Some shafts are 1,300 feet deep and the air is so poor a match will not light and carbide lamps burn dim.

The mining syndicate that owns and operates the Greenback Mine (one of the largest producers in the Leadville district) boast of a $17,000,000 reserve fund, yet will not install a ventilating system to furnish oxygen for the underground workers. There is a state mine inspector for Colorado, too; he has a nice office in Denver, but he should hang his head in shame—however, **we know** what all inspections amount to when fostered by the employer.

When all facts are compiled and the evidence given, a charge will be made against the system that wrecks men's lives, robs them of the products of their toil and sentences their wives and children to drudgery, defaces and ruins nature's beauty spots in the quest for profits!

Leadville becomes more intimate when the fact is shown that the foundation wealth of not a few great fortunes was made here. From 1880 to 1890 the Guggenheim Syndicate made wealth that built the smelter at Pueblo, Colo., and extended operations into old Mexico, then up into British Columbia and Alaska.

The estates of many Colorado families owe their wealth to Leadville's hills and workers; rich residents in many other places owe their status to the same source.

The building of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad up the Arkansas Valley to Leadville and eventually beyond and over the Continental Divide, down the western slope of the Rockies and on to Salt Lake City was due to the rich ores from Leadville and the supplies into the camp assuring plenty of tonnage at a high rate per ton ($10 to $15).

It might be of some interest to know that the Santa Fe Railroad and the Denver and Rio Grande interests had open warfare to determine which could claim the Grand Canyon Route (the famous "Royal Gorge"). Cannons were placed on the rim of the canyon to hold the "grab." Such are the **peaceful** and **lawful** methods of Capitalism!

Leadville territory, the scenic region of the Rockies, is the water shed for the valley below. This county (Lake County) derived its name from the many lakes in its hills, some of which are large bodies of water and the meccas for campers and fishermen. Twin Lakes, a beauty spot beyond compare, is situated a few miles from Leadville. It was the annual camping grounds for the Ute Indian Tribe, who made regular pilgrimages to its shores, and Leadville hills and environs were their hunting grounds, before the white settlers came, after which, the Red Men lost out.

The automobile tourists, wishing to see the wonders of the Rocky Mountains, will soon be shunted through this country; its scenic beauty will captivate the eye, and its camping grounds will be long remembered.

Do not for a moment think, though, that natural beauty is what we rely upon to bring Leadville back on the industrial map. The reason why the hills will soon be riddled as never before, is a human invention, the process by which certain ores, difficult to separate on "tables" (that is by the method of shaking and washing the broken rock, to catch the lead and zinc when it sinks) are now to be made use of by floating the metal (lead, too, however heavy) up away from the ordinary rock on small bubbles of oil, which is mixed with other substances, and churned around with the ground-up rock dust that contains metal. Up to recent times the floatation scheme was not perfected in a form that would work exactly well on the particuar ores around Leadville, though it was used **elsewhere**. Now this difficulty has been removed, and there will surely set in a long, continuous revival of industry in this town; not immediately, but as the new mills for grinding and floating the minerals are created.

A large new floatation mill is about completed and ready to start in a few days—its successful efforts will be followed by the building of more mills to treat the complex sulphide ores of which there is a vast tonnage. So, if delegates remember this, we will be abreast of the times and when the workers come into Colorado's mining districts—the Industrial Union propaganda will give them basic facts.

Today, however, Leadville reminds one of a man who has been robbed and stripped of his wealth, left in dire need! Of the many who gathered the riches from its hills few have left any improvements.

A late senator from this district has erected a statue of the noble "Burro"—the prospectors' pal—but this statute graces Washington, D. C., not historic Leadville!

Of the many brave hearts and spirits that once lived here, few remain—the present workers seem doped and submit to standards and wages scarcely above the level of Asiatics. Perhaps their particular brand of religion or the "white mule beverages" lull them to sleep, but whatever the reason may be —**shame on labor of this caliber**—it goes down to early graves—**unhonored and unsung**!

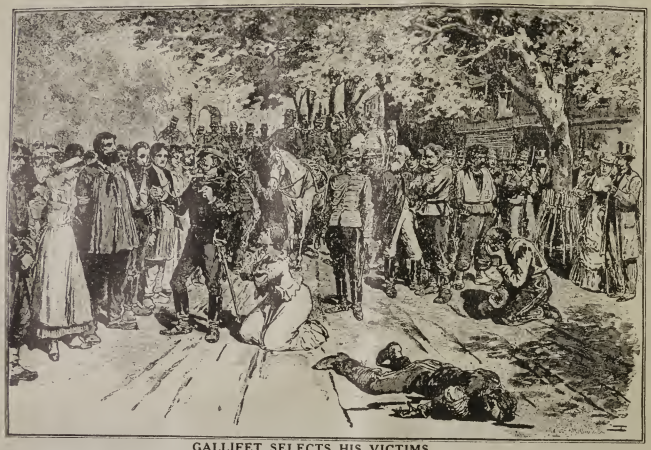
Come to Leadville, you rebel workers! Mexican fellow-workers have much to do here in the way of education and organization, so that these workers can demand more than $2.70 for their labor power. These Mexican men should get inspiration from the solidarity and recent gains made by their fellows down in Tampico and in Mexico throughout.

Poets have penned the grandeur of these hoary old mountains—have pictured the shady nooks.

I have mentioned the exploits of rapacious capitalism—the arch-enemy of all who toil, the stealer of wealth and the instigator of crime.

Labor has suffered ignominous defeat before this monster—but in its struggles and experiences labor is learning how to fight intelligently and is organizing its members under the plan and structure of Industrial Unionism and will some day march to victory against the class and the system that takes the products of its toil.

# All Honor to the Communards!



GALLIFET SELECTS HIS VICTIMS

"The column of prisoners halted in the Avenue Uhrich, and was drawn up, four or five deep, on the footway facing to the road. General Marquis de Gallifet and his staff dismounted and commenced an inspection from the left of the line. Walking slowly and eyeing the ranks, the general stopped here and there, tapping a man of the shoulder or beckoning him out of the rear ranks. In most cases, without further parley, the individual thus selected was marched out into the center of the road, where a small supplementary column was thus soon formed. . . . . It was evident that there was considerable room for error. A mounted officer pointed out to General Gallifet a man and woman for some particular offence. This woman, rushing out of the ranks, protested her innocence in passionate terms. The general waited for a pause, and then with most impassable face and unmoved demeanor, said, 'Madame, I have visited every theatre in Paris, your acting will have no effect on me' (ce n'est pas la peine de jouer la comedie') . . . . It was not a good thing on that day to be noticeably taller, dirtier, cleaner, older, or uglier than one's neighbors. One individual in particular struck me as probably owing his speedy release from the ills of this world to his having a broken nose. . . . . Over a hundred being thus chosen, a firing party was told off, and the column resumed its march, leaving them behind. A few minutes afterwards a dropping fire in our rear commenced, and continued for over a quarter of an hour. It was the execution of these summarily-convicted wretches."—**Paris Correspondent "Daily News," June 8, 1871.**

"The Temps, which is a careful journal, and not given to sensation, tells a dreadful story of people imperfectly shot and buried before life was extinct. A great number were buried in the Square round St. Jaques-la-Bouchiere; some of them very superficially. In the daytime the roar of the busy streets prevented any notice being taken; but in the stillness of the night the inhabitants of the houses in the neighborhood were roused by distant moans, and in the morning a clenched hand was seen protruding through the soil."—**Paris Correspondent, "Evening Standard," June 8, 1871.**

**(Above are extracts from a note printed (pp. 79-80) in "The Civil War in France" by Karl Marx. edition published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago).**

# In March, 1871, the Workers of Paris Took Over Industry



"THE WALL OF THE FEDERALS" IN PERE LA CHAISE CEMETERY

And, whatever their mistakes, and they were admittedly many, these Communards have the honor and the fame of first trying on a large scale, to take over industry. They are honored likewise by their most unlimited courage in defending the first beginnings of workers' control of industry, and when that attempt finally failed, it was only because the capitalist class of two powerful nations, France and Germany, forgot their nationalistic differences and cooperated against the brave workers of Paris. This is one of the lessons of the Paris Commune that in spite of the fact that French and German capitalism had just emerged from the bloody Franco-Prussian war, before even the terms of peace were promulgated, the Germans released captive French regular soldiers from their prison camps for use against the Paris workers.

During the war of 1870-71 the proletariat of Paris had been given weapons. They began to demand economic concessions from the bourgeoisie. Theirs, the capitalist statesman, tried to have them disarmed. This precipitated the revolt, and the central committee of the National Guard of the commune (a French word for a local district or city) declared itself in control of the metropolis and all its industries. The National Guard was composed almost entirely of workers. That was on March 18, 1871. The central committee gave way to an elected board which immediately made a number of raids on capitalism. It remitted all rents, returned the pledges in the state pawnshop, declared that all foreigners, if they were workers, were members of the commune and eligible to office, seized all church property and prohibited the teaching of religion in schools, burned the guillotine and destroyed nationalistic and royalist monuments, and most important of all, saized all factories and workshops, and started to form cooperatives of the workers in each shop, to run industry.

After holding out for three months against overwhelming force, the Paris Commune was suppressed by General Gallifet, and the Communards massacred. In the beginning all prisoners were shot, after the reaction was secure, only selected prisoners were executed.

# Diffusion of Knowledge

(Continued from First Inside Cover Page)

with the mass of fiction, of falsehood, of superstition—piled heaven high—the accumulations of ages of ignorance!

The students, the philosophers, the scientists, the dreamers were few, while those whose minds were inert were numerous. Scarcely did these latter hear the sounds which emanated from the elevated regions of Intellect, and those who did grasped not their meaning; slaves to custom, they kept plodding on their weary way, as they had plodded for centuries past.

Thus while a small band—stimulated by hidden power, which seemed to urge them on, and after receiving as sole reward for their labors the smile of the great and the patronizing favors of those who shared in the division of the good and the fair things of life—were striving to make advances in the intellectual world, the mental, as well as the material, condition of the masses remained unaltered. Progress, however small, however slow, was made, or attempted, in every science, save in that one which concerned the general welfare of the race.

Similar to Nature's' mighty, though silent, operations, marvelous things were being prepared by unseen, unheard, human forces. The time came when phenomena, unprecedented and full of meaning, began to manifest themselves. The stagnancy of centuries was disturbed; mental activity became prevalent; expectancy beat in every pulse; hope swelled in every breast. All eyes wandered to the horizon, as though in search of something that must soon appear, and lo! a rising orb was seen to drive the shades of night from the long-darkened firmament; an unknown light spread over the face of the earth, penetrated the souls of men and gave new color to all things. A cycle was completed, and evolution made a step forward in its mysterious course. A new day was born for Humanity. An epoch was at hand wherein memorable events were to be recorded in the annals of Time; for the sun of knowledge had risen, and the reign of ignorance was measured.

In the last century the world witnessed the commencement of the period distinguished above all others; when the formerly limited sphere of learning, of investigation and enlightenment, was to be enlarged; when the barriers which excluded the mass of men from that sphere were to be removed; when the inestimable value of printing was to be finally realized; when its long deferred triumph was to be celebrated; when its empire and the momentous changes which it implied were really to begin.

Not only were great truths discovered; but great falsehoods inherited from the earliest ages were unmasked and eventually cast aside with the idols of antiquity; philosophy took new wings and soared to strange and heretofore unexplored realms; science expanded its dominion and sought fresh fields of discovery, it advanced step by step, until it burst in the increased fulness of its development, into the glorious rays which illumine our present day, and brought into deeper contrast the dimness of the past. The age of Fiction and Sentiment seemed to be vanishing; that of Reality and Utility to be approaching. The conditions of society, the relations of its members and of its institutions to each other and to the state, the prerogatives of kings, the rights of men, and other kindred subjects came to the surface and occupied the minds of all. The thoughts of the wise and of the benevolent were sent forth to the multitudes and found an echo in the remotest hamlets. The dissemination of ideas provoked discussion; discussion stimulated inquiry; inquiry sharpened intelligence, and intelligence directed a new course, began to open the eyes of the people to the fact that the unfavorable conditions to which many of them had long submitted were not the result of divine dispensations—eternal and immutable—but of human regulations, ephemeral and changeable.

And what are we called upon to relate as the foremost result of the diffusion of knowledge? A solemn, an awe-inspiring protest against the ancient state of things. Murmurs arose which, feeble at first, grew louder and more frequent. From many quarters, sounds like those of the clarion were heard, and wherever heard, men were stirred to action. The land became like a vast camp aroused from a heavy sleep. The elements of discontent gathered ominously; they increased with appalling rapidity and finally broke out into a surging storm between the conflicting sections of society. The world witnessed a revolution, more universal, more pregnant with eventual results to the race, than any convulsion of nature.

In examining the constitution of the social body, we have seen the strange spectacle of the more numerous and powerful portion of society submitting to conditions detrimental to themselves and beneficial to the smaller and weaker portion; we have become convinced from the brief and cursory survey given (and more profound and elaborate survey could but result in deepening the conviction) that this state of things could ever have obtained, had not the majority been less knowing, less intelligent, than the minority.

Ignorance, then, was the cause; the abject state was the effect. Since ignorance is vanishing, must not the conditions which spring from ignorance also vanish? The cause disappearing, can the effect remain? Will not the awakening of the human race, which led to the scientific, industrial, social, and political revolutions, lead to that one which, from a material standpoint, will prove most beneficial to the people—an economic revolution?

# The Stone Cross and the Double Cross

By EDWARD LLOYD

"Upon 1,682 white stone crosses that mark the resting places of unknown American army dead in France the American Government will chisel this legend: 'Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God.' "—**Ass. Press Item.**

Sixteen hundred and eighty-two crosses, each denoting an unknown man. Each one of them one of the "privileged" humans honored(?) by being caught in the net of the "Selective Service Act" of 1917. In imagination let us visit each one of these "honored" graves, and as we stand beside that mound under which rests all that remains of one who was once full of life and activity, with the poet Markham, ask ourselves this question: "What is his breed, his genesis?"

Who is he? Was he one of the members of our so-called "best families"? Was he one of the social outcasts? Most probably he was one of the migratory workers, perhaps a lumber jack or a construction worker, perhaps he followed the harvest from Oklahoma to Canada, and perhaps he was a combination of all three.

The chances are against his being one of the "first" families, for who has heard of anybody from them "turning up missing?" But, on the other hand, take the workers like "the man with the hoe," how many of them are lying here in thte U. S. A. in unknown graves in the "Potters Field"? Does any monument mark their resting place? No; they did not die in battle for their country, they just passed on. After years of ceaseless toil, years of slavery, buffetted from pillar to post, sometimes battling the elements on land, sometimes fighting the storms on the sea, homeless, friendless, he, the worker who made everything possible, sometimes hungry, often without a roof to shelter him for the night—UNORGANIZED—became tired and lay down by the wayside.

Hands that have helped put down the mighty rails from the Atlantic to the Pacific, hands that have felled numberless trees that made printing and buildings possible; hands that have helped string thousands of miles of wire that communication may be maintained with all parts of the world, hands of MEN, REAL MEN, are now resting in unknown graves with no crosses, unhonored and unknown.

But the sentiment for war must be kept up, the glitter and glamor of war must be emphasized, and those who return must be given great ovations—for a time at least—and those who do not return, especially those known "but to God" must be made heroes of. The animal instinct in man must be fostered, that instinct to kill must be kept alive. That the lesson was well learned was manifested on November 11, 1919, during a parade of ex-soldiers in Centralia, Wash. You all know the story, how the union hall of the lumber workers was raided and Wesley Everest, himself an ex-soldier and a union lumber jack, was first unsexed while alive in an auto in which they were taking him as the star actor in a "neck-tieparty," and then hung from a bridge and his body riddled with bullets. Perhaps this is some of the "honored glory" of the living American soldier!

And who has benefited by the white crosses of the known and unknown which are dotted over nearly every country in the world? How many of us who wore the khaki or blue for two, three or more years became millionaires? "Do tell."

How many, "necessary to industry," Edsel Ford and the like, who did all the flag waving at home, how many of the lumber barons and copper kings who cheered "our" boys when they started for over there to become dirty, lousy and crummy in some funk hole in a trench; how many of this bunch made thousands of dollars, if not millions during the war? "Do tell," again.

How much of the wealth of this class was conscripted, beg pardon, I mean "selected" when you and I were—er, "selected"—I was almost going to say conscripted again—Well, Well! Let's have another "Do tell," and another "Do tell" after that.

The late ex-president Wilson stated the real cause of the war when he described it as "a war of commercialism," only he said it after the war was over, but men, some of them perhaps now in unknown graves, who had the nerve and manliness to say it when the war STARTED, spent several years behind the bars in Leavenworth Penitentiary, Kansas.

But let us get back to the reason for this, and that is: the commercialists are organized and the workers are not. But the workers are awakeninng, not the workers of any particular state, BUT THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD. The workers are caring less whether "Gott mit uns" or whether he has not got mittens; what they are commencing to care about though, is how to get a little more of life's necessities and luxuries and shorten the workday so that every one may work. Gradually the worker is starting to think for himself and we who have already done a little thinking should do our best to pass on what knowledge we have to the man who works alongside of us.

Let us not be intolerant though, remember YOU were a "scissor" and a "wick" once. Some one had to tell you, so let us each pick one worker and go for him. Learn well the principles of industrial unionism and then try to spread them.

The workers as a whole are ready, all that is needed is a little "stick-to-it-iveness," constant hammering, and a little patience.

THE WORLD MUST BE MADE SAFE FOR

THE WORKERS, and the workers must govern the world. Regardless of the fact that the so-called "holy writ" says there "shall be wars and rumors of wars, nation shall rise against nation, etc.," war must be made a thing of the past, and only the workers, organized solidly, can accomplish this. If the I. W. W. published a book advocating the violence, and containing the filth the "Holy Bible" contains, every one of them would, without a doubt, meet the same fate as Wesley Everest, yet these "honorers" of the unknown dead use it as a divine excuse for premeditated murder.

What Canadian soldier who was there will ever forget that Easter Sunday at Ypres when the "Gott" of the Germans turned loose a flock of poison gas on the defenseless Canadians, and the "God" of the allies got busy and produced a more terrible gas to turn loose on the armies of the German "Gott"?

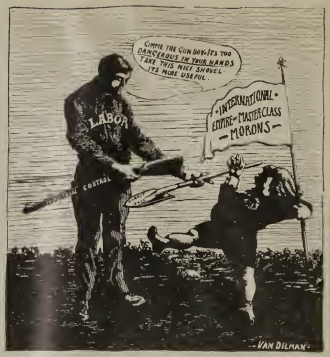
Have YOU ever seen nay one of these men who now occupy "honored" graves die as a result of inhaling this poison gas? I have, many of them. Oh, if you only could have seen them as they gasped for breath, strangling, choking, their lungs on fire and suffering all torments of a hell on earth till Mother Nature mercifully stepped in and ended their sufferings, and even in death, unknown agony was stamped on their features, and their reward—a white cross, **or was it the "double cross"?**

And yet, knowing all this, the representatives of the "American God" turned their churches into recruiting stations and sent "our boys" over there to kill and maim the soldiers of the German "Gott," sent them with their approval and blessing.

And how can the world be made safe for the workers? England showed us how it can be done the other day. It even drew the fire of one of the Chicago dailies, which came out with a horrible wail about England needing a dictator of the Mussolini type. It cried down the policy of the British government in giving way to and bending the knee to the coal miners, and stated that if "England had a man in power with an iron hand at the helm she would never have bowed to the miners," perhaps he would have called out the "English Legion," if they have one, to scab on them.

England did not bow to the coal miners, but she did bow to organized labor when all the transport workers stood side by side and hand in hand when it was apparent that the miners could not enforce their demands by themselves. Then it was that England bent the knee, and in the words of the Chicago article, "established a dangerous precedent." Yes, very dangerous—to the master robbing class, but the workers got their "raise." How true it has proven the song found in the "Wobbly" song book:

**If the workers take a notion they can stop all speeding trains,**
**Every ship upon the ocean, they can tie with mighty chains,**




WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE WORKERS ARE ORGANIZED

**Every wheel in the creation, EVERY MINE and every mill,**
**FLEETS AND ARMIES OF THE NATIONS WILL AT THEIR COMMAND STAND STILL**

What will happen when all the workers are organized into one big union of workers? THINK.

If we had a union of all the workers in 1914 would we have had these crosses dotting the world today? I think not.

The men who made their millions during the world war are drunk with power. They had their first taste of real blood money when the contracts for the building of the cantonments were let on the "cost plus" basis, the greater the expense to build them, the greater the profits to the contractor. Wooden and concrete ships were recklessly built, and thirty-one of the wooden junk piles were burnt on the Potomac River a few weeks ago, and several more are to meet the same fate.

The virus is still in their veins, the lust for gold is rampant in them, so, as previously stated, the sentiment for war must be kept alive. They show you the glittering side of the picture, but not the reverse. What a picture it would make if only the cripples I have seen—and I have seen only a very small percentage of them—were all lined up on parade. Men with no legs, some of them with one,, armless men, blind men, bed-ridden men—men destined never to get off their backs again in life, and men from whom the light of reason has departed from their eyes—maniacs. And the mothers. Rachels weeping for their children because they are not. Picture them along with the widows and the fatherless, and tell me then, if you can, where are the glories and honors of war. Is it worth a white stone cross, and being "known only to God"?

# Maybe "They Knew What They Wanted" -- They Did Know a Wobbly Song

## At the Harris Theatre, Chicago

FOURTH ARTICLE IN "THE WORKERS' PLAY" SERIES BY ROSA ALEXANDRA KNUUTI

From the standpoint of good and bad drama it is quite a task to classify some of the recent plays that have found their way into the theatres. To a proletarian they present a strange anomaly. Like most literature, drama is usually good or it isn't; it neither represents nor misrepresents current facts and conditions. Mostly misrepresents; seldom otherwise. In such instances classification is an easy matter.

But sometimes a fair-to-middlen' play comes along. It's good and it's bad too. More or less it defies analysis. It may contain a historically correct background—very possible social situations and incidents, but be ruined by inconsistent character delineations; or again on the other hand, plays appear that apparently have a pretty decent streak of propaganda, but end before making the point. Don't you see?

Like "What Price Glory" for instance, reviewed last month, and which ran along the edge of greatness, but missed being just that, because it hesitated to make its point; that war never was and never can be anything but destructive, all the loads of capitalistic propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding.

So as I say, in face of situations like these the task of a proletarian play reviewer becomes difficult, not to say precarious.

All of which has to do with Sidney Howard's comedy "They Knew What They Wanted," at the Harris Theatre.

### Wobbly a la Howard

There's nothing particularly wrong about this play, but that it seems a revelation of facts at second hand. The characterization of the Wobbly was not typical, and that's where this play misses the point. But that's neither here nor there.

Rather, when I saw advance notices that a play with a Wobbly character in its dramatis personae had really made the grade—in other words, made Broadway and won the Pulitzer Prize for 1925 to boot—my amazement knew no bounds. Something surely was taking place in the field of dramatic literature.

I read the play in book form some time prior to seeing it, and I recall that it left me in a rather speculative frame of mind as to its dramatic qualities, as well as stage presentation. Somehow the Wobbly in the book seemed out of place—thrown in "pour le sport"—or by accident—a filler-in. But then again when one takes into account that the location is California, at once it begins to seem possible. Who indeed could write of California and not include the Wobblies, and jails and injunctions? Somehow these elements seem to have become inseparable in the last decade—one suggests the other.

On the stage, however, "They Knew What They Wanted" seems more credible. Even Howards' Wobbly takes on more possible attitudes. Indeed, a trap was laid for me at the very start. When the curtain went up in the first act and Joe the Wobbly, opening wooden boxes, sings our own song (although irrelevantly and with bad voice):

> We speak to you from jail today,
> Two hundred union men:
> We're here because the bosses' laws,
> Bring slavery again."

After that I would have pretty nearly believed anything that went on. But this is beside the story proper.

It has to do with Tony Patucci, an elderly Italian fruitgrower of Napa Valley, California, whom "prohibish" has made rich. He was a poor farmer in the pre-Volstead days when he got only $10 per ton for his grapes, which now net him $100 per ton. But, prosperous now, and tired of celibacy, Tony wants a wife and children. It seems there are plenty of women in Napa Valley, but as Tony puts it, "No good womens in the parish," for which he blames Joe, his I. W. W. farmhand. And we take it, Joe's a better ladies' man than a Wobbly.

Tony goes to Frisco in quest of a wife. There, in a spaghetti joint, he sees just the woman he wents. He gets her address, returns home, and has Joe write his letters for him and propose marriage. Photographs must be exchanged. Tony realizes he wouldn't have much of a chance were he to send the waitress a likeness of his sixty years. So he swipes a picture of the handsome young Joe and sends it to the girl.

The girl, weary of wage slavery, sees in Tony her big butter-and-egg man, her meal-ticket, and jumps at the chance. She accepts Tony's offer, and with Joe's picture in her bosom starts out for Napa Valley.

Tony prepares to meet the bride. Dolls up, drinks plenty of "vino," cranks up the flivver, and is off to the depot. But the "vino" gets the best of him, and he drives off the bridge. Tony is brought home with both legs broken, and is put to bed to stay for three months.

But the accident is mere bagatelle. It doesn't halt the wedding. The postman arrives with Amy the mail order bride, who gives Joe and the grand farm the once-over, and says, "Amy, old kid, you're in gravy," only to discover that she has been deceived and that Tony is the man she is to marry instead of Joe. But Amy is broke and can't go back to Frisco, so decides to remain, and marries the dago there and then. Of course she's very unhappy and all that. But who wouldn't be, with the groom laid up with broken legs and everything.

But there's Joe. That's some consolation. The philandering young Wob—sloppy but beautiful, as the author describes him. And he's right and ready to cheer her. Then everything moves rather fast after that. 'Ere long Amy discovers she is with child. And Joe is the father. What to do, what to do? They decide to run away and leave Tony with his broken legs. But Tony's been pretty white to both of them, so Amy confesses to Tony. That's Tony's cue to rant and rave, but finally to calm down and prevent Amy from leaving him. Along about here the three of them seem to know what they want. Reasonably enough, Amy is convinced that she stands a better chance of pork chops and gravy with Tony than with the migratory I. W. W. who has such promiscuous ways of making a living. It can be any one of the many jobs he has mentioned—orange pickin's—or the oilfields, or the railroads, or even the jail. Hadn't he told Amy that?

Then Tony too, being children- and wife-hungry, broadminded and still much in love with Amy, knows what he wants, and overlooks her little offense.

The play ends with Joe, pack on back, starting out for the great open spaces—which was what he was supposed to want. I wonder.

That's the story. It won't set the world afire. It's simple and diverting, and that's quite enough. It's good, and it isn't. And yet it has a way of getting beneath your hide. Maybe it was the Wobbly song in the start that turned the trick. Anyway, all the while you feel as if something is happening to you. You're not in the theatre. You're out in Napa Valley on Tony's fruit farm. And you begin to feel as if you know Joe the Wobbly farmhand. Yes, you have met him before—many times. You feel quite related to him—he's been in jail too. But of course this is California, and although Glen Anders clowns the Wobbly character more or less, you believe in him in spite of yourself, darn it.

Sidney Howard has been kinder to the character than would be expected from an outsider. He is slovenly, this Wobbly of his; doesn't care whether school keeps or not. But his outlook on life allows one to conclude that he is not altogether ignorant of Wobbly principles. It may be only a squirming idea, a confused thought, but it's there just the same. There are good moments. For instance when he reads his Wobbly papers to the disgust of Tony and the Holy Padre, the local sky-pilot—as he scans his paper, he says, "I read these things and they make me think. A man ought to think if he can. Oh, not tall talk. Just what he could be doin' himself. I ought to have been in on the dock strike at San Pedro, but I wasn't. I don't want to miss another big fight like that." There are numerous other lines I'd like to quote, but space won't permit.

As I say, the author was kinder in his delineation of this character than could be expected. The usual thing (and Howard isn't altogether free from it either) is to append all the existing vices to the Wobbly make-up. To bourgeois writers loose morals seem to be a special prerogative of the Wobbly. Something like Howards' Joe. But I'm not resentful. More important than the play itself, than the excellent acting of Richard Bennett as Tony, than Pauline Lord's fine performance of the little wage slave, than Glen Anders' unforgettable Joe—is that the Wobbly is being reckoned with in American literature.

They may not like him, but they can't ignore him.

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# Book Reviews

**A Ghost Takes on Flesh**

Although Walter Lippmann seldom says anything very new, he always says it in a new way. His very pleasing little book, "The Phantom Public" does this too. It is nice reading, for Lippmann acts on his conviction that the public is powerful but dumb, and makes his stuff easy. The publishers have helped him with thick, opaque paper, beautiful large type, and reckless wide margins, which set off the author's short chapters like jewels.

Lippmann's thesis, in short, is that modern social affairs are too complex for everybody to understand. The citizen cannot spare the time to discover what is going on. The liberals and the democrats have been acting under the assumption that the more of the detail of government that the individual "average man" is allowed to take part in, the more efficient and just and useful that government will be. The initiative, the referendum and the recall, universal suffrage, popular election of presidents, judges, senators, etc., have all been considered milestones of progress because it was thought they led

to popular government, public control of law making, and of its enforcement. Lippmann says that this is a mistake, for the public does not work that way, cannot work that way, and is only made more confused and helpless and indifferent by trying to do it.

But this is only the half of his argument. He continues to hold that there is a real public, which is all of that part of the population not directly engaged in the carrying out of the dispute, or activity about which it is supposed to have an opinion. This public can only decide, because of the lack of information, between two courses of action clearly presented to it, and it only does decide when these courses are violently disputed over by two groups of interested parties. Then it comes in to settle the dispute, in a coarse, unscientific and frequently harmful way.

Lippmann himself seems to think that it wastes its time in trying to settle even these points, as separate disputes in themselves, but that its interests are best conserved if it leaves the interested parties to fight it out, but merely watches and prohibits them from breaking the laws of war, as they fight. Or, in other words, contending interests, each trying to swing society into its path of progress, are best let alone to squabble, arbitrate, and finally contract with each other, so long as they do not break the law. When the law is broken, then, and then only, is the public interested, and must decide whether the law-breaker should be punished, or the law should be changed.

This, it will be seen, is really nothing but Jeffersonian Democracy with a laboratory apron on, beneath which are thrust out to us the cowhide boots of our colonial forefathers. It is an old theory that Lippmann has dressed in up-to-date phraseology. And to a certain extent, and in a certain way, it is true. Anybody will recognize at once the truth of his statement that voting is out of fashion. For:

"The private citizen today has come to feel rather like a deaf spectator in the back row, who ought to keep his mind on the mystery off there, but cannot quite manage to keep awake. He knows he is somehow affected by what is going on. Rules and regulations continually, taxes annually and wars occasionally remind him that he is being swept along by great drifts of circumstance.

"Yet these public affairs are in no convincing way his affairs. They are for the most part invisible. They are managed, if they are managed at all, at distant centers, from behind the scenes, by unnamed powers. As a private person he does not know for certain what is going on, or who is doing it, or where he is being carried. No newspaper reports his environment so that he can grasp it; no school has taught him how to imagine it; his ideals, often, do not fit with it; listening to speeches, uttering opinions and voting do not, he finds, enable him to govern it. He lives in a world which he cannot see, does not understand and is unable to direct.

"In the cold light of experience he knows that his sovereignty is a fiction. He reigns in theory, but in fact he does not govern."

Lippmann does not discuss the future society which the I. W. W. has in mind, or any other sort of revolutionary project except state socialism, and in it, of course, he sees little hope of progress. He says:

"No serious student, I think, would dispute that socialist premise which asserts that the weight of influence on society exercised by an individual is more nearly related to the character of his property than to his abstract legal citizenship. But the socialist conclusion that economic power can be distributed by concentrating the ownership of great utilities in the state, the conclusion that the pervasion of industrial life by voting and referenda will yield competent popular decisions, seems to me again to beg the question. For what reason is there to think that subjecting so many more affairs to the method of the vote will reveal hitherto undiscovered wisdom and technical competence and reservoirs of public interest in men? The socialist scheme has at its root the mystical fallacy of democracy, that the people, all of them, are competent . . ."

All of this is certainly not new, but it must be said in Lippmann's defense that he is not denying that the individual member of the public may be himself a very efficient actor, in affairs that concern him, may be skilled in planning, and a good thinker, but still, as a member of the public when he tries to deal with other affairs, public affairs which he cannot know much about compared with what the insider knows, he merely interferes with the insider, and nothing can be gained by increasing the field of his necessary ignorance.

The argument is not entirely true, as it would apply as well to the stockholders of a corporation as to citizens—and we know the corporations work fairly efficiently. Though that may be because stockholders do, in practice, follow the advice that Lippmann gives the citizens, and hire experts, with whom they interfere only when the experts disagree, or something else goes wrong.

The I. W. W., however, does not propose any such arrangement as state socialism, but would like to see the workers in each industry manage and own that industry. This would have the effect of making smaller publics, each in its own industry, and each therefore much more cognizant of the affairs in which it is most interested than could possibly be the case in a pure state socialism.

We may admit that in general Lippmann is right when he argues that the experts, the "agents" as he calls them, are the only ones who plan, and that the multitudes, the "public," the "bystanders," are at the most able to decide between quarreling experts, or variously interested active agents. But we must remember that any "agent" or expert worth anything takes the prejudices, the theories, and the desires of the masses into consideration—or soon

fails. Moreover, every agent is affected by the general theories of the masses, he is a product of his time and circumstances, and their opinion, even their unvoiced opinion, affects him, because he is influenced as they are influenced—to some extent at least. It would be easy to exaggerate this, but so far as it goes, it is true. Moreover, debate over matters of public policy are not, as Lippmann says, merely means of identifying the combattants, clarifying the interests—debates among experts change the opinions of the experts themselves. It has often happened that all concerned in a union convention, for instance, finally decide on a course of action which is worked out by all together, to avoid objections raised at the convention, and which is quite different from what any of them intended to propose in the beginning. This is less true among capitalist politicians, however, for they are individualists, and selfish, and are seldom free agents, but have to take orders.

I have dragged the unions into this because it seems to me that Lippmann's argument is applicable to, is a contribution to the social science of, a classless society. In a society where the workers would run industry, and the central, controlling and coordinating bodies would bear the same relationship to the industrial organizations that the I. W. W. general executive board bears to the various industrial unions, the situation would be improved over what it is now, but it would still be true that experts would have to be placed at the head of things. A railroad must have a manager, just the same as a printing plant. No engineer, if he is to find out all that it is necessary for him to know about his engine, can at the same time be even a division superintendent. No one brain can hold all this knowledge. And if you are going to avoid an anarchy of production, and an appalling quantity of wasted work, train wrecks, loss of life, and the utmost confusion, there must be somebody placed at the head of things, and the more he knows, the better. He is the expert manager just as the engineer is the expert engine driver. One job may be as good as another, but the manager must make decisions that influence the way of life of all the others, and the engine driver's decisions and mistakes influence the lives of himself, or the train crew and passengers, of his own and one or two more trains at best.

And so we come right up against the same old question of the proper way to combine efficiency and democracy. The narrower you can make the field of delegated power, the more "direct action" you can include, the easier the problem becomes. But every new invention, adding to the complexity of the relationships between the factors of industry, makes management, and technical experts more necessary, and they do have power delegated to them, and the rest of the workers are a kind of public, which doesn't understand as well as the manager, but never can trust him absolutely. Lippmann's decision that these members of the public should act as a court of final resort, deciding general policies and finally selecting which of two contending groups of experts is to carry them out, holding them all responsible for results, removing those who do not get results, making them obey the law (preventing any tendency of the agricultural workers to starve out the rest, for instance) may be the best decision we can make. At least any new light that anybody can throw on this problem of democracy and efficiency is welcome. Even the most advanced labor unions have not solved it, satisfactorily, as yet.

Lippmann's book is probably a valuable addition to the literature on the future society simply because it is so worthless as a plan of action in the present society. It is useful as a possible program for a classless society, because it neglects the classes in present-day society.

As a matter of fact, at present there is no such public as Lippmann envisions. Do not be misled by the name of the book; Lippmann thinks that only the all-wise public of the democrats is a phantom, but he himself firmly believes in another spook—the unwise public. And there is not even this public. There are classes. When the coal miners go on strike, it is not true that the operators and the coal miners are the "agents" and all others are the "public" with approximately the same interests because they all use coal. How will Lippmann explain the activity of the freezing garment workers, who are contributing hundreds of thousands of dollars to the striking miners, to prolong the strike? All labor becomes, in truth, an agent—though, unfortunately, all labor does not realize it. Where is this public? The farmers? A sub-class. The corner grocers? Another sub-class. Each ready to interfere in its own interest.

Under capitalism the only time you get a semblance of public action, even of the sort that Lippmann mentions, is when the whole mass of people is artificially united, by propaganda, on a false basis, usually in favor of something that is injurious to them. That alone is enough to destroy any effective and actual public opinion—and Lippmann should know it as well as anyone, for he wrote a book on it once called, "Liberty and The News."

—VERN SMITH.

**THE PHANTOM PUBLIC, By Walter Lippmann, published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. Price, $2.**

**Pearls of Correspondence**

Letters of Protest, by Kate Crane-Gartz, is a book of letters which constitute a second series: the first, "The Parlor Provacateur," published some two years ago, was so well received that Mrs. Gartz was induced to permit the publication of the present series. The volume contains letters written and received by Mrs. Gartz, to and from, clergymen, educators, authors, statesmen and judges.

Mrs. Gartz is no doctrinaire, she is primarily interested in persons, and the defense of those who

are persecuted because of their social views. Her letters breathe a fierce hatred, an artist's hatred, for the unnecessary suffering and the offensive sights that are the necessary concommittants of poverty and excess wealth as two extremes of social organization. It is undoubtedly this offending of artistic sense that has influenced her and not need or fear of possible need; her letters consequently cut through all conventioned lies exposing the evils and absurdities that too many liberals gloss over.

She has been ostracised and publicly slandered, because of her active intervention on the behalf of several persecuted groups, this however has not deterred her: she is too strong an individual to be brow-beaten once the social situation is clear to her and her course has been determined.

I have read the letters of many persons of prominence ,but none which go more surely and directly to the kernel of things. And that is why I call these letters pearls, for they, too, like pearls have been begotten by agony, not the agony of physical suffering, since their author is wealthy, but esthetic suffering since she is also sensitive.

Frank Harris has created a "Lunatic" who muses thus, "What madmen we are with Secretaries of State for War and no Secretary of State for Peace." Mrs. Gartz is one of the glorious mad ones. Her attitude on war, while her two sons were at the front, is not the attitude of a mentally calloused liberal, who in the popular hue and cry, with their own loved ones involved, became apologists for the system so parsimonious of all that is best in life.

This series of letters, like those of the first volume, must of a necessity find a permanent and welcome place in the interest of all who regret and seek to abolish the unnecessary and offensive evils of present-day society. She has not merely given dollars to the causes she espouses, which anyone possessing wealth can do and which after all is merely the employment of wealth, but has given time, thought and toil which is the employment of the soul.

—WARREN LAMSON.

**LETTERS OF PROTEST, by Kate Crane-Gartz. Edited and published by Mary Craig Sinclair, Pasadena, California.**

# Coming Revolution in the Printing Industry

(Continued from Page 10)

process, as well as to bring about, under the newer order, conditions of labor such that the standard of living is not affected by the new discovery; depends mainly upon the efficiency of their organizations.

The typographical union, which is most affected by the new process, here under consideration, has, in its past career, weathered precisely such a storm. It has smoothed the transition from typesetting by hand to the general use of the linotype.

It was one of the first unions to give up completely the traditional attitude of craft unionism which was invariably one of hostility towards mechanical progress. Before 1890, typesetting was a handicraft art and had undergone but few changes since the introduction of printing. During the nineties, machine composition began to displace hand typesetting. The typographical union was clever enough not to oppose the introduction of the linotype but, instead, claimed jurisdiction over it. Their national convention in 1888 passed a resolution ordering local unions to take speedy action looking to the operation of linotype machines by union men at a rate of wages which would secure a compensation equal to that paid to compositors by hand.

Wages have been maintained and even increased in spite of the introduction of the typesetting machine. The length of the working day has been reduced and the amount of unemployment entailed by the change was held to a minimum. A notable gain was made in the shortening of the working day and was justified by the fact that the strain upon the operator of a linotype is greater that that upon the hand compositor.

The forces which enabled the typographical union to mainain its control of the job in the face of the linotype were:

(a) The fact that the main strength of the union came from the control of the large newspaper plants. The latter understood that they were exceptionally vulnerable to the boycott.

(b) The fact that the linotype was first introduced into the newspaper plants and, from there, invaded the rest of the printing business. As its use spread from the newspapers to the smaller shops, the latter found to hand a supply of operators who had been trained in the newspaper plants.

While the strength of the union was a potent factor in the handling of the new invention, it was not the only one. The two circumstances mentioned above constituted strategical advantages of great power and helped considerably toward the result.

But, above all, the main feature of the situation was this one: the technical advance embodied in the change affected only the craft of the typesetters. The craft union formed an adequate form of economic organization to take care of a change within the craft.

This situation does no longer present itself in the case of the invention here analyzed. As a technical process, it is vastly larger than any craft included in the printing industry. It does not revolutionize one craft or several crafts; it revolutionizes the

whole of the industry and it finds the workers in that industry split up into craft unions indifferent or hostile to each other without any kind of an industrial organization, the only structural form which can effectively cope with a new method covering the whole of an industry.

Thus the inquiry: what are the chances for concerted action between the different unions in the printing trades, becomes one of the uttermost importance. Is there in existence a will or a spirit to cooperate in organized form? Are these unions guided by a conception of economic events or a social ideal which can endow their efforts with the scientific correctness and the rational enthusiasm which constitute the primary conditions of victory?

For, after all, the industrial union of the employers is functioning, it is a going concern, ready for such an emergency. A social ideal, a sound tactical policy which embodies the reversal of tactics of long standing cannot be improvised in a few minutes because and in the face of impending danger of a technical revolution.

Let us then try to answer the all-important question of preparedness for action in the light of what we know about the life and behavior of the printing unions.

The work of the compositor constitutes one of the most intellectual and educative forms of creative labor. It leads to a higher measure of culture than the monotonous repetition of the standardized motions inherent in the performance of one of the many operations included in the production of some commodities.

This condition is not without its corresponding obligations. The working class has a right to expect much from the printers in its struggle for emancipation. On the average, the printers have not lived up to those legitimate expectations. While there are a few valuable exceptions, the bulk of the membership of the typographical unions has developed very strongly marked petty bourgeois and middle class tendencies. They are generally over-insured and exhibit a tendency to live beyond their income and to go into debt. Their own national president, not so very long ago, warned them against such an attitude and pointed out that, in a considerable measure, it weakened their capacity for resistance in case the employing class attempted to get for itself higher profits by an attempt to lower the standard of living.

An outlet for the would-be bourgeois in the ranks of printing labor is the country paper. The latter is a typically American institution. All those in the printing trades who have tried it and failed are not backward in telling about the shady sides of the business. From them we may learn that the fancied independence of the printer-owner is in reality a form of genteel poverty. It is paid for with an overlong workday during which he performs half a dozen functions, from printer's devil to editor-in-chief.

The whole business is largely parasitic. It manages to exist mainly on account of the disposition of the postal laws which grants free delivery within the county limits to the backwoods papers. This free delivery service saddles the postoffice with a net loss of from six to twenty million dollars a year.

Another feature of the small country weekly and one which frequently provides it with its main sources of income is the publication of assessment notices when large stockholders are attempting to freeze out the small investors and, to that end, publish the assessment notices where those interested are sure not to look for them. In this connection, the publication of useless legal notices as part of the judiciary red tape included in all lawsuits should also be mentioned.

These two outlets have formed the aim and purpose of many a printer and have shaped the social and political attitude of a great many more. They explain largely the conservatism of their unions and their opposition to the more economic methods available for use in the printing industry such as printing mats or boiler plate (ready-made forms shipped whole), two forms of reproduction of the written word which may hurt the local craftsman but are of a distinctive advantage to society in general. The performance of socially useless labor known in economics as the "make-work" theory, has always found many staunch defenders amongst the compositors.

From the same angle, we must mention the overlooked possibilities of the printing crafts. All the lies and the untruths published by a corrupt press when labor is on strike are generally composed by men who carry union cards and know that they are perpetrating a lie. An "ad" for strikebreakers falsely stating, "No labor trouble," as well as an hypocritical editorial directed against labor are set up, stereotyped and run off the press by members of the A. F. of L. One needs only the fingers of one single hand to count the number of instances where the printing crafts have risen to manhood and refused to contribute to the propagation of tendencial news or Jesuitic editorials directed against their own class. Still, the anguished cry of the bosses, on such occasions, ought to have told them that they had found the real remedy for the evil of brass check journalism and that such action was a good deal more efficient than a half dozen press laws.

### Conclusion

Neither the compositors nor the pressmen are ready for the coming revolution in printing. Their organizations are not such as to give them a controlling influence in the course of the transition period from the old to the new technique. The future would look dark for them, indeed, if it was not for the fact that the despised I. W. W. has been, for many years, patiently and conscientiously elaborating the theory and practice of a revolutionary and scientific unionism which stands ready, even under the new conditions faced by the industry, to solve for the workers in the printing trades the pathetically imminent question: **to be or not to be**

# An Extract From a Diary

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

WE walked, John Mow and I, down through Pepper-sauce Bottoms until we hit the Santa Fe tracks, and then turned aside to an open space by the side of the river. One could still see the damage the flood had wrought in crazy-tilted houses, small and mean. The river was a shrunken stream here, a Samson shorn of its strength by the hand of Summer. We sat on a stranded tree trunk. The sun glinted on the water and the distant foothills were hazy with the heat. Mow's crag-like face was set as he looked far out towards the mountains. "It is a great country," he said softly; "a wonderful country." And then he went on to talk and talk; and I sat there in the warm sun and listened; and the result of it all is the rhyme below.

I want to write a noble song,
Indite a patriotic rhyme,
But truth is truth, and I'm afraid
Won't lend itself to such a crime.

Oh to a vast and glorious land
My pen would lend itself with pride,
And if he wrote of mountain, plain,
Oh, who could say the writer lied?

But ah, the mountain, plain, are but
The tools which do the work of them
Who work the woe, who forge the hate
To mar the lives of toiling men.

A thousand streams go babbling on
A-down the mountain, o'er the plain,
Whose stored-up energy is used
To bind on man a mighty chain.

A thousand orchards 'neath the sun
With boughs bent 'neath a fruitful load,
Are used as spurs to urge the zeal
Of millions suffering from the goad.

A thousand mines of silver, gold,
A thousand mines of iron and coal,
Are used as burdens on the backs
To warp the frame and taint the soul.

Come see the fields of wheat stretch far,
Come watch the sheaves of wheat brought in,
Walk through the grain mills of the land
And count the bushels in the bin.

Come, fellow, follow on the plough
Where weary feet go up and down,
Come walk the streets and see the stores,
The wealth that's piled in every town.

Come where the stockyards stretch for miles,
Chicago, Denver, anywhere,
Come where the hides are stacked up high
And smoke of factories taints the air.

Our Swift's and Armour's plants, come see,
And marvel at the meats that go
Forth from them in a steady stream,
A never stopping, endless flow.

O watch the freight trains whirling by,
Each one a "million dollar" train,
Efficient, prompt, and spreading wide
The fruits of mountain, sea and plain.

O visualize the land as one,
The products of it as a whole,
The mountains, plains, the coals and grains
That pay to man no stinted toll.

Then turn to man himself a slave
To fellow-man who does enslave,
And see him toiling all his life,
And starved, fill up a pauper's grave.

His children naked, hungry, cold,
His wife dispirited and mean,
Himself a toiler for the food,
The scanty food that he can glean.

Come with me where he walks the streets
By tens of hundreds, shunned and banned,
Come with me where he begs for work
From every factory in the land.

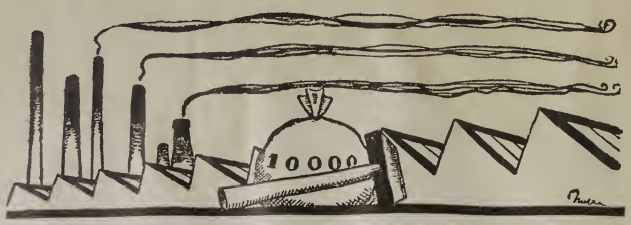
Tread softly with me through the homes
Where sable wings of misery lie,
For here a thing of skin and bones
A little starving babe must die.

And here a gaunt-eyed mother prays
Above the cradle of her son
Who moans for bread, until his moans
Are merged in death—forever done;

While undernourished, hollow-cheeked,
A slim maid coughs her life away,
And still another walks the streets
And yields her virtue up for pay.

Tread softly with me through the homes
Of these the base, the squalid poor,
For hunger grim is treading too,
To kill the babe, shape thief and whore;

O friends, with tearful eyes look on
The shattered flesh, the human prey,
And then remember all the wealth,
The plenty in the land today!




I want to write a noble song,
Indite a patriotic theme,—
But how can I when all around
Such misery and want is seen?

Oh, to a vast and glorious land,
That plenty gives, and gives again,
I would not grudge a song of praise
If I could write it with my pen!

But oh, the land itself in chains
Unto a system based on greed
In vain may bear, in vain may give
Of all its plenty, seek to feed

The starving babes, the millions gaunt,—
Unless the starving workers rise
And seize the factory, farm and mart,
Become comptrollers of supplies!

Then! . . . Then might orators declaim,
And poets sing a mighty song;
For patriotic singing then
Might not be founded on a wrong!

# Justice Triumphant in the Ford Case

(Continued From Page 8)

fitting and proper that this minion of mockery should be elected to preside at the second trial of Ford.

On January 4, 1926, the trial began in the old court house at Marysville. At the end of counsel table nearest the jury box sat District Attorney Ray Manwell, snarling, sneering and constantly talking about "my father." Well toward the other end of the table, between his attorneys and newspapermen, sat the defendant—an earnest, small man, who celebrated his forty-third birthday by testifying in his own behalf. About his eyes were a few finely etched lines caused by deep thought; he held his head erect and one notices that hair, which was once jet black, is turning gray. By his eyes one could tell that his indomitable spirit and cheerful disposition has suffered but little from eleven and a half years of captivity. Just behind him sat his fifteen-year-old son, whom Judge Busick had ordered not to sit at his father's side. The boy could never remember seeing his father outside a prison, but his faith that his father would be acquitted never flagged.

The jury was not one which would be expected to understand a class war case. It was made up of five farmers, one farm laborer, three women—a typist, housewife and nurse—and three small business men. One hundred and seventy-two talesmen had been examined before a jury was selected.

Throughout the trial, except for a day or two during the monotonous process of selecting a jury, standing room was at a premium in the court room. Both local papers featured the trial each day of its progress. Their reports were remarkable because of their fairness and accuracy. The entire countryside was agog with interest. Among the sporting fraternity, the odds were in favor of an acquittal.

Included among the witnesses for the prosecution were members of the posse which had been at the fatal event, and also a number of residents of Wheatland who had gone out to the hop camp to take in the excitement when they heard there was likely to be trouble. Although Judge Busick had denied the motion of the defense to exclude all witnesses from the courtroom, these worthies who testified for the state not only contradicted each other, but, on material points, their testimony was widely at variance with what they had given at the former trial. They carried themselves with the swagger of conscious bold, bad men, or cringed and fidgeted while they "told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The witnesses for the defendant had been gathered after fine-combing the state. Most of them were plain, humble folks who had been on the Durst ranch as hop pickers on that fatal Sunday. With the assurance of those who have nothing to fear and nothing to hide, they met the snarling, grilling

cross-examination of the district attorney and judge with simple, straight-forward, unimpeachable statements. They told how Ford had counseled the hop pickers that they must keep the peace, injure no property, and to leave any weapons which they might have in their tents. They related how he had taken up a collection and bought groceries and blankets for a destitute family. Upon one occasion, he had held up to the view of the crowd an infant, its face splotched with the fever that was rampant in the unwholesome camp and said: "It is not for ourselves, but for such as these, that we are making these demands." As to the tragedy itself, the witnesses for the defendant related how Deputy Sheriff Dakin, with trembling hands, had fired the first shots directly over the heads of the crowd; and how this same Dakin, after the shooting was over, had killed the Porto Rican as he was retreating from the crowd and had shot the arm off another man who had made no move at all.

### The Pooh Bah in Action

It would indeed be tedious to relate all of the rulings of Judge Busick, but this story would not be complete without a few examples, so that the reader may have some idea why he has been named "The Pooh Bah" and "Prejudicial Busick."

Early in the trial it was evident that he had an idea in mind that he was going to show the people of Marysville just how to railroad a worker to prison. He began his course of instruction when the defense offered a motion to exclude all witnesses from the court room. This is a motion that is always granted when made by either side in any case and especially so in murder cases. Busick, promptly denied it and stated as his reason that he thought the witnesses had a right to stay in the court room and listen to the testimony as no doubt their minds needed refreshing.

A little later in the same day he began his haranguing of defense attorneys, especially Attorney Henderson. His manner and words were insulting, and purposely so. He intended to either get the attorneys so mad that they would blunder in cross-examination or else put them in a state of mind where they would be afraid to offer an objection, thinking that they would be insulted again. Whatever his motive, he failed to either stop or aggravate counsel, but tended to put them in a better fighting mood and they were more alert at each remark.

He refused to allow the defense to show the conditions as they existed in the hop camp. In another instance, when it became apparent that a witness for the state had testified differently in the former trial as to whether the crowd was "dense" in a particular spot, His Honor ruled that the word "dense" expressed a mere conclusion of law, and not a fact, and ruled out all testimony using the word.

Throughout the entire time taken up by the taking of testimony, he continually overruled every defense objection and sustained every one made by the prosecution. At times he found it advisable, from his viewpoint, to criticise the defendant in such a way as to belittle him in the eyes of the jury. He would do this by stating that thus far the defense had not produced anything in court that could be construed as a defense.

At the time the closing arguments were being offered he went to great pains to let the jurors know his opinion. While the two attorneys for the defense were arguing, Busick continually busied himself by rustling papers, or books, or else by gazing abstractly out of a window. Came the prosecutor to make his argument and we found a new Busick. He was all attention, drinking in every word as it flowed from the oily tongue of young Manwell. When Manwell would refer to the American flag, Busick would turn around in his chair and fondly gaze at that court fixture; when he spoke of Ford as an I. W. W., Busick would turn in the defendant's direction and glower down at him. Then there was the moment in which the district attorney likened the I. W. W. to a bunch of rats that are gnawing at the foundation of a building, saying that, that is what the I. W. W. were doing; gnawing at the foundation of this government, and the Pooh Bah nodded his head in emphatic approval of the statement.

### Jurors Retire

At twelve thirty-five on Thursday afternoon, January 21st, the case was closed and the jury began their deliberations. For seventy-seven long, dreary hours they remained dead-locked, never leaving the jury room except to go to the hotel for their meals, or to come into the court room for instructions or to have some of the testimony read to them.

On one occasion, when the jury was in court to have certain instructions repeated, one juror questioned: "If a juror assumes that there was conspiracy, can the defendant be convicted?" That was a dramatic moment. It had been many years since any one in a California court had even suggested that evidence should be required to show a conspiracy in a class war case. The judge actually explained that one could not be convicted without evidence; but it did not take him long to collect himself and explain that there is such a thing as circumstantial evidence.

At noon on Saturday the jury reported that they were hopelessly dead-locked and asked to be discharged; but "His Honor" calmly advised them to deliberate further. That evening he called them in and withdrew the instruction on a manslaughter verdict. His action in that instance was without precedent and was done over strenuous objections by the defense.

Sunday at noon, Busick had apparently changed his judicial mind, for he ordered the sheriff to notify the jurors that he would discharge them if they would come into court. However, the jurors had other ideas and they refused to come in. Thereafter,

at intervals of forty-five or fifty minutes, the judge repeated his order to the sheriff, only to be met with the same reply until they finally stated they had reached a verdict..

### Assistant Prosecutor McDaniels Speaks

Throughout the entire trial, Judge McDaniel, Judge Busick, Former District Attorney Stanwood and District Attorney Manwell held frequent conferences out of court. Shortly after Judge Busick had attempted to discharge the jury, the situation proved too much for the nerves of vulnerable Judge McDaniel. He could keep himself in hand no longer. Someone had to have a piece of his mind. He and a number of court attaches and newspaper men were seated within the rail in the court room while the "rabble" sat outside the sacred bar. Editor James Cremin, of the Maarysville Appeal, uncorked the vials of judicial wrath by observing that he thought they would arrive at a verdict soon. That was too much for Judge E. P. He said, "Yes, and it should be a verdict for the people. The defense has not shown a bit of evidence for a defense of this charge." Then, warming up to his work, he addressed the editor more directly: "I am touched, Jim, by your loyalty to your dead friend E. T. Manwell, and to Sheriff Voss and to the people of the State of California. From the way your paper has reported this case, it looks as if you had sold out to the I. W. W." This, of course, called for the short, ugly word from the editor; and that, in turn, led to some statements from the jurist as to what might happen if spectacles were removed from the bridge of the editorial nose. However, before the spectacles could be neatly placed in their case the sheriff remembered that he had been sworn to keep the peace, and stepped between the irate gntlemen.

No one thought to ask the worthy jurist why he did not go to Sacramento and take Mr. McClatchey on for a few rounds without glasses, for, during the trial, Mr. McClatchey's Sacramento Bee had denounced Ford as a murderer. In California, it seems fair to assume, it is contempt of court for a newspaper not to assist the prosecution.

The smoke of this wordy battle cleared slowly from the heavy atmosphere of the tense court room and all present settled back in their seats to await a verdict.

### Verdict Reached

Came a rap at the jury room door. A hush fell over the noisy court. The hands on the wall clock turned to five forty p. m. Five minutes passed, five minutes in which every one was alert, expectant, wondering if a verdict had been reached. Court attaches took their places, followed by counsel for both sides, the defendant and the judge. Newspaper men hastily scribbled on their ever present note pads. Then came the jury. Weary and haggard, they straggled into the jury box and took their regular seats. Slowly, the verdict against the defendant on his plea of former jeopardy, which the judge had directed, was read and recorded, with a great scratching of the clerk's pen.

Then the foreman of the jury read the principal verdict, from its formal heading, to the words "not guilty." For an instant not a breath was drawn. A hush primeval seemed to have fallen on all living things—the silence as if all things had come to a stop. But, for a moment only. A woman shrieked. Then came a thunder-like burst of applause, topped by stamping of feet and surges of cheering, that fairly shook the old court house.. For a moment one had visions of one of California's favorite products being thrust upon us—an earthquaake, so distinct was the shaking of the floor under our feet. They poured out the court room, down the stairs and onto the street, still cheering. At last the people of Marysville knew that a great stain had been removed; and it rejoiced at the vindication of its honor.

Then, for a second time on that eventful Sunday, a judge's nerves snapped. Many times during the trial Judge Busick's face had flushed with judicial wrath; but all that had gone before was as moonlight to sunlight, to the great outburst of rage which was now poured on the heads of that rejoicing audience. One cannot recall his words, but there was a plentiful sprinkling of such phrases as "un-American," "Insult to the flag," and the like. The verdict in particular, he referred to as being "un-American." One culprit was singled out as an example and ordered to jail for five days. Another had been selected also, but he turned out to be a banker, so was not punished for contempt, as was the other poor fellow, who was only a destitute war veteran.

### Ford Released

Ford walked from that old court room, amid the handshakes and congratulations of the people of Marysville, and for the first time in twelve years, he walked without the eye of a keeper upon him; still he was not free. He went as a felon, a convict, one who must go where and do what the State Parole Officer says he must go and do. One who can make no contract; can drive no cars; whose civil rights are suspended, a prisoner still, but on a longer tether.

Yet, in the eyes of all men, he stands vindicated. Tried in the very town where he was once hooted and reviled—convicted by a jury then that now admits they were swayed by popular prejudice—tried on the same evidence, prosecuted by a vindictive district attorney—tried before a judge who made every effort to favor his accusers—upon that same evidence he stands acquitted and vindicated.

# WOBBLES

## CATS AND THINGS . . .

It was at a farm house. One of those stump-ranchers whose premises show little sign of crops. Still, there is a big car sitting in the yard. Ostensibly a farmer, but really following the nation-wide bourgeois moonshine industry. His main crop comes from a copper coil hid somewhere out in the woods.

I went in to get, let us say, a drink of water. A woman and a little boy about three years old were the only ones at home. Evidently mother and son. The boy was playing with the cat, the mother ironing.

At a moment when the woman was going towards the stove to change the iron for a hoter one, the little boy had gotten the cat by the tail and was laughing while the cat was pulling and meowing. The mother passing, no doubt harder than she intended, swung the iron against the little fellow's back. The blow toppled the boy over and he began to cry; the cat skedaddled.

With an involuntary look of remonstrance I glanced at the woman. She changed irons, returned to the ironing board, explained apologetically:

"Lann sakes! they's no use belongin' to a woman's club for the pertectionof animals 'les one practices what it preaches. Calvin's got to stop 'busing the cat."

## QUADRUPEDS AND BIPEDS

It is well known that often a farmer enters into a logging contract as a winter occupation for himself and his teams.

On this day the toat teamster had hauled in a load of hay, along with which he also brought a box of dynamite for blowing stumps. While unloading the hay he had set the dynamite down in the barn door. About then the farmer-logger came in from the works. Seeing the dynamite in the barn, he exclaimed:

"What do you mean by putting that dynamite in the barn? You want to blow up all my horses?"

"Well, where'll I put it?" asked the teamster.

"Put it in the men's camp."

**Bi Heck.**

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A wobbly was asked about what was meant by workers' education, which he explained this way: "It means that you make the workers understand that they do the work instead of the president, or, for instance, a half a dozen men are building a house for a real estate man and you go up to them and tell them that they are building the house and not the real estate shark: that's workers' education. It's something they ought to know, but evidently don't.



# A Few Words From the Outgoing Business Manager

After having been acting in the capacity of business manager of Industrial Pioneer and Industrial Solidarity for the past six months, will state it was necessary for me to take this office due to the sadly depleted condition of the treasury of the publications, and also of the general organization; however, there is no doubt that if any capable person should be given full charge of the publications, so as to allow him the necessary time to try and increase the circulation throughout the various prospective fields, it would in time be the means of showing a gain rather than a deficit.

By this I do not mean that one should devote all the time to routine or clerical work, but, in other words, they should be in a position to be allowed to try and place both our publications on various news-stands, also, where possible, canvas an entire district among those who work. By this method we could obtain more subscriptions.

Of course, subscriptions alone are not the only means of revenue for the publications, as the members and especially the large branches, must co-operate with the publications in the matter of receiving as many copies in bundle orders as possible. If the publications would receive all which they have in outstanding bills, it would be the means of balancing the account and they would not be so heavily indebted to General Headquarters.

Another matter at this time is—both our publications are recognized as being the only English I. W. W. papers in the field (except the Industrial Worker, Marine Worker and I. U. bulletins). All other English language publications using the seal and label of the I. W. W. are misrepresenting the true status of affairs, as we have been, and are, the only organization which can rightfully claim to publish official organs of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Regardless of what changes are made when the incoming administration takes office, we request all fellow-workers to co-operate, and give them both moral and financial support to the fullest extent.

Thanking you for the co-operation which acting in the capacity of business manager this office has received while I have been of the publications, and with best wishes.—

**Arthur Coleman.**

Chicago, February 9, 1926.

## Use the Blank Below

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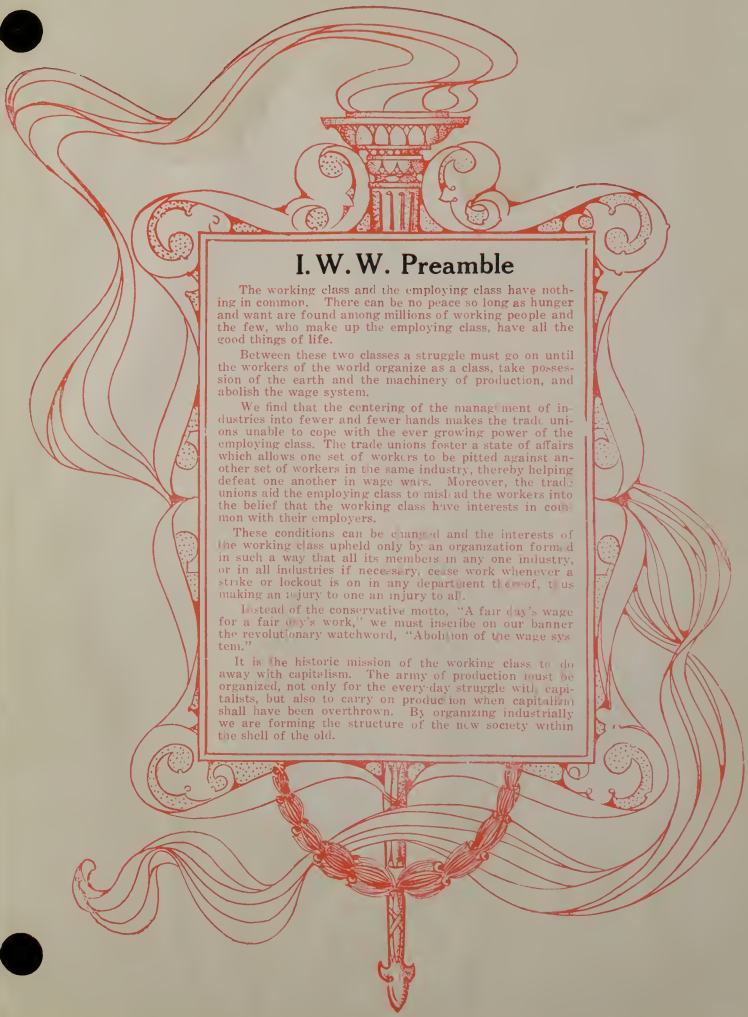
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# I. W. W. Preamble

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



# MARCH--The Month of Revolutions

*Reign of Terror Started In France,* 1793; *Spanish Inquisition Dissolved,* 1820; *French, Hungarian, Austrian, German Revolutions,* 1848; *Czar Overthrown,* 1917; *Karolyi Overthrown in Hungary,* 1919.

# The Industrial Pioneer

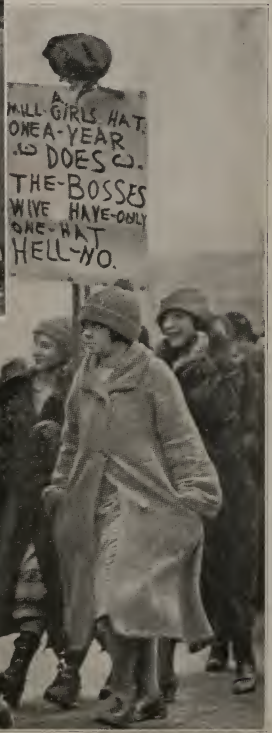
*An Illustrated Labor Magazine* — Price 20 Cents

APRIL

1926



STRIKE!




The Battle of Passaic

FREE SPEECH?
It Sticks to Your Shoes

Why the I. W. W. Will Not Die

Swan Song
a Novelette

POEMS — REVIEWS — CARTOONS — STORIES

# Preamble of the I.W.W.

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# The Industrial Pioneer

Edited by John A. Gahan

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It should be understood by members and others who read this magazine, that it is the policy of the I. W. W. to designate as OFFICIAL, any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. ANYTHING NOT SO DESIGNATED, IS NOT OFFICIAL. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals, or individual writing or editing the same.

**Volume III, No. XII APRIL, 1926 Whole Number 36**

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# The Battle of Passaic

By JIM DARCY



*"In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold;*
*Greater than the might of armies magnified a thousand-fold.*
*We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of the old,*
*For the Union makes us strong."*



**ITTER class war is raging in Passaic, with the martial strains of this famous Wobbly song rising mightily from the throats of 12,000 wool and worsted mill strikers who have risen from the mire of dumb, degrading poverty and are in revolt for higher wages and other demands.**

**With heads of families regarding themselves fortunate if they were making $22.50 a week, and a large number receiving as low as $15.00, it will be seen at once that the strike is a desperate blow for elemental necessities. In spite of living costs constantly going up, wages were cut ten per cent last autumn, and the workers began to organize.**

**In the early part of February the 5,400 workers employed by the Botany Mills came out, and before another week had passed the Garfield Worsted Mill and the Passaic Spinning Company were struck. Shortly after this the Forsten-Huffman Mills spinners joined their striking fellow workers of these other plants, and one week later the Gera Mill workers walked out.**

This kind of solidarity enraged the mill owners, and at the sound of the Wobbly war songs the "bulls saw red." Followed the usual scheme invoked for such situations the bosses ordered the police to use their clubs and smash the life out of this rebellion. A large parade of strikers marched from Passaic through Clifton and Garfield where some of the mills are located. At the Ackerman bridge between the latter two towns they were met by the police who rushed the crowd of men, women and children clubbing indiscriminately.

The parade was a peaceful demonstration, in which there were even baby carriages pushed by mothers. However, the police exist to serve industrial autocracy. In this case their reprehensible service was so vigorous that even a part of the conservative press in near by cities protested editorially.

More important, though, was the electrifying effect this savagery had on the strikers. No longer would they struggle simply against the wage cut. They formulated the following demands and presented them to the mill masters:

1. Ten per cent increase over the old wage scale.
2. Return of money taken from them by wage cut.
3. Time and a half for overtime.
4. A 40-hour week.
5. Decent sanitary working conditions.
6. No discrimination against union workers.
7. Recognition of the Union.

Demonstrations of mass picketing brought new police onslaughts. This time clubs were supplemented by tear-gas bombs in an unsuccessful attempt to disperse the pickets. But when the tactics of police violence reached this disgraceful extreme the World War Veterans came to the strikers' aid, furnishing them with gas masks and steel helmets. Thus are the devices of militarism pressed into service in modern class struggle.

Not only have the police been used against the strikers, in the ways already described, but fire department equipment has been used. Water driven with terrific pressure through fire hose nozzles has been poured on the massed workers. But the flame of revolt against their evil conditions of existence has leaped too high; it is too big and strong, to be extinguished, and only grows more intense after these savage assaults.

There are a number of Wobbly strikers who are doing much to sustain the fighting morale, and to promote the solidarity so essential to victory. In the great textile strike at Lawrence in 1911-12 the I. W. W. succeeded in welding together the workers of many nationalities and putting up a battle that was of worldwide interest. But the workers later forgot the One Big Union and drifted apart, easy prey for their trustified masters.

Mill owners fear that 40,000 silk workers of

Passaic and Paterson may join the strike. Add this large number to those already striking and an industrial contest of great magnitude would be in progress. In the strike it was early seen that old trade lines must be torn down in order to obtain the requisite solidarity. Tactics that have so long been advocated by the I. W. W. were advanced and adopted. The result is that more than 12,000 strikers are making a united stand animated by class consciousness.

Would you witness the misery of the mill slaves? Then come to Passaic's filthy streets lined with decrepit tenements and derelict homes, where the workers pass their lives when not sweating in similarly vitiated factory confines. See the mill strikers parading with a banner, thousands of women and girls in line with the men. They have lifted aloft a banner inscribed with the defiance of revolt. And it is surmounted by a mill girl's shabby hat—the only one she can afford on her niggardly wage, while every millinery shop and department store flaunts its treasures in her face. But she is a worker, and this damnable regime of rich loafers provides that one bummy, old hat is enough for her. And for the rich female parasites, what? Ease, luxury, hats and shoes and



apparel galore. It was like this when the Bourbons fell and when the workers toppled the throne of the tsar.

In Passaic you will see rickety children. Why are they rickety? Why are they suffered to be mute, wasting victims of malnutrition—slow starvation? Why are the tired workers so desperately driven, so bitterly rewarded for their labors? Why are silks and wool for a class of leeches while shoddy and remnants and scraps are the portion of society's useful members?

Again the thunder of iron hoofs reverberates from the cobbles and sidewalks. The mounted police are glorying in their finkified role. The cossacks are charging to crush rebellion out of these risen helots, to drive them back to their dungeons of drudgery, and their babies back to starvation. Motorcycle cops are speeding, too; rushing into crowds, knocking down the workers, and clubbing their heads.

And the strike goes on, Wobbly battle hymns ringing louder than this cacophony of suppression. The workers are struggling for life itself. Truly they have "Nothing to lose but their chains." And though mill owners turn deaf ears to their demands the while these robbers order the violence that is daily and hourly enacted here, that mill girl's hat is on the standard and thousands of marching feet move to the inspiration of that ensign, like the red liberty caps of old that rose to mark the fall of tyrants.

Some time it will start in just this way—the revolution in America—a mill slave's worn, misshapen hat on a banner's top, and on another banner that demand for a greater, finer, happier life epitomized in the demand: "Bread and roses."

Bread! Yes, because we need it for our bellies, and roses and all the good things of life in a real civilization where human rights shall transcend property rights and where we shall be the masters of the machines instead of their slaves. And because we shall dare to challenge the plunderers, making "the thief disgorge his booty." Because in that glorious hour of revolt we shall shatter to fragments the power of capitalism to raise on the ruins of hate and oppression the new commonwealth of love and social justice.

The acts of the police so transgress all customs of human decency that they fear publicity, and they have overturned cars of cameramen, smashing their cameras. To circumvent this device airplanes are circling over Passaic taking pictures, and reporters are using armored cars.

The American Civil Liberties Unions has interested itself in this struggle and is fighting to insure freedom of speech, press and assemblage



LOOKS TIRED, DOESN'T SHE?
The Pace That Kills Is the Textile Mill Pace

for the workers, while doing other relief work. Among those prominent from this group is Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, whose experience in such struggles has extended over twenty years.

The wages cited at the outset must bring to the reader some visualization of existence pieced out on that niggardly pittance. The workers' lot must be intolerable on such coolie stantards, and it is gratifying to see the New Jersey strikers springing up from their sink of wretchedness. They are putting up a memorable fight and one that merits the heartiest support of the working class. And this support must be financial without delay if a speedy victory is going to be won.

The General Relief Committee of Textile Workers, 743 Main Avenue, Passaic, N. J., is appealing for donations to be used as strike relief, and your prompt aid should be given.

---

Since this article was received there have been thousands of workers added to the already embattled hosts. Continued police ruffianism in the towns where the struck mills are located, and where the strikers held huge demonstrations of mass picketing, stirred 5,000 dye workers to quit and join the strike.

This brings the number on strike to more than 16,000, and we have another vindication of the effectiveness of the industrial union idea. If the workers embrace it fully they can win, but if they let their solidarity be broken they are sure to return to the old conditions. Trade unions can not win industrial battles with monopolies.—THE EDITOR.

# Why the I.W.W. will Not Die

By JOHN I. TURNER
(General Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W.)

**IT IS easy to keep up courage when there are no troubles and the world looks bright. And if a labor union is progressing without serious opposition, enthusiasm is everywhere to be found. But it is when difficulties confront it that courage and determination are needed. And I doubt that one could suggest anything better to a disheartened member of the I. W. W. than a little study in this organization's history, and an observance of how it has weathered many a stormy period and always came through determined to continue in its good work.**

One of the favorite pastimes of many of its enemies and many of its "friends," too, has been in pronouncing it dead—or nearly dead, and then falling in line for the funeral march. Their "death sentences," however, have not been effective. Somehow the I. W. W. as an organization has escaped the fatal strangling, although a few of its members have been victims of "neck-tie parties" at the hands of the employing class hirelings.

The first serious crisis in the I. W. W. came at the second convention in Chicago in 1906. Its first and only president, a man by the name of Sherman, had been suspected by some of the delegates of not having the interests of the organization at heart. Their suspicions were well founded as the events that followed proved.

### Early Troubles of the I. W. W.

The convention voted to abolish the office of president. Sherman and his gang surrounded themselves with a bunch of Chicago police and when the newly elected General Executive Board went to the General Office of the I. W. W. they were kept out and Sherman and the police held the building by force, and refused to turn over the records of the organization or its treasury of four thousand dollars that Sherman had in the Prairie State Bank. Two of the board members were beaten, and it was quite a while before the I. W. W. got control of the General Office and the funds. But while the fight for the possession of the general office building and the treasury had been going on, more serious troubles were brewing.

The Western Federation of Miners had become a part of the I. W. W., from its beginning, practically. It took in all miners regardless of craft or trade and recognized the class strugggle. This army of courageous fighters, as many a hard-fought miners' strike bears evidence of, was a vital factor in the I. W. W. and supplied much of its fine spirit and strength in its early days.

Now Sherman and his followers had won the support of the W. F. of M. officials, many of whom never had been in sympathy with the I. W. W. but had been forced into the organization by pressure brought to bear upon them from the rank and file of the miners. The controversy with the "Shermanites" gave them an opportunity to win the support of their less enlightened membership in a move to pull away from the I. W. W. In this they succeeded. It was a hard blow to the I. W. W., despite the fact that the more radical element of the miners remained with it instead of following the officials in the secession.

After the withdrawal of the W. F. of M. the socialists deserted the I. W. W. and declared that its end had come. Probably the loss of **their** support was little to worry about; but the moral effect of losing the W. F. of M. was of no little consequence to the new organization.

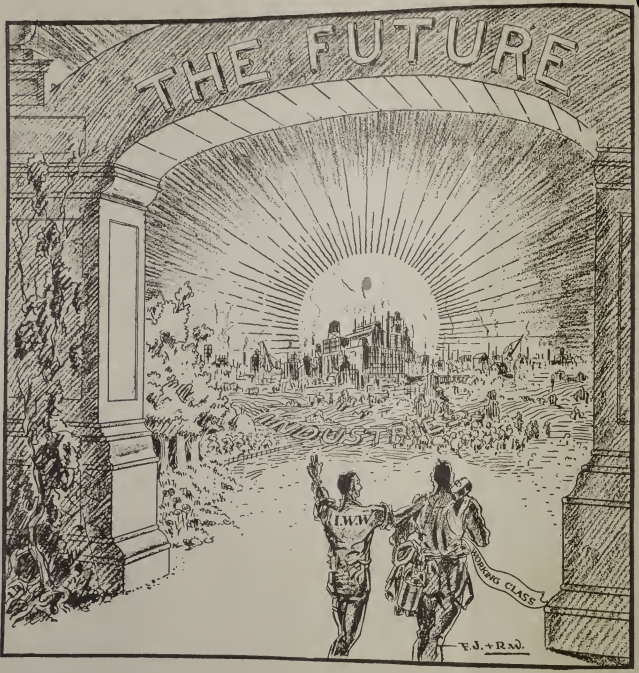
It is surprising to know that in the face of such a calamity the two years that followed witnessed much strike activity on the part of the I. W. W. The days of I. W. W. job control in Goldfield, Nevada, will long be remembered by the miners of the West.

### Fierce Fights Against Bosses

With the fourth convention at Chicago in 1908 came the fight over the "political clause" in the preamble, and it resulted in the elimination of that clause. To set forth as a clear-cut labor organization without the "political wing" was suicide. So said the parliamentarians, high and low.

It seems that the greater disaster that came from this move was to the "pollys" themselves. After they had sounded the death knell of the I. W. W. and were on the eve of an awful setback for the political wing, the "overall brigade," as the parliamentarians had termed their opponents in the fourth convention were preparing for some interesting fights with the employing class.

Two struggles of the year 1909 that stand out were the free speech fight in Spokane, Washington, and the strike of the Pressed Steel Car Company at McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania. Here the I. W. W. strikers drove back the Pennsylvania State Constabulary (commonly called cossacks) after making good their threat to take the life of a cossack for every striker killed by them. This was the first time that these famous strikebreakers had ever been routed by striking workers.




Then in Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1912, came a walkout of the textile workers of the American Woolen Mills against a decrease in wages. The strike was called a "spontaneous walkout" on the part of the formerly suppressed textile workers. The I. W. W. sent its ablest organizers there and they lined up the strikers for what probably was the greatest strike that the woolen kings of Lawrence had ever had to contend with.

Many strikers were arrested by the police who were only too willing to do the bidding of the employers. Attempts of the strikers to send their children away to friends and sympathizers who had agreed to feed them until the strike was over, were met with police reprisals. Some of the women, mothers of the children, were beaten by the police as they tried to put them on trains to send them away. Three organizers were arrested and charged with the murder of a striking girl who was most likely shot by gunmen of the employers.

Against all this persecution, the strikers, representing many nationalities and speaking many different tongues, stood solid. After about two months of brutal persecution of the strikers the woolen trust gave in and granted large wage increases.

### Trouble With Decentralizers

The year 1913 brought the trouble with the "decentralizers," when it seemed as if these fanatics with their foolish ideas would completely wreck the organization. They did not get control of the convention that year as they had planned to do, but they did much harm with their cries of "Down with autocracy" against every effort of the organization

to establish discipline. They did not believe in discipline. They had a lot of dreams about "freedom." Freedom to them meant for every fool to have the unmolested right to do as he wished to do. How any organization that accepted such ideas could exist at all is something that this element never explained. And the chief cause of their failure to gain control of the I. W. W. at that time rested in their inability to organize themselves to carry on their fight. Men of such ideas cannot organize. They cannot agree on a concerted plan of action. They may be coerced or forced into united action, but they can not enforce discipline among themselves so long as they try to put their ideas into practice. One branch of the organization at Vancouver, British Columbia, started to make their own dues stamps. Others of the same school supported them in their senseless action. And again the I. W. W. for some months had to spend the greater portion of its energy in suppressing these foolish endeavors.

Many of the less patient of the membership became discouraged and quit. The enemies of the organization were sure that they heard the final count. It was a perilous time for the I. W. W. But it did not die.

### A Very Active "Corpse"

An organization drive in the wheat belt in 1915 revealed to the "prophets" the fact that the I. W. W. had not yet become a corpse. This drive aroused new courage and determination and led to one of the greatest strikes that had ever taken place in America. (Probably not the greatest in numbers, but the greatest from the viewpoint of tactics used). That was the strike of the lumber workers of the Northwest in 1917-18.




THE I. W. W. HAS ALWAYS OPPOSED TRAGEDIES LIKE THESE; THE BOSSES MAKE THEM

Following the harvest drive a concerted effort was made to line up the lumber workers for a strike against the long hours and other bad features connected with working in the woods and sawmills.

Organizers of the I. W. W. met with brutal treatment at the hands of lumber trust thugs. The famous beatings of organization members at Beverly Park, a suburb of Everett, Washington, and the murder of five or more organizers that tried to land there off a boat from Seattle, is an example of how the timber barons welcomed the I. W. W. in its attempt to organize the workers of the woods and mills.

But these brutalities did not stop the lumber workers from organizing. The conditions under which they had to work and live were bad. They were out for something better.

A convention of delegates elected by the lumber workers of the I. W. W. met in Spokane, Washington, in March, 1917, and drew up the demands of the workers as they had been instructed to do. The camps were to be made more sanitary. Clean beds, better food and an increase in wages were demanded, and foremost of all, they demanded that the workday be reduced from ten hours to eight.

These demands were presented to the employing lumbermen. Not realizing that the I. W. W. had become so strong in the woods and sawmills, they refused to consider these demands. So the strike came in the following June, and the Northwest lumbering industry was almost completely tied up.

The usual persecutions of strikers were made worse when the public press, loyal to the employers, proclaimed to the public that the strike was called to help the Germans win the war; for this country had then engaged in the fight to "save the world for democracy." Strikers were arrested and beaten. Then came federal indictments against officials and organizers, with long terms in prison for them. And it must not be forgotten that the copper miners of the I. W. W. in Arizona and Montana were striking at the same time. Arrests of strikers and deportations from the strike zone took place in Arizona.

Two months the lumber workers remained out. Then they did one of the most remarkable things that has ever been done by striking workers in the history of the American labor movement. They voted to "transfer the strike to the job." The idea was to slow down production until the employers would have to grant the eight-hour workday. Many thought such tactics could not be put into practice. The boss lumbermen thought so too. But they had not realized how well this "strike on the job" idea had permeated the minds of the lumber workers and how well they had organized and

planned to carry it on. Of course without organization it could not have been a success.

"If we have to stay on the job ten hours, we'll give them much less than we would even in the eight hours that we were asking for," they said. And they made good their promise to themselves. Also, entire crews would often quit and go home, or to the camps, when the eight hours were over. Workers "fired" for so doing went to other jobs to continue the same line of action. Discharged workers could not be replaced by other than organized workers. The strike was a great success.

After a few weeks of this demonstration of united action on the job by the membership of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union of the I. W. W., the employers gave in and announced through the press that the eight-hour workday would be universal in the Northwest woods and sawmills. The other demands were also complied with and the strike on the job was called off.

### Criminal Syndicalism Laws

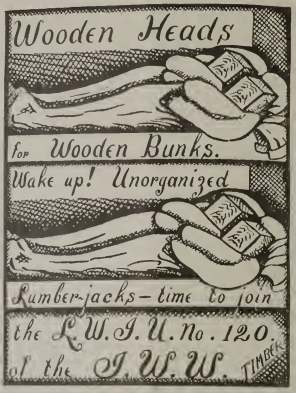
But the exploiters of labor never cease to fight organization of their workers. They strike back every way they can. The famous criminal syndicalism laws were enacted as a further means of sending workers to prison. (In Idaho, however, the "C. S." law was passed shortly before the strike started, and no doubt in anticipation of it, as they saw that the lumber workers of that state were organizing into the I. W. W.)

A mob of American Legion men, aroused by the lies and misrepresentations of the I. W. W. in the press, were used by the employers as "cat's paws" to attack the lumber workers in their hall at Centralia, Washington, on Armistice Day, 1919. Naturally they had to defend their lives against this mob. In the fight four of the Legion men were killed. A few hours later one of the defenders who had been arrested and thrown in jail there was taken out under cover of darkness and hanged by the mob of lumber trust lickspittles in a most fiendish manner.

Amidst the reign of terror that followed, as the capitalist press fanned the flames of hatred against the I. W. W., and lumber workers were hunted down, jailed and beaten, the men that defended their lives against the murderous mob were railroaded to prison for life.

It seemed that the organization could not live through this continuous persecution and terroristic tactics on the part of the employers and their hirelings. Many became discouraged, and abandoned the organization. But the I. W. W. lived on.

The spring of 1923 found the timber kings compelled to face another strike of this often killed organization. The strikers demanded the release of men imprisoned for union activity. While these demands were not granted, the strike was a fine example of solidarity and many believe that the men in the penitentiary at Walla Walla, Washington, might have been later released by the I. W. W.




VERY PLAIN LESSON TAUGHT TO THE LUMBER WORKERS BY I. W. W. STICKERS

campaign in their behalf had not the solidarity of the organization been greatly weakened by the traitorous conduct of the ego-maniac James Rowan, and his dupes with their "Emergency Program."

### Internal Foes Fail at Disruption

To gratify a personal grudge he had against officials in the General Office of the I. W. W., Rowan circulated bulletins and letters among the membership in which he stated that the General Secretary-Treasurer had stolen thousands of dollars of the organization's funds and that the General Office was run by gunmen and gangsters. At the convention called to investigate the controversy all these statements were proven to be false, but the turmoil created as the result of Rowan's outrageous lies has forced the organization to spend much time and energy that but for such confusion could have been spent in the education and organization of other workers.

This gang of cut-throats that tied up by a court injunction the funds of the I. W. W., including money for the release of members in prison and for those awaiting trial, have about played themselves out. However, they are still issuing a lying sheet from Portland, Oregon, that they have the nerve to call the "Industrial Unionist." They counterfeit the seal and dues stamps of the I. W. W. and they, this bunch of would-be union wreckers that refused to recognize a convention of delegates elected by the rank and file of the membership to investigate and ascertain the cause of all the

trouble, are still trying to make workers believe they are the I. W. W. And occasionally some uninformed worker is led into their trap and joins them and pays dues to support these enemies of the working class.

Just as the I. W. W. has overcome other disruptive tactics at the hands of its enemies, it is overcoming the admittedly bad effects of the "emergency" stab in the back. The organization has made mistakes and will no doubt make others, as workers have ever done in their struggles with their oppressors. But by their mistakes they learn. And the fact that the I. W. W. has endured these twenty years of attacks from within and from without should serve as an inspiration to every workers to drive him on to greater activity and determination. The idea of industrial unionism as outlined in the preamble of the I. W. W. is an idea born of conditions that have made it inevitable. A knowledge on the part of the toilers in industry of the developments of capital creates an army of workers that forms the nucleus of an ever-growing industrial solidarity. The attempts of its enemies to disrupt and to suppress it add to the determination of the militant membership of the I. W. W. to carry on the fight until the ideals for which they have fought so hard have become a reality.




**In Fighting the Poison of Capitalist Newspaper Propaganda the I. W. W. Press Has Always Played a Leading Part, and Continues to Teach The Truth to the Working Class**

# DRIVING 'EM OUT

SWOOPING DOWN on the brood of vultures comprising the alien I. W. W.'s, the Anarchists and the Socialists, everywhere hatching discontent and misery, the great American Eagle is driving 'em out!

Hard, cruel, destructive, uncompromising and murderous, these brutes in human form are seeking to destroy industry, all that industry creates, and Christian civlization itself.

Pressing their hideous doctrines upon the lowest element, their propaganda leads to chaos and explosive dangers.

They have resolved that the honest laborer must go or become their pawn.

Lacking the power to reason, they are wolfish and vicious.

Without cause they resort to the torch and terrorism, sparing neither life nor property.

The American Eagle, backed by the American Flag, is determined to drive 'em out and keep 'em out!

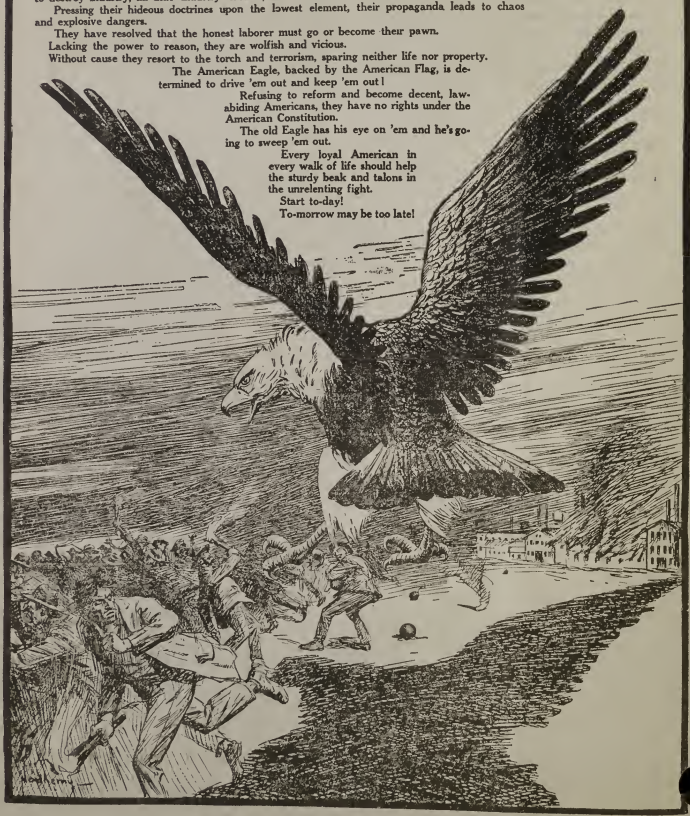
Refusing to reform and become decent, law-abiding Americans, they have no rights under the American Constitution.

The old Eagle has his eye on 'em and he's going to sweep 'em out.

Every loyal American in every walk of life should help the sturdy beak and talons in the unrelenting fight.

Start to-day!

To-morrow may be too late!



# It Sticks to Your Shoes

By DANIEL TOWER

**The drawing on the opposite page is a reprint of capitalist anti-radical spleen by which we are graphically reminded of the sweet solicitude, on the part of America's owners, for preserving the free speech, press, and assemblage "guarantees" in the sacred Bill of Rights. For a while dormant, there is now a reawakening of the birds of prey, as is powerfully described in this article, the first of several to be contributed by Daniel Tower. Next month there will be another.**

**IS THERE freedom of thought in this country? There is. It gets into your hair and sticks to your shoes like fly-paper.**

**Out in Oregon there is a law which compels all aliens who conduct grocery stores and butcher shops, apartment houses, and amusement emporiums to hang out signs telling their nationality. The motive of those who passed that law, I understand from a man who lately hurried through Oregon, was that all hundred per cent patriots would boycott anybody whose sign showed he was an outlander, and that he would then be constrained to become a loyal American. And during the two years or more that it requires to obtain naturalization papers he and his family would be free to eat grass in summer and go south with the birds in winter.**

Wisconsin is another state notable for broad-minded lawmakers. It cherishes a legislative act providing for the condemnation and confiscation of history textbooks which reflect upon the founders of this republic and their motives in the struggle for independence.

### More Work for Bookleggers

Fisher's "True History of the American Revolution" is one textbook which could be brought into Wisconsin only on a dark night by a booklegger. For in relating how Samuel Adams and other rebels dealt with persons who were not in favor of the revolt against England, Fisher writes:

"Men were ridden and tossed on fence rails; were gagged and bound for days at a time; pelted with stones; fastened in rooms where there was a fire with the chimney stopped on top; advertised as public enemies, so that they would be cut off from all dealing with their neighbors. They had bullets shot into their bedrooms; money or valuable plate extorted to save them from violence. . . . Their houses and ships were burnt; they were compelled to pay the guards who watched them in their houses; and when carted about for the mob to stare at and abuse they were compelled to pay something at every town."

Porter's "History of Suffrage in the United States" is another work which is kept out of Wisconsin by law. Porter says: "Much personal property and even real estate were unceremoniously appropriated by the armed forces of the Revolution, at least under some slight color of legality, although often it was barefaced robbery."

James Oneal's book "The Workers in American History" is a third volume which cannot enter the schools of the great cheese-bearing commonwealth north of Illinois. For Oneal, in recounting the development of the turning against England, says: "Nor did the 'patriots' rely on persuasion alone. The more effective arguments of tar and feathers, physical assault, the boycott and exile were employed against those who regarded the claims of the 'fathers' with suspicion or openly opposed them."

### Kansas Editors Get Excited

Kansas newspapers have started a campaign to keep school children from hearing anything derogatory to the state in which they reside. Geographies used in the schools have been attacked, on the ground that they contain information which conflicts with the slogan which Kansas has spent many thousands of dollars to spread: "Kansas Grows the Best Wheat in the World." The newspapers discovered statements in the school geographies to the effect that Rochester and Minneapolis were the great milling centers of the country, and that the finest wheat growing section was the Red River District in the north. Various editors have demanded that the state textbook commission change the present geographies for others which will speak well of Kansas as a wheat producer.

Mississippi is on the alert for any unexpurgated education which may endanger its young people. The Deer Greek *Pilot* declares editorially: "It is with a great deal of pleasure that we announce to the people of Mississippi that, at last, we have gotten out of our textbooks all matter that reflects on the South in any way and all objecionable matter in reference to the theory of evolution. We believe that we have for use in our agricultural highschools next year the only textbook on biology that does not mention the subject of evolution."

But perhaps the longest step forward in the field of law-making has been taken in the town of Kensott, Arkansas, where the city council, following an extended drought, enacted an ordinance prohibiting all persons within the municipal limits from singing, whistling, humming or otherwise uttering the song, "It Aint A Goin' To Rain No More."

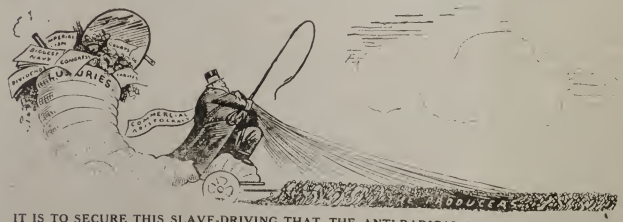
### Mr. Muzzey Believes Too Much

History purifiers have been busy in Washington State, where the Seattle chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution appointed a committee to examine the teaching of history in the public schools. This committee, headed by Harry Denton Moore, condemned Muzzey's history, and asked the school boards and textbook commissions to discontinue using it. The committee declared that Muzzey's book was "not a well balanced economic history. . . . He believes that our mining laws have robbed the people of a great heritage, not knowing that they made possible the development of our mineral resources."

"Pupils are interested in broad, powerful descriptions, vivid and colorful," the Seattle committee goes on. "They should be made acquainted with the facts which lead them to understand that liberty is a priceless jewel; that they should be proud of their country and its representative system of government.

"The field of historical criticism is no place for sixteen year old school children, and it is proper for them to accept the statement of facts made by the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who were living at the time and who pledged their lives and fortunes in its behalf, rather than to embark in a discussion of the justness and propriety of the acts of our forefathers in refusing to longer remain under the authority of the British crown. Muzzey says that the dispute involves a 'debatable question.' What is the object to be attained by impreaching the Declaration of Independence? What matters whether King George the III, or his ministers were mainly responsible for the war or not! What the pupil needs to know is this: The colonists believed themselves to be oppressed and so believing they stood ready to sacrifice all in the cause of freedom."

Concluding, the Seattle book-deodorizing squad states: "We want our children to become red-blooded American Patriots, ready to do and die for the land which gave them birth, to say with Decatur, 'My Country, may she ever be right, but right or wrong, My Country', and to preserve the principles for which our ancestors fought under the blazing sun of Bunker Hill, and left their bloody footprints in the snow at Valley Forge and Princeton."



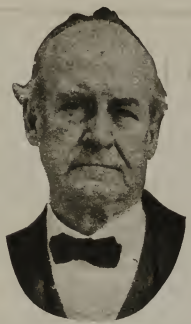

IT IS TO SECURE THIS SLAVE-DRIVING THAT THE ANTI-RADICAL DRIVES ARE MADE

### Smoked Glasses for Iowa Kids

Officers of the American Legion In Iowa also have been concerned lest the works of Muzzey or other historians assailed by the Sons of the American Revolution get before the eyes of the school children in that state. These historians include Hart, West, McLaughlin, O'Hara, and Ward. One statement by Muzzey which irritated the Iowa Legionaires was this: "The next move of the administration (1812) was an attempt to bribe England and France to bid against each other for our trade."

McLaughlin and Van Tyne are unpopular with the Iowa Legion because in describing conditions at Valley Forge they wrote: "There his (Washington's) soldiers suffered from want, partly because Congress could not get money from the states and partly because unfit men in the Army supply department neglected their work."

West got himself disliked by the Legion because he said in his history that: "Many officers



HE LOVED FREE SPEECH SO WELL HE WOULD HAVE STRANGLED IT WITH HIS EMBRACES

(Revolutionary) were incompetent, self-seeking, and treacherous."

Everett Barnes, who wrote a "Short American History for the Grades" was in bad with the Sons of 1776 because he referred to John Hancock as a smuggler. But Barnes is in right again because he has rewritten his book and now asserts that Hancock was a "sterling patriot."

### New England Gets News Slowly

Under the United States Constitution, which went into effect on the first Wednesday in March, 1789, freedom of worship is guaranteed to the multitude. But as this is written the state of Massachusetts has not heard about the Constitution going into effect. News travels slowly in New England.

Anthony Bimba has just been tried in Brockton, the shoe-town wherein Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested in 1920. Bimba was prosecuted under a 229-year-old state law on a charge that he had denied the existence of a God. He was prevented from taking the stand in his own behalf by an old court decision barring an atheist from appearing as a witness. The fact that the defendant had not been proven an unbeliever did not worry the trial judge. Finally he was acquitted of blasphemy and convicted of sedition.

If Thomas R. Marshal had lived, this might be a religious country. I remember the thrill which I got from a news dispatch on October 11, 1921, telling of a speech at Montclair, N. J. by the eminent ex-vice-president. Mr. Marshall declared that every child in the United States should be compelled to attend church. He assailed those persons who interpreted the "freedom of worship" clause in the Constitution as meaning "that they did not have to worship God at all."

Religion is receiving judicial attention in Williamsport, Pa. One reads in an Associated Press account that: "Albert Hart, 41, has his choice of attending the Billy Sunday services every evening for two weeks or serving a jail sentence for assault and battery upon his wife. This sentence was imposed upon him by Alderman G. B. Allen." And in Greensburg, Pa., the crime-wave is flattened out in the same way: "Three youths, pleading guilty to entering a building with intent to commit a felony, were ordered by Dom, J., in the Criminal Court, to attend church and Sunday school regularly during the next two years."

Freedom for coal corporations in Alabama which get their digging done by convicts is assured by word from Birmingham that John George, 84-year-old Confederate veteran, has been put into the state-leased mine at Flat Top, to serve there a six-months' sentence for alleged moonshine operations. Flat Top is a gaseous mine, and John George will be free to breathe all the gas he likes during his stay.

Streets in Passaic, New Jersey, are now kept free form wine, women, and song. The councilmen there don't like music, and when mill striker's went about town singing about wanting more bread and butter the council passed an ordinance on the sixteenth of February prohibiting all persons from singing on the public thoroughfares. This includes "hymns and everything," the authorities have explained.



HOW WILL THIS MUTE TYPE, DENIED FREE SPEECH, REPLY IN THE HOUR OF REBELLION FOR THE SILENCE OF CENTURIES?

# CAPITAL

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

I'm a poor and ignorant crittur,
  There's no denyin' that;
So will you please, good business men,
  Come tell me where I'm at?
This talk of economics
  Has got me all het up;
I know as much about it
  As the oneriest pup.
They say that Labor can't be used
  Without some Cap—i—tel:
But does that mean the Man or Means?
  Will some one up and tell.

Somehow it seems to me, you know,
  That Cap—i—tel is but
The things we use to produce with;
  —But then I'm such a mutt!
I sorta thot that railroads, mines,
  Looms, woolen mills, and such,
Along with hands, were Cap—i—tel
  That somehow got in "dutch."
The land, my friends, is Cap—i—tel,
  For it produces wheat,
Assisted by the kindly aid
  Of farmers' hands and feet.

The mines, it seems, are Cap—i—tel,
  For they produce the fuel,
Abetted by the laborin' man
  And also the mule.
The fact'ries too are in that class,
  Railroads and 'lectric lights,
And telephones and telegraphs—
  No wonder there is fights!
But what I'm aimin' at my friends,
  And wants to understand,
Is, if the owners went away,
  COULD WE NOT USE THE LAND?

Or if the bosses left the mine
  WOULD WE NOT HAVE THE MINE?
Or shook the railroads, phones and lights,
  WOULD THEY NOT STAY BEHIND?
It seems to me when all is said,
  That all the ginks could take
Would be the frosting, excess coin,
  While WE WOULD HAVE THE CAKE.
The carving then would merely need
  Someone to wield the knife;
Why hell! there'd be a bigger slice
  Of cake for kids and wife!

I'm asking then for god's sake why
  You cover when they say
That if you strike they'll up and take
  Their cap—i—tel away?
Their backs would have to sure be broad
  To lug off mills and trains;
And as for gold—why let that be!—
  The REAL gold still remains.
Sure Mike, we need the cap—i—tel
  For laborers and such,
But don't confuse with capitalists
  Who merely have a clutch

On Cap—i—tel, and in themselves
  Are parasites on it . . .
Why don't you have the guts to rise
  And order them to git?
I'm a poor and ignorant crittur,
  There's no denyin' that,
But I'll bet a nickel 'gainst a dime
  I've got the dope down pat;
And if with all my ignorance
  I ferret out such stuff,
Why don't you working stiffs help me
  To call their rotten bluff?



# SWAN SONG

By FRANK HAGAN

GAYLY flung as a white ribbon on a flower-printed frock of green winds the long valley road, bordered by pastures where dairy cows are grazing. It is springtime. Strong winds are blowing from the hills, big and pure and free. Nature is glorying in her best mood. This the scarlet tanager seems to know as he vies with the blue jay for honors in winged beauty. Bob white and his mate, followed by their newly-hatched covey cross the road in stately file to hide themselves under a hedgerow. Nest-building robins are calling, interrupted by a staccato drumming. The woodpecker is busy high on a pole close by. From waving meadows of tender green, daisies, violets and wild roses lift up their pretty faces and feel the wind's caress.

A little wood stands to the west, labyrinthal in leafy coolness, against the late sun's flaming glory. Seeming loath to quit this lovely scene he drops slowly behind the world's edge showering a farewell gift of gold. It sifts between boughs, blossoms and leaves enriching the earth where shadows have lengthened. This charming peace, with fragrances, murmurs and colors commingles to animate joy of life, or rather a more passive state like some mystic soothing that holds with time no account, but is destined to go on forever.

From such a spell Joe Bates roused himself with an effort, moved his head from the pack on which it had rested, and sat upright. He noticed the nearness of twilight. He must hurry on, so drinking again at the spring in the grove where he had tarried he siezed his pack and took the road. As he swung along soft breezes soughed through elms and beeches like an evening hymn. With action in his limbs day-dreams vanished. He merrily whistled improvised airs that startled the birds along the way, and a squirrel scampered off to eye the boy's figure suspiciously. Joe was happy with youth's unquestioning, undoubting happiness.

Youth! What a fine estate! Before it the vista of promising life. New joys on each horizon's rim; fresh treasures where every rainbow ends. Straight, strong bodies; minds innocent of care, cherishing a plethora of saving illusions. Frothy-sweet is life's cup at the brim, and here youth drinks. The cup is bitter only near its dregs. Age drinks this distillation of reminiscence and regret.

No marvel, then, that men nearing the dregs shrink. No wonder that they would cheat time and turn back the leaves in the book of existence. The fleshless finger beckons inexorably and our folk-lore is ever freighted with the anodyne witchery of magic pools wherein the aged may bathe to lose their burden of years and emerge virile, beautiful and young. De Leon's folly is writ on history's pages; Faust is immortal to literature because, broken by the weight of thought, ugly with the stigma of time he made his pact with Beelzebub, winning youth at the price of his soul.

Joe was eighteen, erect in posture, sanguine, full of a spirit to win to high places, to make his mark. His ears had been attuned to the words of our wise men, and his heart was light because he believed. It had opened to the inculcation of individual initiative as trustingly as the petals of a fresh jack rose for the dew's kiss. He was an American, thank God! A heritage in itself, to guard jealously, augmenting its treasures as did the good servant the lord's gift of talents. Anyone could multiply this gift in the sweet land of liberty.

Living on a farm all his life and feeling his father's house falling into poverty's decline the boy saw no inducement for his ambitious nature on the land. The farm was not paying. Each year matters grew worse. A mortgage on his father's broad acres was held by the bank in Hazlewood. Not that his father was either inefficient or lazy. No, he understood the business of farming and was tireless in his labors, but in the pit of the stock exchange gamblers were using him and thousands of his kind for pawns in grain futures. The "backbone of the middle class" was disintegrating, leaving their land by compulsion, to go cityward and join the factory hands.

Joe did not elect to remain with this failing yeomanry, sweating sixteen hours a day in the interests of bankers. If fail the farm must there was the city, an alluring chimera, whose siren call has ever gone to far fields, thrilling and irresistible to so many sturdy sons of the soil. To the city — symbol of opportunity — he was bound as we discovered him in the cool grove where he had paused to rest and to quench his thirst.

It was twenty-seven miles from his sire's mortgaged acres to the nearest city, a "metropolis" of a hundred thousand population. To Joe it seemed almost the largest place in the world on those two visits he had made in childhood. He was making the journey on foot because his father had opposed his departure and refused to advance train fare. Mothers are different. Stealthily she had pressed a few dollars into her boy's hands. But as he would need this sum getting started in Jonesboro he chose to walk to his Mecca.

Night had marshalled its velvety black forces under the trees by the time that Joe, climbing up the road to a high point, saw away below the myriad lights of this city of his dreams gleaming a welcome. The boy halted and drew a long breath. There lay the Promised Land right before his very eyes, tangible, pulsating, the hum of its life rising to him on the still air. It waited, fruitful, to present its benefactions to the "right-minded." And Joe was right-minded. He had just enough imagination and memory and faith to sustain him.

Had not the high priests and the low priests of American Success taught him, as they had taught millions of his penniless kind, that before the altar of their god one must appear with supreme confidence in the up-and-doing cult of making one's pile? Had they not urged assurances that earthly paradise must be the reward of him who practised good works? That meant first of all willingness to work hard, then determination to prosper, and finally an unfaltering faith in the happy issue of the elect.

The cult had its saints; a railsplitter and a canal boy had overcome environment and become presidents. Newsboys and bootblacks, waiters, clerks and gandy-dancers had risen to millionairedom. Let the lazy scoff, theirs was only loser's cries, the despair of unworthiness. "At the top there is always room!"

Ardently believing, his being suffused with hope, the boy descended from the clean hills, coming presently to a place where the road merged into a blackened highway, flanked by factories, the stacks on several of them still belching smoke and sparks. He crossed some railroad tracks where a switching engine was energetically at work. Then he pushed on toward the labor market of the city. That night he slept the sleep of the just, the tired and the lamblike in a cheap lodging-house bed neither so soft nor so clean as his own cot at home close to the eaves where doves nested.

Accustomed to rising early, Joe was up at five. "The early bird catches the worm," he thought as he dressed himself.

A few minutes later he was on the street. Very few workers were stirring. The hum of the city had not yet begun. On the cobblestones a milk wagon rumbled and the beats of the horse's hoofs rang out distinctly. The early sky was like lead and a light, chilling rain was falling. Had Joe known about employment agencies he might have waited a few hours and presented himself for sale on the labor mart. But being ignorant of the ministrations of job sharks he was aware of only one approach to the precious job. Straight to the factories he was going.

But he was very hungry. Into an ill-smelling restaurant he stepped, where he was served with some pancakes the like of which he had never known. They were burned outside and raw beneath. "Quick Lunch" was right! Washing the cakes down with strongly chicoried coffee he paid his bill, and felt equipped for his quest.

Trudging the rain-splashed streets, black with long-accumulated filth, he went across the city, over a bridge high above the railroad yards, and past some warehouses and factories whose doors were still closed. He had been traveling to the manufacturing district almost instinctively with no sense of discrimination between the motley industries. Then suddenly he remembered Harry Grover. Harry had gone to school with him, and he had lived on an adjoining farm. The lad had gone to Jonesboro two years before and found work in a rubber factory.

This seemed as good a clue as any. He might meet his friend. Joe did not stop to consider that there might be several plants manufacturing rubber goods in this city. He made inquiries. A sleepy-eyed night watchman, just ending his long vigil, informed him that there was a rubber factory about two miles away, straight ahead.

Hurrying on, Joe came to a low-lying marshland that stood between the main body of factories and a few scattered outfits farther on. Signs were stuck in this wasteland advertising real estate values for manufacturing sites. Beyond the

waste the land rose slightly, and as he drew nearer the boy saw a plant of several buildings the largest of which carried an inscription along its entire length: Consolidated Rubber Company.

There it was! He almost broke into a trot so eager was he to reach it. By this time workers were going toward this plant and others around it. Applicants for work at the Consolidated were lined up along a wall on a side street where the employment gate stood closed. For the most part they waited mutely, indisposed by the inclement morning and the spirit of competition from addressing one another. Those nearest the gate felt an advantage, while the others strung out in the line were envious.

Joe took his place at the line's end. Although it was not yet seven he was about Number 79 in the row. A few minutes passed and the watchman opened the gate. Immediately those nearest it began to push forward.

"Cut out that pushin'," yelled the watchman. Yuh can't git in till the boss comes."

Someone timidly asked when the hiring would begin.

" 'Bout seven the boss'll be comin' along," replied the keeper at the gate.

He had but one arm and one side of his face showed scars from a terrible burning. Indeed, the optic on that hapless side was missing. Yet he stood there like the proprietor of a landed estate in the presence of his serfs, and his remaining eye glared at the applicants.

Meanwhile, at the "Employee's Entrance" around the corner workers were swarming into the plant, and the time-clocks were being punched rapidly. Then the whistle blew.

Joe looked at the young man beside him and ventured:

"Wonder if they'll hire many?"

The one so addressed didn't know. Said that for several days he had been coming to this place looking for a job.

"Got a bum place in line this morning. It starts to form right after five."

Here was an "eye-opener" for the country youth. Urban dwelling humans were thought to be still slumbering at such an early hour.

"You ought to get on," Joe encouraged. "You've stuck to it."

"Maybe..... Anyway it's tough to be 'way down at this end today. Looks like they're going to do some hiring....."

"Don't they hire every day?" Joe wanted to know.

The other seeker thought this an odd question.

"Hell, no! Why until yesterday they've been hanging out a sign at six-thirty that no help'll be put on. There's no sign out now and it's after seven, so I figure they'll hire some."

A movement of the line, something tense in the air, halted their conversation. The foreman had appeared to decide their fate.

Contrary to general expectation he did not choose those nearest the gate. Instead he paced the length of the line slowly and then made selections. The chosen ones were told to go inside the gate. Outwardly his choice did not seem to involve much critical inspection, but he did bring his discernment into play, and the company regarded him as an expert in hiring the "right" kind of men. His eyes fell swiftly on Joe. The inventory was almost instantaneously concluded. The boy's lucky star was with him.

"Go inside the gate and wait for me."

Now, Joe did not know that he was chosen because he looked quite strong, which in truth he certainly was. Neither did he understand that his youth stood in his favor. Subsequently he was to learn about this particular factor.

At the moment he went briskly inside the gate, like one of the saved entering the portals of paradise. Faith in success surged warmly through his veins. He was starting where all the national saints of America had started..... ..... at the bottom. He would rise. He would work hard and keep the rules. Promotion would come. Had there been a strong sex urge in the lad he would probably have drifted in blissful wanderings of the mind to the happy land of soon-secured opulence and an early marriage with the boss's beautiful daughter. Tales of this pattern constitute no insignificant portion of the saccharine pabulum given to young Americans, and he errs who thinks that the stories are designed exclusively for bucolic consumption. In large cities and small cities public library shelves are lined with much-thumbed tomes of the Alger variety on whose sustenance lean sons of the tenements prepare themselves for leaner manhood, going it alone, bound to win their way on individual grit.

Joe was given an application blank by the foreman.

"Fill that out tonight and hand it in at the office in the morning," instructed the foreman.

"Yes, sir."

Then through the factory precincts to a department called the gas press room. Joe could have felt no prouder with a D.S.C. than he did at that moment with the application sheet. This questionnaire of his personal history and his opinions seemed like a commission to him. Everything was beginning so well.

Of all the processes contributing to the production of rubber articles in the Consolidated there was none so strenuous, so wearying as the work done in the gas press room. Be it further noted that there were no "snaps" in any of the departments of this neo-Taylorized industrial rapids. Everything was done at high speed and the flood of commodities

rushed swiftly on. "Speed" was the company's slogan. Speed was constantly preached to the workers. Only those conforming to its utmost requirements remained long on the payroll. Speed was exalted as a virtue; it was exacted as a business necessity. The workers were solemnly advised that their prosperity depended on speed. The department managers outdid one another in bringing "efficiency" to the nth degree. The foreman scratched out their hair trying to think up new ways to increase production. Of course the word "efficiency" was always used, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred when bosses talk about industrial efficiency they are thinking in terms of rushing their employees a bit faster. This pervading motive was felt throughout, and the general superintendent of the Consolidated even dreamed about speed.

Thus Joe Bates fell into this maelstrom of the speed obsession where it whirled fastest. The gas press room was fairly dizzy with speed. It was one continual round of rapid motion, with only a single break during the day. At noon a period of fifteen minutes was set apart for lunch. The plant operated on a ten-hour basis.

There were no lost motions in the gas press room. The work was so arranged that every effort counted, and to waste any movement was equivalent to getting behind in one's work, with no opportunity of again catching up.

Joe's first impression of the room in which he was fated to spend so many long hours, was that it was uncomfortably hot. Along one side were ranged a number of presses, near the windows. These presses were operated by a hydraulic system controlled by turning valves.

The first day was comparatively easy. Joe was given a box on which to sit before another larger box containing cigarette holders that had not yet been through the vulcanizing process of the presses. They were rather rough and in their heated state adhered to each other. Joe separated them into individual pieces.

"This is only for today," the foreman told him. "Tomorrow you'll go on a press, so keep your eyes open on how it's done."

"Yes, sir," he replied promptly.

Thereafter he quite mechanically broke the soft stems apart, his eyes on the nearest pressman. This worker was about twenty-five years old, very active, working, in common with all the pressmen, with the precision of a good machine, speedy, rhythmic, true.

That night Joe filled out the application sheet in the lodging house, and being a novice in the industrial scheme he had no difficulty in giving accurate answers. He did not feel, as so many workers feel, resentment at the probing character of the sheet. It even wanted to know his mother's maiden name! Joe had worked only on a farm and had never belonged to a union. He very truthfully answered the question regarding his opinion of unions that he did not believe in them. Also that he belived it his duty to report any other worker he should see acting at work in any manner injurious to the company's interest. And he meant that, too.

The next morning he handed the application to a clerk in the office, and proceeded to his work place. Here he was stationed beside a pressman and directed to assist him. As soon as Joe had mastered the operations well enough to handle the job he would be given a press.

The first operation was to smear long, wire pins with grease. Then these were run through the length of the rubber stems. The pins were quite hot so that the grease melted on them without the loss of time. Then the stems were placed in metal molds, twelve stems in each separate mold and twelve of these molds. The covers of these molds were almost exactly like the parts into which the rubber was placed. A mold ready for the press weighed forty pounds, and forty **hot** pounds. It was necessary to handle these molds with pads, but with all the care that Joe took to protect his untrained hands they were cruelly burned.

Every fifteen minutes a bell rang and that was a signal to reverse the valves. This opened the gas press. Then he would quickly remove the twelve hot molds, placing them on the metal table where he worked. As soon as the press was cleared he would throw in the other twelve molds ready for the process. A twist of the valves and the press was closed, automatically increasing the heat.

Then he was obliged to open the molds and remove the finished stems, pulling out the greased pins. This procedure was repeated over and over again, forty times a day. The temperature in the room was 120, everything he touched was hot, pins, molds, and the rubber after vulcanizing. The table on which these articles were prepared was heated by gas burning underneath.

For the first few days Joe's job seemed impossible to master. He was driven to the use of every ounce of reserve energy to stand the grind. In one ten-hour shift he was compelled to feed that press and to disgorge it of 38,400 pounds of hot metal! Over 19 tons, not to speak of the other operations, all of which were performed like "chain lightning," as one of the men put it.

At night this strong farm lad, used to hard work and willing to "hit the ball," was exhausted. He could scarcely drag his feet. His muscles ached, and he had hardly sufficient energy to eat. On the second day his wrists had begun to swell, and these he had bound. Normally interested in looking about at new scenes he now fought his way, uncaring, into the packed street cars each evening and soon enough, although it seemed an eternity, he would be prostrate on his cot, so tired that sleep came only after hours of anguished wakefulness.

After a few weeks he grew hardened to the

exactions of the treadmill. The man who had chosen him from the line as likely timber had not made a mistake. Joe was good material; he was gritty. He stuck to it. He meant to succeed. Already he had received two letters from home asking him to come back to help with the many tasks that were crowding his parents. But he had cast the die. He intended to make good where he was.

In July his stamina was pushed to the limit. The heat in the press room was terriffic. The place was an inferno at 135 degrees, but the management would not grant a lay-off. The men were forced to keep on with the usual amount of production. By this time Joe's work was considered up to the standard required, and he was paid fifty-two cents an hour.

The hot spell passed at last. September brought relief, and autumn soon enough chilled into winter. And the speeding of the gas press room went on and on. One day was like the next, working to a state of near-exhaustion, pushing almost madly to climb aboard crowded street cars. Packed into their foul-smelling confines or hanging on at the platforms and steps. Sardines are arranged into cans in order; human beings in nearly all American cities during the rush hours are jammed in the transportation "systems" without even a pretense of order, and without the creature comfort accorded the lower animals in cattle cars.

Two years of this and Joe was eager for a change. He did not intend to leave his job. No he was still hopeful; he still had a chance to win to better station. But he did want something more than the humdrum, wearying routine, and he fell a victim to marriage.

Another year went by and he was a father. The little family lived in a very small cottage on the outskirts of Jonesboro. Life had its gentler hours now for the tired factory slave. But try as he might he could not "get ahead." There was always a lurking fear of a shut-down, or a slackening of the work and the economic hardships this would bring. But the factory ran steadily enough.

Then it came like a flash from clear skies: a notice was posted to the effect that a ten per cent wage reduction was to become general in all departments the following week. There was some talk of unfairness, and some of resistance. Those so convicted, or even suspected, were promptly discharged.

Joe's wife heard the bad news with her heart beating fast. She, too, had bad news. She was pregnant again.

The pay for the following week had ten per cent sliced from it as announced. There was an additional fault in Joe's, a small shortage. He told his foreman and was directed to the office to have it rectified. In the office he stood outside a plate glass partition at the pleasure of the paymaster. This personage then called him inside. While stating his case Joe glanced through the open window at the paymaster's side.

Here was a part of the factory ground he had never seen before. It was a lovely spot. The company had gone other firms one better in providing pretty views faced by office windows. Consolidated Rubber had a lawn which sloped gently to a tiny lake. In the center of this was a little flower-grown island, and on the clear surface of the water swans were gracefully enjoying themselves. In the background rose a high wall entirely covered with ivy.

While the paymaster was figuring, Joe's thoughts went back to the years of his childhood and adolescence. He saw the fleet of white ducks on the pond at home and the sweet memory of the peaceful scene was like an unguent on the raw wound of life. The check matter adjusted, he looked again at the beautiful swans, so white and so cool on this hot June day, and then he went back to the press room.

From that time on he often thought of these swans. In the press room, the stinging sweat over his tortured body, fairly oozing from his course shoes, with the heat around 130, he would seize on the thought of the great, stately white swans so cool and so contented in their silvery lake.

On crowded street cars his mind went back to the swans. At night he began to dream of endless reaches of placid waters mirroring walls of green ivy, and swans everywhere.

Then for the first time he broke a rule of the company and went to that part of the property where he could watch the immaculate birds. He was seen and ordered back to his work and reprimanded, having missed his first "heat," as the fifteen-minute periods were called.

After the wage cut and the news of his wife's second pregnancy ambition seemed to quit his spirit, leaving him a disillusioned factory hand, just one of the millions of industrial slaves that serve the factory system without hope in their hearts, sodden, dispirited, resigned to the compulsion of their places as cogs in the scheme of things.

Day after day the monotony of his driven existence went on, and when he was hottest, weariest, he thought of the swans almost with the fierce yearning of one lost in a desert without water.

The image of that lake and its happy swans became an obsession with Joe. Overwork, marital worries, the devastation of hope's city in his heart were working curious changes in his mind. He began to be late in returning home from the plant. A habit was growing on him which he could not curb no matter how his wife scolded when he was late. Joe was sneaking on the forbidden ground after the shift was over to watch the swans.

July came and just before it sweltered into August the mercury in the gas press room marked 138. One of the men collapsed.

"He's been here too long," the foreman confided to Joe. "They are good for about eight years if they don't start too old. We never hire any over thirty."

And this was Joe's fate. A few more years and he would be too broken to keep up the pace..... He heard the bell, turned the valves, lifted out a dozen hot molds, forty pounds to each; swung up a like number and closed the press. Over and over again, more than 19 tons of hot metal handled by him every day.

The last "heat" came. The blast of the whistle ended his worst day. He punched the clock. Then across the yard to the swans. Over the lake shading maples watched their quiet images in the mirror below. Not a leaf stirred. But the swans were cool. Joe watched them.

Why was he doomed to endless labor in that stifling press room? Because he was a man. He had previously looked on the gliding birds with fondness. But now his head was hurting him. He wanted to plunge into the water, but he checked himself. Then he stood like a statute and reflected. He felt hopeless. He began to hate the swans. The emotion mounted. He began cursing at them, but they paid no heed. He looked about him on the grass for a stone. Back to the yard he ran to find some, and then, with his pockets filled and a missile in each hand he rushed back to the lakeside, hurling the stones as he ran, hurling them at the dignified swans. They glided in fright behind the little island.

Then began a race to hit them. Around and around the lake he ran, and around and around the island the birds swam.

In the office the superintendent was preparing to leave. He came near the windows on the side where the swans had their idyllic home.

"My God! What's up?" he shouted, rushing around to the door to stop this mischief.

"I'm going to kill 'em! I'm going to kill 'em," Joe was screaming, as he dashed around to get better aim at the swans.

The superintendent couldn't catch him. He called for help.

Three foremen, late with their reports, came running up. Together they managed to corner the culprit.

"Why it's Joe who works in the gas press room!" one exclaimed.

Joe was writhing to free himself.

"Are you crazy?" sternly demanded the superintendent. "What do you mean by throwing at those swans?"

"Swans, swans!" he yelled with fresh struggles to get away. "I hate those swans in their nice, cool lake. Hate 'em. Hate 'em!"

His captors realized his condition. They gripped him more firmly.

"Quiet, Joe, go easy," soothed the superintendent. "Get a hold on yourself and act like a man."

"A man!" screamed Joe, his face red and streaming sweat from his great exertions. "What the hell's the good of being a man? Huh?"

Then, resistance going out of his body, he sobbed, "I don't want to be a man. . . . Too hard, too hot. . . . I want to be a swan!"

They led him away sympathetically, and all the way to the psychopathic ward he kept muttering:

"Beautiful swans, so beautiful..... so cool, so cool..... I want to be a swan. Do you hear me? I said I want to be a swan."

**Recently the business manager has announced that the cost of publishing and mailing this magazine is 16 cents. With bundle orders selling at 12 cents a copy it can readily be seen that the loss is great. With increased circulation the cost per copy for production can be reduced, and in no other way. But while we are striving to build up the circulation the magazine must be made attractive and informative, and this costs money.**

**The will of our membership, expressed in the last General Convention, was that no paid advertising be taken by this magazine, and as nearly all periodicals depend very largely, and often almost entirely, on soliciting such advertising matter, we are at a disadvantage in this respect. The theory among us is that advertisers influence or control publication policies. However, we are not going to discuss the validity of this reasoning. It is sufficient to say that as we can not look elsewhere for the financial support required for the life and effectiveness of this magazine, we must depend squarely on our readers. And that is where we want to get support at all times.**

**No matter how much we dislike the fact it is none the less true that our magazine does not reach a larger number because most of the workers are still moron-minded, and we must build up steadily among those with intelligence to value our publications. You, who support this magazine are showing the way, breaking the trail, in truth, pioneering.**

**We urge that in your branch meetings that you consider the advisability of raising the price of bundle orders to 17 cents and singles to 25 cents a copy. Other labor magazines, that none of us think are anywhere nearly as good as the Pioneer charge 25 cents a copy. Take this matter up without delay and when you have reached your decisions write to the business manager. Let us meet our problems in a reasonable manner, and make provision for the self-sustenance of The Industrial Pioneer.**

**JAMES SULLIVAN**

# Jawbone Business

By HUBERT LANGEROCK

WE WERE on a railroad construction job on the desert. Torn tents, flies, fleas and all the rest of the insect population of an insanitary camp; long hours, alkali dust and poor water. Bathing and washing facilities were absent. On Sundays the men were too tired even to think of washing clothes and it was not long before the stock of entomological specimens in and around the camp increased in geometric ratio. Which is only a polite way of stating that the crew got lousy. Then providence appeared in the shape of a Chinese laundryman, a pioneer in his humble way. Out of some rocks and a few discarded pieces of corrugated iron, he rigged up what, for the location, was a fairly decent laundry establishment. But there was no money in camp and when the crew remained away from his place of business, he went after the trade in person.

"No money, John," came the doleful plea.

"Me savvee jawbone."

Now jawbone is western slang for credit and, on that basis, the celestial business man delivered his bundles and deferred his bills till payday. He had some system, though. He produced a little book and asked his customers to put down, themselves, their name with the amount of their indebtedness.

One practical joker wrote down: Theodore Roosevelt. Others took the hint and, pretty soon Lincoln and Jefferson and Washington and many more historical names were on the Chinaman's ledger.

When the paymaster made camp for the first time, the laundryman was there and produced his book.

"Very distinguished customers, indeed," stated the paymaster, "but how do you expect to collect?"

The Asiatic failed to understand but, with the stoicism of his race, announced:

"No mo' savvee jawbone."

Thus the camp once more became an ideal place for an expert entomologist to carry on his studies in insect lore. It was alive, it fairly moved; men refused to stay, they came and went in a steady stream. Jawbone had ruined the camp.

### Symbolical of Country's Plight

In the course of the last year, I have often thought of this true story. To me it has become almost symbolical of the plight which this country will be facing pretty soon with its huge increase of installment buying and selling.

Last year installment sales amounted to a gross total of five billion dollars, one-twelfth of the national income.

Is this credit business making ready for the working class a terrible day of reckoning? Is jawbone liable to ruin this country as it ruined our camp in the desert?

For the workers, credit buying has, in the past, assumed a character which it would be silly to overlook or forget. In the East, there were credit men selling, especially to immigrants, those "phony" luxuries which, to the newcomers, meant America. The inner truth of the whole matter was that they did not intend to sell at all. No honest attempts were ever made to collect installments, when due. The merchants stood in with the justice courts and, after a few payments, they got back their goods on a writ of replevin and tried the trick on another greenhorn.

### As Viewed By British Employers

Those were small swindlers but there also were and still are more respectable fakers. In the sale of houses on the installment plan, in the sale of industrial insurance, the bulk of the profits do not come through a completed sale but through what are called lapses which means the inability of the buyer to live up to his contract with the resulting loss of all his previous payments.

Some real estate men have sold a cottage ten times and they still have it in their possession. The friendly judge always forecloses the deal as soon as illness or unemployment or any other of the economic upheavals of a speculative age cut off the worker's income and the more the buyers lost their payments the louder the kept press kept on shrieking: "Own your home. it is just as easy to buy a home as to pay rent."

And, in spite of these lessons, during the last two or three years. installment buying assumed such a huge volume as to become a characteristic feature of American life.

A commission of the Federation of British Industries recently visited the U. S. and, in its report, it pointed out how the post-war depression had been largely overcome, on this side of the Atlantic, by trusting the people, extending liberal credit and financing installment purchases.

In the February Atlantic Monthly, Mr. Pond, whose splendid studies on the evils of standardization form such a vivid contribution to the study of the machine process, that many industrial unionists will readily remember his name and work,

warns us on sound economic grounds, of the undeniable dangers of such a course.

Installment buying has taken recently such huge proportions that it has made necessary the creation of an entirely new economic mechanism to handle this particular situation.

Open any magazine of bourgeois or middle class appeal and hundreds of opportunities to buy nearly everything under the sun, on credit, with little or nothing down, stare you in the face. The buyer promises to pay so much a month and, quite frequently, signs promissory notes to that effect. The seller cannot afford to wait until the notes become due to get his money. His profits are depending upon the number of times that he turns over his working capital. So, he offers the notes to a bank, but banks refuse to deal in long time paper. Ninety days is generally their limit.

Therefore a new middleman or intermediate concern springs up, the discounting or financial company. It buys the seller's paper and re-discounts it at the bank. For every four dollars which it borrows from the bank it uses generally one dollar of its own.

So numerous have those new concerns become in the last two or three years that they have founded a national association with a present membership of six hundred companies and many eligible corporations not joining.

Their earnings may be surmised from the 1925 figures for automobiles sold on installment credit. A total of $1,020,000,000 of cars was sold and the volume of credit extended on those sales was $1,280,000,000. The difference between the two figures represents the profit of the discounting concerns for the single item of motor cars. The rate of discount of those financing concerns is usually from 2 to 3 p. c. above the going bank rate.

So large have the profits of those new middlemen become that the usual thing has happened. The larger concerns are getting ready to kill the smaller profiteers in order to grab their winnings themselves. Negotiations are being carried on right now as a result of which, automobile manufacturing corporations will become more of a financial institution and discount their own installment notes instead of selling them to a financing company.

How and to what extent does this new economic condition affect the workers?

The success of installment buying is largely due to the false social philosophy which the A. F. of L. has inculcated into the American workers.

### Aping The Middle Class Is Wrong

The crime of the A. F. of L. is not so much its structural inefficiency nor the inner circle of professionals who use the organization to sell out the American workers like cattle in the market of the false social philosophy which it is presenting to the workers of this country, as a social ideal, the desirability of becoming a pale and flabby imitation of the middle class instead of a new and definite social type proudly rising on its own merits and with its own characteristics.

The motto of the middle class is: "We are what we appear to be." So the A. F. of L. craftsman, like the middle class neighbor whom he is aping, feels uncomfortable when the man next door begins to sport something bought on credit and, not to be outdone, he buys the same thing by the same method. Many a working girl, instead of joining a real union to improve her working conditions, tries to achieve a measure of individual success by the ownership of a suitable wardrobe that she can only afford, if at all, on the deferred payment plan.

Any time the worker who is ignorant of the teachings of class-consciousness discounts his future earnings and obligates himself to pay for questionable luxuries, he paralyzes his economic action as a worker and delivers himself into self-imposed peonage. As soon as he goes into debt, gone is also his militancy and his peace of mind and, even, the efficiency as a producer upon which he relies to hold his job.

It is a high price to pay for the questionable privilege of being taken by a few simpletons for a hundred per cent denizen of Main Street.

Elementary economics will teach one the difference between the acquisition of an improved tool on the hire-purchase plan and the buying of luxuries. The improved tool can be paid for out of its own earnings. But the largest volume of installment buying is done in goods which show a high depreciation in a short time and offer no returns whatever to their buyers.

That the resulting situation offers grave dangers for the economic and financial condition of the nation at large is admitted by the leading bankers themselves. They called a special meeting in Chicago last December and adopted certain rules to regulate the installment business, but the competition between credit concerns caused those rules to be disregarded.

The situation is becoming positively dangerous. There are many applications for delays in meeting installments and more broken agreements in which partly paid articles are replevined by the sellers. The National Retail owners and the National Hardware Association have recently become vocal to the extent of asserting that the middle class and the craftsmen who ape it are cutting down on essentials in order to be able to pay for luxuries.

The national officers of the Typographical Union admit the existence of such a condition, as far as their membership is concerned.

### Methods Productive of Panics

There exists only one logical conclusion to such a situation and it is called a panic. The deep-seated cause of a panic is the compulsory under-consumption of the workers whose wage cannot buy back the commodities which they produce, but the immediate cause of a panic is generally the over-expansion of credit created in a frantic effort

to dispose of the mass of commodities which the workers have created but cannot buy back with their wages.

Installment buying may look rather inoffensive when money is easy, but what of it when money becomes tight?

With the huge amount of outstanding debts created by installment buying, a panic would strike the middle class and the craftsmen harder than ever before.

In the past, the proletarian who was able to survive physically the sufferings of a crisis found himself, as soon as conditions began to improve, with the full and untrammeled enjoyment of all what he was able to earn in the shape of wages. Not so the middle class and the craftsmen. They had a local standing, perhaps a partly paid for home, they could get credit and it took them nearly half way in the direction of the next panic before they were able to get clear of the indebtedness contracted to outlive the previous one. That was one of the causes why, in the past, middle-class people, real and imitation, hated the hobo so cordially. If a panic strikes in the near future, craftsmen and middle class will have to settle for that average five billion of credit goods besides their subsistance debts before they will be square with the world.

If the recurring economic cycle leads to a panic in the near future, we shall once more witness the growth of a bourgeois reform party. The basis of petty bourgeois reformism is always debt. The reformer is but a would-be capitalist who wants to use political action to get rid of some of his debts. The free silver craze of 1896 was not based upon an even rudimentary undertanding of the theory of bimetallism. Free silver to most of its votaries meant a legal trick to get rid of most of the indebtedness contracted during the panic of 1893.

It needs no demonstration to prove that such a huge mass of credit, as that which is now outstanding, could not be established without a considerable relaxation of the usual credit requirements. A salesman endowed with a modicum of common sense realizes that he need not lie awake at night figuring out how to break what he calls sales resistance. It is much easier and just as safe to take a long chance. In fact, he takes a good many long chances. I am satisfied that the facility of getting goods on credit has created a small army of deliberate swindlers. Easy installment buying has been a contributing factor in the spreading increase in criminality.

Before the installment boom, bad payers, known as "skips," were estimated at 7 per cent of the total of time buyers. In three years their number has almost doubled. It reaches now nearly 14 per cent of the total of sales. Dodging the installment collector is becoming a new sport and the skips have provided the vaudeville actors with a new source of jokes.

### Clever Youth Slips Something Over

Recently, in a large city on the Pacific Coast, a clever young man got wise to the fact that the investigators for the credit houses had adopted the rule to approve all applications for credit entered by people who owned their furniture. So he bought thirteen dollars and fifteen cent's worth of second hand furniture and made application for credit to an even dozen of clothing houses. Each one provided him with a suit of clothes and an overcoat upon the statement of his landlord that he was renting an unfurnished apartment. Then he skipped but he did not leave town. He appeared before the secretary of the Retail Clothing Men's Association, introduced himself as the only genuine 100 per cent skiptracer and was employed at once. The first batch of skips that was handed to him for investigation consisted largely of his own aliases. He was paid five dollars a day to look for himself and fired for inefficiency when he failed to locate himself inside of thirty days.

Skips on automobile sales can not fail to be numerous since the machine itself provides an excellent vehicle to dodge the collector.

The conscious industrial proletarian is no reformer, he is a revolutionist. When class consciousness keeps him from the prevailing craze of installment buying, it saves him dollars and cents and, in another wider sense, endows him with a larger probability of survival generated by the rational husbanding of his energy.

From a social point of outlook, the commodities generally bartered in credit selling fail to appeal to the industrial proletarian as strongly as they do to the middle class and its imitators within the ranks of labor.

### A Word on the Artistic

The craze for flying over the country with such a speed that one has no chance to take a decent look at the landscape, the more or less artistic reproduction of music by mechanical means, the canned jazz of the radio and phonograph fail to captivate the mind of the proletarian to any great extent.

Such devices transform him too much into a passive spectator. The function of art is relaxation from the strain of the productive process in his case and, as he emerges into a definite social type through the teachings and practice of revolutionary industrial unionism, he shall establish his own formulas of art and beauty.

Art to him will become social, it will rest him by providing an outlet for those of his faculties which the machine process leaves dormant. Social art will provide a wholesome emotion in which the proletarian will become an active participant.

The class-conscious proletarian will be of a finer and higher moral type than the would-be bourgeois who likes to show his contempt for a mere pedestrian by deliberately knocking him down with a partly paid for automobile.

# The Lesson of West Virginia

By GEORGE PUTNAM

Photographs taken in Powell Creek Tent Colony, near Little Coal River in Boone County and Printed here by courtesy of the Federated Press



NOWHERE TO GO

This Little Girl's Father Struck Four Years. Strike Lost. No Food or Money Left. She is Wearing Cast-off Boy's Clothes Sent by Sympathizers

THERE is no country in which industrial development has been so swift and so spectacular as in this sweet land of liberty with reservations. For these reasons the United States offers among its many widely advertised opportunities a really matchless chance for studying class warfare concomitant with unique capitalist expansion. If you were to take an outline map of this country and mark with rings of red the locations of its fiercest industrial battles the blood-mottled relief would be startling.

Over West Virginia's coal fields you could throw a large stain to stand for a regime of company terrorism seldom equaled in the vicious annals of bourgeois bloodshed and abrogation of human rights. Industrial feudalism is not new to coal districts, but is a yoke that uniformly oppresses the miners wherever they have failed to make a united stand in their own interests, or where their fight has met with failure.

In 1921 the whole country was amazed by accounts of thousands of miners mobilizing in Marmot, Kanawha County, West Virginia for the aid of their union fellow workers desperately battling in Mingo County, 65 miles distant, against the operators' reign of terror. On the mountain roads these marching miners were opposed by an army of company gunmen, who used bombs, gas and machine guns. The union men put up a good fight, capturing both machine guns and finks in many skirmishes. Their act was an outstanding exhibition of solidarity with rare courage and military strategy to recommend it.

But even at that the miners said that one fact more than any other explained their inability to win against the bosses. The union railroaders kept hauling scab coal. Solidarity of labor has often been shown by the miners, though its natural gestures have been bound because of the Lewis machine, but solidarity of labor to the sixteen separated railroad unions is meaningless. They do not give each solidarity and they have been quite consistently at the service of their masters, no matter what the effect on miners or other groups of workers.

Last month we witnessed another disastrous retreat by the miners of West Virginia, when the U. M. W. of A. international office called off a four-year and two-year strike involving 15,000 workers and their dependents. They had been receiving a semi-monthly relief of $1.50 a person. Now they have been advised to secure what jobs they can.

The strikers have been living in tents and such ramshackle quarters as are shown in the photographs accompanying this account. The scene of the conflict is along the Little and Big Coal rivers, on the Paint and Cabin creeks, and on other tributaries of the Kanawha. The operators evicted the workers from company property long ago, and hardships beggaring description have been endured.

Although it is a fact not obscure even to fakers like John Lewis that aggressiveness is essential to working class victory, and that folded arms would not avail against the guns of company murderers who systematically launched bloody expeditions on the miners' homes and persons, the tactics formerly used in West Virginia were stopped. This weakened the miners. It prevented adequate defense and offense by which to smash the teeth of company thuggery. Kill the militant spirit of a union and its power to achieve working class good is killed. The Lewis act in this matter placed the miners at the mercy of coal company gunmen who were responsible only to law administered by the judicial hirelings of the coal operators.

With regard to the railroad workers: again they failed to come to the miners' assistance continuing throughout to haul the coal mined by scabs. And until there is effected a solidarity between these bodies of workers, miners and railroaders, whose strategic advantage is so great, the operators will have comparatively clear sailing. The lesson of England, where fear of united action by transportation workers to assist the miners caused the powerful British government to subsidize the miners, insuring the the wage level demanded, should be learned in America.

Dragging out the strike over such long periods, while giving evidence of determination, results disastrously because times of strike are times of great sacrifice and intense suffering for the workers. To subject them to such drains on energy and spirit is unwise as a method of class struggle. The employers can endure protracted conflicts much better as their lives, if not their profits, are secure. Short, powerful strikes recruiting the maximum of solidarity are more effective. Even threatened solidarity often secures demands.

West Virginia conditions steadily worsen. The workers have suffered severely, but their spirit of revolt is not dead. In time it will again blazon oppression's night that marshals under the dark wings of corporate greed, such as United States Steel.



THE KIND OF SHACK MINERS LIVE IN

Log Cabin Home of Elmer Mitchel, Four-Year Striker. He Has a Wife and Seven Children and No Job



NO COLOR LINE HERE

White and Black Workers Stood Together For Their Common Cause



# Editorials

**ANTHRACITE STRIKE FAILURE.** — Examination of the provisions in the agreement accepted by the Lewis machine to end the strike of hard coal miners in Pennsylvania reveals sweeping defeat, the more galling in that it calls upon the miners after the long struggle from September until February dumbly to acquiesce in their own betrayal for a period of five years. That, practically, is what the covenant requires. The whole scheme of treachery suited the operators, and after the usual barrage of newspaper lies and villification, including the works of allied agencies of capitalist misinformation directed to the strikers' undoing, a priest blessed the settlement with encomiums for Lewis at the hand-picked Scranton convention in which the agreement was railroaded upon the workers.

At the outset, to many at any rate, prospects for victory by 158,000 workers in this basic industry seemed very bright. On the miners' side was an inspiring solidarity. The operators made no attempt to run the collieries. Yet defeat was the miners' fate. When unorganized or only partially organized workers lose strikes it is easy to understand their failure. And it is not difficult to grasp the reasons for loss of strikes involving workers untrained to protest and without union resources.

But in the anthracite strike we found an organized body of men possessed of great numerical strength, with a wealth of actual experience in contests against their employers, and backed by a large union treasury. Why then, with so many powerful factors in favor of their chances to triumph, did this host of strategically placed workers lose so completely?

The Hearst publications oracle, Brisbane, comments didactically on the inglorious termination, suggesting that the miners should have employed counsel before pursuing a strike policy. He said that no great corporation embarks on any important course without receiving the expert advice of the most astute legal minds. Let us suppose that an honest, informed, intelligent opinion could have been secured and used for the miners' guidance, what would the counsel have been?

Simply that as trade unionism is obsolete as a weapon against employing class industrial concentration, so, too, district division among mine workers foredooms them to failure when opposing the hegemony of mine operators. To illustrate: when one district of miners strike, or a single branch of the industry, the operators in other districts intensify production to supply the demand for coal. This method is common to all other great industries, and in the 1919 steel strike it was recognized that all plants must be struck so that transfer of orders could not be effected. Were the mine workers grouped in autonomous bodies bounded by districts their tactics, however futile, might be consistent. But they are united in a union embracing hundreds of thousands of members in Canada and the United States with general headquarters.

Their experience has been that strike settlements by districts are disastrous, just as the prosecution of strikes in that manner precludes possibility of victory. Entering the anthracite strike they should have made is as general as their entire membership, and they should have called on transportation workers for support. Fighting in that formation how could they lose?

Instead, a part of the miners strike, the majority continue to dig coal, while transportation workers haul whatever coal is




needed to fill the bosses' orders. The result is never in doubt, and it is a crime against the fine courage of the striking miners to send them before industrially organized operators a regiment or a division at a time.

**ANOTHER DEPORTATION FRENZY.** — Purporting to be engaged in an effort for ridding this country of foreign-born gunmen and other unnaturalized persons occupied with illegal pursuits, the Immigration Office of the Labor Department has instigated a campaign to corral these "undesirables" and deport them to the lands of their birth. Newspapers in a number of cities are taking up the hue and cry, with Chicago in the lead. The paladins of good citizenship, who think that only the gunmen on company payrolls employed for intimidating labor and breaking strikes should be encouraged, are making a noisy pretense that they want to see our fair shores cleansed of gun-toting foreigners who act on their own initiative.

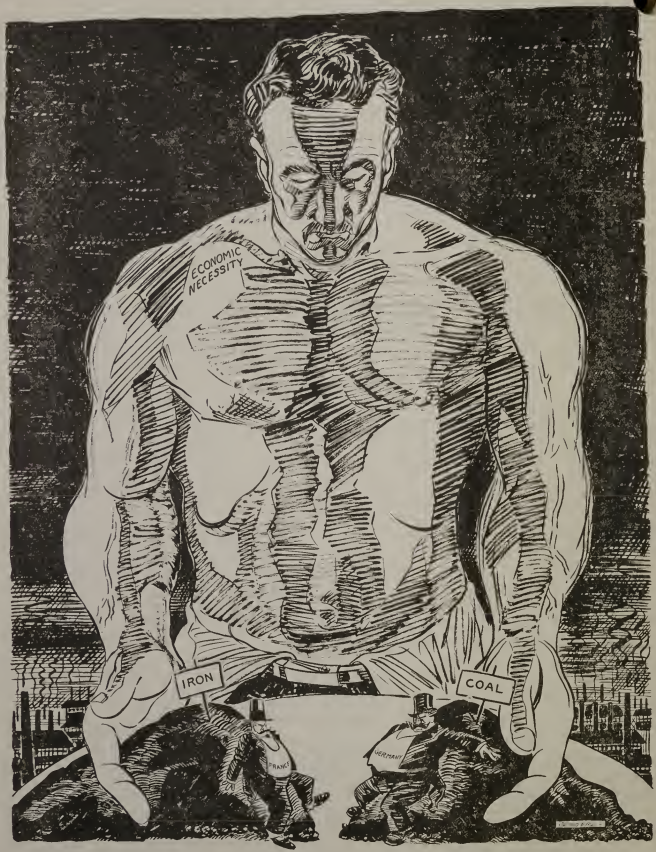
This propaganda is in line with other policies that have been advocated by the president and the Labor Department head, such as finger print registration of all foreign-born. Here is surveillance with a vengeance in the interests of American monopolists. It is a fact that labor organization in steel plants, packing houses, mines and other important industries rests squarely on the problem of unionizing the foreign-born workers. With finger print supervision these workers will be discouraged from organizing because they fear deportation. The press is psychologizing the Scissorbillica so that they will regard all foreign-born workers as dangerous to "the peace and dignity of the state."

All of this activity seems to be paving the way for deportations of radicals on a larger scale than ever before, and a consequent blow at labor organization. The only effective answer to this onslaught is increased industrial unionism. That is what employers fear more than anything else.

**"THEY SHALL NOT PASS."**—This was the grim-lipped oath sworn by the French at Verdun, so we were thrillingly advised during the late unpleasantness abroad. To make good this vow over a hundred thousand French wage slaves, in uniforms of course, lost their lives; to smash that Gallic resistance about four hundred thousand Teutonic wage slaves, likewise in uniform but of another color, were murdered. Half a million fatalities at this particular shambles.

Today the capitalists of both countries pass as they please and are on very fraternal terms in the slight matter of exploiting the working classes of Germany and France. This applies prominently to steel, coal, iron, coke and potash production. Referring to an understanding between German and French monopolists in the latter commodity Monsieur le Cornec, director general of the Societe Commerciale des Potasses d'Alsace reminds his colleagues that:

"One value of the pact must be emphasized. It lies in insurance against labor troubles. If the German potash workers go on strike, there will always be the




French supply to fall back on and thus there can not be a potash shortage."

Here is a plain statement of policy revealing the practicability of business combination on an international basis. It amounts to an industrial unionism of the French and German employers, and slaves that they are so thoroughly robbi

can not stop the encroachments nor win to a better level of existence unless they adopt the same tactics, industrial organization without respect to geographical cleavages and political boundaries. That must be their reply to those who so confidently expect to use them against each other in times of strikes.

**LUMBER WORKERS' CONFERENCE.** — At Portland, Oregon, on April 1st Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 120 goes into conference to consider the problems of organization with which the workers are confronted. It is a fact that through I. W. W. organization, conditions in the woods were made immeasurably better, especially by the 1917 strike.

But many blows have been leveled at the I. W. W. in this industry, among the worst being a vicious blacklist system and the introduction of piece work. Doubtlessly the Portland Conference will seek methods to circumvent the former, and to abolish the latter. In this connection it is opportune again to point out that William R. Langdon, American consul at Antung, China, recently made a report to the United States Commerce Department containing these words: "The enterprise of Pacific Coast lumber manufacturers and cheap water transportation across the Pacific have closed all the 23 sawmills in Antung."

We have heard a lot about coolie labor, haven't we? But here is very eloquent proof that the workers of the Pacific Coast woods are more profitable than Orientals, so much more profitable that the latter can not compete with them.

Several years ago the writer, while making a study of hours of labor in the whole lumber industry, came across complaints from Japanese lumber interests that they were having the greatest difficulty competing with American lumber companies because of the advantage the gyppo system brought to the latter.

It may also be remarked, incidentally, that my investigation of hours worked in the American lumber industry showed positively that in the states where the I. W. W. had effected greatest organization, hours, and all other aspects were better for the workers than in states where the organization had been unable to make much progress. A similar study in any industry will show the same facts: where unionism is strong wages are relatively higher, hours of labor fewer and conditions generally improved over those prevailing where organization is either weak or non-existent.

Therefore, we look hopefully to the deliberations at Portland for tactics which will bring a revival of the great fighting spirit that challenged industrial tyranny in lumbering and forced from the criminal employers so many of the requirements to a higher standard of living for lumber workers. Nothing but I. W. W. organization ever got these workers anything worth while in the years that have passed; only the lack of I. W. W. organization is responsible for bad conditions now prevailing in the camps; and the I. W. W. is the only power big enough and militant enough to bring the lumbering situation to a successful issue for the workers when they recognize the tremendous power of this industrial union weapon. More power to L. W. I. U. No. 120, and to the Portland Conference!

**TELL THEM THE TRUTH.** — Trade unionism's first appearance in the drama of American class warfare aroused the hyena howls of a judiciary groveling at the feet of its masters. Anxious to serve the rising capitalists this slimiest agency of the bourgeoisie branded exponents of the new economic associations of workers conspirators. To unite for the purpose of raising wages or effecting other changes in the conditions of their employment was criminal; the unions were illegal combines, and their members outlaws.

But economic pressure forced the outlaw unionists to persevere. A long struggle followed and defiance against the black-gowned damnation won for the workers the right to organize. However, history has many evidences of reformed outlaws

and in time a degree of respectability was attributed to the erstwhile law-breakers, which contemporary trade union leaders are so eager to preserve that they prostitute themselves in many ways for the gratification of modern employers.

Trade union officials grow hoarse repeating that the aims of their organizations are patriotic; that they are "safe and sane;" that they stand in four-square opposition to "radicalism." During the late war, with nationalistic piety they handed over many an unwelcome "red" member of their ranks to the tender mercies of the secular arm.

Having failed to understand the real meaning of a labor movement confronted by the unfolding of capitalist imperialism they remain isolated from the class conscious hosts of wage slaves throughout the world. And in conflicts against a phalanx of economically united bosses they are predestined to defeat because the use of obsolete methods in these contests is like trying to beat "Big Berthas" and machine guns with cross-bows and flintlocks.

Our business is to propagate the truth among workers, convincing them of their class position in society and of the fact that they have a class mission to accomplish, namely, their self-deliverance from wage slavery. If the labor movement is to advance it can stand for nothing less and one has a narrow vision, indeed, who can compass no more than a living wage just in front of his nose like a bag of oats on the pedlar's broken-down nag. Draft horses, oxen and other beasts of burden are given enough on which to live. The working class, capable of producing all the wealth of this world, and able to create infinitely more when rid of its parasites must surely aspire to finer heights than a modicum of animal comfort, gained only after most unremitting drudgery.

**ON THE RUBBER TRAIL.**—Newspapers of this country have given widespread publicity to complaints against Britain's practical monopoly of the world's rubber market. Eastern Asia's rubber growing area comprises about 4,000,000 acres under British control, with a valuation of approximately £700,000,000. Large automobile manufacturing concerns in the United States, heavily interested in the purchase of rubber, are responsible for the press propaganda.

This becomes easily understandable by their latest plan through which seven lead-



ing industrialists of prominent motors corporations have formed an organization committee to gain control of lands specially suited to rubber production. They anticipate buying up all small organizations outside of British control. The firms with members composing the land-buying nucleus are General Motors, Mack Truck, Nash Motors, Dodge Brothers, Packard and Studebaker. Purchases are to be made of lands in Sumatra, the Philippines and Brazil.

Meanwhile the cost of rubber goods has taken a sharp rise, and the following should be interesting:

"There is about ten pounds of crude rubber in the average standard tire. The British rubber control has advanced the average price of that crude rubber about fifty cents a pound.

That accounts for a $5 advance in the cost of making a tire. But a thirty-three by six Goodrich balloon tire and tube, which cost $30 before the British advance now costs $54, or an increase to the American buyer of $24. We have found that the Englishman got the $5, but who got the other $19?"—Thus Representative Shallenberger, answering Secretary Hoover's charge that government protected foreign monopolies were the chief offenders in raising crude rubber prices. And he undertakes to answer his own question: "The big tire companies all show the greatest net profits for 1925 of any year in their history. The Fisk Company more than doubled their previous profits; Goodrich netted $15,000,000; Firestone earned 26 per cent." And he adds, "It seems to me that instead of investigating English rubber, we had better get after the American tire manufacturer."

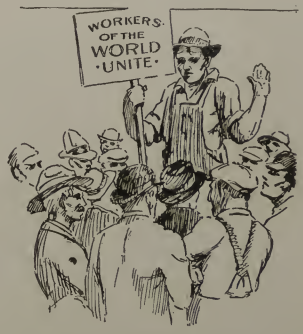
Watching developments of this latest movement of Dollarica business expansion is sure to be an engrossing pastime, and Filipino nationalists should regard it as a blow to their aspirations for political independence. The sinews of industry are binding the islands more firmly to American imperialism.

**NEWSPAPERS AND PASSAIC.**—With all their scheming together the capitalists sometimes let their wires get crossed, and the Passaic situation furnishes us with the sound of jarring notes among the parasites. Mill owners and those who possess the ordinary daily liars are both employers, both beneficiaries of the profit system. As such they should harmonize when workers go on strike, and, of course they almost invariably do so. But their policemen sometimes whack the wrong heads, and then we see bourgeois papers indignant over the matter of police brutality.

The club-invested town clowns of Passaic upset an automobile in which newspaper photographers were riding, breaking their cameras and molesting some of the reporters. This excessive indulgence of the policemen's love of anarchy should have been checked by the textile exploiters. The result was that a number of papers, among them the New York WORLD, commented editorially on police inhumanity, and in the exposure were drawn into depicting what the law was doing to the strikers. By this police indiscretion a very large number of workers were made aware of what was going on in Passaic, where the mill slaves are striking for the right to exist at least as securely as other beasts of burden.

When exploiters fall out workers gain. It reminds one of the Italian censorship. American newspapers generally did not regard Mussolini's drastic methods fit subject for adverse criticism until his machine began to pinch the American newspaper men. Then the papers affected set us a loud wail. Dictatorship was represented as having very objectionable parts.

Likewise, in Passaic it was not so very wrong, in the opinion of the bourgeois rags, for the woolen companies to resort to any means, no matter how outrageous, for suppressing the strike, but the **modus operandi** suddenly assumed villainous proportions when newspaper representatives and newspaper property were attacked. The moral to draw from this is: Buy I. W. W. papers and get the truth about the working class movement all of the time.




LEARN TO SPEAK, TO AGITATE, TO ORGANIZE YOUR FELLOW WORKERS!

# Craft Form Versus The I.W.W.

By J. A. VAN DILMAN




"Bring To Me the Wealth of the World, and I'll Give You Just Enough Wages to Exist on," Says the Capitalist, and the Ignorant, Disorganized Workers Suffer and Die to Obey Him

THE I. W. W. is a revolutionary, international, working class union which avoids confusing issues by recognizing no enemy but the exploiting class; no binding interests but those of toilers united for action by industrial alignment.

Craft form of unionism once effective in enforcing demands on isolated employers is no longer fitted to cope with a master class that swayed neither by prejudice nor sentiment detrimental to its material interests proceeds with infinite care to perfect what its miseducators so assiduously sneer down among us, namely, a one big union of "its" own breed.

Craft organization is to all practical purposes so dead as to stand in need of immediate burial before its rottenness disgusts to the point of revulsion. Witness for instance the spectacle of one great railway brotherhood degenerating into a banking institution and worse; into a direct exploiter of labor so unfair in its tactics as to draw venomous fire in convention from an affiliated body whose rights it trampled in the mire as ruthlessly as any frankly capitalistic master might do.

The history of this conservative form is replete with class collaboration, policies inconsistent with labor's aims, contracts conflicting as well as useless, jurisdictional disputes and outright scabbery to qualify for job control by encouraging confidence not of its membership or of the workers as a whole but of masters whose interests it more than half consciously serves.

In spite of all this or rather "because" of reactionary conservatism, its strength is but fictitious and incapable of withstanding vigorous onslaught when the ungrateful beast it seeks to pamper, turns to rend unit by unit its various battalions. A craft strike is pitiful in that the often heroic resistance of its rank and file usually winds up in compromise detrimental to them by leaders who have much to gain from skilful manipulation of conflicting interests. Its continued existence is permitted only through the ignorance of workers who cannot conceive the existence of a "class struggle" nor their unavoidable position in it. Craft form will have proven, once the final chapter is written, harmful more than useless to Labor's progress, since it not only blinds the latter to its own potentential strength but in desperation to survive its day of usefulness strives openly to antagonize workers toward the only method able to combat capital on terms that promise eventual success. In other words it is a pretty toy still retaining in some of its phases a semblance of utility, but one which prevents its users from grasping the powerful bludgeon of revolutionary industrial unionism which bases its hope on solidarity of the workers, opposed to capitalist forces in distinctly drawn battle lines, thus preventing confusion which under craft union guidance throws us into a slavery contemptible because so unnecessary.

Even those blinded by mistaken self-interest should not fail to grasp the significance of a master class hatred vented so openly on the I. W. W. as to disclose its instinctive dread of an organization whose very principles spell doom for the oppressor, and even whose immediate demands are calculated to loosen its grip on the throat of suffering humanity.

It is up to us as workers to lay all prejudice aside that we may more clearly conceive the distinctions between antiquated craft groupings which survive by grace of downright servility and class collaboration and one basing its program on "a struggle that must go on till capitalism shall have been overthrown."

Craft unionism is an obsolete staff that proves but a broken reed in times of industrial stress and a sham which hoodwinks its members by various subterfuges till continued inconsistencies kill final faith in all organizations, good, bad and indifferent. This of course does not apply to rebels who, having clear vision, can not be thus misled; but how many such are there in conservative unions?

Broad study of subjects concerning our welfare as workers, and moral courage to act are vital, nor will cowardly attempts to evade serve other purpose than that of having trouble inevitably thrust upon us "after" we have reached the stage where resistance will be well nigh impossible.

Only full recognition of revolutionary industrial unionism's practical merit, by at least a militant minority, can clear up an issue whose import stands clear and distinct beyond all other "isms" that face a world in throes fated to bring forth freedom or slavery.

Which shall it be? It is up to us, who vainly boast of a red-blooded manhood we have as yet failed to prove, to tear a recent page from British labor history where solidarity so ably expressed its potential strength and—should we still be inclined to hold ourselves intelligent and men, let us live up in deed as well as word to our own implication.

Snap out of it! We cannot stop the tides. Let us learn to swim now for deep waters are ahead where nothing else will save; more especially not the proverbial straw of craft union form that fails utterly of its purpose.

ORGANIZE! Not tomorrow but NOW into the unions of your class.

ORGANIZE industrially along scientifically correct lines.

ORGANIZE your fellow workers and friends for numbers are necessary to power in a working class union and power alone can guarantee consideration from those whose concepts of mercy and justice are but hollow mockeries to lure us deeper into the horrors of wage slavery.

Join the I. W. W. today!

# Christian Science

By COVINGTON AMI

The sun is but the tail-end of a monstrous firefly,
The moon is but a big glow-worm acrawlin' 'cross the sky;
The comets they ain't nothin', sir, but gasbags full o' wind,
Just iridescent hotair by the seraph statesmen spinned.

The things they call a planet, an' the things they call a star,
Ain't nothin', sir, but cat's eyes aglowin' fum afar;
The earth's a hollow bubble, just a ghost-skin 'round a hole,
An' full o' creepin' microbes what believes they is a soul.

The whole of all creation is the shadder of a dream,
The mortal conjuration, sir, of things that only seem;
An' it's a fact past doubtin', which can never be gainsaid,
We's never really livin' an' we's never really dead.



# The Political and Economic Aspects of American Agriculture

By SAM MURRAY

**In Addition to Analyzing the Breach Between Workers and Farmers, This Writer Describes the Forces at Work to Take this Broad Smile Off John Farmer's Face**

THIS will be election year. A new congress will be elected this fall. The affair will probably command less interest than a presidential election, or for that matter not as much as a similar event a few years ago, inasmuch as the passing of politics as a determining factor in the affairs of the country is being more and more recognized. Yet, we can expect to be deluged with the usual appeals, entreaties and admonitions to vote for this candidate or that measure, and assured that this is to be the most momentous campaign of history and that the destiny of the race depends on how we vote.

As usual we can expect at least three political groups whether they unite under one flag or separate under the banners of the Progressive, Socialist and Workers' parties again to come out with an appeal for the workers and farmers to come together and elect their candidates, promising all kinds of blessings to be showered from above as soon as the two great branches of the army of industry stand shoulder to shoulder on the political field.

### The I. W. W. Not Against Voting

Although the writer of this article has no present intention of casting his sacred ballot at any one or any thing the coming election he is willing to grant that privilege to the rest of the fellow workers. The I. W. W. has never denied the right of a member to vote as early and often as his conscience may dictate, so long as he feels that his interests can be served in that way. However, as an organization representing the most advanced interests and seeking the most important matter in the way of educational material for the industrial workers, we are interested in the soundness of any proposition that may at any time be put forward by a group purporting to be in the interests of these workers. If there is any common ground where the workers and farmers can get together for the benefit of both we want to know about it. Knowing just what we want ourselves, the main problem is to find out what the farmer wants, whether it is practical to get it for him, and how it will affect us in case he does get it. Also, the chance of securing his support for the things that we want will bear investigation.

### In Spite of Paternalism and Privilege the Farmer Seems to Be Always in a State of Poverty

There is no group in America that has been as much pampered as the farmers. Homestead laws, public experiment stations, free instructions through bulletins and correspondence, public irrigation projects, cheap government loans; in fact, anything and everything in the way of encouraging the individual to set himself up on a small piece of land. Yet the farmer is always being held up to us as a subject of public sympathy. In spite of all this help he seems constantly to be getting himself in deeper and deeper water and laying the foundation for more paternalism, more help and more sympathy.

J. N. Watt, master of the Sacramento County

(California) grange, gave a rather gloomy picture some time ago of the condition of the American former, which, on top of what we have been hearing from some of our prominent spokesmen the last few years, is somewhat startling. Our statesmen and writers for the capitalist press have been resenting anything in the way of comparing the "great and prosperous American farmer" with the peasants of Europe, especially of Russia, and have been leading us to believe that instead of being a poverty-stricken peasant he is a very prosperous, shrewd and intelligent business man.

However, according to the authority mentioned above, the average income of the American farmer for 1924 was $876.00—a sum considerably below the cost of a decent livelihood, while nearly a hundred thousand farms were deserted during the same year. The value of farms shrank fifteen billions in five years. The latter fact is the more serious when we remember that the shrinkage often represented all that the farmer had in his farm, the holder of the mortgage getting the balance. Thirty per cent of the population and 25 per cent of the country's capital is engaged in agriculture, and receives 18 per cent of the total income. These are the facts. As a remedy he proposes that no more land be reclaimed by government aid but wants the government to assist in the matter of marketing, and in general recommends a policy that would mean higher prices for us who have to buy.

### Nothing In Common

In fact, the only remedy that any of the farmers' "friends," from the president down to the curbstone communist, has to offer is a higher price for the farmers' product. Viewing the matter from the standpoint of a cockroach mind they never seem to suspect that there may be something wrong with the productive end of the game. They never ask themselves why it is that Henry Ford with his flivver getting better and cheaper all the time can pay nearly three times what the average farmer pays, while our loaf of bread and sack of spuds is either constantly going up or shrinking up. Then, too, Henry's bank account is increasing while John Farmer's is usually in the form of a mortgage held by the bank. If Ford were to attempt to build a flivver by the methods of production corresponding to those in vogue on the average small farm, it would cost him five thousand dollars and you would be afraid to ride in it when finished.

The claim that the farmer and wage worker have much in common has generally been accepted by most workers without question. However, these same workers will tell you that they have no desire to secure employment on a farm, and generally crab about the price of farm products. If asked to explain this apparent kink in their logic they try to tell you that the trouble is with the middleman. While it may be true that there is considerable profiteering and waste in the distribution of farm products, it is doubtful if it is any greater than in other lines. Most commodities sell for several times their necessary cost of production, and most farm products are difficult to handle and may suffer considerable loss in transmission.

Although the I. W. W. preamble states that "the working class and the employing class have nothing in common," and the farmer is a member of the employing class this circumstance does not necessarily prevent the worker from taking advantage of the differences that arise between the farmer and other sections of the employing class. Employers benefit by taking advantage of our disagreements so there can be no objection to a farmer-labor party from the standpoint of that principle. If it were true that the farmer is producing as cheaply as could reasonably be expected and that his product is being unduly inflated by the middleman, it might be possible for the farmer and city wage worker to get together and both gain something to their advantage. But the farmer is not producing cheaply and I think the facts will bear me out when I say that the history of farmers' marketing ventures proves that they have had a tendency to inflate rather than reduce the price of their products to the consumer.

### Is the Farmer a Producer?

The trouble is that the farmer-labor advocates consider the farmer only in his capacity as a producer and that without any consideration of his ability in that line. The fact is that his place in society is a complex of several functions—employer, food speculator, real estate speculator and least of all, a producer. I think it can truthfully be said that the farmer is far more concerned about raising the price of his product or inflating the value of his farm on the real estate market than in increasing the quantity of his yield or cheapening the process, except where it can be done through a reduction of wages. As a producer he is especially inefficient. Most farms are small and the process of production is carried on in a more or less primitive manner. Most farmers are grossly incompetent. In the directing of operations, in the care of the soil and the breeding and care of stock, farming is both an art and a science capable of almost unlimited development. It is safe to say that two-thirds of the farm land in this country is in the hands of persons no more competent to manage a farm than I am to operate a steamship line. Probably the worst feature of the present farm situation is that due to incompetent farming, the total output is far below what it could be made. This incompetence and inefficiency render low wages and hard conditions a necessary complement to farming on a small scale. As a food speculator he is at war with the whole of society and if successful he only encourages the planting of more crops and in the end wars on himself. As a land speculator he is hopelessly bound up with the real estate shark and whenever he enjoys a short period of prosperity the price of land is forced up so that when-

ever it changes hands it requires more money to swing the deal. This means heavier mortgages and more interest to the bank so that in the next crisis you hear a greater howl than ever about the farmer being robbed, and the same old demand for lower wages, higher prices and helpful legislation to save the "poor farmer" from bankruptcy. It is a question if the American system of individual ownership of small tracts of land that we hear so much bragging about is not inferior, from the standpoint of the farmer himself, to a tenant system similar to that prevailing in some parts of Europe. It would seem that the American farmer, owing to the complex and contradictory character of his several social functions is the victim of a vicious economic circle, so that any action to raise him up will create a reaction that will drag him down again.

I hold that this is the economic law governing the price of farm land: Land is worth that sum of money which if placed on interest would yield an amount equal to the income of the land minus the cost of labor and upkeep. I hold that the small farmer's income can not rise beyond farm laborer's wages plus interest on investment. Since a large part of the interest on investment goes to the money lender while the farmer is compelled to assume all the risk, he would be much better off if land were cheap and wages high. But the individual farmer is so completely tied up in his investment that he is forced to war on both labor's interests and the interests of the farmer class as a whole. But supposing that it were possible permanently to render the farmer prosperous, how would that affect the rest of us?

### A Copper-Riveted Reactionary

Since the farmer is essentially a "petty bourgeois," and the most reactionary type at that, a prosperous farmer class would form a bulwark of reaction that would be a serious stumbling block to all progress. It will be noted that the farmer is always the special pet of the reactionary forces that are constantly trying to narrow our visions and circumscribe them within the bounds of nationalist and provincial bigotry. Between the farmer and the more advanced capitalist interests, the industrial worker should always stand for the latter. As for the middleman: if the farmer succeeded in eliminating him and gaining control of the marketing of his product we would be more than ever at his mercy in his frantic and never ending scramble for higher prices. In fact, there is no other branch of the employing class of which it can more truthfully be said that the working class and they have nothing in common than the farmers. Insofar as the demands of progress are concerned, there is no farmer problem except that of eliminating the small farmer and industrializing the agricultural industry. We have the machinery, but owing to the fact that the land is cut up into small holdings unsuitable to large-scale production it cannot be used. The small farmer is a permanent obstacle



MACHINERY PLAYS AN EVER LARGER PART IN AGRICULTURE

to the progressive development of the industry.

We sometimes hear complaints that the government can find time to grant the railroads a rise in rates, but no time to help the farmer. They forget that the government is run in the interest of progressive industry, and further, the railroads have had their rates regulated downward and the hours of labor as well. If the government would first regulate the price of farm products to that which would render a reasonable return on the investment where agriculture is carried on by the most advanced system of machine production and then establish an eight-hour day it would be more reasonable to ask for aid in a crisis. The farmer has enjoyed absolute immunity from government interference. Child labor laws, eight hours, workmen's compensation. Nothing regulates the farmer. He enjoys special privileges granted to no one else. While workers are sent to the penitentiaries for organizing to raise wages he is aided and encouraged to organize with the deliberate purpose of gouging us with high food prices. The more immunities he enjoys the more he will regard himself as a member of a privileged class, and the less sympathy he will have for labor. About the only time he shows an inclination to be "radical" is when conditions are such that he begins to have visions of himself as a wage slave. It is plain that the workers should never allow themselves to be wheeled into supporting the farmer-labor movement. It is easy to see why craft union leaders have shown an interest in the farmer lately. Since the record of the craft unions for defeat the last few years has been practically one hundred per cent complete, the farmer-labor movement is a splendid crutch for a crippled labor leader.

### The Nemesis

Most of the land in this country was cut up into small tracts before the era of machine production and where large scale farming was sometimes practiced in isolated parts of the West the location was such as to render marketing more or less difficult and rotating and fertilizing impractical, so that it was more profitable to sell small tracts to suckers who would work their families to death to pay in-

terest on a mortgage than to continue cultivation. As the amount of land was limited the process of industrialization was difficult and capital was drawn into fields where development of machine production was hampered with fewer obstacles. However, there are signs that the time for the exploitation of the agricultural industry is near at hand. Already, ice cream, condensed milk, canned fruit and vegetable companies are securing the land for the production of their raw materials. In the California rice fields large scale production prevails. I am informed that one grower, a Chinaman, employs about three hundred men to harvest his crop. Small operators stand no show here and usually go broke the first bad year. The mills are generally controlled by the growers. Notwithstanding great obstacles that have had to be surmounted the California growers are successfully competing with the cheap oriental and southern labor and although they have been paying better wages for shorter hours than the average in the state, Chinese, Japanese, Hindu, and even Missourian rice growers are rolling in wealth as a result of their last ten or fifteen years' success in the business.

At the rate that surplus capital is increasing how long will it be until all cereal mills will be raising their own grain? This will be to the advantage of the consumer as the history of large scale production proves that it means a lower cost. When advanced, scientific production rules the farming industry it will be necessary to lower prices to stimulate consumption on account of the increased amount of production, as has been the case with other advanced industries, and as for the farm laborer's interests, the saying "Small man, small ways and small wages," a common proverb among western farm laborers, will explain it all. In fact the present small farmer would be a whole lot better off if he were driving a sixty horsepower tractor for wages on a genuine farm instead of sparring with a span of fuzz-tailed mules trying to coax a living out of fifty acres.

### Summary

To summarize: We think that the questions raised in the beginning of this article have been answered. The farmer wants the very things that the worker does not want; it would not be to our interest to help him get them if we could. However owing to the fact that the small farmer is a sort of industrial atavist trying to evolve against the current of progressive development we could not help him if we wanted to. Also, the reactionary character of the farmer renders any hopes that the worker may have of getting his aid vain. The indications are that economic law has decreed the early downfall of the small farmer and the industrialization of the farming industry, and in a struggle between economic law and political law the former will always win. To try to forestall this consummation would be a crime against progress.

There are two forces in this country which stand for a farmer-labor coalition: the reactionary middle class who want to save the backbone of their reaction and the mass revolutionists with their fantastic belief in a mass uprising to be staged about the time of the arrival of the millennium of the Holy Rollers and Seventh Day Adventists. These revolutions and millenniums, judging from past history, are very slow speed propositions and I am afraid we will have to wait a long time. Besides it was the small farmer, principally, who defeated communism in Russia and I believe that there is a sufficiently numerous class of hopelessly reactionary small farmers at the present time to defeat any mass revolution in any part of the world even if such an affair were otherwise practicable or desirable. The only way the worker can gain anything for himself in the near future is through job action. This is also the only means by which the workers can gain the education, training and power, without which a mass uprising could end only in confusion and with which a mass uprising will be unnecessary.

We do not feel that we are taking a callous view of the situation. We heartily sympathize with the small farmer and his overworked family. It is often said that he is worse off than the industrial worker; if so, then we are but serving his best interests by advocating a policy that will make it possible for him to become an employee of an industrialized agriculture and as such we will gladly welcome him into the ranks of labor. Let the capitalists take over the land and prepare the industry for socialization and in the meantime the farmer, emancipated from his serfdom to the money lender, can be educated and prepared for the new day. There are only two progressive elements in existing society. They are the ones who are trying to develop a larger capitalism and those who are preparing the workers for a still more advanced civilization — The Worker's Industrial Commonwealth.



# He Had Pride

By T-BONE SLIM

Lo, behold, all ye scoffers, a story—
A story of life's underwhirl;
And mark ye, your blood may turn gory
As its vital statistics uncurl.

It's a story of struggle and labor,
A tale of a nobleman true,
Who may be your very next neighbor—
Yes, perhaps—it may be even you.

Just an expert in system and dodging
A toiler predestined to roam—
At every new boxcar, and "lodging,"
There was no one to welcome him home.

With a mind that was lofty with learning
He drifted along with the tide
And knew of but contempt for earning
The then going wage—he had pride.

How he longed for the joys of tomorrow
And swore at the woes of today,
For "his" was an every-day sorrow
But his future—was sushine and play.

He had fought where the game went the farthest
And tried out the greatest of loads;
At times his pet grief was the harvest,
Then again 'twas the building of roads.

In the woods, for poor down-trodden workers,
His voice had repeatedly rung
And, strangely, the o'erbearing shirkers
Were afraid of his sulphuric tongue.

From the heights of a noted mechanic
He stepped down to lift up his kind—
Nor felt he the slightest of panic
As he left the smashed ladder behind.

He would quote well the great Aristotle,
The pages of Marx he had turned;
He had read, too, his shirt and his bottle—
So, you might say that he was well learned.

When it came to commanding or hating,
We'd find him quite anxious to serve;
In fact, he was too 'commodating
In all questions of honor or nerve.

Thus it was, when hard-pressed by the masters,
He shook down the ladies of shame;
Relieving the girls of their piastres
And left them financially lame.

Then the sheik of the sisters of mercy,
A bull-cook and hostler of souls,
Took after our fast-heeling Percy
Just to "plug him up" plumb full of holes.

When the war had subsided (if any)
Six bullets had punctured his hide—
His wounds though both grievous and many
Were apart from his grit and his pride.

So he rushed to a doctor and savior
And thus to the sawbones he said:
"I say, on my word and behavior—
I ran foul of a hailstorm of lead."

Lo behold, all ye scoffers, a story
A story of life very bold—
I warn you your blood may turn gory
As its vital statistics unfold.

He recovered his health, in a measure—
And lovingly gazed at reform,
And sought once again the pay-treasure
In industrial serfdom and storm.

But the pay, it was low and unnerving
The board, it was maggots and swill;
His bed was a hangout for vermin
And, shortly, he found himself ill.

Then a hospital beckoned and offered
To help him to fight the new foe—
And now, for the first time, he suffered
On a cot that was whiter than snow.

All the strife of the ages barbaric
Did parade in the nooks of his mind;
His words, therefore, grew quite tartaric—
I'm afraid he forgot to be kind.

His remarks showed a lack of good training
So sharp was his breathing and trite—
Indeed his blue words were most maiming;
Yet, he thought he was safely polite.

Yes, he staggered the 100 lb. nurses
With many an unpolished cough
And horrified, with his soft curses,
To the poorhouse they hustled him off.

I'll admit that his pride was now fractured,
And deeply he felt his disgrace—
It looked like a plot, manufactured;
An insult "too damn dirty to face."

Down the railroad he walked, tears agushing—
And hid in the weeds (as he cried)
And when the fast mail came arushing
Then he crawled on the tracks—
'Guess he died.

Yes, of course our poor tale has a moral
('Tis vital statistics you scan)
He came out of the exploiters' chloral
And expired a non-union man!

MORAL:
Oh if he and his kind had united
Their numbers, ideas and skill—
His wrongs would, no doubt, have been righted;
And the trains would have no one to kill.

He'd have followed great ideals and high codes
And would not have feasted on swill—
He would not have slept with the microbes
And, of course, he would not have been ill.

They'd have broken their unholy fetter,
Not deigning a cross word to spill—
His pay would have doubled, or better—
Thereby saving the poor ladies "till."

Oh if they had but organized strongly,
Our troubles would be o'er, or nil;
No power could hop on us wrongly—
And our dead friend would be with us still.

# WHOSE DUTY?

By COVAMI

I am the Christus—
The Truth-Speaker—
Lucifer—
The Light-Bearer—
Rebel of all times and climes—
The wisdom of—
Gods, Mortals, Devils—
Is mine—
Therefore—
Give heed unto this:—
Much, we are hearing, these days—
About—
"Our duty to the State."—
But—
WHOSE duty—
They fail to specify.—
Mine? Nay!—
What duty do I—
A Proletarian—
Owe the State?—
Answer Me, O State's Men!—
What has It ever done for Me?—
That I should—
Worship It—
Die for It—
I, a Proletarian—
We, the Propertyless?—
"Our duty to the State"?—
You must be joking!—
Give heed unto this:—
Never have I seen It—
The State—
Stretch out its mailed fist to—
Guard Our life—
To preserve Our liberty—
To increase Our happiness—
Always it comes to us—
The Proletarians—
Jailing, shooting, crucifying—
Slugging, murdering, warring—
Deporting, crushing, disinheriting—
Always acting for Property—
Never for Man—
Always for the Dollar, Pound, Franc—
Never for Men, Women, Children—
Never until forced to it.—
For the tocsin that—
Sounds the freedom of Peoples—
Tolls the deathknell of States.—
Give heed unto this:—
I heard two voices speaking—
One, the Industrial Despotism, said:—
"The State? I am the State!
I, the Plutocrat—
Ceasar of Capitalism—
I am the State!—
Woe to foes of the State!"
The other—
The Industrial Democracy—
Answering, defiant cried:—
"The State?—
To hell with the State!—
I am the Union!—
The Commonwealth!—
The Coming World!—
The Mighty Future!
Gather around Me—
O ye Toilers—
And—
The Earth shall be thine!—
To Have—
And to Hold—
Forever!"—
Godders of States—
Crucifiers of Peoples—
Give heed unto this.—
I have said—
I, Lucifer—
The Light-Bearer—
I, Christus—
The Truth-Speaker.

# "The Employers' Philosophy"

By E. W. M.

A NAME is only a name, as the proverbial saying is; however, it is the character of the one who has the name that counts.

For convenience we will call him Simon Werk. He is a large fellow, coarse featured. Let him miss a shave and he resembles the anthropoid. This is not intended for ridicule, for none can speak disparingly of Simon. He is one of the kindest, most good-hearted fellows possible to meet.

Simon worked in a sawmill until recently. When we first knew him he was working in a logging camp. The lumberjacks frequently referred to him as "Si, the line-horse."

During those days there were no haul back lines. The main lines were dragged by a horse. The horse was called the line-horse.

If a signal was given for two feet of slack line, Simon did not wait for the line-horse; he would grab the line and pull it the needed two feet. He did most of the rigging crew's work. He was not, what might appear to be, a sucker; it was just merely his way.

Simon is absolutely stolid. His understanding of the world and the people is blank. He admits that the only pleasure he gets out of life is fishing and working. He is impervious to good literature and the True Story Magazine furnishes him his reading matter.

At the pool hall which Simon frequents occasionally, his conversation usually concerns fishing. Simon can tell a good fish story. He has had many thrilling experiences on Lake Quinault, where the salmon trout is known for its gameness. When Simon enumerates, in his inimitable way, about one of those fishing exploits to the patrons, the pool hall is a scream with ecstacy over the weird tale.

It was just prior to the 1917-18 strike in the lumber industry, for a shorter workday and better living and working conditions, that a strong militant agitation pervaded the woods against the then prevailing conditions.

"I'll work as long as I damn please, and it's nobody's business," Simon was heard to utter one evening just before the gong rang for supper.

"All you want is work and nothing to show for it, you big hoosier," came the words from the other end of the bunkhouse. Someone said it was a Wobbly who spoke so promptly.

All talk of a social or economic nature, or anything pertaining to unionism is a nebula to Simon.

During the time we speak of, this line of conversation was carried on constantly. It was getting too hectic for Simon, so naturally he sought employment elsewhere.

Simon was now employed in a sawmill. He had landed the job he had so long yearned for: handling the lumber to and from the dry kiln—a la gyppo, that is, so much per thousand feet. If a worker stands this work for four years, he is going some.

Simon was now on his sixth year at this job named in the foregoing. He had been heard telling one of his fellow workers that he had used ten dollars' worth of liniment in one month to try to keep himself fit for the job. He was "so stiffened," he said.

One afternoon, just before quitting time, something happened to a tram-car loaded with dry-kiln lumber. The car had in some way gotten away from the workers. It was headed for two large closed doors. Simon saw it coming and, quick as a flash, picked up a square timber no two ordinary men could lift, and threw it under the wheels. In some way, unknown, his hand was caught and so mangled that he was left incapacitated for manual labor. His other hand is crippled too; the accident happened years ago.

When the workers buy wood, they get the mill-run, sawdust and all. It is wet and costs four dollars a load.

Christmas day, the same week Simon was maimed, seven prominent (?) members of the Elks, each had a load of hand-picked dry wood, as a present from the company that owned the mill where Simon had been employed.

Simon, too, had had a load of wood sent to his place, while he was yet in the hospital.

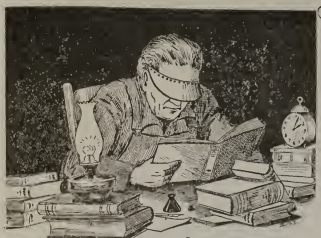
On one occasion only had one of the company been to see Simon, and then only to say "Hello, Werk; how they comin'?"

Two months after his misfortune, Simon got a peremptory written dun, from the company for that load of wood he had received after he had been crippled.

Simon flew into a truculent rage. A fulmination emanated from his shark-like mouth, stigmatizing the company.

After he had calmed down, however, he was heard to say, with a quiver in his voice: "That Wobbly was right—"You big hoosier—it's nothing you wanted, and it's nothing you got. Nothing? Yes."

P. S.: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common."



The Ruler of Tomorrow

# Book Reviews

It is an axiom among radicals that missionaries go to save the heathen from happiness, and to save money for the capitalists who finance the missions. Recent actions of the young men and women of China have abundantly confirmed us in this opinion. But it has not occurred to many that there is a field for investigation among these strange and romantic creatures, the missionaries themselves. I suspect that one would have to have been born among those who feel "called" to "push the heathen to the gate" to understand them as Raymond Weaver, the author of a new novel, "Black Valley," seems to understand his material—the missionary settlement in Kurodani, a small, probably fictitious but probably typical out-of-the-way town in Japan.

**SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN CHRISTIANS**

Very likely Weaver is really telling his story in the story of Gilson Wilberforce, Japanese born son of a huge missionary man who is a regular wild bull of Bashan for energy, and tactlessness, and a self-sacrificing missionary mother who quite cheerfully lets herself die by inches from a cancer in the breast, and conceals it, until the last stages, for fear that her pain would interfere with the happiness of her very noisy, and very literary husband, or of her clever young son.

For the son apostasizes: He gets too darned Japanese, by growing up among the little Jap kids, and by taking short cuts through the local red-light district, and bandying repartee with the ladies who call to him. He cultivates the acquaintances, also, of Buddhist priests, and Shinto fortunetellers, and it all has a very bad effect on his proper, puritanical outlook on life. Even the proprieties and conventions of New England he disregards, in order to go swimming with the natives in the river.

"For Japan had not begun to cultivate those final flowers of Christian civilization, the smirk and the innuendo; and being genuinely modest, nakedness, as such, was to his Japanese friends casual and uninteresting. This innocence is now being jeopardized however, by national vanity; for Japan is tenderly solicitous of foreign approbation. And Japan may end in being filthy out of a pious endeavor to appear respectable. Until recent years it was a universal native custom to go swimming naked in mixed company; a state of affairs that shocked both Christians and tourists. Some years ago, to preserve international confidence in native decency, there was promulgated from the throne an Edict commanding that every Celestial put on a bathing suit before taking a plunge. The Edict was most literally and wholesomely interpreted. Down to the beach came congregations of Japanese with their kimono sleeves jauntly waving in the breeze. Off came the kimonos, each bronze body stripped and shameless in the sun. They played ball on the beach, napped, gossiped and idled. But immediately before going into the water, each squirmed into a pair of trunks, touchingly obedient to the Edict from the Throne."

However, Gilson clung to the gods of his fathers until he got away from Japan. The author suggests that his unbelief was being prepared, like a photographic plate, but was not developed yet. Mrs. West seems to have developed it. She was the sixty-year-old, shrewish but kindly, and cynical and skeptical old widow he met on the steamer, on his way to America to be educated.

Some idea of the clash between Mrs. West and the missionary ladies can be gained from her conversation with one of them at the breakfast table, two weeks out in the Pacific.

"Isn't prayer wonderful!" says the little missionary lady. "Yes, prayer is very wonderful," loyally asserts Gilson. And the reason is developed under Mrs. West's questioning:

"You were one of the few not seasick last night. You are a good sailor?"

"Oh, no!" pleaded the little woman, "I am not a good sailor. It is the power of prayer. All my friends in China are praying for me, and I haven't been seasick all this trip."

"A shrewd preventive," was Mrs. West's com-

ment. "And your husband and your sister missionaries?"

"Mr. Westbrook has been just awful," the small creature woefully drawled with an earnest wag of her head.

"Weren't his friends praying for him?" Mrs. West continued with malicious curiosity.

"Oh, yes!—But Mr. Westbrook has a weak stomach!"

Gilson returns from his "education" in America, to find the cattish lady missionaries, and wives of missionaries, sitting in groups and rending to tatters the reputation of a good woman of fifty, who has suddenly fallen in love with a sea captain and has come from the field of the Lord in China to marry him in Kurodani. He finds also a pretty young converted Japanese girl, whose father stayed Buddhist, and is mightily angry at her for leaving the parental rooftree. The missionaries hide her away, and Gilson falls in love with her. But the capitalist Caucasian and all his agents are always a caste apart, in the Orient, however much they may preach of the fatherhood of god and the brotherhood of man, so Gilson is only tempted to marry her—he doesn't quite.

He finds also Alurid Wilberforce, his father, panting for him to become a servant of the Lord, and push the heathen to the gate for a while in Kurodani, leaving the old man free to finish his big book, twenty-five volumes already and still going strong, Historia Imperii Japonici. This old man seems to be the regular archtype of a missionary:

" . . . Over six feet in height, the upper reaches of his legs decently extinguished in billows of frock coat, he sent his voice rolling up from the cavernous depths of his giant figure to thunder out through the wilderness of his Assyrian beard. He was not designed for trivialities; though unredeemed Japanese urchins, it is true, had been known to dare —always at a safe distance—to jeer at him as a hairy devil. But Alurid took the flaunt with becoming dignity,, and recalling the Biblical parallel of the naughty little Jews crying 'go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head' to the prophet Elisha, he did as Elisha had done; 'he turned back, and looked at them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord'. When in Hebrew he recites appropriate verses from the Twenty-sixth Psalm: 'Judge me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine integrity: therefore I shall not slide.—I have hated the congregation of evildoers; and will not sit with the wicked. Lord, gather not my soul with the sinners, in whose hands is mischief. But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity'."

His opinion of the Japanese he was saving was unflattering to them: "The Japanese fancy themselves highly affronted," he wrote in the tenth chapter of the tenth book of his Historia, "by the endeavour of some who busy themselves to draw the original descent of their nation either from apes, from the lost tribe of Israel, or from the Chinese or other of their neighbours. They claim a birth much higher and nobler, and esteem themselves no less than offspring of their very heathen deities—all of which deserves no credit, and must be entirely rejected as forged and fabulous. The Japanese are, moreover, at a loss what to answer when asked how it came about that Amaterasu O-Mikami, a being endowed with so many excellent and supernatural qualities as they ascribe to her, begot so poor and miserable a race as that of the present inhabitants of Japan."

It will be seen that what with Gilson's backsliding and his matrimonial preferences, and the old lady from China and hers, the author has created a situation in which the air is charged with something more than the Holy Spirit.

When twelve days go by without the fiance of the dear old lady showing up to marry her, and when the Japanese convert begins secretly to meet her lover in the mission garden, the spiritual side gets more possibilities.

Then when the old lady goes for a walk in the garden at night, and find Gilson and the Japanese girl in what would have been a connubial embrace, had they not dispensed with one of the rites of priestcraft, the old dame has a cat-fit. The author does not really tell us whether it is because her maiden modesty is outraged at the sight, or whether she suddenly is made aware of the hopelessness of there ever being anything half so beautiful in her life as this illicit love passage of these two not-quite Christians who find more to please them in the mission garden than the mission church.

So when the captain comes with a perfectly good excuse for being late, he is dumbfounded by being howled at, raged at, accused of philandering, and driven ignominiously from her presence by the bride herself.

The captain does not know any Japanese, has never been in the town, and wanders forlornly about until two of his own Japanese sailors find him and take him straight to the red-light district. Everybody is so nice to him that he thinks he is in some perfectly proper hotel, and proceeds to drown his sorrows in drink. The more he drinks, the more respectable he feels, and when he is made aware of a woman brazenly entering his room he throws her out. After that "the heathen rage" and they and the captain just naturally get to fighting, and a mob gathers, and the missionary settlement is rudely awakened by a Japanese policeman who hammers with his sword on the door and in three or four very crude Anglo-Saxon words of one syllable states just where it is that the captain is, and that he is fighting—will the ladies come and get him out?

It takes the whole mission force to get him away —and that is about all there is to the story. The plot is rather thin, but the yarn is rich in embroidery, in clever little quips at the expense of missionaries, and delightful half-page revealing descrip-

tions of their attitude. I know of nothing better than the spectacle of the drunken captain, barred within his room, the curious crowd of disreputable characters and police watching, and Alurid Wilberforce, (Gilson's father) soundly lecturing them all on their sins. Standing on the steps of the brothel, he felt the urge to speak thuswise to them all:

"These whoremongers! — These adulterers! — These drinkers of damnations!" — Alurid burst forth, as Gilson sat on the lower entrance step, occupied in his haste to get his feet out of his shoes. "These open sepulchres, filthy with concupiscence, and fornication, and uncleanliness, and lasciviousness, and idolatry, and witchcraft, and hatred, and wrath, and strife, and sedition, and treaty-breaking, and drunkenness, and persecution, and blasphemy, and unthankfulness — — "

"Treaty-breakers," ah, that's a significant word in the mouth of a missionary. Trade follows the flag—but the cross precedes them both and prepares the way, the soldier and the missionary are the agents of capitalism, in all of its slave raids into the Orient.

The picture of the missionaries, in spite of individual cases of great heroism and devotion, is that of slave raiders, enslavers, who regard the heathen as so much raw material to be worked on, so many souls to be "saved" and so many bodies to be worked. The best that can be said is that they are just as cruel to each other as to the natives. When Gilson's mother does die (as a matter of fact Mrs. West murders her to relieve her sufferings), the ladies are rather pleased.

"Funerals are such beautiful occasions," * * * "especially the funerals of the saved. For while we're alive so many things do sometimes happen. But once they're dead, then you know they are same."

**Card 794514.**

**BLACK VALLEY, By Raymond Weaver, published by The Viking Press, New York. Price, $2.**

**Business Plus The Stars And Stripes**

Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman have collaborated to produce a study of American territorial acquisition and business expansion that for comprehensiveness and clearness has never been equalled. The following statement uttered by President Taft in his Inaugural Address, March 4, 1909, was "the first avowal of the policy which, under the Taft administration, won the title of 'Dollar Diplomacy'":

"In the international controveries that are likely to arise in the Orient growing out of the question of the open door and other issues the United States can maintain her interests intact and can secure respect for her just demands. She will not be able to do so, however, if it is understood that she never intends to back up her assertion of right and her defense of interest by anything but mere verbal protest and diplomatic note."

But while the genesis of the phrase "Dollar Diplomacy" dates from 1909, its spirit is much older and Taft was simply reasserting an avowal which governed the State Department especially from the time of the McKinley administration. It means that Big Business—predominately finance capital—in its foreign spheres of investment will be aided in every way by the Government of the United States, including the use of armed force.

The authors review the manifestations of this diplomacy in their various aspects; peaceful economic penetration prosecuted by business houses; economic penetration under government control; economic penetration with political interference—political regulation; armed intervention; acquisition without annexation; acquisition by conquest and then purchase; the evolution of American imperial diplomacy; the Dawes Plan, and so on, with appended copies of the different documents by which the leading acts of this diplomacy have been made classic examples for the technique of the American imperialists.

Here in 353 pages, including the index, is a vast amount of information set down very much to the point and with ample evidence to constitute the volume of damning, irrefutable indictment of this hypocritical government that finds no acts of oppression too inhuman to inflict and no phase of its exploitation and violence not amenable to the noblest of explanations compatible with the largess of benefaction.

Canada is cited, with numerous statistics, as an example of peaceful economic penetration, and the fact is made clear that the United States investments in the Dominion are greatly in excess of those of Great Britain which led there until the World War. Capital introduced into a country which gives it the right to operate is shown by such cases as the Argentine Government permit to Swift and Company to build a dock at La Plata, and of the Cuban Government permit to the United Fruit Company legalizing the company's docks at Sama. But greatest of all is the Bolivian loan which is secured by the Republic's bank, its revenues and the property and revenues of certain Bolivian railroads. A fiscal commission exists to administer the provision of the contract, and the whole financial system with far-reaching political checks is in the hands of Wall Street bankers. Should it become necessary for these bankers to call on the State Department of the United States for assistance in gaining the discharge of the Bolivian obligation this government, by its diplomatic creed, is pledged to use all the power it commands in aid of the financiers.

The book shows how the revolution in Panama was instigated when the Columbian Congress adjourned without giving the United States the land wanted to build the Panama Canal. Panama, under the protection of American warships, and with the direction of the American State Department, was established as a republic, and a strip of land ten

miles wide was ceded to this government. It took fifteen days to accomplish this revolution from the time the warship commander was notified to prevent Columbian troops from landing in Panama until President Roosevelt recognized the minister of the new republic that American statecraft had created.

There are accounts of the Hawaiian Revolution (American manufactured) by which the islands were annexed; of the suppression of the Philippine Republic in the interests of American business and military strategy; of the many devious maneuvers by oil and other American interests in Mexico backed by this Government to the point of military occupation and diplomatic direction of the internal affairs of a supposedly sovereign power; of the Cuban occupation; of marines in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua; of the purchase of the Virgin Islands and the oppression endured by the inhabitants under the "free flag of the United States."

In discussing the Dawes Plan the authors explain how the German people are bound over for an indefinite time to their victors who have exacted from generations still unborn economic tribute of a magnitude never before known in history. This is a case of strong powers inflicting heavy penalties on other strong states.

There is an explanation of the Open Door diplomacy by which American capitalists forced their way into Manchuria to set up a "sphere of influence," and then secretly negotiated with other foreign powers to shut the door again on those not yet in the exploiting ring.

The story of Admiral Chester in the Near East is most absorbing. Chester got concessions in the Mosul district (rich in oil and a large number of other resources) and these were later contested by England and France. Together nationals of these governments and of the United States have formed a company to exploit the Near Eastern oil fields. This is the Turkish Petroleum Company. It is interesting, to say the least, to read this remarkable statement issued from the United States Bureau of Naval Intelligence:

"We have extensive interests in the Near East, especially in tobacco and petroleum. Early in 1919 several American destroyers were ordered to Constantinople for duty in the Near East . . . The possible development of the economic resources of this port of the world were very carefully investigated by representatives of American commercial interests. These representatives were given every assistance by the Navy, transportation furnished them to various places, and all information of commercial activities obtained by the naval officers in their frequent trips across the Black Sea given them . . . The Navy not only assists our commercial firms to obtain business, but when business opportunities present themselves, American firms are notified and given full information on the subject. . . One destroyer is kept continually at Samsun, Turkey, to look after the American tobacco interests at that port. . . The American tobacco companies represented there depend practically entirely on the moral effect of having a man-of-war in port to have their tobacco released for shipment."

It will readily be seen how intimate is the connection between American business concerns seeking bargains, loot and expansion in foreign lands, chiefly "backward countries," and the State Department when the vigilant commanders of the Navy are employed not only to act in a police capacity as at Samsun, but as ferrets to find the quarry and give American business "full information on the subject." The American worker seeking an elusive job in the hours of industrial crisis tramps or rides box cars; the American investor questing economic prizes afar receives the proffered hospitality and protection of war vessels, and "full information."

This great work of Messrs. Nearing and Freeman floods with light the machinations of the American Empire, and in this light we are enabled to understand better the cryptic utterance of Admiral Fletcher, of Tampico infamy, that: "Navies are the insurance for the wealth of leisure classes invested abroad."

The authors have shown many presidents up in their true colors, among them being McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and our own matchless dumbbell, Calvin. Those who still think that the late Princeton prexy was an idealist should be sure to read about his deliberate lies in the interest of American oil kings, and of his very practical switching whenever the big bosses cracked the whip. Wilson often let his love for words lead him astray but he always ended these ruminations when the hard heads of American capitalism called a halt, and by reading this book one is certain to get quite a revealing view of the spell-binder who "kept us out of war"—like hell.

It may be well to bring these remarks to a close by giving you a Hughes quotation which appears in the volume. The former Secretary of State said: "Foreign policies are not built upon abstractions. They are the result of practical conceptions of national interest." This national interest is the interest of the financial monarchs, of predatory powers growing fat and arrogant on the surplus value extracted from wage slaves in America, and they use this surplus further to enslave our fellow workers across the seas. It is our business to organize industrially and put an end forever to this exploitation by putting a summary end to the wage system.

—Robert Grayson.

**DOLLAR DIPLOMACY, Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman, B. W. Huebsch and the Viking Press, New York. Price, $2.50.**

**Uncle Sam Hangs Out Three Balls**

This is an excellent reference book. It has 421 big pages, packed with "the dope" on the doings of American financial imperialists. There are six pages of bibliography for anybody who wants to dig deeper into the misdeeds of Wall Street. There is an index of tables and lists, another of countries and geographical areas, another of corporations and persons. These are in addition to a very full and descriptive table of contents. When you want to find anything in this book, you can find it.

The material there is worth finding, too. It seems to have been gathered in the true scientific spirit of digging up and exposing the facts to public knowledge, without much regard for public propaganda, and without any extravagant claims to omniscience. Indeed the last sentence in the book is rather charmingly modest, in view of the real value of the revelations; it says: "The information contained in this volume, while not guaranteed, has been obtained from sources which are believed to be reliable and correct."

The first two chapters tell the story, largely with figures, of Uncle Sam's change from the status of a debtor to that of a world-wide creditor. Throughout practically the entire life of the nation, up to 1914, the U. S. A. borrowed money, principally from England. It lent a little to countries still less developed, but on the whole it borrowed—for it was establishing a great industrial plant.

The plant seems to have been pretty well finished and in operation just about the time the great war broke loose in Europe. Probably America would have ceased borrowing money anyway, even without a war, but the needs of European nations, particularly the needs of the allied countries, made the change quick, easy, and spectacular. In 1914 American capitalism was about three billion dollars in debt to Europe; during the war two billions of this was bought back, and in addition, a billion and a half of private loans were contracted in the U. S. A. by European capitalists or governments and considerably over seven billion dollars was raised by the U. S. government and lent to European governments, mostly in 1918. Remember the "Liberty Loans"? That is where the money went.

Very little of this has been paid back; interest is accumulating on some of it, and more and more has been borrowed since the war. The year 1924, a full decade after the fatal autumn of 1914, saw the biggest peace-time loans of all—$125 million to Japan, $110 million on the Dawes Plan to Germany, $100 million to France to save the franc (after a while the franc backslid from salvation again), $90 million to Canada (to the government), $50 million to the Belgian government, and $40 million to Holland. Since then, there have been other loans, but the figures on which Dunn's book is based do not go much beyond 1924. They do include the prophesy of the New York Times that the loans and investments abroad by the capitalists of the United States (including the government itself) will amount to twelve billion dollars by 1926. Whether the figure has been actually realized or not, we do not know, but probably it was a good guess.

A large section of the book, and the part most useful for reference, probably, consists of material arranged under the names of various countries, all victims of the great American Eagle.

We open at random, and turn up Equador. This is not a very large, nor a very important country; it lies in South America, and it is rather undeveloped, as compared with some other of the states in that continent. But the first sentence under the name catches out interest, it is symbolic of the whole recent process in international finance. "Our investments in Equador are now estimated at $30 million, or six times the figure set by Ingalls in 1920" (and of course there is a footnote giving the reference to Ingalls—there are lots of such footnotes; whoever cares to follow them back to their source will get a wide and liberal education in diplomacy, statistics, banking, foreign and domestic commerce, etc.)

Then, still under the heading, "Equador," we find the names of the particular Wall Street vultures who have begun to feed on the living body of Equador's proletariat. We see at once the Standard Oil Company functioning under two separate names; and two other oil companies of lesser importance in active operation likewise. We find that the South American Development Company mines gold "most of which is exported to this country." (Trust your Uncle Sammy for that!) The S. A. D. C. sent us about a million dollars' worth of gold in 1922. We find just which shipping lines and which railroads are owned by Americans. And proof is given that the electric light and power system, and the street railways of the capital of the nation are likewise owned by Americans. It would indeed be a fair deduction, for one having a knowledge of the ways of American street railways and power companies, to suspect that some of the people in the capital city of Equador are likewise owned by these same American capitalists!

So it goes with all the countries of the world. A very good book to look into when you suddenly find it stated in your Daily Liar that such and such a South American or Asiatic land has forsworn civilization, and is simply begging for stronghearted, hard-fisted American marines to come and keep it from "committing excesses."

The last half of the book is a collection of sample contracts, granting concessions, bankers' loans, and regulating government obligations. These contracts are all interesting, but too long to paraphrase here, or even to give the story of the swindle, the graft, the treason and corruption that accompanied their birth in most cases. Wall

Street seems to have adopted Walpole's most famous principle, "Every man has his price," and added thereto, "When the price is too high, start a revolution." Anyway, they have all the little states of the Caribbean nicely mortgaged with, in most cases, the U. S. government made a partner to the deal, and the Latin-American government told in pretty plain words just when to borrow, when to pay up and how, in what manner to revise its constitution, to avoid having the marines landed. The use of the U. S. Navy as collector of bad debts has extended to Europe, and even Belgium finds that when she borrows money from the bankers of Manhattan, she has to have the blessing of Manhattan's agents in the War, Navy and State Department Building at Washington. Of course when France borrows from Morgan, the U. S. Army is not mentioned. France has an army too.

Dunn's book considers very briefly the future of this sort of thing, but in this relation only, the question of the probable extent of future loans abroad. The possibility of the debtor nations (their capitalist classes) adopting that method of liquidation of debts which was once popular in the Mississippi valley region, by which hot lead is made to take the place of cold cash, is not adequately investigated. Indeed it probably lies outside the proper scope of such a work as this. As we have no room for it here either, except to point out again what all students of history know, which is that France, one of "our" biggest debtors, when she owed Germany a considerable sum of money toward the end of last century seriously debated the question as to whether it was cheaper on the whole to pay or to fight. If she had owed a little more, she would have fought. And Europe now owes the U. S. A. a tremendous sum. It is no accident that as France more and more realizes her obligations to America, anti-American propaganda occupies a greater place in the theatre, in the press, in the utterances of public officials in France.

—Vern Smith.

**AMERICAN FOREIGN INVESTMENTS, by Robert W. Dunn, published by B. W. Huebsch and The Viking Press. Price, $5.**

**A Study of Environment**

After a silence of a decade Theodore Dreiser has written a long novel—An American Tragedy. In two volumes of more than 800 pages he follows the progress of a life from childhood poverty to the electric chair. Clyde Griffiths is the son of street evangelists, poor, miserable, tenth-rate, unordained preachers who are ever urging their unfaltering faith in the God who will sustain them. The precocious boy, wiser than his brothers and sisters, wonders why the divine aid is always in the offing, when it is so desperately needed in the existence of the poverty-stricken family.

At little street meetings, all but deserted, passers-by often pause to wonder at the smudgy fire of faith in the ill-clad group and at the wail of belief the parents raise to meet the strident noises of the city. The boy is ashamed. This is frequently noted by the observers, and they pity him. He frees himself at the first chance from these humiliating, freakish prayer-meetings by going to work. He is first a drug clerk, then a bellboy, in Kansas City and Chicago.

By the time he is twenty he is in Lycurgus, New York, where his father's rich brother owns a large collar and shirt factory. Clyde, after months at a very menial place in the plant, is put at the head of a department, over a group of girls. One attracts him. She responds favorably, and a liaison ensues. Soon, however, he is taken up by a rich girl, introduced to her set, and he wants to forget the factory girl, Roberta. Rich Sondra is lovelier; she moves in a world that to the young man, used to poverty, is enchanting. All might have been arranged well enough, only Roberta becomes pregnant. Clyde tries to have an abortion performed, but he is very "green" and fails. Then he drifts, puts off deciding about the girl, while she is lonely and desperate because her reputation is at stake. She wants him to marry her. Her parents are impoverished farmers, and very religious.

Then he is tempted. He plans her death by drowning. She thinks they are on the way to a place to get married. It is summer, and they row out on a beautiful lake. It is very lonely. He fails at the last moment, losing his nerve. He can not kill her. She sees the strangeness of his eyes mirroring she knows not what terror. She rises to assist him. She stumbles. He strikes out, a camera in his hand. She is struck. Then they are in the water, and Roberta can not swim. Now that the accident is doing for her what he could not go through with, he leaves her to drown, and strikes out for the shore.

He is apprehended, convicted on circumstantial evidence, and the prosecutor fights to kill him because the prosecutor wants to become a judge at the fall elections. Clyde is condemned to die. His mother comes on from the West to try to save him. A frightful year passes in the Auburn death house. A youthful clergyman sympathizes with him, and becomes his friend. This minister and Clyde's mother go to see the governor, who refuses executive clemency.

Dreiser's description of that death house with all its horrors is the most damning denunciation of capital punishment that has ever been penned, and even Hugo's masterful "Last days of a condemned man" seems peurile by comparison. Dreiser tells of the score of condemned Chinamen,

Negroes, Jews, Irishmen, a cultured lawyer and Clyde, victim of circumstances that rode him to his doom. On a night before one of their number is to die the condemned can not eat—"Sometimes it is so bad that even the guards can not eat." At four in the morning curtains in front of the cell doors are drawn. Every victim is awake to die with the one who is pushed beyond the last door and forced into that chair of annihilation. The shuffle of feet follows the screening; then a clergyman's intonations from the psalms. Then the victim calling out, "Good-bye, boys, good luck." The same circuit that shocks life from the doomed also illumines the incandescent lights in the cells. When the lights suddenly dim, and after a minute of indescribable dread, dim again, and then again, someone calls out that all is over, and the "survivors" renew their deadly vigil, dying over and over again.

Clyde suffered in this way for about a year. Some are held for two years. The clergyman thought he had succeeded in converting Clyde, but the boy doesn't really know if he is guilty of murder. He can not repent because he wanted to have nice things, and to be somebody. Contrition is struggled for but he does not feel its comforting power. He is young and wants to live and to be happy. He does not want the credit of eternity, but the cash of here and now. And he must die. The minister thinks he has saved a soul, but when he sees the boy die he wishes that he had done something to save his life.

Toward the last Sondra writes a short note. It is on plain paper, typewritten and unsigned. Her social position and that of her family have been guarded throughout, she being referred to in the trial as Miss X. Clyde feels how futile was his daring plan of destruction. For Sondra he got into the fatal scrape. She was going to marry him. And now at the point of violent death just an unsigned note of sympathy. Already she probably was looking for another prospective, and this time socially respectable, husband. Clyde senses the unfathomable social gulf between the class into which he was born and her class.

Scattered though the many pages are word pictures of rarest beauty, exquisitely charming and compelling. The characters are not mannequins or caricatures. They are real people, living and breathing and loving and hating and idling and working. This vivid artistry more than makes up for the imperfections of construction that rouse the dogs of critical damnation, who with all their ability to parse and to analyze and to castigate are as so many small fry before this literary giant in the labor of creation.

Dreiser sees much, he looks into the hearts of men and women, and he seems sorry for their sorrows and weaknesses. With unforgettable strength and penetration he exposes the inhumanity, the shallowness and callousness, the injustice and barbarity of modern society. His strokes sear the brain with white hot shafts of truth—showing the individual to be destiny's plaything. That is the way he sees life, and as an artist so he represents it.

Beyond that he need not go. The social revolutionary must go beyond. He must be a physician wherever necessary, and a wrecker and builder when the hour of his class strikes, when the wage slaves advance a united cause to upset the regime of plunder. Among other duties and privileges of the new society of industrial freedom shall be that of abolishing the fearful taking of life by the social group. We shall tear down the walls and bars of prisons, for as today society is the real criminal, so on that glorious tomorrow, the cause of crime vanished, dungeons shall have no purpose of class oppression and social brutality to serve.

—Harry Silverson.

**AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, by Theodore Dreiser, Boni and Liveright, New York. Two volumes. Price, $5.00.**


## *In The May Day Issue:*

**Dr. Robert Whitaker,** author and lecturer, now editing The Open Forum.
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**Eugene V. Debs,** Socialist orator and writer.
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—And Many Others Will Make The Pioneer a Great Treat. Subscribe At Once!




## WEAR YOU WELL?

At times the **welfare** of the people is a very thin shell "affair"—**shell fare**—much resembling cell fare.

To put it mildly, it is **fell fare** compared to the succulent **jell-fare** of the parasites. And I fear, **lest the slaves organize,** that their **welfare** means **knell-fare**—for, even now, the dum**best** of critics call it hell-fare. Fare thee well.

—T-b. S.

P. S.—It gets my goat when people who can't tell **fare** from a **sows-ear** yell "fair," leaving the impression that here and there slaves dwell fair, or on swell fare—just as if they were getting something that's good enough for 'em.

**Nothing but the best is bad!**

## OREMUS

Editor Omaha Daily News:

I promised the heavenly Father I would write to the Omaha Daily News if a certain prayer was answered. It was, and many more. I am praying for something that will mean much happiness to me. Will others pray for me?—(Clipped from the eminent Omaha Daily News).

## LAW REBUKES PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN

Saying "Here I lay me," a migratory slave, minus gainful occupation, went to sleep in a lodging house bed for which he had paid his last six bits. In the morning, looking for inspiration, being a religious person, he opened his pocket Bible. At the first turn he read the instruction, "Take up thy bed and walk!" As he had no more bed than a jackrabbit he rolled up the landlady's blankets and started to walk. John Law nabbed him. Taken before hizzoner the migratory explained that he had merely obeyed biblical instructions. The judge couldn't see it that way and gave him thirty days.

## MALE HELP

WANTED: Construction superintendent with a capacity of 1,000 barrels a day.

## THE WIPE

A famous London comedian who need not be named was invited to a peer's house during the festive season. After dinner he was reciting a few of his best yarns, and in the midst of one of the choicest was interrupted by a guest, who said to him: "Excuse me, but your handkerchief is hanging half out of your pocket."

"Thank you very much," said the actor gravely, as he adjusted it. "You know the company so much better than I."

## HIS DAD WAS A UNION MAN

Teacher: "Johnny, if four men are working 11 hours a day—"

Johnny: "Hold on, ma'am. Nix on them non-union problems, please."



### IT'S ONLY TOO TRUE

Writer: I'm trying to write an article on what the miners got out of the coal strike, but I can't think of enough to fill half a page.

Adviser: Well, why don't you write on what they didn't get? That ought to fill a book.

### SOUNDED THAT WAY

Anthony: "Where's Cleopatra tonight?"
Maid: "Oh, sir, she's at home with tonsilitis."
Anthony: "Another of those Greeks, I suppose!"

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# The Industrial Pioneer

May, 1926

25 cents



# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

¶ The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

¶ Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

¶ We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

¶ These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

¶ Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

¶ It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.




# The Industrial Pioneer

Edited by John A. Gahan

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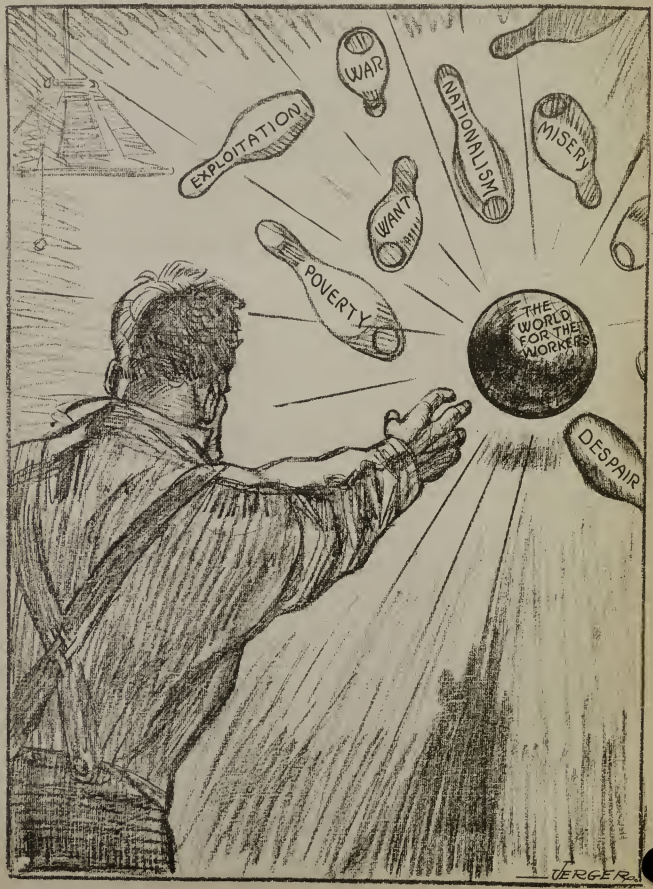
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STRIKE! -- *A May-Day Sport* -- By Jerger



# TWO POEMS FOR WORKERS

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

## MAY DAY

This day is holy, dedicate
To Freedom and to Freedom's sons
Who marched against the tyrant state
And dared the anger of its guns.

They sleep in many lands apart,
The martyred dead who could not sleep
In life, because the bleeding heart
Of all the nations made them weep.

Ah, terrible their anger was,
And pitiful the love they bore;
They gave their lives up to the Cause
And perished in the classes' war.

Now pregnant in their dust they speak
To millions marching to the fray,—
No longer humble, blind, and meek,—
Upon the Workers' First of May!

## FREEDOM

You are not free! They lie who tell you so!
Do you not beg for work to buy your bread?
Do freemen have to beg? My brothers, no!
Theirs is the right to work and go full fed.
When human beings walk with humble tread
Before the one who owns the job they crave,
When crying babes go supperless to bed,
Their freedom is the freedom of the slave!

You are not free until yourself you own
The tools and mills on which your lives depend:
Give back into their teeth the mocking lie.
Unite as one! and sweep them overthrown
From palaces of gold, unto the end
That **they** may work and eat, or loaf and die!

# Paving, Slaving and Saving

By J. A. MacDONALD



Gangway For Labor!

"LABOR is holy." It is necessary to be holy to go to heaven. Consequently, dearly beloved, the greatest sin that the workers can commit is not to organize to divide the work with the bosses, as if the workers do all the work themselves, they automatically condemn their bosses to go to hell. A whole retinue of evils can arise from a single evil cause. If the workers commit the sin of not dividing the work with their bosses, hell will be unpaved with good intentions, for what worker does not know that the bosses have no good intentions.

Funny things will happen when one tickles a typewriter under the chin, things that are utterly unexpected, as unexpected in fact as if it were a typist whose chin was tickled. For instance here I was starting to write an article for the Industrial Pioneer, and instead I land right in the middle of a theologic digression, and the fact that "Hell is paved with good intentions." The letter from the religious enthusiast, who has learned that I am in Timmins, Ontario, came with the letter from the editor, and contained this quotation. God and Gahan both wanting me to do something for them was very encouraging, although it ill conformed with my natural inertia; some who are ill-minded might even call it laziness. I leave it to the reader to decide whether the effort of our religious friend to bring the lost sheep—in this case a very hard headed old ram—back into the fold is promising success, from this article. I would save the reader that trouble, only unlike some writers I do not write the last portions of my articles first. It might be a good method, except that I never know where an article is going when I start it.

But to get back. "Hell is paved with good intentions." The quotation is intriguing, because I do not know what it means. Can it mean that good intentions are not necessary to get to heaven? or that hell, having to be paved with good intentions, the workers will have to organize for the job in the next world if they have not the sense to organize



THE SLAVES WILL LIVE LIKE THIS—

in this? Quotations such as that about the early worm that got eaten because it did not have the good sense to sleep late, and "Hell is paved with good intentions" always did worry me.

But if hell is paved with good intentions, so also are the workshops and the workhouses of this world paved with the good intentions of workers to cease working, to become independent, even to have other workers creating wealth for them to enjoy. If the hopes of the workers were possible of achievement, this would be an altogether delightful world, with everyone enjoying the fruits of labor, and no one doing any work. There is a peculiar thing about the working class: every worker is just a little more brainy, a little more cunning, a little more conniving than any of the others, and he is sure, by virtue of these manifold abilities, that he is going to break out of the wall of enforced labor that surrounds him and make a jail delivery into the abundant pasturage of the capitalist class.

And this is reasonable, for hope springs eternal in the human breast, or is inoculated by the magazines and newspapers, the Broad Roads to Success and the prospectuses of mail order schools. I myself would long ago have written the Great American Novel except for missing the "School of Novel Writing," twenty dollars and twenty lessons.

### No Lack of Hopes

Workers may lack soap or soup, but they seldom lack hope, abundant hopes. They not only have hope thrust upon them that they will all be bosses by and by, through the exercise of thrift in the present world, but hopes of future glory, where they will march with the spiked shoes of the logger or the brogans of the ditch digger on streets of gold, with boiling up cans at every corner, and fine jungles down by the railroad tracks, and play Jew's harps if they are Semites, accordions if they are Scandinavians, golden harps if they are Irish, but not bagpipes if they are Scotch—even heaven would be forced to draw the line on noise somewhere!

There are, for example, the hope and good intentions of that worker who ten years ago was going to be a boss by saving his money, practicing rigid economy, avoiding wine, women and song. He has carefully avoided all these, for by and large the worker is more moral than his boss. Everyone knows this, but not so many are aware that the reason for it is that all the vices that are pleasant enough to be worth practicing are too expensive for workers. And for him virtue has its own reward, for he is now in the army of the unemployed, but his hopes are not blasted, they are as iridescent as ever. He is going to get a good job this Summer.

### Alas, Poor Gyppo

Then there are the hopes and good intentions of the gyppo. Wise in his day and generation, he knew that the way to step to affluence and ease was along the trail of hard work and long hours on a contract to blast out the right of way or buck 'em by the thousand. Then he was going into business, hitch his wagon to a star, and so on.

He came into town with the firm intention of putting his money into the bank until the business opportunity came along. Alas, the banks were closed. A habit banks have of closing at three, and another habit blind pigs have of keeping open all night have kept many a gyppo from being now a multimillionnaire. An outraged body and a brain missing the blood that was left on the logs, or in the rock cut, cries for just one drink. I do not blame him for wanting one drink. I approve of a gyppo having all the drinks he wants and then two more cans. He is now feeling good, almost human again, and he is struck anew with his own acumen, his confidence revives as the bottom of the fourth bot—— I mean can—is reached. Having discovered that prohibition is not a failure for the self-evident reason that it does not prohibit, he marches to the game with the step of a conqueror. There is a vacant chair let by another gyppo who had just gone out of business, and he is now in



—UNTIL THEY DO THIS

the game with both feet and a series of four flushes dealt from the bottom of the deck.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," does not cover this situation. This man is a wise guy, not a darn-fool worker, but a contractor if you please. He did not know that he had been cold decked. How could he be expected to know when he had been playing a similar game with a boss for months, with the exception of that the boss used a contract where the tin horn used cards? Our friend has been paving hell with good intentions, and I suppose he is still doing it.

Then there was that other worker who was going to have a home of his own, a wife and children. That's the life! True love never runs smooth, for if it does run smooth it ends up in the grand slam of marriage. But for him it did not. His girl also had hopes. She had read so many stories of the beautiful young girls who had married money —and money even if it is bald-headed, grey-haired and decrepit, is still money. She waited for the grand adventure in which a woman sells her body for a home and comforts. In spite of the religious tracts which make vice all too easy and alluring, the market was flooded, and she is still a virtuous kitchen slavie, and he is as poor as ever in all save good intentions.

### The Separation of Labor

Examples could be multiplied of the various methods in which the migratory workers pave the hell of modern industry with their good intentions and abundant hopes. What need here to paint the life of the ten per cent who are unemployed, of the dog's life of the millions of casuals of industry, without homes except jungles, flop houses and box cars, without anything to tie them to life except the occasional job and hope? The migratory workers are not all of the working class, nor even the greater part of it.

Migratory workers see more of their own conditions than they do of those peculiar to others of their fellow workers. They are naturally most interested in the methods by which the bosses separate them from the job, the brakemen from their box cars, the bulls from their jungles, the doughnut factories from their dimes and the missions from their self respect if they will permit it.

There are workers who own their own homes, or the homes of someone else, either in conjunction with a landlord or a mortgage corporation, or outright.

There are workers who do marry. There are far more married workers than there are migratory workers. I do not say all can afford to marry who do. Heroes and heroines paving hell with good intentions are not confined to the battle fields, where the heroes fight for markets, and the heroines nurse them back to health so they will be in good condition to be shot to pieces. To some this proceeding may seem a waste of effort, but I would remind them that there are technical details in the manufacture of certain kinds of fertilizer that seem foolish unless one is a technician. There are also heroes and heroines of industry who get married. Capitalism is not so foolish a system as to kill itself off in one generation for the lack of slaves for the next. Love, good intentions and hopes laugh at the meagerness of pay envelopes although the pay envelope gets the last laugh. Love is blind as a blind pig, but the darn thing unfortunately has a stomach—but this is one of the lessons not of love but of marriage. Marriages are made in heaven to supply paving for hell. The bosses supply the sulphur for the love match, and nature supplies the future crop of victims.

### Gold! Gold!! Gold!!!

In this theological discussion of the various ramifications of the paving industry, we next come to the worker who saves money. Up to now we have been dealing with old propaganda in new form, but from now on we are forced by the logic of events into a field not often considered by radicals.

I will admit that for a worker to be able to save money is against all the current laws of economics, having at their base the formula that Labor produces all wealth, and that as a result all wealth by right belongs to those who do not produce, which is on the face of it a paradoxical statement until one learns who makes the current definitions of right and wrong. But nevertheless, I insist that workers sometimes do save money.

With the worker having on an average to produce six dollars in wealth for each dollar he receives in wages, most of the saving is of course done by the bosses. But, through a happy series of coincidences, workers sometimes do save money. Radicals may forget this, but bosses do not. A worker who saves money is in one way a menace to industry, because he would not work if he got too far ahead. A worker who does not work is unprofitable, except as one robs him of the little of the product of his labor which an industrial master has overlooked. In any event workers do save money, or the paying industry would not be so interesting a study as it is.

There is in Northern Ontario at the present time the greatest mining boom in its history. The rush to the Porcupine mining territory in which this article is written, is eclipsed. The papers of the continent are filled with it.

Gold has been found at Red Lake. Gold, for which men endure the heat of the deserts, the biting cold of the Arctic. Gold, for which men enter the infernos of the boiler rooms, or face the white and black damp of the coal mine, or blast in the underground stopes beneath the wildernesses.

Gold has been found in Red Lake. Gold, for which women are often forced to sell their virtue, a lesser commodity under our system. Gold for which men sacrifice their wives and lose the laughter of their children. Gold, the lure of a siren

for which men gamble health, limb, life everywhere.

Gold has been found at Red Lake. Gold that is the heaven of ease, bought with the hells of pain. Gold that is the emblem of our civilization. Gold that is the open sesame of all that we are and crave.

Gold was found at Red Lake. Gold that makes even the preacher of another world, also a world of gold, pray with a closed eye towards heaven and an open one focused on the contribution box. Gold for which the prostitute plies her trade and the banker his business. Gold for which men in the jungles and the heights of life alike lie and steal and kill.

Gold was found at Red Lake. Gold for which the politician has been known to sell his country, and for which the writers sell their souls. Gold, the noble metal—blood red with the blood of the workers of every country and of every age. Gold, the red Moloch on whose altar all that is noble and beautiful is crushed and crucified, reviled and defiled was found at Red Lake.

There is in the word itself an insane frenzy of all the baser motives of mankind. The streets of heaven are made of it, and so also as all the history of our class abundantly proves are the pavements of hell.

All the red lust of avarice were let loose. All the harpy things that eat at the heart of labor driving it to death awoke to a wilder voraciousness. Thousands went gold mad.

But not when the gold was found. It was then a carefully guarded secret. A few capitalists knew it, including the owners of the Hollinger, the MacIntyre, the Dome and other mines in this district which last year took over twenty-five million from the mines in the Timmins area. These staked on the findings of their prospectors, the reports of their experts, the suggestions of their geologists. The capitalists had theirs. Everything was now ready for the boom.

The big mining men sent their men by air ship to do assessment work. Then at the door of the worker who had saved money, Opportunity, face rouged, with a capitalist paper in her hand, knocked, and kept knocking. The man who had saved money bought his dog sled, his dogs, his supplies, paid the hold-up profit demanded, and mushed to Red Lake, as others of his kind had stormed the Yukon, trailed through South Africa, prospected Australia, braved the mountains, the deserts and the snows in other epics of gold. They mushed into Red Lake with hope and the blizzards and the lust for gold whipping their backs into superhuman effort. Arriving in Red Lake, he could take up a claim for a consideration, but not within twenty miles of where the gold was found. He could not have the reports of experts, the findings of geologists. But he had opportunity. The opportunity to look at boundless reaches of snow, and to guess by the look of it where the gold lay underneath.

When the snow melts, he will probably discover that he owns development rights on a rock quarry that would be worth a fortune on the outskirts of Chicago, but unfortunately it is instead on the outskirts of Hudson Bay. Another material for the worker who has saved money to mix with good intentions as paving.

In the Spring the man who had been able to save money will be broke. Capitalism will have again functioned in accord with its mission of concentrating wealth into the hands of a few. The capitalist will not have to pay transportation for his workers. They will be there on the spot in such numbers that the wages will be delightfully low for the bosses.

### Making a Fortune at Red Lake Without Going There

But the worker who has saved money will not need to go to Red Lake to make a fortune. Fortunes can also be made by buying Red Lake mining stocks (see prospectus—any of them). If no development work is done by the particular company one picks to make his fortune, the stock will be worthless, except for the promoters who are not waiting for such things as developments to collect what they consider to be their just due. But if the development work is done, and gold in far more than paying quantities is discovered, then of course the dream will have become true for the worker who saved his money and chose this way to wealth.

Some people are so credulous. Of course he will not. In spite of the best efforts of the officials and promoters of the company, it is highly probable that the story will become current that the property is valueless. To give this greater strength the mine will probably be closed down. The small investor will learn he has to put up more money or his stock will be a complete loss. The small investor now knows that he has been stung. Pay more money for a dead horse? The company is squeezed down to the few on the inside, **and the "inside" is never the "ground floor."** Then the mine is reopened, and to the surprise of everyone it is discovered that the mine is worth millions. Who has not met the man who missed being a multi-millionnaire by a hair's breadth? That is quite often the man who had saved a little money working and who thought he was investing in a mine when he was merely furnishing hopes and good intentions for a job of hell paving.

But there are occasional real opportunities for workers who have saved money to land on both feet in the mining industry. Sometimes I. W. W. members deny this, but I myself know a man who was a worker and is now the president of a mining company. The last time I met him I could see a look of disdain in his eye, because I had not risen in the world as he has. His name is on every share of the stock that is issued. He is the "whole

cheese" as he himself would once have expressed it. But when the government finds out the kind of mining company it is, the president will go to jail while the others will divide the money.

Workers save money, at least a few of them do, or how could real estate corporations pay as high as one hundred per cent dividends?

From this I do not wish it understood that I despise or hate real estate agents. I admire them. I like efficiency, ability, proficiency. And in spite of all arguments for politicians, writers of thrift and uplift magazines—who tell the workers how they can lift themselves up by their boot straps with a boss sitting on their backs—editorial writers and newspaper reporters, I still contend that a lie as it is handled by a real estate agent who knows his business, who is a master of all the intricacies of his art, is the supreme masterpiece of prevarication.

My admiration for real estate men is not a new thing; it is seasoned with years of experience. Watching them at work is a liberal education, which the mere inability to buy has never been able to deny me. I vividly remember some of these experiences on which my admiration for real estate men is based.

I had six dollars and thirty-two cents, my wife did not know I had yet (perfectly safe, as she never reads my articles anyway). With all that money I decided to look at some Vancouver real estate. The trip in the auto was not important, except that it was on that trip I realized that, with my lack of command of English, nature never intended me to be a speaker or writer.

Entirely surrounded by oratory we landed at a lot on the side of a hill on Vancouver Heights. There was a seven-foot stump on the lot, with its gigantic roots lovingly embracing the heart of British Columbia, just a nice year's work for an expert miner. The real estate man never noticed that stump. Before us was Vancouver Harbor in all its beauty, shining forth in spite of all man's efforts to disfigure it. He made the most of that harbor, and then was in the graciousness of his heart willing to let me have Vancouver Harbor and that lot for a thousand dollars. He did not own Vancouver Harbor but this was a mere quibble, for had he not sold it a thousand times before? He did not mention either that when he had sold the next lot, the view for which he was charging at least six hundred dollars would be confined to seeing the lady next door hanging out the family washing.

He told me it was a good "buy." I answered in the most casual and meaningless way that it was a good "sell," indeed, because normally I consider it very poor taste to correct anyone's grammar, this including some of my own. I told him that I would consider it, but unfortunately there was no time for consideration as he was going to sell it to another client that night.

But a worker who had saved money would see that it was a good buy, a view like that. He would build castles in the air there, and people them with wife and children. He would pay four hundred down and the rest he would promise to pay in three years and interest at eight per cent. With the possibilities of illness in the family, and the insecurity of employment at the end of three years the real estate man would again own the lot, and five or six hundred that had been paid on it. Then he would have his web spread for the next worker who had saved money, and for whom hope could be stretched into a golden rainbow with one end resting on that stump and the other end over Vancouver Harbor.

Here is something it is worth while to remember. It is not so profitable to sell real estate to a capitalist as it is to sell it to a worker who has saved a little money. The capitalist will not pay so much for it, and then when one has sold it to a capitalist it remains sold. On the other hand by selling to a worker one gets more than the price each time in first payment, and then gets eight per cent for three years, and then one can sell it again to




CAPITAL AND LABOR

another worker. There are almost infinite possibilities for workers to pave hell with merely one lot.

**Another Graveyard of Hopes**

Last year I was in Fort George, British Columbia, which is a town with not more than two thousand souls as the saying is although giving them all credit for souls is a poetic lapse into the ridiculous, made necessary by the absurdity of giving souls to some of the modern writers earlier in this article. But this at least is true, that Fort George was the graveyard of the hopes of at least ten thousand workers who had saved money, and who were to emancipate themselves from slavery through real estate there.

A man who was radically inclined, a reformed preacher by the way, who is now a reader of the Pioneer, and owns a taxi stand, brought me around to show me the Vision of Fort George of 1912, in the cold, grey light of 1925. We passed beside mile after mile of those lot stakes that mark these graves of dead ambitions, dead hopes, and dead good intentions. And still there were other vistas of other grave plots, for Fort George was as large as Chicago in territory in 1912 and '13. It was and is a New York of stakes with a puny Main Street at its center.

Then he showed me Birmingham, the industrial section of Fort George, where the many thousands of workers in the varied industries, in the factories, shops and boiler works were to supply the opulent wealth for the metropolis on paper. It was not new to me, merely a new angle, as in 1912, I had been doing newspaper work and had visioned the wonders of Birmingham through the glowing adjectives of real estate advertisers, and had with them seen the flames from blast furnaces fracture the night, and the chang of machines drowning the stars above Fort George. But now I saw the real Birmingham across the river, the naked bluffs ashamed of their nakedness, and the lots that had cost thousands of dollars with the stakes that marked them darkened until they were lost among the scrub spruce. The only industry there that we could find after painstaking investigation, was the industry of a cow that was trying to make a living under not too favorable circumstances. I had forty-two dollars, and as the fare to Vancouver was only twenty-nine, I was sorely tempted to buy the industrial city of Birmingham with the balance.

My religious friend who thinks that God is sending messages for me through him, that he has to work through intermediaries like the walker telling the straw boss so the straw boss can tell the worker—the oldest of the superstitions—tells me to be careful not to pave hell with my good intentions.

**Organization: The Only Game We Can Win**

I will not, brother. I know hopes are rather deceptive, and not very nourishing; that good intentions may be fine in their place, if one wants to pave hell for instance, but that there is only one game that the workers can play to win and that is the game of organization. Through it they can make this world not the hell of robbery and loot and outrage that it is, but a heaven of service, beauty, and progress.

I also have my religion, and a part of it is that the most contemptible crime a worker can commit is to steal from himself, his wife and children of the product of his labor to give to idlers. I also, in my weak way, would be an apostle of the Future in the mad welter of avarice, and extortion, in these last days of a dying and doomed social system that must also be the doom of humanity unless the workers organize for life in the midst of the chaos that darkens all around. I also know that Saint Peter, grand old fighter that he is described, could have but the stormiest of contempt for workers who tried to cringe and crawl into heaven after cringing and crawling before the robbers and looters of the earth. As slaves who are willing to be slaves are the lowest of created things, so is nature's greatest work a slave forced erect by the determination to be free, with the confidence of a solidarity wider than any other and the song of progress and the future on his lips, the noblest and most God-like thing that nature has produced. He has already achieved immortality, because he has already become a part of the future. The religion of any man who would live in this world, see its crimes against the children of the mills, its clubbing of women, its robbery of the useful and the creative, and do or say nothing to expose those evils and to cure them, and then try to sneak into heaven is too contemptible and detestable a religion for me.

The paving of hell with good intentions is an unorganized industry. It's a scab job. It needs the I. W. W. to put a stop to it.



# THE MAY-DAY SPIRIT

By *JERGER*



# Where are the Radicals of Yesterday?

By ROBERT WHITAKER
(Editor, THE OPEN FORUM)

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the Socialist Party in the United States of America was just getting under way effectively, and had all the vigor and hopefulness of youth. Many comrades were confident that Eugene V. Debs would be elected President of the United States, possibly by 1912, quite certainly not later than 1916. Even more conservative comrades who smiled at this superficial optimism, and in the light of history read more soberly the charts of prophecy, were more than half persuaded that the social millennium was at hand. Did not the vote for Debs mount from one election to another in a way to encourage the expectation that political socialism might speedily become a most influential factor in our state and national legislatures? And beyond the political field came the yet more promising movement of the workers under the leadership of the Industrial Workers Of The World, and kindred organizations, toward the realization of economic solidarity. Even the farmers of the Northwest created an agricultural organization which seemed likely to carry to a success far beyond anything the Populists or Greenbackers had previously realized the revolt of the American farmer against capitalist exploitation. There were many clouds on our American horizon which gave promise then of covering the heavens and breaking in such out-pourings of popular wrath and democratic action as would sweep away the money oligarchy of America without the the necessity of any such violent collisions of power as accompanied the passing of the slave oligarchy in the period of our great Civil War.

It is true that in the midst of this general optimism on the part of progressives generally Jack London published his pessimistic story of **"The Iron Heel."** We read it with that interest and admiration which all of his work elicited then among the radicals of America, who counted London's popular success in the fields of literature, maintained as it was side by side with outspoken devotion on his part to the cause of the social revolution, as one of the encouraging signs that the people were rapidly coming our way. Even the bourgeoisie did not refuse to read him, and his "People Of The Abyss," and the shorter but more challenging, "What Life Means To Me", in which he poured out his contempt on the comfortable classes and openly ranged himself with the world's proletariat, rejoiced our hearts with the persuasion that the world's workers were at last entering into their own. The sensational success of Upton Sinclair's famous expose of the Chicago stock yards in "The Jungle," and the enormous subscription list of **The Appeal To Reason** were added reasons for taking London's pessimistic anticipations of what the American money oligarchy was likely to do as but the indulgence on his part of his love of the dramatic and the horrific. We took his warning kindly enough, but with no serious anticipation that his imaginations were ever likely to become realities, but were the justifiable exaggerations of a novelist's dream.

That which has happened to us is worse in a way than that which London portrayed. At least his workers were alive, and their defeat was not in themselves but in the overwhelming physical forces which were utilized against them.

### People Indifferent to Class War Prisoners

Nothing of the kind has happened, because nothing of that sort has been necessary. There were plenty of indications in the quarter century before London wrote that the American money lords were willing enough to turn upon the workers with ruthless fury and wipe them out wholesale, as the story of Homestead will recall. Such willingness toward unmitigated violence in their own interests is obvious enough on the part of the big capitalists today. But they have had no occasion to call upon their resources for destruction of the working class. The workers, especially since the days of the world war, have fallen into a mass apathy, and even an active self-complacency of acquiescence in the capitalist regime which is worth more to the American plunderbund than would be an army of a million men enlisted on their behalf if the workers as a whole were awake to their own interests and banded together in working class solidarity.

Mooney and Billings are still in jail, and there is no serious effort on the part of the American workers to get them out today. In California, not only have these two unjustly imprisoned champions of labor lost their fight to arouse the people on their behalf, but scores of their fellow industrial agitators lie unheeded in San Quentin and Folsom, and the popular indifference concerning their fate is as impenetrable as the walls of these capitalist

bastiles themselves. A flurry of interest rises for a moment when a cultured and highly connected woman like Anita Whitney is threatened with actual incarceration at San Quentin, but the flurry is as inconsequential as a desert wind, and dies down to the deadness of utter drought again as soon as the case is referred back to the interminable dilly dallying of the courts. The public watches the performance with about as much interest as a village store-keeper exhibits in the play of a cat with a mouse.

Meanwhile the Progressive bloc in the American Congress is a joke, the Democrats join forces with the Republican looters and accept practically the whole program of Wall Street as dictated to the party in power as if they were themselves the primary political beneficiaries of it. Calvin Coolidge, the obviously most inconsequential figure the presidency has known in all its history and the most openly subservient instrument of the capitalist class who has served in that conspicuous place since American capitalism overthrew the slaveocracy of the South, is more popular than any American president has ever been in his own day for at least a hundred years, and the sweep of American reaction is such that Fundamentalism in the churches, and the triumph of bootlegging in the community at large are the items of chief popular interest just now. There is vastly more interest on the part of the workers in the United States in free beer than there is in free thought, and the one time leaders of radical agitation in America are now engaged in promoting health fads, various and sundry money-making concessions, lecturing for or against prohibition of the liquor traffic, or making good their own economic security out of the widespread "prosperity" which we have achieved for the hour because of our position as the credit-giving nation of the world, than they are in the now utterly disheartening endeavor to awaken the forces of democracy here, and consolidate labor on its own behalf.

If I have drawn the picture darkly, nothing that I have said is as discouraging as the facts themselves. Only the statement as I have made it might seem to have in it a note of cynicism and despair of human nature, as if the facts were the fault of human beings who have fallen down in their enthusiasms of years ago, and have abandoned their convictions out of sheer human infidelity to a great cause and the opportunities of the hour. I want to avoid any such conclusion from the frank setting forth of the situation which I have made.

There is nothing in the American situation in particular, or the world situation as a whole which calls for any despair concerning man, or any cynicism toward the Great Cause. We simply have been slow to get away from the notion that our job was merely a matter of whooping it up sufficiently for an ideal, and thereby putting it over. We have all been preachers too much, and scientists too little. And so we are yet. Even our scientists, so far as we commonly go in the use of that term, are mere chatterers of childish idealism when it comes to the social question. Their present-day fads on lines of the new Malthusianism, drawn properly enough from an English preacher who wrote at the end of the Eighteenth Century, the sort of stuff that Wiggam gets off at Five Hundred Dollars a lecture, and Stoddard makes into Harold Bell Wright ethnological fiction, has a tremendous vogue just now because American "scholarship" is eager for anything that will look like solving the economic issue without making a really economic approach to it. Real science, as applied to the central human problem, that of managing our material affairs in the common interest, is hardly existent in America today. But the preachments have broken down, except this pseudo-science which I have pilloried above, and as for the rest it is mainly a matter of getting a living for a few people who can make more money preaching "new psychology," "new thought," or some other newly phrased idealism than they can make in the industrial world.

### "Out of Chaos New Worlds Are Born"

The radicals of yesterday were most of them but preachers, after all. I use the term "preachers" here in no restricted sense, as applying to the "men of the cloth" particularly, nor am I thinking of the fact that many of the prominent platform men of the American Socialist movement were men who had been pulpiteers before they became soap-boxers. The rationalists are quite as much preachers as are the churchmen, inasmuch as they also concern themselves mainly with words and ideas and not with actual economic organization and evolution. The more virulent persecution directed against the I. W. W. has been due in large part to the fact that preaching was less prominent with them, and "action" more emphasized.

The present slump is much more a slump in preaching than it is a backset in economic evolution toward a different world order. There has been really no backset, but an enormous advance. Capitalism could not be stopped by a lot of pretty talk, whether it was in terms of German "democracy," or in Fabian English, or in political Americanism. The effort to slow up appreciably the development of world capitalism by either oratory or balloting was bound to be brushed aside. Doubtless it has its evolutionary place, and the work of yesterday, even if it was mainly immediately futile will probably prove to have contributed something to the building up of those understandings which are yet to prevail. But on the whole understanding must wait on the movement of life itself. And what we are witnessing now is a movement of the life of capitalism such

as laughs to scorn those who would just talk against it, or ruthlessly suppresses them and makes the indulgence in radical oratory too expensive for anybody but a real revolutionist, with whom oratory is likely to be at a discount anyway. Yet is this increasing momentum of world capitalism the very thing which is hastening it to its destruction, and bringing to pass a world situation in which direct action by the workers on a world scale cannot be long deferred. We are in the trough of the waves just now, descending from the top crest of idealistic radicalism, which was broken and shattered by the world war and its aftermath, and not yet far up on the coming wave of actual class collision in which the most conservative of the workers are going to be forced to save themselves by crashing against world capitalism. And when that crash comes there will be found leaders again, who will talk no longer in terms of political idealism but will deal with the situation as organizers and administrators of the economic power of the working class. But mark you, this is not a day of retreat, it is a day of tremendous and irresistible advance toward the realization of the world empire of labor. The talkers have fallen away. But the workers are beginning to emerge in a united front that will encompass the globe.

# THE WORLD WILL

By COVINGTON AMI

**Hear me, ye who sit in purple splendor 'round old Mammon's throne!**
**Hear me, all ye sons of Moloch, ye who make the Race to mourn!**
**Hear me, too, ye pand'ring statesmen guarding where their black flag waves!**
**Hear me, too, ye tinseled Marshals heading their embattled slaves!**
**Hear me, all ye hireling teachers, all ye priesthoods who have sold**
**Truth, the Holy Spirit, and have turned Love's glowing words to gold!**
**Hear me, all ye House of Mammon, all who bend at Moloch's shrine,**
**We, the Workers, soon are coming in a fury all divine!**

**Heart-aflame and by love driven, nation-parted now no more,**
**We are gathering for the battle that the Seers foretold of yore;**
**From all peoples we are coming, from the field, mine, wood and town,**
**And the fight shall not be ended till the Servile State goes down:**
**There shall be, when we have finished, for all children home and hearth,**
**And the songs of happy mothers shall be heard throughout the Earth;**
**There shall be no fallen women, there shall be no broken men,**
**There shall be no homeless outcasts on the broad Earth's bosom then.**

**All the steel that now surrounds you, naked-handed we shall break;**
**All the laws that now protect you, these as nothing we shall make;**
**All the words of your false prophets unto you shall be as dust,**
**And the spider seal the temples where your stricken idols rust;**
**All your gilded, glittering savagery our hands shall sweep away,**
**And the maidens ye have ruined shall demand of you their pay;**
**All your monstrous art shall perish from the Earth's insulted plain,**
**All your reeking hovel cities shall go back to hell again!**

**There shall be no King above us, there shall be no Slave below,**
**There, in Labor's grand Republic, only freedom we shall know!**
**We are gathering, we are coming, far and wide the World around,**
**Truth the north star of our legions, all the Earth our battleground!**
**Rising, coming in love-anger, moving forward by its light,**
**Coming, coming hungry-hearted for the last, decisive fight!**
**Coming, coming from our thralldom, coming victors over all! —**
**We have heard the World Will speaking!—We have heard the Race Soul call!**

# WHAT LIFE MEANS TO A WORKER

## The Story of the Past Winter Semester at the Work Peoples' College



By CLIFFORD B. ELLIS
Instructor at
Work Peoples' College

THEY had seen much in life. They wanted to know its meaning—to interpret it in terms of their own experience. They were a motley gathering. There were over seventy men and a few women—all of the working class. Some were sailors who had sailed the seven seas and been in half the ports of the earth. Some came from the mines of Montana and Wyoming. There were sheepherders from the sage-plains of the Far West. There were craftsmen of various trades. Saskatchewan and Alberta sent their contingent and there were boys who had followed the cycle of the harvest from Texas to the Dakotas, and who knew every yard bull and hard-boiled "push" from Denver Bob and Ole of Ashland to Maricopa Slim of Arizona and Jimmy Under-the-belt of Minnesota. One had beaten his way in the dead of winter from far Saskatoon, with his tuition money concealed upon his person. There was just enough money to make it. There was nothing left over for railroad fare. It was below zero. Much of the way he had to ride outside, exposed to the icy blasts of an almost arctic winter. But he was there. Such is the thirst for education among the workers.

The bell tinkled in the long hall. From the dormitories down the stairs came a rush of many feet and they gathered in the class rooms, eager, expectant, is search of the knowledge that would aid in the struggle to break the shackles of slavery that bound their class. They had saved and skimped and foregone many comforts to get together the price of this season of study and here they were. The winter semester of the Work Peoples' College was open.

### Internationalism of I. W. W. Shown

Only the I. W. W. could have inspired such a gathering. In one group of nine English-speaking students there were represented Sweden, Ireland, Canada, Scotland, Germany, Finland, Russia, America and England. They were of various ages from pink-cheeked twenty to grizzled forty-five. Some had a primary education; some had passed the grammar grades, and a very few had advanced even further. But in all there persisted the same conviction. The capitalistic interpretation of life was false to the workers' interests and perversive of truth. The school of hard knocks had taught them that. They wanted to undo the evil of the years and get re-oriented—to understand with Jack London, "what life means to me."

Through the windows and from the grounds about the College is the vista of Spirit Lake and its island-dotted surface. Now it was a-shimmer with ice and snow, across which the sun cast its crimson bars. Each island rose from the snowy surface of the lake, a sugar-loaf of glistening white, with dark traceries of leafless boughs fringing its shore like filmy lace. Northward lay the city of Duluth; across the lake the dim outlines of buildings gave a hint of the city of Superior; around a bend in the lake shore lay Gary, the model city of the Great Steel Baron, where everything from human morals to molasses is cut to measure and adjusted to suit the dictatorial tastes and interests of the master. Its children are born in the shadow of smoke-stacks and church spires and live their lives between the alarm-clock, the hum of the machines and, of a Sunday, the droning of cut-to-fit steel trust sermons; for Jesus and Gary are in alliance here. Nothing is allowed to happen in this model village that does not chime with steel profits.

### How The Instruction Is Given

And under the very shadow of this steel trust citadel, it was the function of the Work Peoples' College to teach the neglected truths of capitalist production and how it affects the workers. These workers have traversed thousands of miles for that. They had paid their hard-earned dollars for that. They had, in many cases, endured the hardships of box-car transit to reach the College for the attainment of this knowledge.

How could this be accomplished? Economics and and sociology are not easy subjects to teach or to acquire. If scholars of careful training find Marx, the sole capable exponent of capitalist production, difficult and obscure, how were these men to be expected to grasp his difficult analysis of value and surplus value? How could the complex problems of sociology, with their roots in human origins and psychology be made clear to these men whom capitalistic greed had forced from school at the very dawn of life?

The first lesson of the morning session was in economics. The class period was from eight to nine o'clock. We opened with the reading in class of Mary E. Marcy's "Shop Talks on Economics." Its words are simple. Its lessons are direct. They reflect the daily experience of the worker. The students read each a paragraph at a time. From the blackboard the instructor followed step by step, turning now and then to the board to illustrate in graphic outline some cogent lesson of the text. The students were earnest and attentive. They did not laugh when some reader stumbled over an unfamiliar word. They were there to help, not to ridicule.

### Making The Grade To Marx

At nine-fifty the session bell sent its tinkling summons through the halls and the classes filed out to realign themselves in other classes, or to repair to their rooms for an interval of study. The courses were elective. In the twenty class-room hours per week which constituted the elective course of the average student, English grammar and composition, arithmetic, translation, public speaking, bookkeeping and secretarial work, organization and History of American Labor were among those included in the courses selected by most of the students.

In the History of American Labor, Perlman's and Commons' texts were used selectively as sources, but broad discursions were made to include a comprehensive survey of the labor union movement of America from its beginnings down to contemporary unionism. Here comparative studies were made of the American Federation of Labor, its structure and methods, the I. W. W. in history, theory and practice, and contemporary communism. The utmost latitude for discussion was allowed and much clearer conceptions of the various movements were the result of the studies. The history of revolutionary crises was introduced and their economic causes traced. The famous dictum of Fellow Worker J. A. McDonald seemed to prevail, that "a proletarian revolution is possible in a nation of smokestacks but it can not occur in a nation of haystacks."

In economics the introductory course in Marcy's pamphlet furnished an outline sufficient to accustom the student to logical methods of study. A few weeks of this discipline, a period of defin-



Students At Work In Classroom

ing terms and accustoming the student to individual application and research, and then the class was introduced to the text of Marx's "Capital." Paragraph by paragraph, chapter by chapter, from "Commodities" to "Modern Theory of Colonization," the first volume was read and digested. At first by reading in class, then by direct instruction and questions, and finally the entire volume was reviewed step by step by interpretative lectures on the text with blackboard demonstrations.

There is an interval in each mid-forenoon and mid-afternoon during which the students repair to the big kitchen where coffee simmers on the great range and a light lunch is laid out for all to help themselves. It breaks the monotony of class-room tension and lends a social atmosphere of home to the daily routine. At noon the community dining room with its long tables is filled with hungry students and again at six o'clock, dinner is served. The food is wholesome and plentiful. From the dinner hour until bed-time coffee is kept piping hot on the kitchen range and the students are at liberty to help themselves at will.

**Sociology, Biology, Anthropology**

The first subject of the afternoon is sociology. The introductory text used was Engels' "Origin of the Family." The same method as in economics was used. Reading from the text was followed by discussion. Difficult terms and passages were defined and interpreted and side lights thrown upon the subject from historical and sociological source books. This work was followed by Lester Ward's "Dynamic Sociology." These methods demonstrated the capacity of the average mature worker to follow even the most difficult text if properly introduced. The class in sociology not only followed the rather abstruse pages of Ward, but entered into the subject with enthusiasm and understanding beyond that of the average student of greater advantages in antecedent training. Throughout the course, excursions into biology, psychology, geology and various related branches were made. The different theories of evolution, the theories of Lamarck, Darwin and Weismann as well as the mutationists, Mendal and De Vries, were analyzed and compared. "Ancient Society" by Morgan was discussed in the light of Morgan's later critics, the pluralists, Tyler, Boas and Goldenweiser, and Vern Smith's series in the Pioneer, "Was Morgan Wrong?" came into service as source material. Theories of population, from Malthus to Spencer, were discussed and tested by modern statistics and data.

In the field of social research, applied methods, surveys and direct investigations were unnecessary. Not a student but had garnered in his own experience sufficient practical aspects of life and adventure to furnish abundant illustrative material. There was a sailor, a Russian by parentage, who had roamed the "Never-Never Land" of North Australia; who knew the street of Buenos Ayres and the Boca of Rio as well as he knew the purlieus of South Chicago. He had deserted the sea and wandered to the plains of Colorado and Wyoming where he herded the woolies. He had traversed the scenes of Zane Grey's novels, knew the site of the Hidden Valley and had personally met the inhabitants of Robbers' Roost. And he could interpret his impressions. Read this free-verse genre picture of the sheep-herder from his pen:



This Will Be Done Only When Proletarian Education Triumphs

### THE SHEEP HERDER

Consider the sheep herder.
He is a little known atom in the immense swirl of the world-life about us—
A piece of human flotsam, drifted far out upon the sage-plains of the West.
His main job in life is to be lonely.
Loneliness is not a thing that comes to him now and then like a headache or the nerves:
It is part of his daily life to be lonely.
There is no one to whom he may talk;
All around him, like waves of a desolate, grey sea, roll the shadowy sage-plains—and infinite expanse.
Now and then, he goes mad from loneliness and disappears into the yawning void rather than bear the interminable repetend of self-communion and introspection.
But these are the weaklings—the men who do not understand that companionship does not necessarily mean the company of humans.
The sheep-herder (that is, the real one) has solved the problem of loneliness by making the whole world his intimate and companion.
The sky is his friend; for he can lie in his wagon and watch the sun and the clouds by day,
And count the stars by night.
Every insect that crawls, or flies, or squirms, is an intimate acquaintance;
For many a day has been passed away just in watching an ant-hill and trying to figure out what all the activity is about.
Even the dangerous rattlesnake is almost out of the enemy class.

Out there, when you ride the plains,
You see towering piles of rocks a-top the sandy hills reaching high into the sky.
Great boulders form their bases—boulders that required the struggling strength and labor of days to move into place.
Sometimes the rocks themselves have been carried for quite a distance across smooth sand and rutty washes,
Finally to be placed upon the stack with the rest.

Monuments, they are—
Great, towering monuments
That have cost the time and labor of days to build;
And yet, when you ask whose graves they cover—
What battles they commemorate—
You learn that they were built by sheep-herders
For no other purpose than to pass the time away—
To pass the time away—building great, high-reaching monuments
To the Gods of Loneliness.

And yet we, who live where there are things to see, and people to talk to,
We whine against the world and say,
There is nothing to live for!

There was another little lad from North Dakota. He was only six feet and four inches in height and tipped the beam at two hundred and thirty. Of course they called him "Shorty" and "Little Boy." What other name could fit among men whose lives had been filled with contacts with the ironies of existence? "Little Boy" had wandered far. He knew the plains of Texas and the pavements of a dozen great cities. Bronzed and hardy, he had such physical strength and health as all men might envy. He knew life. He wanted to know its deeper meanings. And both he and the sheep-herder-sailor were energetic in their pursuit and acquirement of knowledge. They entered with spirit into the class discussions, took copious notes, seized upon the technique of study readily and browsed through the library, entering upon new fields of discovery like

***stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific; and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

One of the characteristics so frequently observed among these working class students is the remarkable taste for the excellent in literature. Perhaps it is because they are still intellectually vigorous with the vigor born of insatiety; perhaps it is their intimate contacts with practical existence that gives them a true sense of artistic values; but however that may be, they quickly grasped the finer shades of meaning of such artists as Swinburne, Tennyson, Omar Khayyam (Fitzgerald), and the more obvious if still pleasing quality of Robert W. Service. Love of art is not necessarily coupled with aesthetic degeneration, in spite of the cubists and the longhaired denizens of Greenwich Village.

#### Physical Exercise, Debates and Socials

As winter progressed, the lake froze solid. Long walks over its glassy surface and excursions afoot about the islands were made for recreation and exercise. Skating was indulged in by those who fancied it for it is less than a stone's throw from the College grounds to the lake shore. At night there were dances and debates on subjects of interest to the workers. "Birth Control," "Is the World Growing Better?" and "Do Workers Pay Taxes?" were threshed out in the light of Marxian economics. There is a gymnasium equipped with apparatus, parallel bars, rings, boxing gloves, wrestling mat, etc., and regular classes were trained by a physical director. The shower and tub baths are next to the gym and there is ample accommodation for all the students.

#### Spring Means The Exodus

Spring came. The winds grew softer and the snow disappeared from the landscape. Little sparrows chirped under the windows, winking at their mates and suggestively bearing stray bits of moss and grass in their bills. The sun crept northward and the days lengthened. The season of labor was at hand. One by one or in pairs the students turned to the "point of production." Some went to the mines. Others with gaze far afield and the long, long thoughts of youth, "grabbed an armful of box-cars" and beat it westward to the farms of Dakota. Some turned again to the sea, their chosen field of labor. The classes thinned to a lingereing few. Capitalism does not permit its slaves to tarry long at study or recreation. If the education of the workers is to progress, it must be by persistent effort and sacrifice upon their part. If these students are to return for another term, they must make and save another winter stake during the summer.

The season was a successful one. The need for working class education in their own interest is evidenced by the continued elimination by capitalistic universities of progressive instructors. Even as I write, there lie before me clippings from the Denver Post recounting the dismissal of two members of the faculty of Denver University for delving too deeply into the facts of the workers' lives. And last week, Scott Nearing was debarred from the

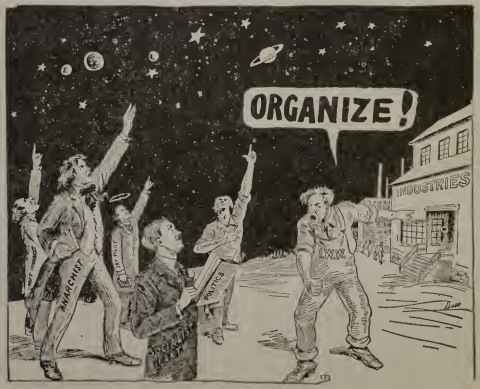


In The Gymnasium

campus of the University of Minnesota. If there is no need for a workers' college, why in the name of so-called "social control" do the capitalists seem so eager to convert their own institutions into instruments of class rule and propaganda? Listen to this from Lester Ward's "Dynamic Sociology," Vol. II.

**"It must not be forgotten that a system of education to be worthy of the name must be framed for the great proletariat. Most systems of education seem designed exclusively for the sons of the wealthy gentry, who are supposed to have nothing else to do in life but seek the highest culture in the most approved and fashionable ways. But the great mass, too, need educating. They need the real, solid meat of education in the most concentrated form assimilable. They have strong mental stomachs, and little time. They can not afford to take slow, winding paths; they must move direct'y through.**

Men interpret life in terms of experience and education. They reason from such data as they have acquired. There is no such thing as a line of division between the theoretical and the practical. Learning is vicarious experience. The workers must stick to the first star of the I. W. W. emblem and continue to educate as well as to agitate and organize. By so doing they will continue to build "the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."






# The Big I in Italy

"All in favor say I. . . . The Mussolinis have it. So ordered!"

Just before sailing for Africa Mussolini was shot in the nose by a woman from Ireland. Some day it will not be his nose.



# Mussolini

## The Failing Strong Man

By ARTURO MATTEOTTI, Jr.

**Having Arranged for the Abolition of the Italian Senate, Mussolini, Filled with the Old, Old Dreams of Empire, Just Sailed for Tripoli on a Warship. It Is a Strange Business For a Man Who Will Probably Not Outlive the Present Year.**

ACCEPTANCE of the Marxian theory of class struggles carries with it the implication of consistent resort to violence by the classes in history holding supremacy. And this has been the case in all countries. With the presence of classes class struggles are inevitable corollaries.

Oppressed classes embrace violent methods only sporadically; ruling classes, primarily through governments, discharge the technique of suppression as a matter of diurnal routine. The armed forces of the state are permanent entities; armies, navies and police are fixed institutions.

These are facts that the man in the street ordinarily does not understand. His mind is so dulled and poisoned by the mental violence of bourgeois institutions, the press, church, schools and industries, that only the spectacular commands his attention, although it by no means explains to him the forces releasing the spectacles and what part they play in the drama of class warfare. He does not know that they are merely conspicuous outbursts of a conflict which halts for no armistice and knows no peace; a struggle so ceaseless that even in the hours of relative industrial tranquility we have only an armed truce, except where the slaves are so fully enervated that they lack the will to wait watchfully for a propitious moment again to strike a blow.

Lest these generalizations lure me to a digression I shall now proceed at once to a consideration of the Italian dictatorship. Events in Italy have been so sanguinarily spectacular for several years that some aspects of the situation have been refracted, more or less distorted, on the circumscribed vision of workers in your country. It is important that they learn something about Fascism through your excellent magazine.

### America and Fascism

Last year I was in the United States, where I heard both praise and condemnation of Fascism. At a meeting of avowed American constitutionalists a speaker won great applause by stating with due earnestness, "Thank God we have no Fascism in America!" Knowing, perhaps even better than he and his audience, the embryonic nature as well as

the matured virtues of Fascism, I sympathized with the demonstration of liberal exuberance. But my mental reservation loomed large to the effect that the grateful expressions to omnipotence were offered without having reckoned with facts. In America there exist all the elements by which to hammer out a prototype Fascism on the anvil of economic and social circumstances.

Your Mr. Gary has nothing but laudatory remarks for Black Shirtism, and your Mr. Morgan is financing the Italian terror. These astute gentlemen understand the class character of modern society quite well, and they would circumvent red revolution of the exploited by the full flower of reaction summed up in Fascism.

Precisely, this means a tighter strangle-hold on the throat of the working class. Now, in practise just how does this dictatorship work? To answer that question properly it is necessary to review, concisely, Italian conditions out of which the Fascist monster sprang. The very name harks back to the ancient Roman Empire, and in the beginning of the Fascist movement its leading exponents attempted to recruit membership from working class ranks by appeals to patriotic sentiment. The glory that was Imperial Rome's was to be Italy's ideal in her relation to the rest of the insignificant world. These inflated notions failed, however, to fill Italian workers' bellies. Large numbers of these workers cherished other ideals. They had powerful economic organizations and also a numerous parliamentary representation in the personnel of Socialist deputies.

### Italian Bosses Use Black Shirts

Presently it became obvious to the new apostles of Italian magnificance that the working class field was an arena where the advancing tread would crush out the seeds of Fascism. Capitalist ears thereafter were the objectives of Fascism, and the capitalists were constrained to listen with sympathy because they were afraid of the rising strength of organized Italian workers and their revolutionary disposition.

A little later when these workers seized a number of factories, raising crimson flags over them, while Italian ships were floating the same red emblems of proletarian revolution, the bourgeoisie made full use of the Fascisti to wipe out the working class movement in Italy. This movement was itself cleft into opposing factions. The larger number supported indirect or legislative action, the minority direct or economic action. Fascism, led by the murderous opportunist, Benito Mussolini, drove its daggers at the hearts of both factions.

The unions were immediately outlawed, all of them, and parliament became an ornament of what had been the legislative machinery of capitalist democracy. Union leaders and members were attacked and assassinated; union halls were either burned or stolen for Fascist uses; the workers' press was captured, in some cases the plants being smashed and in others being utilized to issue Mussolini's vicious propaganda. Elections became a grim farce. There was, in brief, a total destruction of the visible and physical assets of the labor movement.

### Fascism Entrenches Itself

The Italian ruling class were elated at this obliteration of a menacing revolutionary power, and at first they were perfectly willing to assume a genuflectory pose before this god of destruction, because, as you say in America, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." They looked upon the machinery of terror as their own instrument, invested with no authority but to dam the working class tide of revolt. But the machinery was composed of flesh and blood—and ambition. The Fascisti learned to regard themselves as more than a tool used by frightened exploiters in the hour of emergency. The Black Shirts declared their permanent value and their determination to continue in their arbitrary role superior to the ordinary civil government.

In all of this you plainly see the negation of capitalist democratic procedure. The throne of Mussolini now shakes very perceptibly because the capitalist class of Italy no longer needs a Fascist weapon. The workers are crushed. On the other hand, traditions of modern civilization are strong and the numerous social strata holding them dear are protesting. In fact they have been protesting for quite a long time.

Less powerful bourgeois groups resent having parliamentary action reduced to nothing, and the liberals blaze angrily against this straightjacket which pinches them, although we may remark, incidentally, that we have yet to see where they were ever wroth in Italy by any purely anti-proletarian violence.

### Catholic Church Attitude

In an effort to find parliamentary representation in the April, 1924, elections at Milan the Catholic People's Party bore the brunt of Fascist outrages. Mussolini personally directed lootings, burnings, beatings and two murders because the Fascists had received only a minority of the votes in spite of all their intimidation. Cooperatives were destroyed, stocks were stolen, and workingmen's clubs were burned down, while wholesale bludgeoning was practised.

Thus it will be seen that Black Shirt lust for power now brings into the scope of its venomous onslaughts elements outside of the working class movement proper, and elements that actually stand in bitter opposition to social revolution. This entails complications which will ultimately secure the forcible abolition of Italian Fascism.

An incident which strikingly reveals the attitude of the Catholic Church occurred in Pisa in the winter of 1924-1925. Three members of the Catholic Party were murdered, and the cooperatives and




**The Dictator Says That War Is Inevitable, and All of Italy's Acts Are those of a Government Deliberately Setting Out To Provoke It. Above is Represented War's Ghastly Horrors for Workers. The World War Had 30,000,000 Fatalities.**

clubs of this party were robbed and destroyed. Cardinal Maffi, Archbishop of Pisa, telegraphed to Rome, "As a bishop I weep; as an Italian I am disgraced." And then the following secret message was sent:

**To the Prefects of Florence and Pisa:**

**In view of the unfavorable repercussion of the Vatican arising from the recent anti-Catholic incidents, it will be well for the local directors of the Fascisti Provincial Federation to visit the headquarters of the archbishop and present official expressions of regret and renewed declaratiens of high respect which Fascism has for the Catholic religion. MUSSOLINI.**

The eminent Archbishop of Pisa did not weep as a bishop so long as the Black Shirts respected the black cassock and confined their murders, rapes, thefts, arsons, maimings and general outrages to the persons and property of militant workers. But when mad Mussolini sets upon good Catholics and their property His Eminence is "disgraced." As a matter of record he and the Papal authority were disgraced several years ago when the relations between the "Prisoner of the Vatican" and the dictatorship were so cordial that the former contemplated emergence from the self-imposed "incarceration," and reports were current that His Holiness would soon walk on the streets of Rome.

We should also bear in mind that the Fascist membership is overwhelmingly Catholic. But they are on a sort of spree. They are tasting their power, temporarily impervious to the jeopardy in which they have placed their immortal souls.

The chasm yawning between the papacy and the terror can have but one interpretation. It means that Fascism is losing its grip. The revelations of the Matteotti murder trial are rousing the anti-Fascist groups, and without the strong support of big capital in Italy Mussolini's sun is setting. His desperately ridiculous acts have lately shown him to be ill and worried. No wonder!

### Dictator Gives Orders To Kill

A large number of documents in Mussolini's hand are here in France. He usually writes his own messages and has secretaries take them to be typed. Out of motives of self-protection these secretaries often preserve the original manuscripts. Several of these secretaries have been forced into political exile. Among other papers showing the dictator to be a fiendish murderer is one which, when translated into English, reads:

**Ministry of Foreign Affairs**
**Prefect**
**Turin**

**I am told that the well-known Gobetti was recently in Paris and that he is now in Sicily Stop Please inform me and see that you render life still more difficult for this insipid opposer of the Government and Fascism.**
**MUSSOLINI.**

Dr. Pietro Gobetti was a young writer, twenty-

three years old, who edited a liberal political and literary review. He suffered from heart disease. Yet life was to be made more difficult for him. The Fascist police raided and sacked his home and offices, and even before the death message was sent Gobetti had been beaten almost to death. He managed to outwit the assassins' stiletto and died in bed —hounded to death instead.

Such acts as these render the Black Shirts offensive in nostrils that are not keen when ordinary workingmen are murdered for their opinions and activities.

I previously said that there is a Fascist framework in the United States. Students of the class struggle on this side of the Atlantic regard the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan as reactionary factions of such sinister flexibility that they may easily be extended for the repressive purposes of the American bourgeoisie whenever needed. This observation is not offered to discourage my readers, but rather to forearm them. The rulers in America are playing their class role, and eventually the workers of America will rise to negotiate their historic obligation. They will the more quickly succeed if they estimate the forces against them without attempts at discounting the capitalist strength. It is not a wise rule to minimize the power of one's opponents. Instead it is the better part of wisdom to calculate carefully and to equip ourselves as best we can for a hard battle against a terrific and merciless adversary.

**Workers Must Seize Industries**

Mussolini worries because he feels the end coming for his regime. There are millions of people throughout the world who wish to see avenged not only the staggering villainy in Italy but the murder of orphans in Corfu. A strong dictator would never have brayed at the shackled Germans in the parlance of the alley rat. He has sown the wind and he can not expect to reap a zephyr. A mighty tide of resentment is rising in Italy which is sure to engulf Fascism and its upholders. A whirlwind will break soon to cleanse the country of this Black Plague, and to crush the head of its serpent.

Dictatorships do not resolve capitalism's contradictions. The social and economic antagonisms are multiplied by them. Surplus value, extracted in greater sums than when unionism prevails, piles up and markets must be found. Unemployment becomes more severe.

The working class movement is destined to rise again and to fling itself against the Fascist persecution, scattering this corrupt phenomenon like so much chaff in the teeth of a gale. In this revival we may confidently expect the Italian workers to gain such experience and power that they will force the struggle further and wipe out of Italian life forever the bourgeois oppression that has so long and so horribly afflicted them. This means that they must recognize the economic basis of power; that they must seize the industries, and leave off the innocuous and devious parliamentary procedure that has already an infamous record of proletarian betrayal not only in Italy but in other states of Europe.

## STATEMENT OF BUSINESS MANAGER

**Notification of Pioneer price changes appeared in the April 21st and 28th issues of Solidarity. Our request for action from the membership and readers on this matter has resulted in a number of branches recording themselves for the increase, with individuals also favoring it. There has been no communication against it, and the G. E. B. members we have conferred with here wish the price to be raised, becoming effective with this number.**

**With the last issue the magazine's size increased fifty per cent while the price is now raised only twenty-five per cent. The increased revenue will put the magazine on a self-sustaining basis. For the last few years General Headquarters has been subsidizing this magazine, and the time has come when Headquarters can no longer bear this burden. Our action, therefore, is in harmony with sentiment throughout the organization and with that of the delegates to the last General Convention. The membership should support their publications, or cease publishing. If this magazine is not worth two bits it is not worth anything.**

**Any who doubt that they are getting their money's worth are asked to compare this issue and that of April with the editions prior to that time. Every effort will be made to keep up the standard.**

**Bundle orders of five or more will be 17 cents a copy non-returnable, and 20 cents returnable; subscriptions will be $2.25 a year; Canada, $2.50, and other countries $3.00. Single copies will sell for 25 cents.**

JAMES SULLIVAN.

# WOMAN and

By EUGENE



I scorn the chivalry that kisses the hand of woman, and then denies that hand the reins with which she might guide the rolling world along; I would not bow to her as being more than man, yet I would give her every right I claim for myself. Still, I cannot think of her without a feeling of reverence that amounts to worship, and that which I worship in her I would also worship in man if he had not banished it from his life.

Great is the hand of man. He smites the mountain ranges, and they smoothe out into plains; he strokes the ocean, and it carries his craft in safety; he shakes his fist at the night, and creatures of steel come forth to do his bidding. But if the hand of man is strong to do, the hand of woman is greater still, because it is softened and skilled to comfort and heal. If the hand of man is magical with accomplishment, the small white hand of woman has even greater magic, in that it soothes and blesses ever. With the touch of her gentle fingers she changes the hard sick-bed into down and dreams. With the stroke of her tender palm she banishes the tears of childhood and gives smiles for sobs.

If man, the Titan, makes the world great, woman, the enchantress, makes it beautiful. If man finds the food, it is woman that brings the babe through paths she sets with roses; and it is she who makes shining and sweet the gateway when the soul fares forth to the unknown land.

Man may make the nation, but woman does more—she makes the home.

When I think of what the world would be without the inspiring influence of woman, I am ashamed of what the world has done with her. She has done everything for the world, and man has done everything evil to her. He has filled her delicate hands with weights she could not bear, and laid upon her shoulders burdens that crushed her to the earth; and though she stumbled on uncomplainingly, kissing the hand that smote her, he has taunted her as an inferior and ruled her as if she were a slave.

Still is the woman guardian of the sacred fire. Should she fail, earth would return to the stone age, and man become again a naked barbarian. It was woman who invented all the arts, from agriculture to weaving, from architecture to music.

It is woman's voice that bears the soul in prayer and hymn toward higher things.

In a world that God made beautiful, there is nothing so beautiful as woman, and without her divine ministrations all things would speedily lose their charm. It is woman that bears the future in her body, and on her sweet and sacred bosom she nurses life into higher forms and nobler ways.

There is nothing so wonderful as motherhood. There is nothing more sacred, more divine, than womanhood charged with

# CHILDHOOD

NE V. DEBS

the future destiny of the race, which means the weal or woe of all that breathe.

No true man can think of his mother other than as perfect. No husband who is still a lover—as every husband ought to be—can believe that his wife is less beautiful or feel that she is less dear than when in the bloom of beauty she first won his heart.

I have a vision of woman that is loftier, nobler and diviner than the mothers and wives, the sisters and daughters, have been in the dark days of the past and are still in the dawning days of the present. In the full-orbed day of the world to come woman shall be free. In that hour woman shall have opportunity; and because her day has come at last, everything that lives shall rise and unfold and share in the common blessings that shall come to the race. Love shall reign instead of hate; beauty shall take the place of deformity, peace of war, plenty of poverty; and all the world, under her unfettered ministry, shall be a home, safe and sweet and satisfying.

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WHAT sweet emotions the recollections of childhood inspire, and how priceless its treasured memories in our advancing and declining years!

Laughing eyes and curly hair, little brown hands and bare feet, innocent and care-free, trusting and loving, tender and pure, what an elevating and satisfying influence these little gods have upon our maturer years!

Childhood! What a holy theme! Flowers they are, with souls in them, and if on this earth man has a sacred charge, a holy obligation, it is to these tender buds and blossoms of humanity.

Yet how many of them are prematurely plucked, fade and die and are trampled in the mire. Many millions of them have been snatched from the cradle and stolen from their play to be fed to the forces that turn a workingman's blood into a capitalist's gold, and many millions of others have been




crushed and perverted into filth for the slums and food for the pottersfield.

Childhood is at the parting of the ways which lead to success or failure, honor or disgrace, life or death. Society is, or ought to be, profoundly concerned in the nature of the environment that is to mold the character and determine the destiny of its children, and any remissness in such duty is rebuked by the most painful penalties, and these are inflicted with increasing severity upon the people of the United States.

Childhood is the most precious charge of the family and the community, but our capitalist civilization sacrifices it ruthlessly to gratify its brutal lust for pelf and power, and the march of its conquest is stained with the blood of infants and paved with the puny bones of little children.

What shall the harvest be?

The millions of children crushed and slain in the conquest of capitalism have not died in vain. From their little martyr graves all over this fair land their evening images are springing up, as it were, against the system that murdered them and pronouncing upon it, in the name of God and humanity, the condemnation of death.

# Editorials

**MAY FIRST.**—Declaring for a Monroe Doctrine applied to trade unionism in America, the A. F. of L. has "fortified" itself in a policy of blindness that reminds us of the story of the ostrich's imagined security when it stuck its head in the sand. Actually we think that ostriches do not perform in this ridiculous, perilous manner, but leave the patriots, fakers and traitors to the proletariat, headed by the incomparably reactionary Green, to attempt such a stupidly ignoble program.




But Not His Last! Soon Labor Will Get Wise and Take All The Golden Days Of The Happy Future Years!

Neither the workers of this land nor those of any other can successfully fight employers by shutting themselves away from the international solidarity of labor. Nor can they secure even such bits of success as have formerly been won if they try to do battle alone, feeling national sufficiency, because capitalism is now internationally organizing and growing stronger, and no matter how fiercely the various robbers contend for the spoils, these robbers stand shoulder to shoulder, and gunboat to gunboat, to keep the slaves in their slavery.

All social phenomena bear out this assertion. Chinese workers strike in Shanghai against Japanese manufacturers, and the warships of the United States, England, Japan, Italy and France steam swiftly to the scene, while our brave Marines land first to quell the strike. Italian workers threatened revolution in 1920 and American bankers staked the Fascisti to crush it. Steel, iron, coke and coal exploiters of France and Germany manage very amicably to unite in the game of fleecing German and French wage slaves. And when the mills, mines and factories of European countries slacken or stagnate it is well for the mill, mine and factory slaves of America to prepare for unemployment, because these crises no longer torture one country at a time but sweep the world in agonizing waves.

Rapid transportation and lightning-like means of communication have made the world small in the sense that it is more accessible, and its different lands are more dependent on each other than ever before because our civilization is more complex, our populations larger and even the most advanced industrial countries look to the most backward agricultural states for foodstuffs and raw materials. Proud England is a case in point. In 1775 Dr. Johnson said that he viewed the island with equanimity because it produced sufficient food for the maintenance of its population.. Today England is never more than 90 days from famine should food imports be cut off.

The dilemma in which the working class finds itself is that it can not buy, on the wages it receives, the commodities it produces. The inescapable implication is that workers produce, over and above their support and reproduction cost, a surplus value. This the boss calls profits. To increase his wealth and power he reinvests this surplus

value. He may do it in the domestic industry, but this is the era of finance capital, the age of money empire, and the large holders usually invest abroad, financing industries and winning the harvests of concessions, colonial expansion and spheres of influence.

As formerly backward countries tend more and more to develop their own industries, amassing the inevitable surplus value, their capitalist owners look abroad for markets. Bourgeois frictions multiply. The economic cause of war is the only cause of war and it can be summed up in the fact that capitalist nations, driven by the profit system to find foreign markets, collide with other nations engaged in the same search.

There is no solution except that of the organized working class abolishing capitalism, thus guaranteeing to itself the full product of its toil. There would then be no surplus value seeking markets and investment: the world would at last be free.

In September of each year conservative American unionists take a rest, and from the pulpits, the platforms and the press prostituted agents of organized thievery congratulate the slaves on the fact that they are still alive. But each year real wages of the American slaves go down. The bosses call it playing the game and the labor fakers parrot their masters. It is playing the game, indeed, with stacked cards and the rich dealing. The outcome is to be expected: poverty, disease and death sweep the poor players from the board.

In 1924 disabling accidents in American industry increased 30 per cent over the previous year, and last year there were a million such accidents. The National City Bank of New York declares that of every 100 persons now 25 years old an economic division like the following will apply to them in 40 years: One will be independent; four will be well to do; five will be working for a meagre living; thirty-five will be dead—"Many of them for want of attention that money would have secured" —and fifty-four will be dependent on others. This leaves but five in satisfactory circumstances out of the hundred, unless we can include the dead as well placed.

In the world war there were 30,000,000 fatalities, and the product of a generation was utterly destroyed—the sum of $300,000,000,000—to make the rich richer and the poor poorer and to launch the United States on imperialism's highroad as startlingly swift as a meteor through the heavens. Only this meteor of American "prosperity" means hell for the workers of the world.

The reason the Government calls A. F. of L. labor "decent labor" is because it achieves nothing, and blesses its own chains. The reason that the I. W. W. is opposed by the rulers is because the I. W. W. is organizing to destroy the rulers. The place that yellow, lickspittle labor accepts is that one of subjection and impotence into which the parasites thrust it.

We scorn their servility and we denounce their cries for bourgeois pabulum. We refuse to be nourished on any September "Labor Day" by the wishbones flung to us by capitalists. We know them for what they are, and we know the mission that is ours. It is the mission of social revolution, and to this task the I. W. W. and revolutionary labor in every part of the globe have dedicated all of their energies. On the goal of human freedom they have directed all of their hopes made potent by action. May Day is the annual festival day of the world's workers who struggle for emancipation. Let the workers of America recognize the common cause that is theirs with workers everywhere, the cause of smashing the chains of wage slavery, of summarily dissolving the power of capitalism by seizure of the world we have made.

We have one enemy, international capitalism. Our fellow workers are the wage slaves of all lands, of all colors, of all races. The enemy is organized, ruthless, ambitious. We, the workers of all lands, must act together to destroy that enemy, by the same terrific blow wiping war and want and waste from the face of the earth, and ushering in a new order of human relations without master and slave.



**STANDARD OF LIVING.**—Congress, state legislatures, as well as non-legislative bodies, such as various social welfare groups, have said that certain incomes are required for the maintenance of the American family of five, and this is called the standard of living. These calculations cut expenditures to the bone, leaving very little for such "extras" as education and amusement, while the food, clothing and shelter allowances leave no latitude for any but the simplest plane of existence.

And still it is a fact that nine-tenths of the incomes in the United States are insufficient to support a family on this "ideal" American standard of living. So, we are compelled to conclude from this unpleasant, belly-pinching fact that most of the workers are existing from hand-to-mouth and below this standard, thus dying off before their time. It is easier to show the denial of the right to live which is exhibited cruelly by infantile mortality statistics, but it is not so easy to estimate the number of years that are stolen from the adult worker's span of life by the hardships and privations common to his enslaved position.

But we do know that except where gluttony and corrupt living send the rich to untimely graves their lives are much longer than the lives of the poor, and this is not only demonstrable by comparing vital statistic regarding children, but also of men and women. We see a world full of people of all ages wherever we turn, but we turn only infrequently to the cemeteries of the poor and to the potters fields where so many of our class were interred long before they should have been under a free society.

A standard of living calculated by lawyers and social workers, indeed! And one which we are supposed to be satisfied to get. But then the shameful truth is revealed that this miserable dole is not even reached in nine out of every ten cases. Such is the proud record of this damnable capitalism. Away with it! Organize and put a stop to the Herods and Molochs of modern times. We, the workers, have created all the world's wealth, and we want it all.

Moreover, we intend to take it all when our organized power is equal to the task of choking the piracy of a scrofulous ruling class to death.

**HISTORY AND LEGALISM.**—Administration of class rule has always been inseparable from social oppression facilitated by the apparatus of governing violence. Each ruling class by seizure of power has broken the fundamental laws of its dispossessed predecessors and has sought immediately to entrench itself. Under protection of arms the new class decrees new laws designed for its welfare and consistent with its development. In the very nature of affairs these laws debase the dispossessed, prohibiting the governed classes from combining in any manner basically prejudicial to the interests of their rulers.

We live at a time when the advocacy of law and order of the bourgeois pattern, bolstered by ancient impediments to human freedom and modern obstacles to the same ideal, has resulted in such blind worship of this fetish that the American slaves would probably comply with a conscription commanding them to file to the brink of a precipice and tumble to destruction.

At this point some may urge that our supposition is preposterous, but we wish to remind them that the American slaves, though loath to become candidates for trench fertilizer, lost no time about registering in the war draft a few years ago, and walking off a cliff is comparatively simple, decidedly more humane and certainly less painful than being tortured for months and years in trenches and pushed against bayonets and barrage fire.

The legalism of our age is omnipresently exacting, and so generally are the workers driven to unquestioning obedience by the mores of our state worshipping era that it is well to examine what are almost universally regarded as immutable principles of civilization. We may do this best by citing several historical events in which thoroughgoing repudiation of laws brought into being the very commercial, manufacturing classes that today seek to dam the current of historical progress by proclaiming their rule eternal.

As all students of English history know, capitalist England was formed by the Seventeenth Century Cromwellian Revolution and the Eighteenth Century industrial revolution. The class in power prior to Cromwell's success compromised the courtiers, titled officials and members of the higher clergy who were all characterized by indolence, arrogance and excesses. But



THE PURITAN
From Saint-Gaudens' Sculpture

they made the laws and the laws provided that the monarch must be regarded as ruling by God's grace. "Touch not my anointed!" was a biblical injunction favoring the monarchy and the supporting groups just enumerated. That they believed the king to rule by divine right spares us the necessity of presenting voluminous data of the period to show that this dissipated, totter-

ing class considered itself as destined to continue in power forever.

Yet, for all of God's grace armoring the proud neck of Charles Stuart, Cromwell hacked through it at Whitechapel with the axe of revolution. The regicide committed, its perpetrators rid the Long Parliament of all champions of monarchical and aristocratic decadence, and the frugality of the hard-working small merchants, free farmers, artisans and owners of petty estates was rewarded by the inauguration of a new social epoch made "in their own image and likeness." They served the ends of social progress by scrapping the laws of the old order even to the extent of killing a king before his own palace, publicly, and in the most spectacular manner.

Eighteenth Century France presents a very similar lesson. The rising bourgeoisie, incarnated in Robespierre, achieved their revolution against the French crown, the nobility and aristocracy by wedding the hapless Louis XVI to Madame Guillotine and dissolving the hallowed laws enacted by the former regime. Here again human progress was promoted and history's tide quickened by blood flowing through the special sewer from the Place de Revolution.

In the same century the American colonies broke from English ties and set up an independent bourgeois government better suited to the needs of colonial exploiters. In severing the bonds with Britain Washington, Jefferson, Hancock, Madison, Franklin and all the influential revolutionaries became outlaws with prices on their heads. But they cast out the English laws made to govern them and flung the British scepter across the sea into the teeth of the astonished monarch. Thereafter they devised their own laws. Indeed, they performed so good a job at the end of the Eighteenth Century that we, the Twentieth Century working class of America, will be obliged soon to secure our happiness in freedom by throwing the bourgeois yoke from our necks, rolling in the gutter the parasitic class now riding on our backs, and making laws in the union halls to suit ourselves. The measure of swift victory must be powerful industrial union preparation, and the revolution's treatment of the overthrown ruling class will depend on bourgeois behavior.

**THE ENGLISH STRIKE.**—On the last day of April the British Government's subsidy to the coal miners expires. Operators say they will not make up the wage difference, and the workers have voted to strike unless present levels are maintained. Therefore May First has keenest interest for militant workers, and it is certain that employers everywhere are alert to the possible revolutionary significance of the impending struggle. The miners form but a fifth or sixth of the number declaring for a strike, transport workers of all descriptions and many other unions having decided to go out in support of the coal diggers. This means that 5,000,000 workers are actively involved, and failure is unthinkable unless they permit their solidarity again to be trafficked by yellow leaders, as was the case on "Black Friday."

When Trotsky says that these slaves require capture of the parliamentary machinery he is wrong. Unless they can command sufficient power directly through industry to overthrow capitalism it can not be overthrown, and it is idle to predicate revolutionary victory on the ridiculous, circuitous tactic of political elections. Ebert, Scheidemann and Noske had full control of the German Government at the time of the Kapp putsch, yet they were compelled to call for a general strike of industrial workers in order to defeat the monarchists. Revolutionary Industrial Unionism is all-sufficient anywhere, everywhere.

**THE PRESIDENT.**—Just now it is Calvin Coolidge who must dance to the tunes called by American capitalism. But the individual who fills the role of chief executive for the bourgeois-owned governmental apparatus is, after all, a thing of little importance. Whether it is a Lincoln, a Cleveland, a McKinley, a Roosevelt, a Taft, a Wilson, a Harding, or a mute person regarded as a Massachusetts strike-breaker who occupies the White House, he is placed there to serve expanding capitalism, and he does so.

Lincoln incarnated the spirit promoting industrial growth in the North, and particularly the Northwest, and he said that he would keep all the slaves in slavery if necessary to preserve the Union. Northern capitalists needed the South, and they could not afford to see an independent government on southern soil, and they did not want chattel slaves because wage slaves are more profitable. Cleveland was such a willing tool of the railroads that he sent troops to Illinois to break the railway strike, sending Debs to prison. And this action over the vigorous protests of Governor Altgeld.

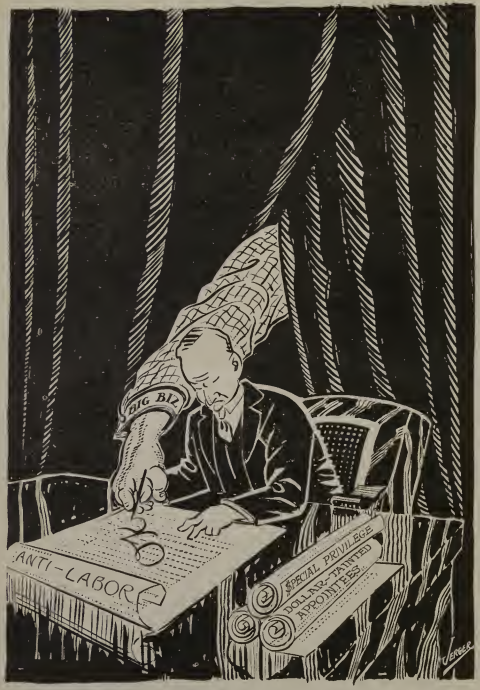
McKinley was Mark Hanna's man and Mark raised the campaign fund of $16,750,000 which placed McKinley in the presidency to do what the banker-imperialists ordered. That was in 1896. Bryan was the Democratic candidate, but his campaign managers could raise only $675,000, so the windbag of the Platte lost. Roosevelt carried forward imperialism's stratagems, with a dash of "trust busting" as a sop to the squeezed little bourgeois. And though he was picturesquely portrayed in the reactionary task of swinging the "Big Stick," the action of the Standard Oil Company is typical of the practical effects of "busting trusts." When the Supreme Court ordered this company to dissolve, the concern became thirty-two companies—on paper, and in 1921 the market value of their stocks increased thirty-five times over the 1911 value, and dividends paid amounted to eighteen times the total capital the company had in 1911, when the highest court in the land "dissolved" it.

Taft followed the program laid down by the bosses, with the authorship of injunctions against labor to recommend him and when asked what he would do if he were jobless, penniless, and with a family to support the erudite legalist said, "God knows!" Prexy Wilson wrote "the New Freedom" with his left hand and with his right welcomed into secret conference the nation's largest bankers and industrialists to frame up going into the war, and while the effulgence of his fourteen heavenly points was flooding the war-torn world with light he kept Debs and the class war prisoners where the bosses wanted them. Then he took Mrs. Wilson 2nd to France, where Clemenceau and Lloyd George raped the 14 points in the closet of Versailles.

Harding was a pleasant mannered country editor with good sartorial instincts. Just before his last illness, however, he lost his geniality long enough to accompany the infamous ex-Governor Hart of Washington to the graves of the Centralia Armistice Day legionnaires who met their fate by trying to break up a union hall. On this occasion Harding denounced our organization, and might have been doing it yet but for an unhappy appetite for certain seafoods.

The present incumbent is a sour-faced nonentity with all the favorable capacity of a servile clerk. As capitalism gets stronger its presidents grow weaker, and this is right because they are maneuvered into office to expedite the orders of Wall Street. In 1924, when a government created commission reported that the sugar trust was grafting through tariff favors, Coolidge suppressed, as far as possible, the facts, and it cost the American people $53,000,000 in nine months. Who says economy? But when it comes to real, high class hi-jacking right under the president's economical nose the Aluminum Company of America carries off the honors. Andrew Mellon is Cal's Secretary of the Treasury. He is also head of the Aluminum Trust. The company started in 1888 with a paid up capital of $20,000. By tariff protection and other schemes it was able in 1923 to realize a profit of 1000 per cent on the original investment, and now has assets of $110,000,000.

But tariff-fixing is only a small part the game. What else is done? Well, we don't have to look far to find out. Mellon's workers receive $3.36 a day. This is, without holidays or losses of time, $88 a month. Andy's income on the steal is $284,000 a month and $173,000 more goes to his brother. Calvin has bid for a reputation for economical administration, and it is not only in words that he is sparing. Mellon has engineered laws to cut his own taxes and




those of the big capitalists. The Supreme Court has ruled that stock dividends are not profits. Result: corporations manipulate stock certificates to get their killings out of the excess profits list, thereby avoiding taxation. Calvin would spare these super-thieves. His eyes and ears are open to assist his masters, but he is much too busy to listen to workers' appeals even when they are suffering intensely from the sting of poverty's lash.

The Passaic mill strikers sent a committee to visit the nation's "first citizen," and he, regarding them and their kind as last citizens or subjects who should bear the anguish of excessive exploitation silently, sent word for the committee to see the head of the Labor Department. French Bourbon monarchs, on advice of financial ministers, went even farther than merely refusing to see delegations from the starving masses. Occasionally they had the delegates hanged and their bodies flung to the poor as an answer. So, perhaps we are, after all, progressing in the "technique of suppression." But still there is similarity in the situations which should give rulers and their presidential lackeys pause. "After us the deluge," was the motto of Louis XIV, and the deluge came.

When presidents of capitalist democracies and White House flunkeys of industrial autocracy have no time, in the world's richest country, to see the masses who create all the country's wealth, we are witnesses to bourgeois contemptuousness and arrogance riding to a fall; we are also mindful of their insensibility to history's lesson. In the words of Jefferson, the blood of tyrants is the natural manure of liberty, and present day tyrants are heading for a shambles. The "eat cheese" advice of an "idealistic" Wilson and the stupid or sinister silence of a Coolidge amount, in effect, to another "After us the deluge." And it will come.

# The Curse of California

By SPECTATOR

MAY MAY, international labor's holiday, passes with many of our number languishing in the prisons of California. This fact brings to the mind of every revolutionist some of the dark pages of working class persecution in that state. One may start with its first page and find workers' blood being shed. Following its history on down through the years that same manifestation of ruling class tyranny is predominant. Always the rule has been: oppress the worker; stop at nothing to keep him subdued.

A brief outline is here given of the many demonstrations against labor in this state. Greater stress is paid the Criminal Syndicalism Law. This is because we have most recently experienced persecution under this law, and we have not come through unscathed. Sixty-three valiant champions of labor's cause lie in California's prisons today, paying the penalty of progress. We can free them. Will we do it?



THE FOLSOM PRISON ROCK QUARRY
Where Union Men Are Condemned to Long Terms at Hard Labor For Their Opinions and Organizing.

### Discovery and Persecution

California was discovered in the year 1510 by Ordinez de Montalvo, a Spaniard. He claimed the territory for his country and gave it as a name, "The Northern Mystery." Little did he realize how appropriate that caption would be. Stories are told by present day historians of the hardships and privations which Montalvo's men had to endure. Outstanding among them is one which gives an insight into the birth of the appalling reign of terror that has since existed.

It seems that after sighting land Montalvo, with a party of his men, went ashore to raise the Spanish emblem and claim the territory. The claiming of this land called for a ceremony which involved kneeling and kissing the emblem by all present. One among the number rebelled at such display and was promptly executed in a manner most vicious. Then, even as in recent years, if one dared to voice a protest, however slight, he was immediately banned either by death or isolation.

Passing from that date on down through succeeding years of which little is known, we come to the days of the gold rush in the middle of the Nineteenth Century. Bancroft, in his works on the Vigilantes of California, tells of the methods used by those in power at that time; of how innocent men were tried and hung without the slightest provocation. It is mentioned here to add to the chain of circumstances which lead up to present day persecutions.

We come to the days of the Spanish-American War when martial law was common. Workers were driven from pillar to post, hounded by the barking dogs of war who dared not carry out the fight they had created.

### Fresno and San Diego Fights

The gigantic struggles of the workers in Fresno and San Diego in 1911, '12 and '13 are the next outstanding events which we will consider. The Fresno Free Speech fight preceded that of San Diego, and it was in this struggle that the I. W. W. received its first recognition of importance in this state. However, it was in San Diego that the I. W. W. were placed definitely on the California map, as precursers of a new regime who would fight for the rights of the downtrodden worker. The fight there surpassed that in Fresno in that it was more fiercely fought. Cold-blooded terrorism against the workers in San Diego, instigated by Tsar Spreckels, roused the ire of every free thinking person in the West. Governor Johnson sent Colonel Weinstock there to investigate the situation; not because he had any love for the workers, but because he was a bitter political enemy of Spreckels. Weinstock reported back that conditions there were far worse than those of old Russia. After these fights it seemed that the workers would receive more justice and it can truthfully be said that for a time they did.

The next greatest thrust given labor was at Wheatland in 1913, where a riot occurred on the Durst hop ranch. A complete outline of this case was given in the Industrial Pioneer for March of this year and it is not necessary to repeat the details here. However, it may be mentioned that after the riot two innocent men were convicted in a Marysville court and were sentenced to life imprisonment by Judge Eugene P. McDaniels. These two men, Richard Ford and Herman Suhr, were sent to Folsom penitentiary. In passing it might be mentioned that this citadel of misery was built at the behest of the Southern Pacific Company, so that that company might be furnished with cheap gravel for its roadbeds. Ford and Suhr were forced to toil each day along with the lowest of felons at breaking rock in the prison quarry. Hammering their very lives away for a crime they did not commit, but condemned because they understood this system of society too well to suit those in power. Thirteen years in prison and one of the victims, Richard Ford, was released on parole, immediately rearrested, indicted and tried on a second charge resulting from the same riot, and finally acquitted. His acquittal was, in short, not only a complete vindication of himself, but also a vindication of his fellow defendant, Herman Suhr, the I. W. W., and of every worker who participated in the Wheatland hop field strike. Despite this fact, Ford remains on parole and Suhr is still behind prison walls.

### Employers Frame-Up Militant Workers

Inspired by the results of the famous Ford and Suhr trial the employers' associations in California planned to rid the state of other militants, who might have the intelligence and courage to carry on labor's struggle. Accordingly, we find the organized workers facing a lockout in Stockton in 1914. Despite the well planned line of action on the part of the employers their scheme went a trifle awry.

They had intended planting dynamite and other high explosives in conspicuous places and charging labor leaders who were active in the Stockton trouble with the deed. In proving that their schemes were frame-ups we refer to J. P. Emerson's confession. Emerson was a private detective, employed by the Merchant and Manufacturer's Association and, when arrested by mistake at Bay Point, California, he confessed that he intended checking a suit case full of dynamite at the Southern Pacific station and then slipping the check into the pocket of O. Tveitmoe, who was secretary of the California Building Trades Council. Emerson also stated that a motor boat was to be bought in the name of Tom Mooney and subsequently it was to be found with dynamite fuses and caps in it.

It was during this Stockton fight that one Hans Le Jeune was caught in the act of planting some dynamite in the room of A. Johansen, now an organizer for the American Federation of Labor, in the city of Chicago. Le Jeune confessed that he was a hireling of the Merchant and Manufacturer's Association, and he also let it be known that something like five hundred pounds of dynamite were to be placed in such places as obviously to connect the deed up with labor leaders throughout the state.

Following close on the heels of the Stockton fight came the Mooney and Billings frame-up in San Francisco, in 1915. The facts of that case are well known; how a bomb was planted and exploded during a parade, killing ten people. The subsequent trial of a number of innocent workers, several of whom, among them Mooney and Billings, were convicted and sent to prison.

### After the I. W. W. Again

September of 1917 found the fight against the I. W. W. on in earnest. Employers combined their forces for the purpose of ridding the state of these militant workers. During that month approximately 125 men were arrested and thrown in jail at Fresno. Twenty-five men were picked from this group and charged with "Conspiring to oppress employers of labor throughout the United States." That charge was later dismissed, yet it tends to show on what flimsy charges a person could be held.

On December 17th, 1917, a bomb was exploded on the rear steps of Governor Stephen's Mansion in Sacramento. This explosion was later proven to have been instigated by District Attorney Fickert of San Francisco, in an effort to frighten the people and mold public opinion against the I. W. W. He had first planned to have the bombing take place at his own home, but a San Francisco newspaper exposed the scheme so he had to seek another location. After the explosion rumors were rife and many threats were to be heard. Stephens claimed that the Germans were after him. Chief of Police Conran and Sheriff Gormley of Sacramento held that the I. W. W. were responsible and should be shot or hung immediately. Gormley went before the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce and urged that telegrams be sent to the California state representatives asking them to enact a law making it a felony to belong to the I. W. W. Because of this many accredit him as being the sponsor of the Criminal Syndicalism Law.

As an immediate result of the explosion 53 members of the I. W. W. were arrested, thrown into a cell 21 feet square and confined there for months. After sixty-four days of incarceration they were charged with violating the Espionage Act.

### Sacramento's Black Hole

All eyes were turned toward Sacramento and every one eagerly awaited a day when the trial would begin. Then came a surprise. Forty-two of the defendants refused to enter a word in their own defense during the course of their trial. They believed it would be useless to do so, as they contended that justice could not be had in that court. Because of this they were known as the "Silent Defenders." In January, 1919, a verdict was reach-

ed and all were convicted. Sentences were given ranging from one hundred dollars' fine to ten years' imprisoment. Five of the men died from diseases contracted while in this small prison cell awaiting trial.

To prove that the forces of reaction in this state work together as one when destruction of any labor organization is their goal, we quote, herewith, extracts from a report by J. B. Densmore, an agent of the United States Department of Labor. This report appeared in the House of Representatives Document No. 157.

September 14, 1918. "I am going to have a meeting with Mulhall tomorrow," said Fickert to an assistant, "and I am going to link the Mooney case up with the Sacramento case."

September 15, 1918. "Fickert and Deputy U. S. Marshall Mulhall who was active in the Sacramento prosecution, were in conference for 2 hours and 20 minutes. Mulhall stated that a good way to get the I. W. W.'s to plead guilty would be to bring in a squad of soldiers and threaten to shoot them. Fickert said, 'The best thing to do would be to get a bunch of soldiers who served in the Philippines and give the——of——the water cure'. Mulhall discussed the possibility of losing both the Mooney and Sacramento cases and said to Fickert, 'You know, if this thing ever breaks we will go down hill so fast that all hell won't save us'." (Mulhall left California immediately after learning that the government had a dictograph record of his talks. On September 26, 1918, there is a record of him phoning Fickert and complaining about having lost his job).

Other extracts in this report mentioned one Goebel, who was proven to have been an agent provocateur in the Sacramento case, and who has since been active in the Criminal Syndicalism cases, working constantly with the oppressors. Jack Dymond, another notorious labor spy is also mentioned in the report.

### Criminal Syndicalism Law Is Born

In 1917 many newspapers continually carried scare headlines denouncing the Industrial Workers of the World. A fertile field of eager readers awaited each issue. The war was on and patriotism ran hand in hand with ignorance. Throughout the long months of 1918 that the "Silent Defenders" lay in a prison cell awaiting trial, this list of newspapers grew and many of them copied the more brazen, mendacious stories that were carried by the Sacramento BEE. These stories were all alleged tales of the methods used by the I. W. W. as an organization to gain its ends, and invariably they ended by advocating lynching parties and similar extra-legal tactics as a means of exterminating that labor organization.

All of this publicity molded public opinion so well that no voice was raised in dissent when a law was introduced making it a felony to advocate sabotage or the destruction of property by force or violence.



**The San Quentin Prison Jute Mill Where Our Class War Prisoners Are Flung to Cough Their Lungs Out**

It was known as the Criminal Syndicalism Act. It was written by Governor Stephens and handed to Senator Kehoe who introduced it in the House. It was passed at a night session of the legislature and signed at midnight April 30, 1919. Hence, we find that May Day is the official birthday of the act. All of the legislators were in favor of it, even Paul Scharrenberg, the labor representative. It might be said here that the I. W. W. did not disapprove of it either, for they did not then nor do they now believe in the destruction of property. However, they did believe that the law should be enforced, inasmuch as it had been adopted and accordingly they expected to see the people who had raided their halls and destroyed their property, apprehended and punished.

No time was lost in making the law effective. It carried a clause that it would become a statute as soon as it was signed by the Governor. On May, 23rd, 1919 the first arrest was made under the new law. After that date one could pick up almost any newspaper and read of a raid on some labor hall. The members of the I. W. W. and the Communist Labor Party were the only ones against whom the law was used. In November of 1919 the first trial was held.

Months passed, each one adding to the brazen, underhanded methods of prosecution; each month seeing the list of arrests, trials and convictions growing. Five years passed and something snapped in the well organized method used by the powers. Convictions were not coming so easily; people were beginning to voice disapproval at the manner in which the arrests and trials were conducted and the reckless abandon so manifest in the spending of the public's money. Nothing was accomplished other than the imprisoning of innocent workers. So it came to pass that in the fall of

1924 a halt was called. Since that time there have been no arrests or convictions.

However, during those six years of strife the workers paid dearly. The following is a brief record and no attempt is made to make note of the number of arrests that were made for minor charges, where men were kept in jails for long periods without charges being placed against them.

| | |
|---|---|
| Arrested and charged with violating C.S.Law | 504 |
| Trials held under the law | 94 |
| Men involved in trials | 264 |
| Dismissed during or without trial | 292 |
| Acquitted | 31 |
| Convicted | 164 |

### Tactics Used To Gain Convictions

One hundred and sixty-four innocent workers were convicted because they had a principle and courage sufficient to fight for it. Today sixty-three of these men remain in prison. Many people may think that a man must have committed crime, otherwise he would not be arrested or sent to prison. Some day these people may be falsely arrested and then they will have an opportunity to hear their own case argued before a modern bar of Justice. Then they will realize that fully as many innocent people occupy prison cells as those guilty of crime.

In an effort to enlighten them and to explain this seeming incongruity we will briefly outline some of the methods used to gain arrests and convictions under this law.

A study of the law will show it to be one of the most adroitly constructed acts of any age. High courts have interpreted it after many fashions, but prejudice seems to be the chief interpreter as well as executive, in the application of the law.

Arrests were made in general throughout the state with little or no regard to the laws. Halls were raided, furnishings broken up and demolished. Men and women were beaten and on occasion children were scalded and men tarred and feathered.

At first the campaign against the militant workers was carried on extensively around the bay region of Oakland and San Francisco. Later other sections of the state took up the persecution.

Sacramento, for a time became the center of trials and judicial abandon. Here men were arrested as they stepped from the witness stand after they had given their testimony. They were held and later tried and convicted; despite the fact that they had been ordered into the county by the trial judge, who had ruled that none other than members of the accused organization could testify in behalf of the defendants.

The trials were mockeries of justice. Jurors were tampered with openly by the prosecution and paid off with automobiles and kindred articles of value. Witnesses were paid as high as $250.-00 a day by the state to give perjured testimony. In short, any and all means were used to secure convictions. Such tactics had to be employed. It was the only way by which a conviction could be obtained, as no testimony was ever offered in any trial to prove that a defendant had committed an overt act.

Los Angeles County, tried more men under the law than any other county in the state. The methods used were similar to those in vogue in Sacramento. Outside the courts, the conditions surrounding the arrests were far worse than in any other county. Illegal raids, destruction of property, maiming of women and children, tarring and feathering of men characterized the methods of Los Angeles County.

Humboldt county vied with Los Angeles, in her methods of inhuman prosecution. The balance of the counties used similar barbarities.

### Opinions Of The Justices

The State Supreme Court, in the McClennegen case ruled that membership in the Industrial Workers of the World was sufficient to warrant a conviction under this act. The Third Appellate Court in the Powell case further ruled that anyone who had contact with such a member was also guilty of violating the C. C. Law. However, the courts of the state differ. The Second Appellate Court, has consistently contended that mere membership was not sufficient to warrant a conviction.

In the Campbell case, the Third Appellate Court has this to say: "This court, however, in the past has had occasion to review and learn something of the alleged principles of the I. W. W. organization. . . . and, while it is true that those principles disclosed that said organization and the members thereof entertained and stood for a paradoxical and singularly drastic notion of what a system of government of the peoples of the earth should be—a notion which there is every reason to believe is far beyond any hope of practical attainment—*we cannot say that the mere teaching or advocacy of that system is beyond the pale of the constitutional right of any citizen. . . . There is nothing in the scheme itself which is inherently wrong or indicative of any criminal purpose in the organization or its members in advocating and teaching the same.*" (*Italics ours*)

In the case of James Roe, by the same court, we find the following paragraph: "The preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World very clearly illustrates their attitude or position towards the governments of this country. . . . . Upon its face the foregoing does not appear to state more than an innocent or legitimate economic proposition. No one of sense and fairness will deny the right of the laboring classes to maintain an organization for proper self protection. No sensible or fair person will deny that equitable division of the profits accruing from the combined operation of capital and labor between these two essential elements of industrial progress and prosperity should be had. Nor is it a crime, per se, or, for that matter a crime at all, for a person or



LENA MILOS
**This Little Wobbly Song Bird, 9 Years Old, Was Dipped By Fiends In a Cauldron of Boiling Coffee in the Raid on San Pedro I. W. W. Hall, June 14, 1924. Police Conspired To Assist This Almost Unbelievable Savagery By "Neutrality."**

class of persons to advocate a scheme according to Utopian ideals for the government of the peoples of the earth and an equal distribution among all the people of the fruits of all material or industrial activity in all its manifold forms. Such a conditions, if practicable under the existing order of things in this world, would certainly present an ideal situation of the most exalted character."

And again we find this same court making contradictory rulings to the affect that men were guilty by merely belonging to an organization which they previously had acknowledged would be a benefit to society. What mockery is this?

### What Type of Men Are These? Accused and Accuser

Comes now the question, what manner of men were these who were so ruthlessly persecuted from the time of Montalvo down to this day and what manner of men were their persecutors?

The accused: Miners, sailors, lumberjacks, construction and agricultural workers constitute their number. They are pioneers, the vanguard of civilization, for they are the type of men who go ahead of all others and do the foundation work. The miner extracts ore from the bowels of the earth and in so doing ventures into the unknown abyss of which no one is certain; the sailor travels the seven seas in unseaworthy ships, discovering and chartering courses hitherto unknown; the lumberjack risks his life daily in order to bring to earth gigantic trees for wood products; the construction worker lays out railroads across trackless deserts and snow covered mountain ranges and the farmhand travels from state to state to harvest the crops that we all may eat.

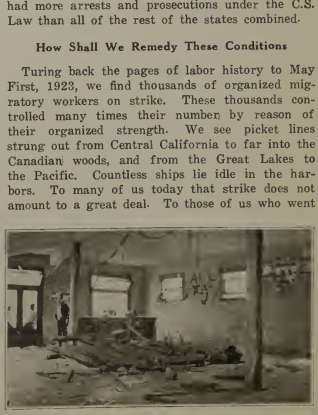
Hard of hand and stern of face they have stood side by side maintaining their principles, facing whatever odds came their way. They visualize a beautiful world, wherein all society will share equally in all things of life. It is that dream for which they fight and it is altogether probable that a similar ideal held sway in the mind of Montalvo's seaman.

The accusers: Social parasites who live from the toil of others, constitute their number. California is today and has been for centuries a haven for these people. Unrestricted they flaunt a gilded, iron hand and all who fear, bow down. Henchmen do their bidding and it is these henchmen that are the active oppressors of the workers. Consider the type of men they are. Former Prosecutor Cowan of Sacramento deserted his wife and several children. It was he who waxed so eloquent in pleading for conviction of members of the I. W. W., saying that the accused were wreckers of the American home. Coutts and Townsend, witnesses for the prosecution, were all perjurers and degenerates. Busick, a judge, is noted for his lack of intelligence and for his inhuman practises. It is this class that is the real oppressor of the toilers. Now that the comparison is made, which class do you uphold, the accused or the accuser, the oppressed or the oppressor?

To avoid leaving the impression that in California alone such persecution has existed, the following statistics are offered. Sixteen states, Alaska and Hawaii have Criminal Syndicalism Laws. Fourteen states have peace time sedition acts. Two states have Criminal Anarchy Laws. Three states have laws against "The advocacy of revolution." Thirty states, Alaska and Hawaii have Red Flag and Insignia laws and ordinances. Eleven states have anti-sedition laws. It is, however, noteworthy in this instance that California has had more arrests and prosecutions under the C.S. Law than all of the rest of the states combined.

### How Shall We Remedy These Conditions

Turing back the pages of labor history to May First, 1923, we find thousands of organized migratory workers on strike. These thousands controlled many times their number by reason of their organized strength. We see picket lines strung out from Central California to far into the Canadian woods, and from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. Countless ships lie idle in the harbors. To many of us today that strike does not amount to a great deal. To those of us who went



THE I. W. W. HALL AT SAN PEDRO
**After the Hoodlums and Sadists of June 14th Got Through. The Police Pretended To Have a Call In the Country Just When the K. K. K. Descended on the Hall.**

through it, understanding its real objective and rejoicing at its outcome, it is remembered as an effective method of gaining labor's rights.

The primary demand of that strike was the release of Class War Prisoners. Immediately after the strike was over it was announced that the President and Attorney General were reviewing the Federal case. Seven weeks after that strike these gentlemen offered many of the Federal Class War Prisoners a conditional release. Some accepted, some refused. All knew that there was small danger of May Day 1924 passing with them still in prison. Rather than suffer another such demonstration, we find that the powers of this land, saw to it that on a cool December morning the gates of Leavenworth prison swung ajar and all Federal Class War Prisoners were secure in the knowledge that economic power had wrested the bars that imprisoned them.

It is indeed a wonderful part of labor history to glance back over, but would it not be still more wonderful were an effective strike such as that of '23 to be re-enacted? It can be done and should be done. May Day is here and sixty-three men in California's Twin Hells wonder how our strike plans for their release are progressing.



The San Pedro Raiding Monsters Poured Hot Grease on This Lad. Twelve-Year-Old Andrew Kuljis on Hospital Cot Scalded Nearly To Death.

Economic power did the same job in 1923. Let us profit by that experience. Let us use that same power today. Then and only then will our valiant fellow workers walk free from these modern infernos, aside from the day that their time is served. Strike now and strike hard.

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# BOOK REVIEWS

**The Lion's Long Shadow .**

"Whither England?" is the best book that Leon Trotsky has written. It is a searching analysis of the economic and political decline of English supremacy, and a study of the classes, parties and persons engaged in the English class struggle. On the one side are shown all those bending their efforts to preserve the status quo; on the other those whose activities are directed toward destroying existing conditions by revolutionary methods.

In the "Preface for America" he shows his object in putting the title in a query form:

"The inference to which I am led by my study is that England is heading rapidly toward an era of great revolutionary upheavals."

He declares that in spite of all the cant and flapdoodle of Messrs. J. Ramsey McDonald and other Labor Party lickspittles of "gradualness," there is in England a class struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat which is not to be liquidated by misinformation, by chanting psalms or by attempts at peaceful social revolution through application of the legalistic apparatus of capitalist democracy. Trotsky calls for the destruction of the present ruling class, and for the establishment of a supreme proletarian power.

In order to do this he believes that Labor Party purification is a primary requisite, and that the workers must be educated on the fallacy of gradualness, or evolutionary, non-violent approaches to their emancipation. It is wrong to mislead them into believing that they can accomplish their socio-economic deliveration without sharp, armed conflict with a decadent, but very desperate, ruling class, and that the workers' mentality should be made to compass this truth so that they can prepare for their gigantic task.

Trotsky scathingly belittles MacDonald, Smillie, Lansbury, Clynes, Thomas, the Snowdens, the Webbs and the rest of that polyglot assortment of Christian, pacifistic, hypocritical, crown-loving apostles of class collaboration who have found their way into the Labor Party, and from their vantage point are attempting to reduce the workers to such impotence that they will continue to be easy victims to those interested in their political expropriation. His method is explained in these words:

"Our exposition, for the most part, will be critical and polemical in character. History is made by men; the evaluation of the living forces producing the history of the present can not be otherwise than active. In order to learn what are the classes, parties, and party leaders engaged in the struggle, and what the morrow will bring for them, we must work our way through a mass of political complications, lies, hypocrisies, of an all pervading parliamentary 'cant'. Under these circumstances, the polemical method is the necessary method of political analysis."

In his opinion the parliamentary procedure is useful for propaganda, but he makes it quite clear that just as the Roundheads ousted their class enemies from Parliament in the 17th Century, so too, the victorious Labor Party must learn the lessons of Puritan revolutionary mettle, and set up a dictatorship through a transitional period in which the new order is gaining strength and suppressing counter-revolution.

He does not content himself with unsupported statements. He says that these acts must be performed, but he attempts to prove from concrete examples that the revolutionary crisis is imminent and that the trade unions can not save themselves from destruction unless they act as the revolutionary vanguard, strangling the English bourgeoisie into submission, and then destroying it.

He quotes Baldwin's parliamentary casuistry of pacifism. In the House of Commons the premier vowed, "We shall under no circumstances shoot first." Laborites applauded and solemly chorused their asinine "amen" when this aristocratic exploiter and crooked mouthpiece of the world's most piratical political stratum wound up his pious twaddle with a "Give us piece in our time, O Lord!"

Peace to go on cheating the Chinese, driving the Egyptians, starving the Hindus, rending Ireland and a few other holy practises of this most democratic of all governments, to say nothing of skinning the "limeys" themselves.

Anticipating that the secret service systems of England and America will interpret his book as an effort to get propaganda across he says: "To accuse me of revolutionary meddling in the affairs of foreign countries, on the basis of such statements, (that England is going swiftly toward social revolution. P. C.) would be almost equivalent to accusing the astronomer of bringing about a solar eclipse because he had predicted its occurrence."

Beside other forces compelling England to rush directly to revolution he says that the Russian Government is comparatively conservative. "Morgan, Dawes, Julius Barnes—these are the artificers of the approaching revolution."

Of the United States he says: "In revolutionary development America does not stand in the front rank; the American bourgeoisie will still enjoy the privilege of witnessing the destruction of its older European sister. But the inevitable hour

will strike for American capitalism also; the American oil and steel magnates, trust and export leaders, the multimillionnaires of New York, Chicago and San Francisco are performing—though unconsciously—their predestined revolutionary function. And the American proletariat will ultimately discharge theirs."

All this is very interesting, even inspiring, and of course highly instructive. But we should like to know "Whither America?" and hear from the same author on our class problem because, after all, England is far off and our situation is not analogous to that of Britain. We have no labor party here, and we don't want any. Most of us regard attempts to create one a waste of revolutionary energy. The English House of Commons seated several hundred members of the Labor Party. The United States Congress kicked out the lonely, milk-sopping Berger, and our effulgent Empire State could not tolerate in its immaculate Albany legislature five properly elected socialists. The democratic and republican brethren united to eject them and the comrades hit the skids.

Germany had its strong Social-Democratic representation in the Reichstag, and it failed the workers when faced by the war crisis, and later the Ebert crowd formed a coalition with the bourgeois, incidentally uniting in the murder of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg in the post-war reaction.

Then there is France with her Vivianis, Millerands, Briands and the rest of the wolves. Are we American slaves, or slaves in America, to try for a chance at debates in legislatures? The advocates of economic direct action think not. The I. W. W. teaches that workers must unite by industries, mutually supported, to seize the land and the industries.

This is satisfyingly pertinent. There is no circumlocution about our program. However, we believe that the revolution is so near, not only for England but for the whole world, the United States probably lagging behind Europe as Trotsky says, that we shall be spared the parliamentary experiment and disappointment. Trotsky says that when the Labor Party with parliamentary majority to justify it takes its first, great step, the one to nationalize the mines, the British Fascisti will begin the revolution with bullets. The temper of the arrogant rulers of America will not even allow anything like a legislative majority of labor members, and our approach is manifestly not to be prosecuted through such avenues. By direct action in the industries the American proletariat will ultimately discharge their revolutionary function. Let us organize for a terrific conflict, without opportunism and without compromise, but steeled to determined effort to take the whole works.

—Paul Conrad.

**"WHITHER ENGLAND?" by Leon Trotsky, International Publishers, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York. Price, $1.75.**

## THREE GOOD BOOKS

In presenting reviews of these books I am motivated by an opinion of their excellence and also by the fact that they have not been reviewed previously in our press. They are, I believe, worthy of serious examination by all revolutionists.

Although it has been some eighteen years since I first entered the revolutionary movement, and although I have read innumerable utopian pieces of fiction, I had successfully run the gauntlet without encountering Howells's delightful tale "A Traveler From Altruria," till I discovered it in the catalogue of the Chicago Public Library. In conception and execution the book is excellent, and deserves a place among the classics of the movement.

A Mr. Homos, citizen of Altruria, visits a popular author, Mr. Twelvemouth, at a popular summer resort. His first extensive contact with life under capitalism begins with a group consisting of a banker, a manufacturer, a preacher, a lawyer, a doctor, and a female of the gushing, notoriety seeking type.

Mr. Homos, obviously an educated and cultured man, typical of all Altrurians, violates numerous taboos of the ruling class at the resort because of his generous and social nature, a product of Altrurian life. His total inability to harmonize the blah-blah about the worth of labor and the real social position of the actual useful workers, together with the conversation and comment of the various characters upon life, are the spice of the book. Ever since reading it I have been obsessed with a desire to have a Mr. Homos Jr. visit these scenes and as it seems that this desire is so persistent that I cannot do other than yield to it, the world may be burdened with still another work of this kind. The only hope of mankind escaping this impending evil will lie in my lack of ability.

Some three years ago I first purchased and read, with delight, a copy of "The Next Step." I was then deeply impressed by it, the events happening, since my first reading of it have, to my mind, rendered this work of great importance. It is not fiction, but a serious study of a possible social structure of the future. I have, however, come into contact with but few people in the revolutionary movement who have read it and I believe that it should be widely circulated and perused by every revolutionist.

The author starts with the assertion that the next step in social organization must be the economic organization of all of the affairs of life into "A World's Producers' Society" with a central organization with jurisdiction universal in scope in so far as universal problems are concerned; conditioned by a world's parliament organized on the basis of self-governing industrial groups.

The social organization set forth by the author would proceed step by step from "local, district,

and division to world Industrial groups." In this ascending series of federations or joint organizations "The principle of local autonomy will be maintained in all its rigor."

"Economic federation with local groups enjoying local autonomy in all local matters" rather than "economic bureaucracy, involving the concentration of economic authority in the hands of a centralized group," is set forth as a necessary requirement for the successful operation of such a social structure. Since "concentration of authority is a denial of" and results in "a corresponding loss of local initiative."

On this question the author says: "The individual cannot be expected to exert himself where there is no apparent connection between the effort expended and the return for his effort, neither can he be expected to exert himself in the interest of economic machinery that belongs to some one else. His interest can be maintained only by the hope of a return for the effort that he expends, and by a sense of control over the job on which he works. Among the various experiments that society has tried, in an effort to attain these ends, none has been more successful than self-government."

"Behaviorism" is a book consisting of a series of lectures delivered by the author to classes. It is composed in a style that makes it both easy and interesting reading for the layman, yet within its covers the author has given a complete statement of the Behavioristic Psychological School.

The older schools of psychology have assumed that "consciousness" must be the subject matter of psychology. With this assumption the behaviorist will have nothing to do. What is this "consciousness" they challenge? Merely an evolution of the idea of the soul, they say, and all introspectionists find upon analysis of consciousness "exactly what they by assumption put into it"—nothing more.

Then what is the subject matter with which psychology should concern itself? Behavior and the stimuli which bring about particular responses, they answer. To the behaviorist, human nature i.e., behavior, is one of the most modifiable things imaginable. "If you decide that the human organism should behave in this way, you must arrange conditions of such and such kind." That an intelligent person can "by training in principles and particulars" be almost remade in a few weeks time is one of the assertions of the author.

The ancient superstitions, instincts and inherited talent, are also challenged. " . . . . . regardless of the geological age, or geographical zone or station in life of the parents within the limits of individual variation man is born with the same general set of responses."

On any assumption of innate superiority of any race the author frowns. "I defy anyone to take these infants at birth (black and yellow), study their behavior, mark off the differences in behavior that will characterize white from black and white or black from yellow. There will be difference in behavior but the burden of proof is upon the individual be he biologist or eugenist who claims that these racial differences are greater than individual differences."

The developments which are usually attributed to inheritance of "mental" traits, (instincts, talent, etc.,) are accounted for, quite logically, by variations in structure, habit formation and conditioning circumstances. "Our hereditary structure lies ready to be shaped in a thousand different ways." The same structure, mind you, depending upon the way in which the child is brought up.

The author used the boomerang to illustrate the value or importance of structures. The action of the boomerang of course is dependent upon its particular structure and not upon innate consciousness or instinct. A change in structure naturally changes its action.

In some interesting comments on how we think the author places no "more emphasis upon the brain and spinal cord, than upon the striped muscles of the body, the plain muscles of the stomach or the glands." In other words we think with the body and are creatures of habit and responses rather than mentally directed vehicles.

One might well compare this scientific work with Twain's essay on "What Is Man?" The conclusions are largely the same. This school of psychology is one that every revolutionist should be familiar with. It has demonstrated that all of the bogies of the apologists of the old order are unsound.

—Warren Lamson.

**A TRAVELER FROM ALTRURIA, by William Dean Howells, 1908.**

**THE NEXT STEP, by Scott Nearing.**

**BEHAVIORISM, by J. B. Watson, Peoples' Institute Publishing Co., New York. Price, $2.50.**

**Good Analysis; Bad Conclusion.**

There is a great deal of information about productivity, wealth distribution, legal crime, unemployment, political nepotism, bank schemes, persecution of workers and many other matters of the greatest interest to the working class in Upton Sinclair's new pamphlet—"Letters to Judd"—all very engrossingly written and in the short space of 64 pages. Sinclair goes after the corruption of the system in the slam-bang way in which he always attacks the exploiters; with his eyes open and his head cool.

But when he concludes that the workers should buy out the robbers, saying that it is cheaper and less violent than confiscation, he reckons without his hosts. The present amassed wealth in capitalist hands is of course very dear to its owners, but dearer still is their ownership of the productive machinery and the land by which they retain their prerogatives and hope to accumulate immensely

greater wealth and the power it guarantees. To think that they will relinquish it without the bitterest fight is certainly utopian, and Sinclair seems to think, though he doesn't say so, that if we elect him Governor of California (with the votes we haven't got) and some other socialists to the different law making and executive seats, we can eventually secure such parliamentary strength that the legislative decree will provide for the abolition of private property in the great social tools via compensation for the robbers of all the wealth which we, the workers, have created. He says that "Young Johnny Coaloil will still be able to keep his yacht and his chorus girs on the Riviera, and Mrs. Silly Splash will continue to wear diamond-embroidered bathing suits at Palm Beach. . . . "

Is that so? Well, not by a damsite! Johnny Coaloil will be put on the business end of a Number 2, and some useful work will be found for the erstwhile rich female parasites, and the chorus girls will serve either as real artists or do some directly productive work. If this be a vengeful spirit, Upton, then make the most of it. It is an insult to the intelligence of a working stiff to tell him and his fellow workers to buy out the rich. We couldn't buy if we wanted to, and if we could muster sufficient organized strength to decide that we should force ourselves on the bosses as purchasers of the productive tools, we should by that very fact have the power to take those tools, and put the bosses to work. The only way to get the power to dispossess the boss is to organize the industries.

—Oscar Johnson.

**LETTERS TO JUDD, by Upton Sinclair, published by the author at Pasadena, California. Price, 15 cents.**

**Kaleidoscopic Impressions**

To radicals Sinclair's "The Goose Step" and "The Goslings" are familiar revelations of schemes for controlling the American educational system. From the sage of Pasadena we knew what was coming when he gave advance notices of these studies. But occasionally other nonconformists spring up suddenly and have their fling at showing up the educational machine for the class ruled monster that it is.

For his contribution in this respect, more than for any particular literary merit, Melvin P. Levy is worth reading in "Matrix." The story is obviously autobiographical; a record of impressions registered on its hero's mind from early childhood, through youth and into manhood, with the end a sort of souvenir telling what became of Robert McKim after commercialism forced him away from his love of literature to business success, and in the natural order of things, to a grave decorated profusely with floral masterpieces from the nation's leading Kiwanis.

Much of the snobbery of college life is depicted, and there are paragraphs like these about the teachers which, I think, are not entirely fictitious:

"There is Markley the etymologist. Heavy, obtuse volumes issue from his pen: he is secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa; he is an epileptic. . . . "

"Dutton is an anthropologist, young, cynical, brilliant, underpaid. He is suspect of being a Jew."

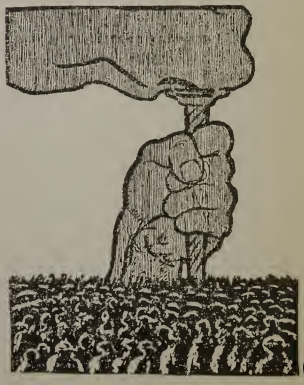
"Livingston, calm and handsome, wearing his Oxford ermine with dignity, is a teacher of English. His classes are filled with beautiful girls who are attracted by his person and his amusing lectures. . . . . "

Another paragraph says that all college preparation is done to produce fitter human business machines, and the profs in the Business Administration part of the institution. (Almost any large university will show the same thing, but Levy is talking of the University of Washington in Seattle) are the best paid. Why not? Culture is a secondary consideration; skinning workers is the big thing in life for Babbitts, and those who know how to teach the best methods for good skinning have a high price.

The author should continue to write, because that is the only way to learn the art, and already he shows promise.

—Max Sterne.

**MATRIX, by Melvin P. Levy, Thomas Seltzer. New York. Price, $2.00.**



# The Slave

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

THE first intimation that he was a slave came to Gilbert Dowson at the age of twelve. Forces—economic forces of which he knew nothing—ordained that he should leave school and go to work; made it imperative that he should stand ten weary hours a day in front of a long, wide board table and cut, endlessly cut, mile after mile of coat-canvasing into various shapes and designs. Day after day; week after week; cut; chalk out; ply up; cut; for four weary years.

He did not want to do it. His whole soul rebelled against doing it. He wanted to continue going to school. Young as he was he had seen a vision. Something within him had responded to a line of poetry, a rounded period of prose. The lesson books—history, geography, grammar; the staple books of learning—hitherto so dull began to take on the aspect of a golden road that would lead to the gate of knowledge, the gate that would swing wide to let him enter into the fellowship of poets, philosophers, writers. Not that he consciously put it so to himself; but he felt an inspiration lightening the monotonous repetition of a conjugation, the innocuous recital of some general's exploits, the laborious memorizing of a country's exports. Then, blasting the budding flower of his intellect, Work!

An older sister had become too ill to toil longer in the cotton factory; an elder brother had married, thus taking his meagre board-money from the family income.

"It isn't as if it were the Mill," his mother said placatingly when he voiced his objections to the job. "It'll be nicer at Clyde's. You'll learn to be a cutter, and that's a good trade. Besides we need your wages."

Wages!

Three dollars a week. Twelve dollars a month. The pitifulness of it! But twelve dollars a month would come near to paying the rent for the tumbledown shack in which they lived. So to Clyde's he went. He stormed, he wept, he pled. Incoherent words rushed pell-mell from his tongue. Couldn't they see! He wanted—wanted—What did he want? What was this thing he craved so blindly, to them, so foolishly? He couldn't answer. He didn't know. It was vague, even to, himself. Just the hunger for something something. . . . . .

Ah, hunger!

There was the hunger of six little brothers and sisters. And the need of a girl who had toiled to bring him up, the others up. She needed broths, medicines. And the father—the shabby, prematurely gray and stooped father—only made eighty dollars a month! He was chronically tired, this father of his, from working fifteen, eighteen, yes, and sometimes the whole twenty-four hours a day. In debt. To the butcher, the doctor, the grocer. What was the desire of a boy for schooling, education, culture, to the insistent demand of creditors for money, money; to the craving of hungry mouths for food, food; to the hacking cough of a dying girl calling for medicines, medecines?

But he only saw his father ordering him, his mother denying him. He felt that he was a slave to them, their whims; that they drove him cruelly and without thought. He saw only them, and not the force behind them which dictated their actions. In a sense he grew to hate them. Not really hate. No. For he loved his father who was hard on him in nothing else; his mother, who contrived little luxuries for his lunch and petted and praised him. But a sense of injury grew in him, nevertheless.

The shop—that vast room where half a hundred men labored to clip into shape the bolts of cloth of all colors and descriptions—pressed in on him like the walls of a prison for four weary years. Years of coarseness, vulgarity; years of obscenities, degradations; years when he tried to ape the manners, the mouthings of his ignorant fellow slaves.

There were girls—the sewing-machine girls—who sweated in another vast cavern above the one in which he labored. Pretty girls, ugly girls, suggestive girls. Girls who leaned their bodies sensuously against his; girls whom he hugged in the passageway, took liberties with in the corners. Girls who seemed to flame his blood, sear his flesh. Yet only girls working as he was working, slaving as he was slaving. Modest girls being made bold; bold girls laughing at the timidity of raw youth. All a welter of hot animal emotions, unrestrained by intellect, unadorned with thought.

He reacted to his environment by becoming as sordid as the men around him; yet instead of dulling mentally as did they, his brain soared beyond the confines of the job in a thousand day dreams. His tongue asked himself a million questions. Of this, of that. He lived the life of the place; loathed the life of the place; fled like a convict every night from the place. Fled to the streets; the long lighted streets; the streets that he walked with other youths, following the girls. Mashing.

"Where you goin'?"

"Where do you think?"

"My way, kid."

"Say! if you get fresh with me. . . . . "

That was the routine of it. The give and take.

Sometimes he picked a girl up. Then there would be ten cent sprees. Ice-cream, soda pop; home at midnight; bed; back in the morning to the treadmill, heavy-eyed, reluctant. This the round of the week; this the tenor of the days. Drab, colorless, bestial. Living the life of his kind; yet rebellious. By a strange quirk of the brain, by the functioning of a cell over which he had no control. With the thought of escape now active, now latent. Reading, reading, here and there. Glimpsing beauties, sensing truths. Until one day the bars were wrenched asunder and he came out of his cage; came out over the body of the sister who had died; over the coffin of his brother's wife who had succumbed to an attack of influenza. Came out of his cage—or so he thought.

"You can go back to school, if you want to," his sad-faced mother said. "I guess we can manage it—now."

So back to his studies he went. Back to the school-world of which he had dreamed. Only to find himself an alien; a being from another plane. Out of touch with his schoolmates who were younger than he. Feeling old in comparison. Incredibly old and awkward. To them he was queer. They made fun of him. The teacher thought him an oddity. Resented him, rather. Somehow he couldn't seem to learn. He stammered when he spoke. Was unable to co-ordinate his longing for knowledge into words that would adequately question, explain.

Six months of dogged struggle took place. Six months of mental, of physical torture, when he dragged himself to his classes by sheer strength of will. Then he quit.

What was the use? He was a failure. What had he made in arithmetic? Thirty! History? Ah, he had made ninety there! But that seemed a fluke, for in geography and grammar he had failed miserably. Why had he failed in grammar? When he wanted to juggle words. When he spent hours proving over rules. But the rules seemed to elude his memory. Perhaps his brain was deadened with the monotonous toil implied in four years of snipping; four years of breathing in lint, sordidness, vulgarity. He did not reason about it. He knew only something had gone from the books he had craved; some glamor departed from the printed word; that he couldn't concentrate, study; that something in the atmosphere of the schoolroom, in the attitude of the scholars and the teacher, embarrassed him, smothered him, drove him from their midst.

So back to work he went again. Not to the cutting room. No! He would have died before doing that. But this time on the water front, where he found part time employment loading freight cars for a railroad company. He was big for his age; strong; so he heaved the boxes and bales, wheeled the truck, and made twenty-five cents an hour. Sometimes he made two-fifty a day. Wealth! Came a period of drinking, smoking, carousing; of seeking women: the kind that sold themselves a dozen times a night for the doubtful privilege of living in Munk the Jew's horrible dive. But through it all thinking, thinking. By a strange quirk of the brain, by the functioning of a cell over which he had no control. Endlessly saying to his mother, his brother, himself:

"If I only hadn't left school the first time."

A vast resentment filled his being.

"When I could have learned," he said bitterly, "you drove me to work like a slave."

A slave! That's all he would ever be. First it had been to his family; now it was to ignorance, lust.

Thus he worked, loafed, sinned, pondered; embittered, muddled; until he met Jane. Just a simple girl. Sweet, alluring. Going to high school. He made broken confessions to her; read with her; studied with her; and, of course, fell in love with her. Once more there was glamor on the printed page; once more the bars were wrenched asunder—this time by the miracle of love— and he came forth from his cage— or so he thought; because the new cage was much roomier than the old one, much lighter, and blessed by the presence of the girl he desired.

Within twelve months of their meeting, he married her; according to the Catholic rites; adopting her religion.

What did it matter? Religion meant nothing to him but pleasing her. So he turned from his Protestant faith. Mass, Communion? Holy enough with her by his side. Thus he reasoned. But in time he became conscious of the bars of this new cage. One year, two years. No further this way. Three years, four years. No further that way. To left, to right. Bars. She had discovered for him the public library; then he discovered books for himself. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable; his intellect out-soared hers.

"Tell me—why mustn't I read Kant?"

"It is forbidden. The Church. . . . . "

"The Church be damned!"

Tears. Recriminations. Making up. Going to confession to please her. Forgiveness. Temptation again.

"Why mustn't I read Ingersoll?"

"Oh, he is terrible!"

"Darwin?"

"He's an atheist."

"The Age of Reason?"

"Is forbidden."

He rebelled.

"You must talk to Father John."

Talks, talks, talks. With the priest. Genesis versus science; evolution versus theology.

"What proof have I the Church is right?"

"You must have faith, my son."

Faith, faith. Surrender reason for faith. Blindly believe what blinder men told. His spirit rebelled; his intellect refused. Yet he paced his cage. Curbed his tongue. Hid his books. Until

the flesh revolted. Until the words kept running through his brain:

"I am a slave to a priest-ridden woman; to a church that peddles superstition and fear!"

Then as he was struggling chaotically with his doubts, his fears, came the strike of longshoremen and checkers. He was working as a longshoreman and belonged to the union, of course; but that had been a matter of routine; something he had never bothered his head about. Not once had he gone to a union meeting. But now the union had called him out; had called five hundred other men out. Because the gangs worked fifteen hours a day for a week at a time. (This was in 1912). Sometimes the night through to finish a ship. Because the wages are low. God knows they were! Though Jane scrimped and managed, the children went poorly shod and insufficiently clothed. But he had accepted low wages and long hours as a necessary evil. Something to be borne with fortitude. But now there were strike leaders telling him that they need be borne no longer. Strange phrases began to be heard. He did not understand them. They were strange to him. Socialism! He had thought he knew what that word implied. A foolish idea of dividing everything up among the workers. But now he was bewildered. He did not know what to think. Until the night the police loaded him and several other strikers into a patrol for the terrible crime of picketing. There was a gash on the side of his head. A policeman's club had done that. As he mechanically wiped away the blood trickling down his face he thought. Never had he thought more clearly. Those pamphlets he had read. He pondered them over. The speeches he had heard. On the corners of the streets, in his union hall. They rang in his ears. He began to understand. His hands clenched; his jaw set. Behind the police, the law, he began to sense it, to see it. Gigantic, ruthless. And he had blamed his poor, stooped, overworked father, his sallow, dispirited mother. Fool that he was! On them he had laid the onus of his dispoiled childhood when the blame laid elsewhere.

All the smouldering resentment, of his being crystallized into burning hatred—hatred of the monstrous, the soulless thing that overshadowed him with its bulk. He knew his enemy at last.

He had been, he was, not the slave of his father, his mother, his wife, his employers, but the slave of the cold, remorseless complement of them all—THE SYSTEM!

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REUQIRED BY THE ACT CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,**

**Of Industrial Pioneer, published Monthly at 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill., for April 1, 1926.**

STATE OF ILLINOIS )
COUNTY OF COOK ) ss.

Before, me a **Notary Public** in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared **James Sullivan,** who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the **Business Manager** of the **Industrial Pioneer,** and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

**Publisher The Industrial Workers of the World, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

**Editor John A. Gaban, 3333 Belmoont Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

Business Manager **James Sullivan, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

2. That the owners are:

**The Industrial Workers of the World, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

**John I. Turner, General Secretary-Treas., 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

**Edw. E. Andersoon, Chairman Executive Board, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: **None.**

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

**James Sullivan,** Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1926.

**Gustav Ehlers**

(SEAL) (My commission expires July 30, 1928.)

## IN THE JUNE PIONEER

**WHAT EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS—**

This is a Daniel Tower feature on Imperialism in the Philippines.

**THE SINISTER SYNDICATE**—Albert Wehde has written for us an exclusive, amazing story of crime in Chicago.

**SOCIALIZED INVENTION**—A brand new contribution to revolutionary thought engrossingly written by A Civil Engineer.

**THE ERIE CANAL**—is T. P. Sullivan's informative, absorbing, illustrated article on "Revolutionizing Clinton's 'Big Ditch'."

Also a powerful story on the latest phases of child labor, and another on "Oil and Empire." This is a partial list of the good things you'll get next month in the world's leading revolutionary magazine. Subscribe!

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Martin's **PSYCHOLOGY**

O'Neill's **THE GREAT GOD BROWN, THE FOUNTAIN AND OTHER PLAYS**

Hammonds' **RISE OF MODERN INDUSTRY**

Bakeless's **ORIGIN OF THE NEXT WAR**

Saposs's **LEFT WING UNIONISM**



# WOBBLES

## THE AUCTION BLOCK

Reliable, steady, intelligent, well-recommended man, from twenty-five to sixty years of age, to sell farmers in this State."—Ad in Minnesota paper.

•••••••

## A CURÉ IN THE ZOO

A provincial French priest, troubled by tales of Darwin visited a monkey house where a chimpanzee proceeded to mimic the good man. Fascinated, he clapped his hands; the chimp did likewise. When the priest nursed his chin Mr. Simian rubbed his own, and when the abbe scratched his head in wonder the chimp, very naturally, began scratching his own cranium. It was getting beyond the father.

Then, mindful of his holy calling, the priest, brows thoughtfully wrinkled, said:

"Say ONE word, you devil, and I'll baptize you!"



**". . . well . . . what d'ye want now?"**
**"The earth!"**

•••••••

## GOOD PHYSIOLOGY

**Youngster** (aged 10): We have a dumb girl in school. The teacher in hygiene asked her where digestion took place and she said in the Panama Canal.

**Father:** Well, where does it take place?

**Youngster:** Why, in the complementary canal.

•••••••

## CANINE LITERATI

"Lay down, pup. Lay down. That's a good doggie. Lay down, I tell you."

"Mister, you'll have to say, 'Lie down'. He's a Boston terrier."

•••••••

Long enough have we believed, now we want to know.—**Buckner.**

## AND CODGERS

**Teacher** (junior geography class): What are the principal agricultural products of Cape Cod?

**Charles:** Cod liver oil and codfish balls.

•••••••

## FIGURE IT OUT

**Tim:** I attended a wooden wedding today.

**Eddie:** Who got married?

**Tim:** Two Poles.

•••••••

## RAILROADER

**Cutor:** (examining Wobbly witness in a California C.S. case) **I work for** wages. Now what industrial union would you fellows put me in?

**Wobbly:** In the Railroad Workers' Industrial Union.

**Cutor:** Railroad workers?

**Wobbly:** Sure. Your business is railroading workers to the penitentiaries and jails.

•••••••

## A COUPLE FROM T-BONE

**Scissor:** (sharply) I tell you it can't be done! They'll sell out. Every man has his price!

**Wobbly:** (impressively) That's right! They'll sell out—**for the full product of their toil.** Nothing less.

•••••••

**Brakeman:** (in high dungeon) What! You haven't a union card? And you've got the nerve to ride this train! Get off—UNLOAD!—Yes, both of you. Why you're worse off than a ship without a rudder!

**First Hobo:** (as they are going) Wot did he say, **a stiff without a brother?**

**Second Hobo:** (peeved) Naw, he said a ship without a rudder—darn him!

**First Hobo:** (thinking) Well, I guess he's right. We don't seem to be getting anywhere.

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### INDUSTRIALISTI
(The Industrialist)

Published daily in Duluth, Minn. Write to Box 464, Duluth, Minn., for prices on bundle orders and subscription.



"The verdict rendered by the court was 25 to 40 years. . . . Will you, the reader, grant to these defendants an additional five minutes of your time? Then take out your watch and note the position of the minute hand. Now for what you think is five minutes keep your eyes closed. Open your eyes after what seems an interminable time. Not three minutes of the time have elapsed.—Page 45, "Was It Murder?"

# Eight of These Centralia Defendants are Buried Alive

These and scores of other Class War Prisoners await YOUR economic action to set them free.

Without organization we are helpless; with organization we are almighty.

There can be no organization without education. The Press is our best means of organization. Organization, therefore, depends on a strong press.

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Of course you do, but you must ACT, and act NOW.

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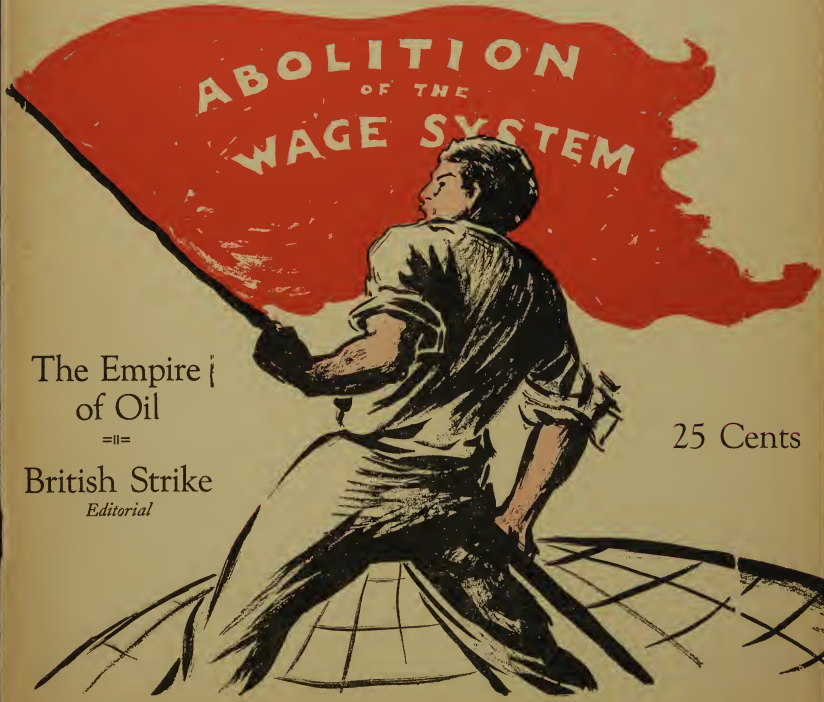
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# The Industrial Pioneer

*An Illustrated Labor Magazine* June, 1926




The Empire of Oil

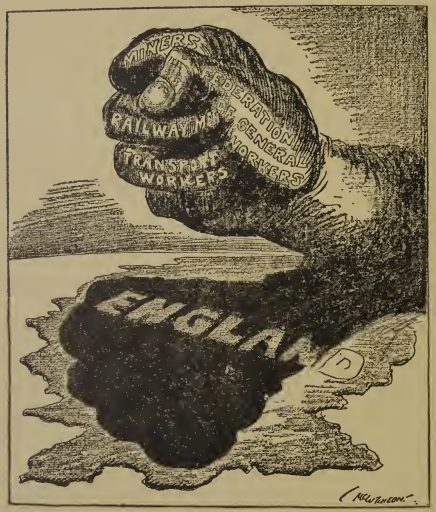
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British Strike

*Editorial*

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**Here Is the Morrow's Conqueror that Hangs Pall-Like Over the Lives of Britain's Predatory Powers. This Phalanx of Industrial Workers, Growing Invincible By Economic Direct Action, Is Swiftly and Surely Learning Its Strength and Destiny—and Will Strike Again and Again Its Paralyzing Blows Until Finally the British Parasites Lay Prostrate, Cowed and Helpless Before Labor's Almighty Industrial Solidarity.**



# The Industrial Pioneer

Edited by John A. Gahan

Published Monthly by the General Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World, 3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

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# All Together for a Banner Drive!

By Frank Thorpe
(Secretary-Treasurer of A. W. I. U. No. 110)

THESE lines are being written while the General Organization Committee of Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 110 are meeting in Chicago to prepare what should be the greatest organization campaign in the history of our Industrial Union. Mindful of the responsibility before us we must approach our problems with utmost earnestness. Success of the drive this year means industrial union progress of such vast proportions that even relatively few comprehend its significance. Our growth is tantamount to the greater development of the entire organization. Whenever an Industrial Union achieves advances, the other Industrial Unions and the General Headquarters are strengthened. Thus the purposes of the I. W. W. are forwarded.



**Now Wouldn't That Make A Town Clown Swear!**

This issue of The Industrial Pioneer reaches the field just prior to the One Ten Conference at Alva, Oklahoma, where our membership are going to continue preparations for the work of organization that must be accomplished this year. Alva is the town where harvest workers each year begin their drive through the wheat belt. Our active membership dictated wisely at the last I. U. Convention when they designated this place for the Spring Conference. We need not dilate on the strategic value of their choice, its worth being obvious. But whatever the site of our deliberations they can be effective only if we work for organizational good, and work for it clear-eyed and determined to prosecute the plans which are formulated and adopted.

With this thought in mind it is timely for us to consider, in concise language, the chief problems confronting us. Denied opportunity to ride from town to town in the grain territory on passenger trains, for the reason that workers who are so socially necessary to insure the nation's bread are not considered worthy of wages sufficient to provide railroad tickets, the "hands" have, until recently, depended solely for transportation on freight trains. But now, with the advent of the harvest auto tramp, we are faced by a serious competition. What does this signify?

Formerly John Farmer was compelled to seek labor power among the groups gathered in towns. To a great extent he is still obliged to pursue this tactic. It is disadvantageous to him, and he does not like it. Approaching workers made stronger by association, he endlessly blurted his pious wish that things would be better if only he did not have to hunt the "pesky go-abouts" where they congregate. Then came the second to fifth-hand tin lizzie, and unorganized workers in twos, threes, fours and so on, rode rapidly to the farmhouses, where they had previously relied on the slower box cars. This innovation greatly aids the farmer. These workers, **apply to him** for work. Formerly the farmer approached them and **requested them to accept** work for him. By the new scheme the farmer meets applicants already less able to demand good wages and conditions because they are not with the collective power in the towns.

Since our work of organization must provide, and provide without delay, for bringing these auto tramps into the ranks of the A. W. I. U., we must tackle the job this year. Those harvest workers who are not to be reached in the towns and on the trains must be organized right on the jobs. Our members and delegates must get on the jobs as rapidly as they can and organize the auto camps. In this way, and in no other way, can we make an asset of what is now a menace on which we can not look with indifference or incompetency.

### The "Coffee Grinder" Problem

Developments of productive machinery can not always be estimated solely by the size of machines used. There is a phenomenon in the small machine form which has entered the grain region, militating sharply against our task of uniting harvest workers. I speak of the increasing prevalence of small, 18- to 28-inch thrashing machines with three bundle racks. Readers not familiar with farm machinery require some light on this statement. Until a few years ago large, 72-inch, fourteen bundle rack thrashing machines, and sizes slightly smaller, were owned by thrashers who did contract work, moving the machines from farm to farm. The thrashers did the hiring and fed the workers, who could stay from 60 to 90 days with a single employer.

Now the small, relatively inexpensive thrashing machines have practically supplanted the larger ones, except where four or five farmers go together in a co-operative and jointly own the big type machine. But for the most part 18- to 28-inch "coffee grinders" are used. Farmers can purchase them because



**Coffee-Grinder In Operation**
Courtesy International Harvester Co.

they are cheaper, and they can more easily operate them because they are enabled to put more members of the family to work on them, and, if necessary, get the neighbors to help. The runs on these machines on individual farms now average between 12 and 20 days. Thus can be seen how introduction of a greater number of machines is operating against employment of harvest wage slaves.

### No Reason To Be Discouraged

From what has been described it appears that elimination of wage slaves from the domain of King Wheat is inevitable proportionately to the machine's advance. This is quite true, but not more so in agriculture than in other industries. It is a fact that machine invention is constantly throwing an augmenting horde of workers on the pile of jobless reserves. We contend that the only real and final solution is revolution by the workers so that they shall take possession of all land and productive tools, democratically apportioning labor and products equitably. But this is a task predicated on the presence of power, and we have no power, and consequently no rights, without industrial organization. A. W. I. U. No. 110 exists and moves to do in agriculture for organization what other I. W. W. Industrial Unions must do for unionism in their respective industries.

Our goal is very clear and our tactics are calculated to attain it, but we must learn to reach that goal of emancipation by meeting practical issues every day and all the time, or we shall be frustrated in the attempt to grasp our dreamland

of human happiness. So, in discussing matters of peculiar interest to our welfare we are dealing in subjects that have a vital interest to the general welfare of the working class. We should not lose sight of this two-fold aspect of Revolutionary Industrial Unionism, nor should we feel disheartened by the most seemingly insuperable



LARGE THRASHING MACHINE AT WORK
Courtesy International Harvester Company

obstacles raised by the masters to shut us from the light of freedom. We must point to that hateful barrier, show the slaves their class position in society, and suggest to them their almighty potentialities. In short, we must "fan the flames of discontent." Our organization must thrive on its ability to face issues squarely and to apply proper tactics fearlessly.

In spite of the auto tramps, and in spite of the "coffee grinders," we have an immense chance to organize this year in the harvest country. Experts predict that the crop will be at least twice as large as it was in 1925. And it is going to take many thousands of wage slaves, in addition to the auto tramps and home workers, to bring it in. There lies our chance for organization work.

### Advertising Stunts

Another matter we must mention is that of the advertising done in post offices, public places and newspapers relating to the labor supply needed. As wages tend to fall when there are more workers than jobs, it is not a mystery why the numbers will be exaggerated. The purpose of such misstatements is to flood the harvest country with far more slaves than there are jobs for them to get on, and in this way create a competition for the jobs resulting in greater profits for John Farmer. And the fact that the holders of mortgages and commision men and wheat pit gamblers will skin him in turn is not our immediate concern. Therefore, give such propaganda about how many "hands" are needed a liberal discounting and you can not go far wrong.

This has become axiomatic among revolutionary workers: that they can not succeed in uniting their fellow workers without the powerful weapon of education. All members and delegates of One Ten who want to see an unprecedented success in building up our Industrial Union should recognize the matchless value of our publications for inculcating class consciousness into the working class. Accordingly it is your duty to take the publications into the field to the limit of your ability and to see that they reach the uneducated slaves. Make a supreme effort to put our papers and magazines on a better footing than now prevails. As we make our press stronger we make our Industrial Unions more powerful. There can be no other result.

### One Ten Proud of Its Record

The solidarity of I. U. 110 has been tried in many a fiercely fought battle, and it has not been found wanting. We have battled hard and won many important victories. There is no finer record of working class achievement in the whole world than that which is the history of our organization, no matter what our faults have been. We have learned to fight for freedom and those who learn to struggle must learn to rise over their errors, to correct them, and to carry the conflict to advanced positions. Our victories have meant just this: we have by industrial solidarity been able to better our own lives and the lives of our fellow workers, even where many of them have failed to come under the standard of Revolutionary Industrial Unionism. Every gain we make is a gain for our class; it means improvement in the material conditions of the workers, and it constitutes a threat to organized thievery that even as I write this is being challenged as never before across the sea in England. Whatever we have done has been done by common understanding and organized action, and we can do nothing with other weapons.

Immediately before us is a season pregnant with promise for One Ten if we plan well and carry our plans through without faltering, without bickering, with the good, old fighting spirit that is so dear to the hearts of our rebels and so costly to the ruling class leeches. Last year, with poor crops, we succeeded in One Ten in organizing 8,507 agricultural workers. Ten thousand new members in 1926 is the least we should anticipate getting. Twice that number is not outside the range of possibility. Battling together, with good morale, and the Industrial Union interest uppermost, we should, when self-disciplined, make 1926 a banner year in the annals of I. U. 110. This is our need and it is our goal. You have the power to realize this accomplishment. Go to it, and win!

# The Sinister Syndicate

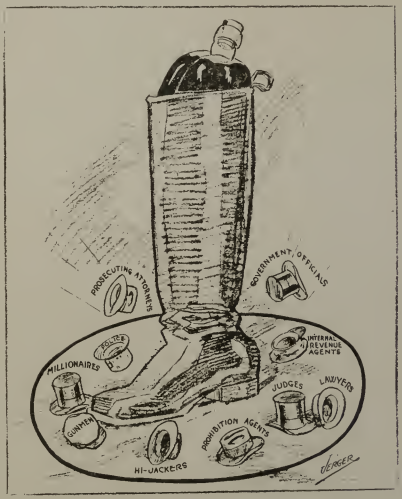
By ALBERT WEHDE

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SATURDAYS in summertime are busy half-days for Chicago. The stores, closing at one o'clock, cause the day's business to be transacted withing the short hours of the forenoon; congestion on streets and conveyances is the inevitable result. On such a day I happened to be riding on an East-bound Madison Street electric, my route calling for a transfer to a South-bound Dearborn Street car. I occupied a seat well in the center of the car which was crowded as we crossed the river. Passengers leaving at every corner in the loop the crowd soon thinned and presently disclosed the figure of a man standing near the front exit, to the motorman's right. He seemed familiar to me, looked just like Ernie Trachtenberg, a former fellow worker, whom I had not seen for several years. Being now near my transfer corner I arose and walked forward, intending to greet my old friend with a hearty slap on the back. As I approached him and obtained a full view of his face, however, I discovered that I had erred. He was a stranger to me with a resemblance to Ernie so bafflingly close that one might easily be taken for the other. Dropping my uplifted arm I refrained from my intended friendly demonstration.

He seemed to be unacquainted with the city and its ways. Blocking the exit, he permitted himself to be pushed to the right and left, though stolidly maintaining his position and moving only a few inches in apparent rustic bewilderment. When the car came to a stop and I was ready to leave I had to admonish him loudly to stand aside and let me pass. A boyish looking person of prosperous appearance stood behind me, slightly to the left. Bending his body forward he looked into my eyes, his facial expression bespeaking huge amusement at the stupidity of the party in front who now moved out of the way while I stepped into the street.

I have long had the habit of carrying my money in the left rear pocket of my trousers. Another habit, less bad though of no practical use, is to feel of this pocked frequently, especially when in a crowd or when arising from a seat. I had done so at this time and had satisfied myself that my billfold was in its place, but when feeling again as I boarded the Dearborn Street car I was disagreeably surprised to find the pocket empty, —its contents were gone.




It was a clear case of pocket-picking and there could be no doubt of the perpetrators; my friend's double and the smiling youth composed a team of light-fingered gentry. I jumped off the moving car and running back tried vainly to reach the Madison Street electric. Not being able to catch up with it I confined present efforts to scanning the faces of passers-by, hoping to find the two scoundrels. Equally unsuccessful, I told my troubles to the traffic cop.

"They got into you, hey?" he grinned.

"That's what they did—fifty dollars in bills—I could identify them anywhere!"

"Identify what—the bills?" His grin broadened.

I was in no humor for jesting and my answer was brief and terse. Then, accepting his advice, I hurried to the First District Police Station to report the theft.

The place was littered with plain-clothes men whose scrutinizing glances appeared calculated to disconcert timid souls. They were an ill-groomed lot, shifty of eye and coarse of speech. My first impression was that they were prisoners, but meeting interrogative looks and seeing no uniformed officials, I approached one of them and inquired for the desk sergeant. I was told that he had just stepped out but would return in a minute.

"What do you want of him?" I was asked and I told my story. A half-dozen of the men gathered around me and listened. There was silence on their part, the silence of contempt, cutting me to the quick. I felt like a boob.

Whatever may said of our detective force, its members are not afflicted with an inferiority complex. Their haughty demeanor, their glances of pitying contempt, almost made me regret having called and I would have left without filing my complaint if the sergeant had not then appeared. He was in uniform and plainly a higher type of man. Lending a sympathetic ear he took notes of every essential, booked my name, address and telephone number and advised me that I would be called to view and try to identify any pickpockets or suspects who might be arrested within the next few days. He cautioned me to respond promptly to every call as most of these pilferers were arrested on suspicion and the judges were unwilling to hold them without definite charges no matter what their previous records were. I promised and went about my business.

I was called to three different police stations within the next week, and viewed dozens of men as they were marched past me in single file. There were slim-built youths of dapper appearance, sheikish looking jazz-hounds; bleary-eyed men of middle age, paunch-bellied and slattern whom it was difficult to distinguish from plain-clothes officials; elderly individuals were there, too, with that hang-dog look acquired in many years of prison-life. All of them looked at me in cynical defiance, meeting my eyes with brazen stares. The men I looked for were not among them.

The brotherhood of pickpockets seemed to be holding a convention in Chicago just then. Charles G. Dawes, running for the vice-presidency, addressed a large audience of friends and neighbors from his home porch. After the meeting the lawn was found strewn with empty wallets; a federal secret service man also fell an easy victim, losing not only his money, but his star and other credentials as well. The press entertained its readers with daily reports, humorously penned, but failed to record arrests and convictions of the malcreants though many suspects had been picked up by the police.

"We can never convict these birds," a sergeant told me. "As soon as we make an arrest the gang sends a lawyer who is kept on its regular payroll and the machinery for beating the law is set in motion. No matter how strong a case we have, the prisoner gets out on bail and one of his friends calls on the victim. Whatever money was taken is refunded with an addition to recompense for loss of time and inconvenience, threats are used if need be, so that when the case is called for trial there is no witness and the defendant is dismissed. I'll tell the world, those fellows have the thing down pat; pocket-picking is the safest game there is."

I assured him that I would neither be bribed nor intimidated but meant to prosecute at all hazards if the right men were ever apprehended.

During a call at the South Clark Street police station I had a long talk with an officer in plain clothes who appeared especially eager to help me find the men I was looking for. In courtroom and corridor were some twenty men whom this officer pointed out to me, telling me that all of them were well known pickpockets and that most of them had been arrested within the last few days. All had furnished bonds for their appearance and were now to face the judge. None of them resembled the men I was so eager to find and my present mentor seemed even more disappointed than I was when I failed to make any identification. The court's opening terminated our conversation and having matters of greater importance to look after I left the building.

A slim man whom I had noticed among the loiterers, and who had eyed me in a manner to make me wonder who he might be and what he might want, followed me into the street and fell in my step as I walked toward the loop.

"Couldn't identify 'em, hey?" he addressed me, casting a sidelong glance as though he wanted to read my thoughts. I told him that I could pick my men out of any crowd but that so far the police had failed to get the right individuals.

"Say," he spoke up, "why the devil don't you pick out any of these fellows? They are all professionals with records a yard long. Blame your loss on any of them—they'll call on you and make it right with you; none of them can afford to come up before the judge and have you testify against them. If you are smart you can get your money back and more besides. Why in hell should you be the loser?"

Here was an angle I had never considered. He was pointing a way to get ample revenge and "easy money" at the same time. It seemed so simple, too. A member of the pickpockets' syndicate extracts one's wad and as the real culprit can not be found any brother member is accused. Having a bad record, he cannot afford to stand trial. He prefers to make good the loss, adding whatever else can be extracted from him by this blackmail. Simple and sure, the "honest" man is reimbursed and nobody is cheated except justice —poor, blind hussy!

But I was not tempted. Instead I felt sudden disgust with my present companion. My fingers itched; I longed to strangle the fellow. Never-

the less I controlled my feelings in an urge to fathom the depth of his infamy.

"The police have my name and address," I said. They will summon me to appear in court and if I fail to respond I will be subject to prosecution for contempt or may even be charged with compounding a felony." I was curious to hear his rejoinder.

His talk was odd. Part of the time he used the words and enunciation of an educated man, and then he would change to the language and tone of a roughneck.

"That's easy," he insisted, "if your name and address are changed on the blotter all hell won't find you. If you don't get a summons how can you be expected to appear in court? Don't let that worry you, I can fix that!"

"How can you fix it?" I asked.

"Say, listen to me, when I say I can fix it, I can fix it, and you bet I will fix it. I have been in this game for ten years and I know what I am doing. These dips think themselves clever, but I beat their racket every time. They know it, too, but they can't help themselves. They are on to me and if I should go around myself giving testimony against them I would not get very far. I can't raise a holler and claim that some gink lifted my poke; I sprung that on them too often. You have never been in a police court before and the judge will take your word for anything you say. Now don't be a damn fool. Do as I tell you and get some dough out of these birds. You can use it, can't you?"

Yes, I could use it. Fifty dollars was not to be sneezed at. I pondered and mused in silence. Watching me closely he went on talking:

"All of these half-witted crooks have prison records and if anybody takes the stand against them and swears that he was robbed and positively identifies any of the fellows, the judge soaks them the limit—ten or twenty years in Joliet. Do you think for a moment they will let it come to a trial? You bet they won't! They will see you and square themselves with you. If you claim they took a thousand dollars from you, you can get a thousand iron men out of them, providing, of course, that you pick out a fellow who has got something and whose standing is good with the gang. If you pick out somebody who is a nobody in the profession you won't get it. That's all there is to it. It all depends on your picking out the right guy. You can get a wad of easy money; you'd better go to it!"

My companion was evidently under the impression that his argument was finding favor with me and as I remained silent he continued:

"I know every one of them and I can put you wise; some of them own lots of property and can pay a stiff sum. I'll pick out the fellow for you to identify if you will make it fifty-fifty with me. You are running no kind of a risk. What d'you say?"

"How about my name on the police blotter?" I asked.

"Oh, forget it! I've got a fellow in the right place. I'll tip him off and he makes a little change in the name and address. That's the easiest part."

The revelation was complete. A syndicate of thieves, with an attorney on its payroll, working hand in hand with a paid servant of justice! And all of them at the mercy of a miserable blackmailer. I almost pitied the poor pickpocket.

I had heard enough. As we reached Madison Street I turned abruptly, leaving the scoundrel to form his own opinion of my reluctance to take advantage of his generous offer.

I received no further summons to identify suspects.

## BUSINESS MANAGER'S STATEMENT

**In America today there are only a few revolutionary magazines, with combined circulations approximating 50,000 copies. This insignificant showing is totally insufficient to agitate and educate the workers. The combined circulations of capitalist magazines in this country easily run to 15,000,000.**

**Over 70 per cent. of the population is composed of workers, but they do not read the literature of their class, and are slaves because of their ignorance. This vicious condition enslaves all of us, and while we admit that the task of educating them is necessarily slow, we contend that The Industrial Pioneer should have a circulation right now of not less than 50,000.**

**Now these slaves have to be organized, and we are the ones who must do it—it is the job of the whole I. W. W. membership. No one else is going to do it for us. It is unanimously agreed that there can be no organization without education preceding it, preparing the ground, so to speak. It is also agreed quite as generally that the press is the most effective educational medium. And it should be clear to all that our Industrial Unions are not more powerful because our press is weak.**

**What are you going to do about it? The chance is ours to get the unorganized and misorganized to read the publications. Are you going to let the great chance pass by, and through such failure descend ever lower in the existence scale where the bosses want you? You owe a duty to yourselves and to your class which you can discharge only by making your I. W. W. press grow. Let's unite as never before and double the circulation!**

**JAMES SULLIVAN.**

# WHAT EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS

## And What He Doesn't Know about the Working Class Revolution in the Philippines

By DANIEL TOWER

GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE, writing in the New York Evening World about Mark Sullivan's new book, "Our Times," utters an observation concerning recorded annals of this republic which tempts analysis. Mr. Fife says:

"The victory of Admiral George Dewey over the Spanish fleet at Manila on May 1, 1898, is held by historians to have opened a new vista of American history. . . . Midnight of April 30 . . . found Dewey off Manila harbor, twenty-six miles from the city. He steamed in with lights shielded and encountered only three shots, fired from the sentinel island of El Fraile. At dawn he struck, closing in on the Spanish fleet, and **every schoolboy knows** what followed his famous order, 'You may fire when ready, Gridley'."

Bold-face in the above are ours. Yes, every boy who has been to school since May Day twenty-eight years ago knows what happened in Manila Bay that day and afterward in the Philippines; the one defect in his knowledge of the subject is that what he knows about it is almost invariably not true. He has the deeply imbedded impression that Dewey scored a glorious victory; that the Spaniards were licked by virtue of the superior strength and intelligence of American arms. We who went to school in the days of "Remember the Maine" and "Cuba Libre" and "Dewey for President" were told the glorious-victory stuff by our teachers; and we read it in the newspapers.

### Hand-Picked Facts For the Youthful Mind

School histories generally treat the American invasion of the Philippines in that robust fashion; if any chronicler of events for the young mind in any of our states ever handled the Dewey fanfare otherwise, it may be assumed that the American Legion and National Security League has by this time rooted his book out of the curriculum.

In William H. Mace's "School History of the United States," published by Rand McNally and Company, we find a typical example of the Manila Bay story as ladled out to adolescents:

". . . Commodore George Dewey, commanding an American fleet in Chinese waters, was ordered to attack the Spanish fleet in the Philippines. Before daylight, May 1, 1898, Dewey sailed into Manila Bay. . . . In four hours he had completely destroyed the enemy's fleet of eleven vessels, silenced the shore batteries of Cavite, and had killed and wounded hundreds of Spaniards without the loss of a single American.

"Dewey blockaded the city of Manila and awaited the arrival of land troops before taking possession. This victory produced enthusiasm in America and excitement in Europe. It was America's first step into new relations with the whole world."

### Romance and Dewey In a White Suit

This simple recital is accompanied by a reproduction of a painting depicting the battle in romantic colors. Nothing is said about anything that had happened in the Philippines before Dewey arrived there.

True, on another page, after telling of events in Cuba and Porto Rico, Professor Mace does say this:

"As soon as General Merritt could collect an army on the Pacific Coast and transport it to the support of Admiral Dewey, Manila was forced to surrender (August 13th). In the Philippines, as in Cuba, the natives had revolted against the tyranny of Spain and *aided* the Americans in defeating the Spaniards."

Again, the italics are ours. From this paragraph by Professor Mace one would

naturally gather that the United States had taken the lead in driving Spain out of Luzon and all adjacent islands, and that the natives had joined in to help this noble purpose. Certainly no other inference can logically be drawn from the word *aided* in the Mace text.

But what are the facts? It is not true that the Filipinos *aided* the Americans in defeating the Spaniards. The truth is that the Filipinos had been in active revolt against their oppressors for a year and a half—and the Americans came along and horned in on their fight, set up an alliance with them, and presently took their whole archipelago.

### Rizal's Death Is Signal For Rising

It had been a revolt of a patient, long-suffering working class against exploitation by the capitalists of Spain, against the friars, against the military, against a rule of iron. Peaceful ways had been tried, and the Filipinos had come to the end of peace. José Rizal had counseled peace. He was the great man among them—doctor, artist, philosopher, linguist, author. He had counseled peace, but he had written too much truth about social conditions in the Philippines—in his novel *Noli me Tangere* (Touch Me not) and in other works. For this unveiling of reality Rizal was arrested for sedition, tried without counsel, and executed by a firing squad on Bagumbayan Field near Manila. A gala day for the Spanish grandees there—women waved handkerchiefs and men threw their hats into air as Rizal fell. Charles Edward Russell and E. B. Rodriguez tell the story masterfully in their book "The Hero of the Filipinos."

That was in December, 1896. A great day for Spain—but also the beginning of the end of Spanish rule in the Philippines. Rizal's death was the signal for the brown brothers to rise. They could endure no more. . . . Let Russell and Rodriguez tell of that rising:

"'Viva Espana!' How poor are they that will not ponder history! From the hanging of John Brown to the Emancipation Proclamation was three years and twenty-nine days. From the murder of José Rizal to the surrender of Manila was one year, eight months, and seventeen days.

### Holy Wrath Turns Against Oppressors

"On the day the murderous court martial pronounced Rizal's death the Filipinos began to slip from the city and join the forces of Bonifacio. . . . Silently they went and by thousands. The insurgent lines swept up as close as Cavite, so strong had the uprising grown. There, in the face of all the vigilance, all the spying, . . . they stood in the trenches with arms in their hands. Guns came from the thickets, the roofs, the *carabao* stalls. Soldiers that enlisted without rifles fought with *bolos* until in the first encounter they could wrest guns from the Spaniards. Inadequately armed, badly fed, ragged and untrained, they went into battle and overwhelmed the Spanish regulars, because they had been fired with a vision of freedom and holy wrath against the System that had struck down their champion."

Fresh troops came form Spain, but they could not quell the revolt. Disaster struck the Spanish



DR. JOSÉ RIZAL, DISTINGUISHED MARTYR FOR FILIPINO INDEPENDENCE

army at every turn. . . "On August 10, (1898,) Aguinaldo captured the Manila waterfront, and had the city at his mercy. On August 13 it surrendered, not to him that really had reduced it, but to the American naval and land forces; although of such land forces there was but a handful."

One will search far through school histories for mention of Rizal. Yet to write the story of the Philippines without telling of the part he played in the struggle there is like recording the history of Negro slavery without mentioning John Brown.

### Torture and Death In Filthy Jails

Clear light is thrown upon the Philippine question in a new book, "The Conquest of the Philippines by the United States," written by Moorfield Storey and Marcial P. Lichauco. Storey is former president of the American Bar Association and Lichauco was the first Filipino graduate of Harvard College. The book was issued by Putnam.

Storey and Lichauco tell of atrocites visited upon persons suspected of being revolutionists—of men being hung up by their thumbs, of bones crushed,

of mutilations for life, of men dying of suffocation in filthy jails, of women dragged from homes by night. This under Governor Poltaveja. Finally, as a matter of policy, the Spanish government recalled Poltaveja and sent a more peaceful administrator, General Primo de Rivera. He wanted peace, and offered amnesty to all who would lay down their arms.

The Filipino leaders agreed to cease fighting if certain things were guaranteed to them, particularly these: expulsion of the friars, parliamentary representation, freedom of the press, religious toleration, administrative and economic autonomy, restoration of all friar lands to their original owners, no more banishments, legal equality for all classes.

Rivera agreed, but his promise was false. He denounced the friars, but did not recommend their removal. The natives waited a reasonable time, but he made no reforms. Insurrections broke out afresh in various parts of the archipelago. Forty-nine days before the United States declared war on Spain, the rebels were besieging the Spanish in the city of Cuba, 400 miles south of Manila, and U. S. Consul Oscar Williams advised Washington that Manila was under martial law, that Spaniards were killing rebel prisoners there without trial, and that a republic was being organized in the Philippines as in Cuba.

### Promise of Independence Is Forgotten

More about the situation is given by Albert G. Robinson in his book, "The Philippines: The War and the People." Robinson served there as correspondent for the New York Evening Post in 1899—1900. He tells of another dispatch to Washington in March, 1898, in which Consul Williams said: "Insurrection is rampant; many killed, wounded and made prisoners on both sides. . . . Rebellion never more threatening to Spain." Despite assertions to the contrary, Robinson avers, the insurrection, of 1896, though interrupted and declared by Spain to be at an end, was still in progress when Dewey arrived.

On April 23 this nation declared war on Spain. Aguinaldo was then an exile, and was in Singapore. E. Spencer Pratt, U. S. Consul General there, arranged a secred meeting attended by Aguinaldo, three of his associates, the editor of the Singapore Free Press, and Howard Bray, an Englishman long resident in the Far East. At this meeting, according to six of the participants, a provisional agreement was drawn up under which it was specified that Philippine independence would be proclaimed, a federal republic would be established by vote of the rebels, and that an American protectorate would be recognized on the same terms as those fixed for Cuba. Afterward Pratt denied this; but he arranged for Aguinaldo's co-operation with the American forces, and Aguinaldo immediately returned to the Philippines and assumed command of the rebel troops.

Bray declared subsequently that Aguinaldo "had, in view of what took place in Singapore and the telegrams received from Commodore Dewey (then in Hongkong) full justification for believing that the United States would raise no objection to the complete autonomy of the Philippines, and would, after the Spaniards were expelled from the islands, establish a protectorate over the whole group."

### Cheers, Songs—and Dewey For President!

When Dewey sailed for Manila, the Spaniards were already practically licked by the natives; they had been unable to dislodge an insurgent army within ten miles of the capital. So all Dewey had to do was to sail into Manila harbor, fire a few shots against an inferior fleet, and win a victory without the loss of a single life. How Americans at home cheered themselves hoarse over that victory! Dewey was a hero. Hearst boomed him for President. The school children or the American people or the Hearst papers or somebody gave their pennies to buy a house for the Commodore, and he was made an Admiral. Songs were written about his courage, and everywhere there were colored pictures of him in a white suit.

Consul Wildman at Hongkong wrote a letter to Aguinaldo which is in the Storey-Lichauco book: "Do not forget that *the United States undertook this war for the sole purpose of relieving the Cubans from the cruelties under which they were suffering and not for the love of conquests or the hope of gain. They are actuated by precisely the same feelings for the Filipinos.*" Testifying later before a Senate committee, Dewey said that Aguinaldo "did wonderfully well. He whipped the Spaniards battle after battle. . . . I knew what he was doing—driving the Spaniards in—was saving our troops." Again he said: "I was waiting for troops to arrive and I thought that the closer they (the Filipinos) invested the city, the easier it would be when our troops arrived to march in. The Filipinos were our friends, assisting us; they were doing our work. . . . They could have had any number of men; it was just a question of arming them. They could have had the whole population."

Thousands of prisoners were taken by Aguinaldo's troops, and were treated humanely, as Dewey's dispatches show. And having ample reason to believe, from the acts of the Americans, if not also from their statements, that this country would cooperate in the establishing of a native government, the Filipinos unfurled their flag at Cavite and proclaimed independence on June 12, 1898. Not until two months later did the American occupation forces enter Manila.

*But the United States ignored the new government, made a treaty with Spain whereby for* $20,000,000 *the Philippines were ceded to this republic, which thus obtained from Spain a vast territory to which Spain herself had no title.*

This high-handed proceeding brought a revolt of the Filipinos against the Americans, and there followed a bitter war. Censorship was clamped

upon press dispatches, and a campaign of extermination was begun against the Filipinos. Major General Elwell S. Otis was in command of the army. The general rule among the American forces was: "Take no prisoners!" Storey and Lichauco give a sickening list of atrocities against natives.



FILIPINO TERRACED RICE-FIELD. THE WHITE PLACES ARE WATER. THIS NATIVE CULTURE ANTEDATES THAT INTRODUCED BY CHRISTIANS

Only a few Americans were court-martialed, and usually they were let off with reprimand.

One General Smith, accused of ruthlessness, was put through the form of a trial after Mark Twain and other notables demanded an investigation. It was shown that Smith instructed Major Waller to take no prisoners, to kill and burn; and that Waller's men were to kill everybody over ten years of age who was capable of bearing arms "as the Samar boys of that age were equally as dangerous as their elders." General Smith admitted giving the orders, Storey and Lichauco explain; moreover, he sought to justify them. He was found guilty and was sentenced "*to be admonished.*"

### Water Cure Becomes American Sport

When information was wanted from captured natives, they were given the water cure. The victim was pinned to the ground, and water was poured into his mouth—as much as five gallons! This stopped all speech, of course, so the captors would squeeze the water out of him, by jumping on him. This was done to hundreds of natives. One Captain Glenn, an army judge advocate, ordered the water-cure given to a man, was tried for it, and was fined $50. Storey and Lichauco continue:

"All these charges and convictions, all these reliable accusations, as well as the official copies of the orders given by General Bell . . . and General Smith . . . directing that the war be conducted in the most rigorous manner possible were known to the Secretary of War." People in the States were beginning to hear of these atrocities. Yet on February 17, 1902, the Secretary of War issued this statement: "The war in the Philippines has been conducted by the American army with scrupulous regard for the rules of civilized warfare, with careful and genuine consideration for the prisoner and the non-combatant, with self-restraint, and with humanity never surpassed."

How many natives were killed during the unofficial war between the United States and the Philippines? Storey and Lichauco quote General J. M. Bell as estimating that *in Luzon alone one-sixth of the native population was wiped out.* Luzon then had more than 3,500,000 population; *one-sixth* of that number *meant* 600,000 *men, women and children.* General Bell said naively: "I think that not one man has been slain except where his death served the legitimate purpose of war. *It has been thought necessary to adopt what in other countries would probably be thought harsh measures.*"

While all this was going on, and while the American forces were losing heavily from bullets, *bolos* and disease, a heavy-handed censorship kept the newspaper correspondents from putting the facts onto the cable. Military headquarters, where Major General Otis ruled, gave out countless falsely optimistic bulletins saying that "the situation was well in hand" and predicting early dissolution of the Filipino forces and a speedy ending of the war. Otis and his aides did not question the truth of dispatches which the correspondents wanted to put on the cable, but contended that it would have a bad effect on the morale of people at home.

### "Every Fight a Glorious American Victory"

Matter cabled from the Philippines, says Robinson in his book, "must support the local and Washington administration, right or wrong in all their acts. It must suppress anything and everything which was in any way discreditable to the American army. It must avoid all that would tend to create an impression at home that the army was anything other than fat, healthy, happy and contended." In the same book R. M. Collins, Associated Press news chief, is quoted as saying: "In this way the entire American press was made the personal organ of Otis . . . every fight became a glorious American victory, even though every one in the army knew it to have been substantially a failure."

Apparently nobody in governmental circles in Washington knows any more now about what has happened in the Philippines since 1896 than any schoolboy knows. President Coolidge has lately appointed an Ohio politican to go over and find out what the Filipinos are all the time kicking about. If the Ohio man should find out what is the trouble over there, what will Mr. Coolidge and his friends do about it? Any schoolboy knows.

# Enslaving the Children

By L. F. POST



THE GLORIES OF SUNNY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

**WE were at our evening meal, my wife, her sister who was visiting us and myself, and I was speaking about evils of child labor. My sister-in-law, a self-satisfied trained nurse, snorted: "Oh, you radicals make me tired! I've never seen this 'child labor' you're always talking about."**

Her inflection of the words "child labor" verged on a sneer. I asked her if she wished me to prove the truth of my assertions by showing her right there in that town a particularly pernicious form of this curse.

"Of course, if you can," she challenged.

"Are you ready to take a short walk?" I asked.

"Why, it's getting dark!" she exclaimed, and mocked, "Won't you wait till tomorrow to show me your horrible examples? They don't 'enslave' the children at night, do they?"

"Of course they do. Right now it is going on half a mile from this house," I countered.

Had we been alone she would not have consented, but her sister's steady gaze was fixed on her and she was uneasy.

"Yes, go with him," urged my wife, who enjoyed in anticipation the defeat of her smug, patriotic sister. "You may learn something."

In a few minutes we were on the street and before very long we reached the glass factory where I let her see for herself the little boys, six, seven, eight, nine and ten years old, opening and closing molds for the blowers, cracking off, carrying glass articles to the annealing lehrs, and doing many other tasks. They worked 8½ hours. Day and night shifts alternated each week. The factory was under the jurisdiction of the American Flint Glass Workers Union, an A. F. of L. body, and about this same period—the spring of 1917—when these boys struck, the skilled mechanics of that organization secured scabs to defeat the little fellows.

But, needless to say, my sister-in-law was convinced that all was not as she had thought it to be in this best of all favored lands of a free people under the starry canopy of God's glorious skies, etc., etc., etc. Her natural compassion came into play, and that ended the incident.

* * *

### Early Textile Child Slavery

Since that time in Pennsylvania I have watched the development of child labor in many industries, and the attempts at reform, and their effect. So, in this article, which I have asked the editor to run in two issues, I want to consider the matter from the different angles of individual harm to the child, the child's family, and the working class. In this work I have been generously assisted by the National Child Labor Committee, and by the United States Department of Labor, from which latter source most of my figures and a great deal of my material has been drawn. Some historical facts are valuable at this point to get a proper background for the discussion. Accordingly we shall proceed to outline them.

When the English feudal system was disintegrating in the reign of Edward III laws were passed compelling children to work, and the Poor Laws of Elizabeth's reign provided for child labor as "a

prophylactic against vagrancy and pauperism." The new wage system was offering fresh opportunities for exploiting workers, and children are cheaper to buy than adults. Hence the laws. Puritans and Quakers, out of religious motives which hated indolence, made their children work, and in Bradford's History we find him saying of the former that:

"As necessitie was a stern taskmaster over them, so they were forced to be such, not only to their servants but in a sorte to their dearest children; the which as it did not a little wound ye tender hearts of many a loving father and mother, so it produced likewise sundrie sad and sorrowful effects. For many of their children .... having learned to bear parte of their parents' burden, were, oftentimes, so oppressed with their hevie labours that though their minds were free and willing, yet their bodies bowed under ye weight of ye same and became decreped in their early youth." (Page 23.)

Laws to put children to work were early enacted in the American colonies. The "Great and General Court of Massachusetts required the Magistrates of the several towns to see 'what course may be taken for teaching the boys and girles in all towns the spinning of yarne'." (Massachusetts Bay Records 294).

The connection between this statutory anxiety and the rising textile industry of the 17th Century is patent. But Alexander Hamilton, one of the greatest American Fathers, and the patron saint of the United States Supreme Court, said that the increase of manufacture was a good thing for many reasons, among them being that cripples and others unsuited to the rigors of agriculture could be employed in the factories. He said, too, that children could be made "more early useful" by putting them in the factories.

About this time in England (the last of the 18th and beginning of the 19th Centuries) almshouses and orphanages were being emptied of children in response to the capitalist demand for a larger and cheaper labor supply, an in most cotton mills women and children were employed at an 18 to 1 proportion over adult males. That was a long time ago, but it is the same desire for profits possible from workers, who by sex or immaturity are more helpless and tractable than men, which keeps child labor flourishing, a blot on humanity and a shame to the apathetic working class which permits it to exist. Child labor under capitalism is not peculiar to any decade or locality. It was more intense in the earlier stages because employers had not yet learned that the dead goose lays no golden eggs. Reform labor laws of the 19th Century in England came as a result of two forces, one external, the other internal. The first was trade unionism, the second was a mental awakening of employers. These latter permitted the legislation, not because the industrial conditions were harmful to the children and workers as a whole, but because they saw—after destroying countless thousands of the proletariat in the factories—that they were wiping out the slave supply faster than it could be reproduced. Thus the statutory magnanimity.

In the English mills pauper children from toddling ages up were driven from dawn till dark, pausing only for a few minutes in which to gulp the maggoty swill their masters provided. These children slept beside the machines so that no time was lost going to and from them. In this Year of Our Lord 1926 the foreign capitalists operating in China are doing very nearly the same thing, and almost incredibly rapacious greed is decimating thousands of Chinese boys and girls who have the misfortune to fall into the tender mercies of our good Christian capitalists, or for that matter, good Japanese bosses who learned the tricks of bourgeois exploitation from these Christians.

### About the 20th Amendment

Following is an excerpt from the report of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor (U. S.) for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925, summarizing the existing status of the proposed child labor amendment to the Constitution:

The proposal was submitted to the States by Congress on June 4, 1924, and was brought before 43 legislatures with the following results:

Ratified by both houses in four states (Arkansas, Arizona, California and Wisconsin).

Approved by house, but rejected by senate in Montana.

Rejected by both houses in 21 states (Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Washington and West Virginia.)

Rejected by one house in 9 States (in addition to Montana) (Idaho, Louisiana, Michigan, Nebraska, Nevada, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, and Oregon.)

Action postponed in two states (Iowa and Wyoming.)

The proposed amendment is this:

"Section 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age."

"Section 2. The power of the several states is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress."

### Points That Were Debated

It is interesting to know that the National Association of Manufacturers fought the amendment and that these and all capitalist opponents made much of the fact that children up to 18 years would be encouraged in habits of idleness, and that no child under that age could legally do any useful work. In a debate between Owen R. Lovejoy, then General Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, and ex-Senator Charles S. Thomas of Colorado, "Resolved, that the proposed 20th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States should be ratified," Mr. Lovejoy for the affirmative said:

But we are asked if it is not our desire that the government should prohibit all child labor under eighteen years of age, why give the government power to do so? This can best be answered by sketching the kind of child labor law I believe my distinguished opponent and his associates would gladly accept as reasonable: (a) A law to prohibit the employment of children under fourteen years of age in all manufacturing, commercial, and mechanical pursuits, in tenement home work, in canneries, and in those types of agriculture which are carried on to the obvious injury of the children compelled to work in them. (b) To limit the hours of labor for children under sixteen in those occupations to an eight-hour day, six-day week, and no night work. (c) To regulate the employment of children under



THIS BOY SLAVES LIKE THIS—

eighteen so as to exclude from occupations dangerous to life, limb, or health.

This is our position. We have waited through all these months of heated controversy for our opponents to tell us where they stand. What kind of a child labor law will they stand for? How much protection do they want American children to have? I trust Senator Thomas will favor us by explaining at what point, if any, he would consider such regulation of child labor extreme or drastic. But he may say, "So far as our state is concerned it does protect them." Yes, but not all states do. If such protection is good for the children of your state, is it not good for the children of all states? How far have we gone in the latter respect? Seven states permit children to go to work at fourteen without evidence of ability to read; 18 states do not make physical fitness for work a condition of employment; 12 states allow children of fourteen to work eight to eleven hours a day, and one has no limit whatever to the day's work; 25 states allow children of fourteen to run elevators; 19 states have no laws prohibiting children of fourteen from working on dangerous machinery; 36 states allow children of sixteen to oil, wipe or clean machinery in motion; 37 states allow children at 14 to work on scaffolding; 30 states have no laws prohibiting children of fourteen from working around explosives.

Furthermore, if power were given to protect children only up to sixteen, there is no question that the states which protect their children up to eighteen would be urged to trim their laws down to sixteen. And those who are fighting this amendment would be the first to urge such a step—on the ground that federal government did not approve of protection beyond sixteen. But ought this power to be limited in scope so the government could not interfere with farm labor?

Mr. Thomas in rebuttal mentioned that the proposed law was bureaucratic and socialistic. At any rate, it has been defeated, and we should not regret the action except in that it deprives us of being able to indicate once more employers flagrantly violating another of the statutes which they defy at will. In the Labor Department report quoted above is this further statement concerning the matter of legislation as affecting children:

### What the Labor Department Says

It is not to be expected that the efforts to secure the ratification of the amendment will be abandoned as long as large groups of children suffer from premature employment or too long hours because of the failure of the state legislature or state administrative officers to prevent such exploitation, or as long as evidence of the interstate character of the problem increases. The summary of child-welfare legislation shows little improvement through state legislation during the last year, and reports of investigations made by the state departments of labor in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey give evidence of the interstate movement of child labor and work for children.

If you examine that statement critically you will see that it speaks of the **"failure of state administrative officers to prevent such exploitation."** And on that failure we base our contention that federal legislative action is not going to work either. In Pennsylvania where I saw the little glassworkers toiling through the night half-asleep, emaciated, before the great heat of the furnaces in surroundings uniformly unhealthful and vile, child labor laws then existed making such employment illegal, and they still exist there, but in Pennsylvania, New York, Georgia, California or anywhere else legislation intended beneficially for workers is not en-



—TO KEEP THESE PARASITES LIKE THIS

forceable except where the workers compel observance by the power of organized economic action. Economic necessity and capitalist greed form the upper and nether stones of the occupational mill that grinds the joy, youth, health and spirit of little bodies into holy profits.

The history of every state with child labor laws is a history of such general disregard that these laws are not worth the paper on which they are written unless as monuments to the earnestness of men and women who abhor the curse of child labor and believe (however wrongly is not the point here) that it can be remedied or abolished by parliamentary procedure. The enslavement of children continues because their labor is more profitable to employers than would be that of adult workers in like occupations.



CHILDREN IN BEET FIELDS HELP THE SUGAR TRUST

I shall conclude this month's remarks with a consideration of the economics involved. Next month we can continue the investigation with facts of child labor as it exists in the United States. These facts will be supported in every instance by government reports.

### Conclusion

Wages for workers are not the result of individual humor, caprice or sentiment, but are determined by the workers' living cost plus that required to replenish the slave stock, thereby guaranteeing to employers an uninterrupted flow of labor power. Now wages so determined do not insure to slave class children anything more than just sufficient for their sustenance until such time as they can be exploited in industry. Except among advantageously situated workers (i.e., skilled mechanics, technicians, etc.) wages paid to workers are below the level of a decent standard of living as computed by United States government officers. Hence, the large majority of proletarian fathers can not maintain their broods without the assistance of other members of the family, and this frequently includes not only their wives but children. Years ago Robert Hunter called atention to the fact that the hardest years of proletarian family life are when the children are small. And it is when they are small that necessity forces them into gainful employment —in a larger sense not gainful but a staggering loss.

My other point is that the exchange of commodities in capitalist economy brings an international aspect to bear on the subject. Even should higher wages be gained in this or any other country, and this is, of course, what workers must tirelessly struggle for or be thrust down from whatever existence levels they have gained the living standard can not be maintained so long as the present economic system holds sway. All those who would improve the conditions of the working class—class, remember, not any **group** in this class—by passing labor laws, should take into account that surplus value extractions will bring recurrent crises to shake our industrial life, and that this surplus value piling up in China, India, Europe and elsewhere demands marketing. The American cotton mill slaves, for instance, can not maintain their present living standards when competition from other lands wins the market against American capitalists in cotton. Organization can combat it, but it must be revolutionary industrial union organization or it is powerless in the long run. The only alternative for unemployment, which is the visible and menacing cancer eating toward the heart of the capitalist system, and for all evils inhering in the wage relation, is the destruction of ruling class power, by which act surplus value extracting, or profit-taking, is abolished. This necessitates revolutionary procedure and in the I. W. W. philosophy a revolutionary activity consummated by the superior force of industrial unionism of the working class frequently and best expressed as Economic Direct Action.

# Historic Fables - *The Fable of Heroes and Sheep*

By COVINGTON AMI

ONCE upon a time heroes were heroes and sheep were sheep. In those far off halycon days there was no civilization, no democracy and no Christianity. No shepherds and no collies were there. Law and order were utterly unknown. Savagery was rampant everywhere. Men and mutton roamed the earth as they would, when they would, and where, whither and whence they would. Gods, kings, captains, Caesars, presidents, premiers, plutocrats and pontiffs were conspicuous only by their absence. All was well with the world. But that was a long, long time ago, ages and ages and ages ago, my son. "The Golden Age" it was called. But it did not last long. Something spoiled it, I do not know just what. Some call it evolution and some call it God, but, whatever it was, both heroes and sheep survived. The heroes probably because the politicians took care of them, the sheep because the shepherds watched over their welfare. But, as I have said elsewhere, the halcyon days did not last long after the politicians and collies arrived. Law and order became necessary if society was to be saved for civilization. First the chief, then the conqueror, then the Caesar, then the pontiff, then the presidents and premiers were It. Now it looks as if the grand chiefs and commissars would have their inning at us averages next. Well, however that may be, after many revolts on the part of the heroes and sheep, chaos was finally put down and the state became God of Gods and King of Kings. It is a wonderful institution, the state. It can do no wrong. It is beyond good and evil. To criticize it is to commit the heinous crime of Criminal Syndicalism. To revolt against it is, not only treason in the ntynth degree, but even more blasphemous than that against the holy spirit of truth; for manifestly, when truth collides with politicians she should get the worst of it, should she not? She should and does. All of which is preeminently right and just. For is not the voice of the people the voice of God and the voice of the politicians the voice of the people? Ita est. You may answer this ineluctable logic after the scornful manner of the young, saying, to wit: "Well, all I gotta say is God's got a bum voice these days." But in that you would be far worse than wrong, my son. Consider what would happen, not to heroes, say, but to sheep if the sheep did not have any shepherds and collies to guard them from the wolves, care for them, pen them, fleece them and eat them? You may object that it doesn't make any difference to the sheep whether the wolves or the shepherds fleece and eat them. Wrong again, son. It makes all the difference in the world. Don't the shepherds provide fine fenced-in pastures for the sheep to live in, work in, and sleep in? Don't they, therefore, pay them a fair day's wage for a fair day's work? They do. If, then, the shepherds do take all the fleece of the sheep and part of the mutton, what of it? Are not the shepherds entitled to the wages of abstinence? Certainly they are. Just look at how much better off the sheep are under the care of the shepherds than when they were at the mercy of the wolves. Besides there are other considerations of a still more altruistic nature. Just think how the sheep would suffer all through summer time if the kindly shepherds did not deflate them of the fleece. And what, I ask you, would become of the surplus supply of mutton if there were no shepherds to find a market for it? It would all be wasted on the buzzards, wouldn't it? "Bull!" I hear you say? Ah, no, my son, it is not "Bull"—it is Orthodox Economics, and you should not jeer at the supersciences so. But this is not all the good the shepherds do to the sheep. There are the great public services they are forced to maintain for the sheep. Not only do they provide an efficient, humane and intelligent police force of collies to protect them—the sheep, I mean, not the heroes—from the wolves, but they oversee their welfare in many other ways. For instance, just this one instance: Yesterday the sheep had to grub their living out of the ground as best they could, had to do everything for themselves. Today, how different it is! Now they have luscious pastures, a plentiful supply of pure, sweet water, nice warm sheds to loll around in, and many, many other comforts, even luxuries, things their fathers never dreamed of anybody but shepherds using. How wonderful it all is, and the shepherds provide it all at their own cost, it is all free to the sheep. True you may say the shepherds are doing all this only in order to be more certain of securing the fleece and mutton produced by the sheep, and with the least possible bleating and butting. Don't be so

cynical, my son. If at times the shepherds do send whole herds of sheep to the slaughter, what of it? Just think how frightful would be the pressure of sheep population on pasture if it were not for these periodical slaughters! Remember, sheep know nothing of birth control, and as all good shepherds know that it is highly immoral to impart such knowledge to them, hence the necessity for the slaughters. Besides, the slaughters serve a triple purpose. Economically they tend to keep sheep population within the bounds of pasturage. Spiritually they exalt the sheep and prevent patriotism and piety from perishing. Socially it makes the world safe for democracy by keeping sheep bucking sheep so strenuously that they have no time left to think about getting together and butting off the shepherds and collies. It is a very nice arrangement for—What's that? "What's all that got to do with heroes?" you want to know. Well, nothing much that is extraordinarily different that I can think of. Only it has always struck me to consider how strange was the fate and finish of both heroes and sheep. But as both of them seem to be satisfied only a damned agitator would think of upsetting their serenity. So I won't. I'll quit right here, before my loyalty to the Declaration lands me in Leavenworth. MORAL: Cheer up, heroes, the worst is yet to come!

## WELFARE SONG

By WILL HERFORD

Sing a song of "Welfare,"
A pocket full of tricks
To soothe the weary worker
When he groans or kicks.
If he asks for shorter hours
Or for better pay,
Little stunts of "Welfare"
Turn his thoughts away.

Sing a song of "Welfare,"
Sound the horn and drum,
Anything to keep the mind
Fixed on Kingdom Come.
"Welfare" loots your pocket
While you dream and sing,
"Welfare" to your paycheck
Doesn't do a thing.

Sing a song of "Welfare,"
Forty 'leven kinds,
Elevate your morals,
Cultivate your minds.
Kindergartens, nurses,
Bath tubs, books and flowers,
Anything but better pay
Or shorter working hours.
—From May Days, an Anthology.

# Industrial Rest Not Unrest

By A. A. Graham.

1. MARCH 16, 1926, Luke Parsons, plead guilty to grand larceny and burglary in the district court at Topeka, Kansas, and was sentenced to 5 to 10 years in the penitentiary for having broken into the storeroom of the Union Pacific hotel here to get something to eat.

He told a long story of unemployment and suffering; and, when the judge was questioning him, the fact clearly appeared that he had purposely done this to be sent to the penitentiary, where he said he would rather be than outside, for there he could get something to eat, as he had had experience both inside and outside.

He was seeking a place of REST.

2. October 5, 1925, George Smith, nicknamed Hatchet-Face, plead guilty to highway robbery in the same court, and was sentenced to 21 years in the same penitentiary.

In his confession, Smith admitted he knew his series of holdups in rapid succession in a restricted district would soon land him in the penitentiary, but that was indeed his purpose also, as he, too, had had experience both inside and outside, and preferred the inside, where he was free from suffering on account of unemployment.

He, too, was seeking a place of REST.

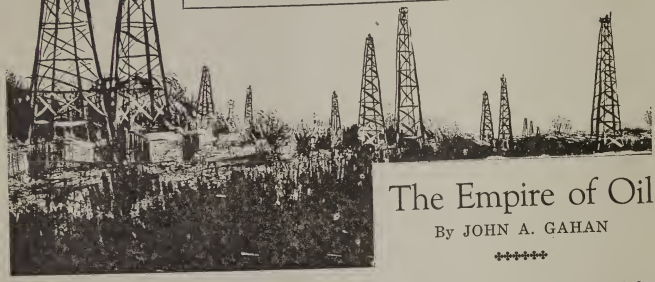
I give the exact facts in both these cases, verifiable from the records, so I will not be charged with relating "parables" for the occasion.

These, as you see, are parallel cases, and are not isolated but representative of a general condition I have long known to be on an ever-increasing intensity. If this be crime, then what is government?

3. A 7-foot woven-wire fence has recently been built around a lake in Central Park. New York City, to prevent the unemployed and suffering and necessarily despondent from there drowning themselves.

There, in a water grave, they, too, have been seeking REST.

"The whole world coal industry is suffering from the present crisis. The permanent causes of this crisis are the development of coal mining in countries like India, Canada, Australia and Africa, and the technical advances leading to economy (oil, hydro-electric power) for coal."—A. J. Cook, General Secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, in the Chicago Herald-Examiner, May 9th, 1926.



# The Empire of Oil

By JOHN A. GAHAN

WE FIND that the British miners' leader is on the **qui vive** as competitors invade that energizing domain ruled until the last quarter-century by the absolutism of King Coal. Rightly he considers the rising power of these rivals, and in this series of articles which are to continue in the July and August numbers of The Industrial Pioneer will be manifested the enormous dimensions assumed by oil in the industrial arena, the adumbrations of which fall shroud-like over national destinies and threaten not only living standards of English coal diggers, but the fast-shrinking modicum of "liberty" now "enjoyed by the world's workers.

Oil is the latest and strongest despot in the affairs of men, superseding in importance the older tyranny of coal, iron and steel which dominated unchallenged for a century. Scott Nearing, in his "Oil and the Germs of War," says: "The oil industry is the infant prodigy of the industrial world. Barring the automobile industry, with which it is intimately connected, none has developed in a more spectacular manner. . . . There was no oil industry prior to 1860, when the world's total production was about half a million barrels. . . . Oil has been one of the major industries only during the past 25 years."

The same authority ends his excellent pamphlet with figures from "The Mineral Industry" and the "Oil Trade Journal," which so eloquently reveal the growth of oil production until 1922 that I run them here for your earnest perusal.

### THE PRODUCTION OF CRUDE PETROLEUM

(1860-1922) in the five countries reporting at least ten million barrels for 1922, together with figures for total world production. Figures in millions of barrels.

| | U. S. | Mex. | Russia | Persia | Dutch E. Indies | World Product'n |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1860 | 0.5 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 0.5 |
| 1870 | 5.3 | ..... | 0.2 | ..... | ..... | 5.8 |
| 1880 | 26.3 | ..... | 3.0 | ..... | ..... | 30.0 |
| 1890 | 45.8 | ..... | 28.7 | ..... | ..... | 76.6 |
| 1900 | 63.6 | ..... | 75.8 | ..... | 2.3 | 149.1 |
| 1905 | 134.7 | 0.3 | 54.9 | ..... | 7.8 | 215.3 |
| 1910 | 209.6 | 3.3 | 70.3 | ..... | 11.0 | 327.6 |
| 1911 | 220.4 | 14.1 | 66.2 | ..... | 12.1 | 345.7 |
| 1912 | 222.9 | 16.6 | 86.0 | ..... | 10.8 | 352.5 |
| 1913 | 248.4 | 25.9 | 62.8 | ..... | 11.9 | 364.6 |
| 1914 | 265.8 | 21.2 | 67.0 | ..... | 12.7 | 399.3 |
| 1915 | 281.1 | 32.9 | 68.5 | ..... | 12.4 | 426.4 |
| 1916 | 300.3 | 39.8 | 72.1 | ..... | 13.2 | 459.4 |
| 1917 | 335.3 | 55.3 | 69.0 | 6.9 | 12.9 | 506.4 |
| 1918 | 355.9 | 63.8 | 40.5 | 7.2 | 13.3 | 515.5 |
| 1919 | 377.4 | 87.1 | 34.3 | 6.4 | 15.7 | 558.6 |
| 1920 | 443.4 | 163.5 | 25.0 | 12.4 | 17.5 | 694.8 |
| 1921 | 469.6 | 195.0 | 28.5 | 16.7 | 18.0 | 759.0 |
| 1922 | 551.2 | 185.1 | 35.1 | 21.2 | 1.0 | 851.5 |

So well known are the reasons for this vast increase that we need but briefly mention them. Before the advent of the combustion engine, oil was an inexpensive, dependable means of illumination and fuel in territories outside the realm of urban gas

and electric companies. And though the liquid still serves these purposes to a limited degree, its great development has been conditioned by its ability to serve propulsion needs. An interesting comparison from the **Japan Year Book** for 1924-25 is pertinent. The publication says:

**"The consumption of petroleum in Japan by private users is estimated in the neighborhood of 2,600,000 koku (1 ton equals 6 koku) per annum. The total must reach some 5,000,000 koku if the consumption of the navy is taken into account."**

Japan produces oil in Sakhalin, and imports from California, Java, Borneo and Mexico. I have chosen Japan in this connection because the Mikado's Empire is neither "Flivverized" nor "Packardized" to any general extent, and the significance of consumption for private uses contrasts strikingly against "consumption for the navy." As time passes, factories, automobiles, railroads, ships and air craft use an increasing volume of oil, and without it the chief types of airplanes and dirigibles find their wings clipped. Household usage of oil is dwarfed by trade and military utilization of the mineral.

The determinant of victory in manufacture, commerce and war prior to the 1914-18 conflagration was the coal, iron and steel trinity. England, France, America, Japan and Germany forged ahead by developing these industries at home or abroad. And when the Teuton Junkers previsioned defeat of their arms unless they could get oil (chiefly for the army's eyes—airplanes), the Kaiser issued a special order on April 28th, 1917, instructing von Falkenhayn to recapture Bagdad, Mesopotamia's capital, in order to secure the dark liquid treasure. But they failed and lost the war, German imperialism being drowned in a sea of Entente and American petroleum, notably the latter. In Lord Curzon's words "The Allies floated to victory on waves of oil." We shall return in due course to this phase of our subject, outlining the place of American interests in the oleous game of Europe and Asia.

In a more general manner we should remember that the international conferences in Europe, of which we have heard so much, have all been saturated with petroleum and statesmen's pens are dipped in oil to write the government-supported mandates and treaties of petroliferous economic empire. It matters nothing that their carefully guarded language usually tabus the magic word "Oil" is the talisman forcing them to meet; it is the charm that lures oil company agents to the scenes, where they direct, "unofficially," the whole current of deliberations.

From the San Remo Conference of April 1920 to the signing of the Locarno Pact oil has monopolized the stellar role on the stage of bourgeois imperialism, and when we reach that part of our study I purpose showing detailed reasons for governmental concern, and the motives of the tricky delegates of these powers who frequently combine the offices of state appointee and corporation representative. So intimate is the relation of owners and seekers of oil and the subservient states that in this commodity more than any other is being verified the statement of Marx that governments are the executive boards of ruling classes.

Within the last few months Mexico has been dramatically limned in the American press, and all sorts of arguments have been used for and against that country's "moral right" to order its own affairs. Because of what is to follow I am moved at this juncture to interpolate that we may well remember that trenchant axiom of capitalists, "There is no sentiment in business." Well may it be paraphrased for the more comprehensive purposes of business through politicians, "There is no sentiment in diplomacy."



Capitalist states are indeed hard to please. After protracted and noisy grief on the part of American politicians because of Mexico's "instability," it would seem that the liberal Calles ought to suit Wall Street and its Washington offices in the White House, as the Calles government opposes social revolution, is nationalistic, progressive and friendly to United States interests. These virtues should certainly satisfy our puritanical statesmen. But, no. In June, 1925, Secretary of State Kellogg gave a signed statement to the press defining why the administration was at enmity with the Mexican government. He said that insufficient

protection was given to the lives and properties of American citizens in Mexico; that American citizens were being deprived "unlawfully and illegally" of their property; that labor's "unreasonable demands" threatened Mexican stability. He also declared that a revolutionary movement was then forming. For these reasons the American government was compelled to demand better protection not only for American citizens **but for all other foreigners as well,** and that the Washington administration previously behind the Calles government must adopt a neutral attitude.

Calles' government saw that the United States was looking for trouble and the Mexican president disarmed Washington with these words:

**"I declare that my government is determined to comply with the duties devolving upon it by international right and to guard the life and interests of foreigners. Based on loyal co-operation and on the unchanged customs of international friendship, my government hopes that other nations will help it to this end. But I will never allow that the government of another nation try to claim a special situation for its citizens in my country and I will not permit any foreign interference which is contrary to the sovereign rights of Mexico."**

Now as regards revolutions forming in Mexico Mr. Kellogg ought to be well advised, since the United States has engineered so many there and among other weaker peoples. Let us prove this by very rapidly reviewing Mexico's more recent history. From Nearing and Freeman's "Dollar Diplomacy" we read that: "Diaz built the edifice of his power upon concessions which were granted to those who had the means to carry forward the development of Mexico's immense natural resources." Also: "Under the administration of Diaz Mexico enjoyed peace and a superficial prosperity but the chief beneficiaries of this prosperity were wealthy Mexican and foreign corporations. Mexico was rich but the Mexicans were poor."

Porfirio Diaz wanted to balance the power of the Doheny oil interests which had shot the first important oil well in Mexico on May 14th, 1901, at Ebano. So he handed concessions to Lord Cowdray of the British Pearson interests. In 1910 Francisco Madero, representing many business elements as against the great, feudalistic land-holding class and the church which backed Diaz, opposed the latter's eighth candidacy for the Mexican presidency. Madero was "counted out." The election was contested, and a revolution started. That revolution against Diaz, who supported British oil through the person of Cowdray, was fomented with the support of the American oil exploiters backed by the American State Department. Huerta's revolution which murdered Madero, was engineered by Downing Street, because Huerta stood for British oil. Subsequently Carranza and Villa were aided by this country because Edward L. Doheny (of later fame in the Tea Pot Dome steal) and his colleagues ordered it. Only in the light of oil can be explained this "diplomacy" and that which intervened at Tampico, and sent Pershing across the Rio Grande chasing Villa when the latter failed to keep serving American oil monopolists.

With this sketch we shall better grasp the meaning of Kellogg's position, and understand more fully what follows concerning the present estrangement precipitated by Washington. The latest and most daring gesture of hostility to the Mexican government appeared in the April 17th, 1926 issue of (sic) "Liberty," a magazine printed in Chicago with non-union labor at the W. F. Hall Printing Company. This journalistic jingo enumerates Mexico's most appetizing commercial morsels. It gives the geographical extent, 760,093 square miles. Then it says that there is a "14,250,000 population, including about 40,000 Spanish and 18,000 Americans." That: "It produces almost one-quarter of the world's oil, one-third of the silver, five per cent of the gold, and has practically inexhaustible coal." Then very pointedly, "Its mineral wealth is virtually untouched." The editorial inventory of assets in "our sister republic" includes a $500,000,000 mine investment by American capitalists, and $1,000,000,000 in oil. We are reminded of the agricultural and cattle wealth already existing, and of the potential coffee and timber riches that can be developed by American money. "Mexico," says **Liberty,** "could support 50,000,000 persons in plenty where now the vast majority of its 14,250,000 live in wretched misery." **"The per capita wealth is a few cents."** (Bold-face mine).

This frank mouthpiece of American Empire tells the interested that, "Rubber development (in Mexico) would help smash British control." I now quote the remainder of the inspired word of this conspicuous champion of the workers' right to stay unorganized and be better exploited. Here is the summary of its superlative chauvinism:

**The United States (and the world) needs oil. More than 20,000,000 automobile owners are vitally interested in having Mexican oil and rubber developed. We (and the world) need Mexican ore, cattle, coal, and ranch products.**

**Apart from selfish political aspirations, greed, and ignorance, there are no reasons why Americans should not pour their surplus wealth over the politically drawn boundry, carry prosperity and education to their neighbors, and in return receive cheaper and more raw materials.**

**In this ridiculous economic situation, the Calles government is enforcing a "Mexico for Mexicans" policy, forbidding alien capitalists to own more than forty-nine per cent of the stock of corporations, and expelling teachers who have striven with totally inadequate numbers to improve conditions.**

**The wiping out of the boundry would be a blessing to Mexico, a benefit to the United States and the world. How long this barrier can stand between dire need of capital on one side and natural demand on the other depends upon the patience of the Americans. A war may be necessary to remove this obstruction to economic advancement. All wars are born of stupidity, and this one would be more than usually stupid, since the same results could be obtained by friendly co-operation.**

**If war comes, Mexico will be the winner. Her government and her armies will fall, but her people will be infinitely more prosperous and happier.**

The sweet solicitude of **Liberty** for the "half-starved peons," its tender compassion for our "uneducated" neighbors south of the Rio Grande almost moves me to tears. Only I am spared the lachrymation because I know that in this great, advanced, enlightened, matchlessly free and glorious United States of America there are 3,000,000 **illiterate citizens,** and that not radicals but prominent, proficient, bourgeois physicians qualified by training and experience to speak have stated publicly that 4,000,000 American children go to school each

morning minus their breakfasts. I know, too, that several million more children are enslaved in the most up-to-date Yankee fashion in the industries of this country. If you will turn to another part of the magazine in your hands you can see for yourself some of the photographed evidence and read various truths about American "prosperity" as it affects the little ones. Then, finally, I am aware of the benefactions of the publishers of **Liberty** who pay their women wage slaves a niggardly pittance, rush them like mad through the long shifts, and are so mindful of the welfare of these employees that they can make up a living homehow, anyhow, but not from the W. F. Hall Printing Company.




GENERAL STRIKE PROTEST IN TAMPICO AGAINST MURDER OF OIL WORKERS BY TROOPS IN 1924. ARROW POINTS TO I. W. W. BANNER

When secretaries of state and capitalist journalists are so candidly opposed to the Mexican Government it augurs ill for the political independence of that country. Since my plan in these articles has been to describe Mexican oil phenomena first the quoted State Department venom and the jingo scurrility just related are very apt. Mexico merits this enmity because there are vast deposits of oil in Mexico. That fact overshadows all other considerations. You noticed, did you not, that according to the *Liberty* figures, over a billion dollars are invested by Americans in Mexico. The Mexican News Service (Bulletin No. 31 of May 5th, 1926) gives less pretentious, but still formidable, figures. The service says that:

The capital invested in oil in Mexico according to countries is as follows:

| Mexican | Mexican pesos | |
|---|---|---|
| United States | 448,157,836 | 57.46% |
| England | 204,048,322 | 26.16% |
| Holland | 88,639,949 | 11.37% |
| Mexico | 23,519,946 | 3.02% |
| Spain | 7,101,092 | 0.91% |
| Cuba | 4,061,963 | 0.52% |
| Italy | 1,367,056 | 0.17% |
| France | 1,119,993 | 0.14% |
| Germany | 693,998 | 0.09% |
| Venezuela | 468,999 | 0.06% |
| Belgium | 225,000 | 0.03% |
| Switzerland | 226,000 | 0.03% |
| Norway | 150,945 | 0.02% |
| Sweden | 150,000 | 0.02% |
| | | 100.00% |

Mexican petroleum production slumped in 1925 due to the failure of American oil companies to produce to capacity in Mexico. These interests averred that over-production prevailed. They wanted to boost prices and therefore arranged matters so that oil was not too abundant on the market. The table above indicates the continued existence of the bitter contest between American and English capitalists in Mexican oil production. And though geological experts, motivated by interest and prejudice, differ on the extent of the sub-soil oil wealth in Mexico, they can not disagree on the fact that of the 150,000,000 acres of oil land in that country only 15,000,000 acres are under development. This economic prize is still so immensely tempting, especially to capitalists fighting as never before for world markets, that we can not anticipate cessation of the conflict of interests questing oleous aggrandizement.

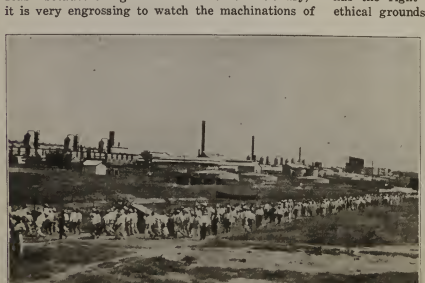
American capitalists need more oil than can be supplied by United States wells. Oil imports must increase to meet the demand, and, as is indicated by the above figures, Mexico is a very convenient source of supply, and one which the wily Doheny and his satellites were first to exploit. The contest for Mexican oil terrains may develop into a first-class war, either between the governments whose nationals seek the oil, or between the United States and Mexico, in which case England might be the latter's ally.

Figures for 1925 world oil production are not yet available, so I am presenting the Mexican News Service table for 1924.

| | Barrels | Precent |
|---|---|---|
| United States | 714,000,000 | 70.4677% |
| Mexico | 139,678,294 | 13.7854% |
| Russia | 45,162,000 | 4.4572% |
| Persia | 31,845,000 | 3.1429% |
| Dutch Indies | 21,000,000 | 2.0726% |
| Roumania | 13,296,000 | 1.3122% |
| Venzuela | 9,500,000 | 0.9376% |
| India | 8,150,000 | 0.8044% |
| Peru | 7,812,000 | 0.7710% |
| Poland (Galicia) | 5,710,000 | 0.5636% |
| Sarawak (British Borneo) | 4,500,000 | 0.4441% |
| Trinidad | 4,284,000 | 0.4228% |
| Argentina | 3,844,000 | 0.3794% |
| Japan | 1,600,000 | 0.1579% |
| Egypt | 1,107,000 | 0.1093% |
| Columbia | 500,000 | 0.0493% |
| France (Alsace) | 436,000 | 0.0430% |
| Germany | 350,000 | 0.0345% |
| Canada | 175,000 | 0.0173% |
| Czecho-Slovakia | 100,000 | 0.0099% |
| Italy | 33,000 | 0.0033% |
| Algeria | 14,000 | 0.0014% |
| Cuba | 4,000 | 0.0004% |
| Other countries | 130,000 | 0.0128% |
| | 1,013,230,294 | 100.0000% |

In 1901 Mexico produced 10,345 barrels of oil, with a value of 2,069 pesos, and in 1924 it produced 139,678,294 barrels, with a value of 272,084,563 pesos. In 1911 Mexico began exporting oil, shipping 901,596 barrels. The 1924 export was 129,699,788 barrels. The United States received about 73 per cent of this export. England about 7½ per cent, Holland around 2 per cent, and Canada approximately 1¼ per cent. Most of the rest went to Latin American countries.

The American Empire, conscious of oil's preponderant worth in trade and battle, covets Mexico, and but for English antagonism would engage Mexico in a second war. The Church in Mexico is with the old, decadent, arrogant class of rich landholders, who have been on the decline as the aftermaths of several revolutions. While Cardinal Bourne of England calls on Catholic workers to scab "because the general strike is revolutionary," it is very engrossing to watch the machinations of the Catholic Church in Mexico where it is striving to foment revolution. The *Leyes de Reforma* (Reform Laws) rousing the law-defying clergy in Mexico provide that all real estate held by religious communities is national property. This legislation merely re-affirms many Mexican statutes taking their initiative from the model of 1859. The laws are intended to separate Church and State and to keep the clericals out of politics. Article 130 of the 1917 Constitution declares that priests and ministers of all faiths must be Mexican citizens. Foreign priests carrying on official functions since then have acted extra-legally. A group of them plotted against the government with the Archbishop of Mexico, who is a Mexican citizen. *The Nation* of March 17th, 1926 comments in this manner on the mildness of the judgment when these conspirators were tried and found guilty: "If a country has the right to deport pernicious foreigners on ethical grounds or for transgressing not only the laws but even the mere police regulations of the places where they live, so much more justified is a state in expelling an alien who, disregarding the hospitality bestowed upon him, defies the law and endangers the peace of the country."



OIL STRIKERS MARCHING WITH RED FLAGS TO JOIN 1924 TAMPICO DEMONSTRATION—LA HUASTICA REFINERY IN BACKGROUND

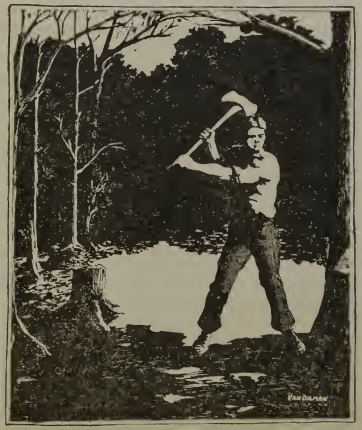
Accompanying photographs of Mexican oil strikers, reproduced from the January 1924 issue of this magazine, show that all is not roseate for the poor, benighted workers under the industrial tutelage of American big business. It is well for us to keep these facts in mind because the time may come sooner than many expect when troops and

Marines again go into Mexico to defeat our fellow workers in oil and other industries who are organizing for industrial freedom. The American government which intervened in Mexico, ordered Black Jack Pershing across the line of a supposedly sovereign country, played one party against another for the benefit of the thief, Doheny, is trying to find a pretext to bring Mexico to her knees, is searching for the chance to establish in that land unquestioned, unchallenged American capitalist domination, political and economic. Despite the lofty idealism of our journalistic contemporary, "Liberty," on the blessings that are to be derived in such a case by Mexico's masses we are extremely skeptical. The thousands of Haitians murdered by Marines, the acts of massacre of '98 in the Philippines, the economic ruin of the Virgin Islands under the Stars and Stripes, have made us dubious about these blessings. By the gunboats of Dollarica shooting prosperity into "backward," "culture-starved" Chinese strikers at Shanghai; by the enslavement by American capital in China of children by hundred thousands under seven years of age in the new factory system introduced to "civilize" the heathens; and by many another historical incident of the eagle's prowess among weaker folk our faith in the refining, ennobling influence of United States financial and industrial imperialism plus cannon has been rudely, irreparbably shaken. All that we suggest to modify President Calles "Mexico for the Mexicans," is a slight change to cause it to read: "Mexico for the Mexican workers."

Next month our study deals with an even vaster theater of oil diplomacy, intrigue and force. We are going to examine the Russian, Siberian, Persian and Mesopotamian oil situation. To understand this gigantic engagement of oil monopolies and their governments is to hold the key of knowledge in world diplomacy. We shall study the antagonistic movements of Standard Oil and Royal Dutch Shell, together with those of other subsidiary concerns. Our study should contribute to clearer comprehension of the class struggle raging througout the capitalist world and insoluble without the distruction of the ruling class by revolutionary tempered hosts of militant workers economically organized the world over.

## *Show Your Appreciation!*

"Beware of a movement that sings!" said a wise tyrant of old. Yes, and well may modern industrial autocrats beware of the I. W. W. movement that sings as it fights, and produces artists capable of such fine studies as that just below, and others throughout this magazine.



From all parts of the world we are daily receiving labor press exchanges containing reprints of the cartoons and drawings first run in our own I. W. W. press. Likewise, we constantly see translations of Wobbly poems and articles, and we know that the workers outside of America, who are more frequently class conscious than the species **Scissorbillicus Americanus,** are greatly influenced by the philosophy of the Industrial Workers of the World.

It's about time that you, the members of the I. W. W. as a whole, get behind your press and give it the support that it deserves. With English, German, French, Spanish, Mexican, Scandinavian, Australian and Asiatic workers alive to its value, don't you think you should wake up and send in a sub for yourself or someone else?

# Editorials

**THIS IS THE I. W. W.**—Workers are makers, builders, givers of all good, creators of all wealth. Employers are thieves, wasters, destroyers, takers of wealth they do nothing to produce. Industrial tranquillity prevailing as a minority class of drones robs the majority class of workers would mark the latter's mental and spiritual bankruptcy.

Class war rages because capitalists deprive the workers of the wealth made by labor. Economic direct action is the I. W. W. method for destroying bourgeois power over wealth by working class seizure of the means of production.

Corporation payrolls each with seventy to a hundred thousand employees are common to industrialism. Great concerns control entire industries combining manifold trades. Gary's word is law to United States Steel. Banking firms decree work or idleness for millions of wage slaves. Standard Oil tankers are on every ocean. Ford has not only automobile plants, but glass and fabric factories, mines and a railroad. Conflicting trade unions are unequal to this combination. Yet William Green preaching disunion, class collaboration, and contented slavery, on his knees to the boss, whines, "We are not revolutionary, O, Lord!"

A trade union fighting the O. B. U. of Bosses is like facing an army with a corporal's guard, or a Big Bertha with pop-guns. Industrial unionism of employers must be matched by industrial unionism of workers making common cause because they know that what is good for the worker is bad for **all** bosses, and what is bad for the boss is good for **all** workers.

We do not want the right to **exist,** or the glorious opportunity of existing only to **work.** That "right" belongs to every mine mule and pack-horse in the world. We workers make all wealth and we want it all. To get it by economic direct action is the main purpose of the I. W. W. Fighting the boss class all the time on the jobs and on strike will train us to act together both before and after we have smashed capitalism. We shall break the shell of this slave system when our organized economic might is able to resolve social order from capitalist chaos.

## PREAMBLE OF THE I. W. W.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can he no peace so long as hunger nad want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

* * *

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and aholish the wage system.

* * *

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

* * *

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld hy an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

* * *

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our hanner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

* * *

It is the bistoric mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have heen overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

**BRITISH GENERAL STRIKE.**—It is doubtful if capitalist mismanagement was ever more startlingly shown than in the operation of English collieries for the last few years. To this capitalist anarchy the miners' strike must be charged. The walkout was not a revolution, but a vast movement of organized industrial workers striking together in support of the miners' heroic resistance against a more miserable existence standard than now obtains.

In 1913 British coal production was 287,000,000 tons; in 1924 it was 267,000,000, and in 1925 the tonnage dropped still further to 245,000,000. English coal exports for 1925 were 22 per cent. below the prewar average. This decline is attributable to the enormous inflation of coal capital, and the technical backwardness of the owners. German coal is beating the English product on the European market. British managerial inefficiency holds tenaciously to obsolete machinery in spite of the French example of coal mine production increased since the war because modern machinery is used.

Between 1914 and 1921 the English coal industry, with a capital value of £135,000,000, yielded profits amounting to £308,000,000. Much of this huge surplus value was converted into nominal new capital on which additional profits had to be made. This shows that the owners are hardly as "poor but worthy" as they want the naive to believe.

Last July the operators attacked the wages of miners, by negotiation, but this was solidly opposed on "Red Friday." Then the bosses ordered their government to appoint a Coal Commission to do their dirty work. In 1925 the subsidy averted a strike, but it cost, up till April 30th of this year, £21,000,000. In the Economy Bill before parliament the government tried desperately to cut down expenses. How? By going after the parasites' "unearned increment"? Oh, no, the government obeys. and respects its masters, so it tried to reduce the unemployment and health insurance doles. And the Coal Commission, what did it recommend? Composed entirely of capitalists it said that **wages must be reduced.** This recommendation is quite interesting as an example of bourgeois regard for our welfare when we remember that in January 1926, 500,000 English miners were receiving less than £2 a week!

Concerning hours, the Commission said that no change should be made unless the miners should "freely prefer some extension of hours with a less reduction in wages." The miners did not prefer it. And this recommendation was not offered in solicitude for the miners' conditions, but was based on business reasons, for when did master classes ever care a snap of their fat fingers for slave class producers? The Commission declared that increased hours meant increased production in an industry where the owners were having the greatest difficulty in marketing the product of shorter shifts. Either that confronted the rulers or the alternative of throwing more miners on the state's unemployment insurance. And an increase of hours would place the English miners' workday in a worse position than that of any important European area, save Upper Silesia.

The Commission said that the wage reduction should be 10 per cent. The 1921 miners' minimum wage is set at 20 per cent. over 1914, and the government index for living costs is fixed at 75 per cent. above. The report says: "This does not mean simply a return to the minimum of 1921, i. e., a uniform reduction of 10 per cent. on the present minimum percentage. In some districts less may be needed, in others more. It will be for the mine owners and the miners to carry out by negotiation the necessary downward revision of district minima."

The subsidy was regarded on all sides as a makeshift, and the Trade Union General Council made every effort to induce a change of front of those bent on prosecuting this vicious wage slash. The strike was set for midnight. While the General Council met, Baldwin's cabinet was conniving near by. The premier showed his utter incompetency in the serious situation by becoming panic-stricken because he "heard" that the Daily Mail printers had struck. Accordingly he adjourned the

cabinet meeting, did not advise the Trade Unions, and when the latter's representatives came over after eleven o'clock they found the doors locked and the chambers dark. Immediately after this incident midnight brought the strike.

It was the greatest strike in the world's history. Eleven million workers demonstrated their vast power and paralyzed British industry. While Secretary Cook of the Miners' Federation said that the police and military would not shoot their own "kith and kin," employers and their governmental lackeys were helpless and fearful. The strikers were charged with "anarchy," but when all is known the world will realize that there was never a more orderly period in Britain's history. This is true because the solidarity of labor is almighty and needs no violence.

Then, with the bosses weakening rapidly, came the General Council betrayal. In a few more days the employers and Baldwin would have been begging the workers to set industry's wheels turning again, and the miners' fight would have been won. But there was another "Black Friday." The Council sold out, capitulated disgracefully and stupidly, and let the miners fight their own battle. But it should be recorded to the everlasting honor of millions of workers that they did not stampede to the industries even when the order was given. Still, the damage was done. Employers saw that the time was ripe for a sweeping offensive against organized labor. They declared that discrimination in reinstating the workers was to be shown as a punitive measure. Many papers began operating on a non-union basis. Of the 500,000 railroad workers it was announced by the owners that only 350,000 were to be replaced. The rest are to be **strafed**—speeded up—while the discarded 150,000 railroaders can join the unemployed. The rulers are intent on rooting out the general strike idea. It looks too much like revolution.

The miners are still out, terms of an extension of the subsidy are being argued, but had the General Council been faithful to the general strike we should now be witnesses of a complete victory of the workers. Efficacy of the I. W. W. tactical program for the conduct of strikes was justified by the English conflict. Economic direct action, manifested on the largest scale ever witnessed, had the bosses by the throat crying for help, and it was winning the battle quickly and fully. The bosses trembled lest it should dawn on the strikers to spring over the living wage demand and rush along the economic highroad to industrial freedom. Labor's solidarity had to be smashed or the bosses were lost, and the smashing came because of the colossal treason of ignorant leaders and crooked leaders and lickspittle leaders.

But is it all loss to our class? No, indeed. A war is not made by a single battle, and one general strike must be followed by others to maneuver into position to win the class war. The workers do not need politics or politicians any more than they need employers or other vermin on their backs. The economic way is the only way to freedom. Our organized power in industry is all-sufficient to take the industries, and there is no other manner in which they can be seized and operated by the revolutionary proletariat.

England's workers are sure to repeat the general strike. Economic pressure will compel them again to act together. In our generation we should expect to see the end of capitalism in England by the triumph of the industrial workers advancing in economic formation. They shall take the industries by this procedure; drive the employers out of control; and use every means at their command to keep them out. That is the comprehensive task of class conscious unionism determined to destroy the wage system. Every activity directed for or incidental to the seizure and maintenance of the land and industries is, in the I. W. W. conception, the necessary function of Revolutionary Industrial Unionism. The workers in England, America, Russia or anywhere else can overthrow capitalism and achieve economic emancipation only by using Economic Direct Action.



# Sing To Us

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

SING to us bravely of the martyred dead
Who with their bleeding feet had stained the path
Of shame, of degradation and of wrath
Reaction made them tread.

SING to us of the saviors of the race
Stoned, hanged and shot for brotherhood of man;
Hill, Everest, Little, breathe such names and fan
The flame of freedom to illume our face.

SO SHALL we find the ardor to go on
When friends forsake and martyrdom is nigh;
So shall we, hearing, feel our courage high,
Though dungeons yawn.

**Joe Hill, I. W. W. song writer and organizer, was framed up, falsely convicted of murder, and killed by the State of Utah on November 19, 1915. He met death before a firing squad.**

**Frank Little, I. W. W. organizer, was mutilated and lynched at Butte, Montana, on August 1, 1917. "They couldn't dam" his "life blood, so they spilled it."**

**Wesley Everest was one of the defenders of the I. W. W. Hall at Centralia, Washington, against the lumber trust mob on November 11, 1919. He was caught, later taken from the jail by "respectable" business men, unsexed by a prominent Washington doctor, and then hanged to a railroad trestle.**

**All of these fellow workers and many more have paid the greatest penalty dealt to thinking slaves who rebel. But you, the workers, are not asked to die for the cause of freedom—you are asked only to LIVE for it.**



FRANK LITTLE

# The Socialization of Invention

By A CIVIL ENGINEER

IN SEVERAL issues of the present series of the Pioneer, it has been my privilege to analyze some recent inventions from the point of view of their bearing upon the workers most directly affected by their application as well as to point out, in every specific instance, the marvelous adaptability of the structural form of organization known as industrial unionism to give to the workers most interested in these industrial changes the power to prevent a lowering of their wages, such being the common result of mechanical improvements to production under a regime of private ownership.

As a synthesis of some of those articles, it may not be amiss to attempt a study of the process of invention in itself.

What is an invention?

An invention is a better way of doing a certain thing than the one in current use.

There are many very nice stories connected with the birth of invention, most of them myths. Newton walking in his garden saw an apple fall from a tree and, presto, the law of gravitation was invented. Unfortunately apples have hit millions of people on the head before and since Newton, and have failed to establish in their minds the slightest connection with gravitation. Had the same Newton not, for years, been thinking about that particular phenomenon, the falling apple would have taught him nothing. To that extent only, the story may be true.

Marconi answers the question better. He claims that invention is not a special gift but an achievement born of necessity and at work in all of us. An invention, in his opinion, is a novel device that meets a new need and accomplishes its purpose more efficiently than the method in current use at a given epoch.

The main cause of invention then is economic necessity and that necessity is a matter of social consciousness. An invention only becomes valuable inasmuch as it meets that consciousness.

A workman, in a factory, makes an ingenious device which helps him in his daily task. The fact becomes known to his fellow workers but does not spread beyond that group. Again, the same man contrives a home-made bicycle which is an object of interest to the whole town. But when that obscure inventor perfects an appliance that revolutionizes a whole industry, the facts are published to the world and enter the larger social consciousness.

There have been great scientific discoveries all through the ages. Heron of Alexandria invented a steam turbine 200 B. C. The Chinese invented gunpowder hundreds of years before the Europeans and went no further than to use it for fireworks. Those discoveries lay dormant and to us of the present day they are but interesting accidents.

**"Socialized invention is so evident a function of society that a large part of it has already been thrown upon the government agencies in Washington. The political state is today shouldering the financial burden of the research work only to hand over the results to private owners and corporations as a means of further exploitation of the great masses of the people.**

**"The work of invention of a future age neither can nor will be carried out through the political state. The political state is unfit for any kind of economic or technical mission. Socialized invention and the social ownership of the fruits of such invention will never reach the wonderful scope which the progress of modern scientific methods is ready to give them unless the economic state of the future in the shape of a functional federation of economic activities, is substituted for the present political state, whose function and nature are predicated upon the existence of a useless super-class of private owners."**

In every invention which is successful, there enters a primary social element. An isolated invention or new idea is worthless until brought into subordination to the general body of existing knowledge. An invention must take place on the fringe of existing knowledge, inside the borderland between yesterday and tomorrow.

There exists a fundamental difference between the inventor and the engineer. Very few engineers have made inventions. Many inventors have failed or have achieved slow success because of lack of engineering skill in construction and design. Inventor and engineer, in relation to invention, are very different people, although sometimes living inside the same skin. Individual invention began by the exercise of the imagination but patented improvements on existing inventions are more engineering than invention.

It is on account of that relation of invention of the individual kind with imagination more than realization in material form, that so many inventions came in doubles and even in triples. The

same idea, on account of its social origin, leads to the same invention springing up in two or three different places at the same time. An urge of a social character existed in many minds and brought about simultaneous responses in different places at the same time. The result was the endless discussions as to priority which surround the materialization of every new idea.

The social urge which leads to invention also caused people to work together with the result that, even in the course of the individualistic period, inventions have increased the possibility as well as the necessity of men working together for one purpose.

A great pioneer invention, after it has been conceived in general outline, leads to problems which it is impossible for one man to solve. After Alexander Graham Bell gave the world a telephone which could hardly transmit speech in its initial stage, other men had to be engaged to reduce the invention to commercial practicability. One of these men, to whom we really owe the modern telephone, was Thomas A. Edison, although the general public does not know it. He was engaged by the original promoters of the telephone to make the instrument commercial. Since that time, equally brilliant but more obscure men have devoted their lives to the improvement of the telephone, men who do nothing else but invent improved systems to meet the expanding needs of the future. Such men are Charles Scribner, J. J. Carty, William Dean and others.

Our own unforgettable Charles P. Steinmetz has given us what constitutes perhaps the best classification of inventions in existence. According to Steinmetz, there are three main classes of inventions.

1. Fundamental inventions which create new fields for human effort or open a new era in the history of the world, such as the steam engine, the steamboat and the locomotive.

2. Inventions which are merely steps in the design and development of things, such as a new form of gear shift in the automobile or a new method of winding an electric coil.

3. Incidental or accidental inventions such as puzzles, tricks, etc.

Most patents are issued on combination claims, in which the invention consists in a new way of assembling old elements. It is only very seldom that someone discovers something entirely new.

The evolutionary process of invention may, in turn, be established as follows.

First period: Individual inventions.

Second period: Transitory period of individualistic inventions subordinated to commercial feasibility.

Third period: Standardized or socialized inventions.

The second period is, by all odds, the most interesting. It has always most distinctively appealed to popular imagination. It involves, first, the struggle of the inventor to get himself taken seriously. Eli Whitney was thought something of a nut until his cotton gin actually started ginning. Bell was a visionary schoolmaster until a group of Boston lawyers began to perceive the first boundless possibilities of his first crude telephone. George Westinghouse was a plain nitwit for declaring that a moving train could be stopped by thin air.

With recognition came generally a struggle for the ownership of the now accepted invention. For the success of the individual inventor involved a struggle between invention and ownership, a relation between invention and capital. The rule-of-thumb accidental inventor generally got robbed by the commercial organizer.

The reason for this occurrence has not always been correctly grasped because it is based upon the fundamental characters of our economic system.

A commodity which is the result of invention needs to be constantly studied, experimented with and improved. Where that is not done, other inventions will soon supersede it and drive it off the market. To carry on this work successfully, a mechanical genius is usually required. Such men, however, are frequently visionary; they have seldom had a business training. They are rarely capable of co-ordinating and controlling the many and complex factors that go to make up a successful manufacturing institution, yet they are an essential part of such an organization.

So, many if not most of the pitfalls that confronted the individual inventors were of their own making. They generally started out by demanding a flat sum in cash. The business men knew that an invention must be developed and commercialized and, therefore, they preferred to buy it on a royalty basis.

Here the inventor found himself in the presence of the economic factor which wanted to protect invested capital. Many railroad men have in their mind one or two inventions that may improve railroading, but which are not adopted because their adoption would require a rebuilding of our entire railroad system.

All that haggling between invention and capital generally came to a head in a fight in which the capitalist got the best.

If an invention had any immediately marketable value, the capitalists generally had it in use from Maine to California before the inventor knew it, patent or no patent.

Two recent cases have proved the truth of this statement. The first is the case of Carlson. He invented the side-loading process in use in the smelting of copper. The smelter trust went ahead and used it for years. Carlson started a fight in the courts and got the worst of the battle. Finally, at the end of his rope, he assigned his claims to

bankers who agreed to stake him. As I write, he is a patient in a charity hospital. For years he lived in cheap lodging houses on the San Francisco waterfront, many times skipping a meal. All the time, the legal battle was raging with some of the finest legal talent in the nation on both sides. Recently the higher courts decided in favor of Carlson but the trust lawyers never admitted defeat. After every decision they started out on a new tack. Present decisions make Carlson the prospective possessor of twenty-odd million dollars. It is not much of a prophecy that he will never reach the day where he will finger the actual cash. He is old and privation has shortened the span of his days.

In the same city lives one Blake F. Hopkins and a lower federal court recently ruled to enjoin the Standard Oil Co., Moore and San and others from using a spraying machine for painting without paying him royalties. Hopkins's machine is probably the most successful spraying machine ever devised. It was put on the market eleven years ago. He also has now millions coming but the lawyers for the trusts know how to play the court game to the limit. It may be another eleven years before Hopkins handles any real cash, if he ever does.

Many more similar instances, hundreds of them, could be quoted. Steinmetz sized the situation up in its true light when he stated: "The independent engineers and individual inventors are, as a rule, not commercial. With them the invention is the thing. They are thus depending on others for the flotation and success of their creations. This makes them, with few exceptions, the prey of corporations and the victims of disastrous litigation."

Some people more anxious to defend the capitalistic system than to establish the truth will interpose the objection that the inventor is protected by his patent.

The scope of any patent is limited. To become patented, an invention must be described in such a way that anyone skilled in the art can make use of it. It is an accepted principle of law that one cannot patent an idea. A patent is a protection until someone else proves that he invented the patented commodity before you. So, in most cases, a patent is only a license to sue or to be sued.

A valuable invention may not be open to patent because it has been described in print in such a way that anyone could do the same thing.

When Lewis Nixon was building the first American submarine, he spoke to Morgan Robertson, the writer, about the necessity of a scheme that would allow the captain of the sub to see where he was going. The writer immediately suggested a telescoping tube with mirrors set at the proper angle that could be shoved to the surface when the sub was submerged. This was practically the periscope. Nixon liked the idea and started out to patent it. It would have meant a fortune for Robertson, but the examiners of the patent office went back to a copy of Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and the writer did not get his patent. Verne's description was so detailed that Robertson could not even claim priority for the idea.

In other cases, a patent is so all-inclusive that it becomes inapplicable and would practically hamper industry. This was the case of the Selden patent. It was so broad that it covered any kind of a gasoline engine. Henry Ford disregarded it and was sued. He lost out in the lower courts but, on appeal, he won out on the strength of the fact that the patent only covered two-cycle engines. The four-cycle engine was not in commercial use at the time the Selden patent was taken out. The litigation cost the contending parties over half a million dollars.

The omission of the slightest detail of a previous patent in a new contrivance constitutes an improvement. The original patentee, in such a case, is guilty of claiming more than he needs.

The general cause of all this hairsplitting may be found in the circumstance that the individual inventor always forgot that he was but a stage in an endless process, a theoretical moment in a continuous flow of time. What he lacked was a sociological view of the constant change of human tools under the influence of economic necessity.

The time factor plays an important part in invention. Time is of the essence of mechanical invention in any field. Generally any single inventor contributes but one radical innovation in any domain which is then later taken up again as a secure objective element by the following inventor and pushed forward under the same circumstances as previously. The span of time between the original invention and its improvement serves to produce a kind of habituation which strips the preceding discovery of its personal character and makes it mere technical material for the next inventor to work on.

The consoling feature of this situation consists in that it has served to attract attention upon the value of the labors of those who have failed. The rules of private property sent them away without any reward but, after all, their research work was valuable to the next investigator who stepped in where they had left off and finally found the long looked for solution on the basis of what the unsuccessful ones had learned through their failures.

With the advent of the corporations, the individual inventors began to disappear. The corporations needed new processes and, in order to get them, they reduced the inventor to the status of a wage worker, paying him to experiment and claiming the ownership of all what he might discover. Steinmetz considered this arrangement as preferable to the old hit-and-miss system. He remarks that the corporation provided the problem and all the necessary means to its solution and that, under

such conditions, the pay of the experimenter covered the product of his originality.

The individual inventor always started from an ill-defined point of departure. The corporation inventor faced specific problems passed over to him in the course of his duties.

Then the corporation went one step further. It divided a technical problem into several minor inventions which were passed over for solution to experts in various fields and then put together under the direction of the company's engineers. Instead of one salaried inventor's, the invention thus became the joint product of the labors of many specialists.

The invention of telephoned photographs is an instance of such a procedure. Twenty-four telephone engineers invented to order, each one detail of the process.

Here we have the new or socialized form of invention. It disposes of a wealth of facilities and equipment which the old rule-of-thumb inventor could never have dreamt of possessing.

The work which the inventors of large corporations are doing could never have been accomplished by independent inventors of ordinary means. In developing what is known as the Rex pulling over machine, for example, a machine which is to be found in every well-equipped shoe factory, the hired inventors of the United Shoe Machinery Company spent no less than a million dollars. They solved a problem which independent inventors had long given up as utterly impossible. Similarly the development of the tungsten filament lamp was the result of the expenditure of millions of dollars on both sides of the Atlantic, in special laboratories maintained by the largest electric companies in the world at an enormous expense.

The tungsten filament lamp is an improvement upon the carbon filament lamp that Edison gave us some twenty years ago. To perfect it, it became necessary to conduct research work in metallurgy, chemistry, physics, optics, physiology, psychology, spectroscopy, microscopy and half a dozen more sciences. The task of giving to the world such inventions is so complex, so huge, that an independent inventor with the fortune of a Rockefeller could never have hoped to cope with it. No man has knowlege enough to do it. The problem must be divided among a hundred specialists each of whom solves the little special problem assigned to him.

One of the consequences of that high cost of inventions is the limitation of the work to one single or to a very small number of agencies. Work that years ago would have been the share of any inventor who felt like doing it, is now confined to one laboratory or to two or three universities.

Another consequence is the introduction of the time factor, always associated with the machine process. A corporation not only orders an invention and pays for it, but it wants that invention perfected within a given time.

The newer form of invention now in existence among us is social in its origin and society must realize the danger which threatens its existence when the results of a process which is social in its origin are allowed to be appropriated by a private corporation.

It is up to society to invent socially, to organize the process of invention deliberately, to preserve its continuity by subsidizing, criticizing and directing it.

Economic necessity right at the present time calls for new inventions which no man in his right mind could possibly conceive as the private property of an individual or a corporation.

Let me give one or two instances.

Nobody individually discovered the micro-organism that caused hog cholera and a yearly loss to this country of eighteen million dollars. Could anyone honestly conceive the serum which has brought the disease well under control and which the South Dakota Experimental Station considers as 90 p. c. perfect, being owned by a private firm?

The University of Wisconsin reduced the loss due to oats-smut from 20% to one-half of one per cent, saving the agricultural industry of one single state four and a half million dollars per year. Who, besides a lunatic, would want the ownershhip of such a discovery to be vested anywhere else than in the collectivity?

Even the private direction of modern investigation would not fail to interfere with the value of the results obtained.

The National Canners' Association ordered and paid for an investigation of botulism. Such an investigation because financed by those who are commercially most interested in it must be one-sided and less valuable than if it had been made by a Washington bureau.

There is danger, from a social point of view, in leaving research work concerning food preservation to the laboratory of the National Canners' Association. Such research work should be social.

Never has the illogical and unscientific character of our whole social system appeared more glaringly than in this matter. Socialized invention is so evident a function of society that a large part of it has already been thrown upon the government agencies in Washington. The political state is today shouldering the financial burden of research work only to hand over the results to private owners and corporations as a means of further exploitation of the great masses of the people.

Many of the processes which lie at the basis of the Dupont companies, in the manufacture of explosives, were invented socially in the U. S. Bureau of Ordnance and became the property of those corporations either through outright gift or through

the hiring of the men who had helped to bring them about.

The work of invention of a future age neither can nor will be carried out through the political state. The political state is unfit for any kind of economic or technical mission. Socialized invention and the social ownership of the fruits of such invention will never reach the wonderful scope which the progress of modern scientific methods is ready to give them unless the economic state of the future in the shape of a functional federation of economic activities, is substituted for the present political state, whose function and nature are predicated upon the existence of a useless super-class of private owners.

I shall probably be met, at this phase of my argument, with the facile retort that inventive genius will become extinct if we dare to lay hands upon the huge financial rewards which must be hung up as a bait to inventors to bolster up their steadiness of purpose and sharpen their genius.

I deny the very premises upon which this objection rests.

Take the case of Edison. He is not today as rich as many of the financiers who exploited his patents, and most of his wealth is not the result of his inventions as much as it is the fruit of his commercial activities in the production and marketing of the commodities manufactured under his patents.

This is true to a much larger extent of Henry Ford. He is primarily wealthy not as a great inventor but as a commercial leader of inventive activities carried on through the organization which he has created.

In the appreciation of the corporation for which he worked, Steinmetz was the greatest technician that ever lived. The General Electric gave tangible proof of its appreciation when it gave up the idea of further raising his salary and told him to check against it for whatever funds he wanted. I do not believe that there exists another instance like that in the whole of our industrial history. And there could be no better conclusion to this article than the very words in which Steinmetz himself disposes of the stock argument of modern capitalism in the matter of incentive to invention.

"Obviously, in socialistic society, there would be no special interests opposing the inventor's fullest recognition; no man belittling and denying his invention for commercial reasons and the realization that a successful invention would be immediately adopted by the whole national or international industry, and used for the common good, that it would make the inventor a hero, but a hero of creation and not destruction—as have been most heroes of the past—all this will be an incentive for the inventor far greater than anything present day society has to offer."


## *In Next Month's Pioneer*

**LUDLOW**—New Light on the Memorable Coal Mine Strike, and the Rockefeller Massacre. Told by an Eye-Witness Newspaperman.

**THE NEW GOLD RUSH**—Heard of Red Lake in Canada and Hollinger? Well, you haven't heard anything until you get the vivid story in TRUTH from J. A. MacDonald.

**BUILDING CONSTRUCTION UNIONISM**—And Its Future, Is Sam Murray's Hopeful, Educational Message to 330 and the I. W. W. A Great Article!

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# BOOK REVIEWS

**Realism And Romanticism**

"The Great God Brown" is a play of masks, of the fantastic, the *alter egos* taking turns on the stage with the egos. It was too deep for me and for four others I asked to read it, so we must let it go at that and wait until the author or someone else explains what it is all about.

"The Fountain" is better, good romanticism, but in the tale of Ponce de Leon, O'Neill is not as good as in his realism. "The Moon on the Caribbees"



and "Bound East for Cardiff" were reviewed in the January 1925 Pioneer, and they are very gripping plays. "The Long Voyage Home" is a one-act tragedy and the best in the collection of nine plays contained in the volume. This is set in a dive on the London water-front, a place frequented by sailormen and prostitutes. "In the Zone," "Ile," "Where the Cross is Made," and "The Rope" are the other titles.

In spite of all the defects in the first two plays named above, they have passages of great beauty and strength, and throughout O'Neill has done a fine labor. The publishers are also to be congratulated on the good taste shown in the binding and arrangement. The book is really a work of art. And in the subject matter—save for the fantasy—are the wisdom and realism which have made O'Neill a power in the new drama.

—EMMET MURRAY

THE GREAT GOD BROWN. The Fountain, The Moon of the Caribbees and Six Other Plays, by Eugene O'Neill, 383 pages, 1926, Boni and Liveright, New York City. Price, $2.50.

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**Too Many Humans For Peace?**

Proceeding from the premise that the pressure of population obliges governments to find foreign or colonial territory for their surplus people, John Bakeless has written a very enlightening book endeavoring to show the causes of modern war. His theorem, as he states in so many words, is that present conditions are alarmingly similar to those existing just prior to the war in 1914, and that an explosion may be imminent.

Without doubt population is growing, but to say that such growth is the cause of war is a superficial observation. It is, however, convenient to investigators who repudiate the surplus value theory, because then it is not obligatory on them to get down to fundamentals. The capitalist class is guilty not only of keeping production curtailed by throwing millions of workers out of jobs during crises, but it is responsible for a managerial waste in addition, which engineers, not radicals, have estimated to be enormous, and on top of this crime capitalists pile another—that of destroying, by other means than consumption, fully half the wealth produced by workers. While wage slaves need corn for food we find farmers burning it for fuel because there has been "too much produced." Potatoes rot in the ground because to harvest them all in seasons when nature is most gracious with her gifts means to lower the price. Child slaves in woolen mills have been found to be without underwear; workers wear broken, bum-looking shoes though they produce the best shoes ever known to the race; and it is a normal condition for factories to operate at only 75 per cent of their productive capacity. And this where the workers are speeded as never before. The reason for the failure to utilize the entire productive powers is found in idle machines, and other equipment.

Knowing that the existing productive ability of the workers is fully equal to assuring all who toil a living standard immensely better than now prevails, and that, with utilization of the parasitic class in wealth-creating roles and elimination of waste due to greed and bourgeois incompetency, the conditions of the race can be improved so greatly that it is idle to set limitations, we reject Mr. Bakeless's premise as unscientific, and consequently

untenable. Productive ability has been solved; distributive arrangements must be perfected. As such arrangements are attendant upon the overthrow of present rulers and the assumption of all power by the workers, it is more "respectable" to blame "overpopulation" for making wars, than the presence of surplus values requiring markets in whose quest national rivalries are engendered.

Still it is quite educational to read the book. It is illustrated with maps, has a bibliography and index, and does correctly analyze the strategy of diplomats and governments in international dealings. But to credit capitalist states with any paternalistic concern for the wage slaves born in these states is to fail at understanding the nature of the state. This nature is oppressive, and it is for nothing but oppression of one class by another that the economic masters who own the state allow it to function. Plenty of all human necessities are created by the workers, and they can have the whole product when they put the bosses in overalls.

—Ellen Martin.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NEXT WAR, by John Bakeless, Viking Press, New York, 1926. Price, $2.50.

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**A Good Text Book**

"Psychology," by Everett Dean Martin, is a large book of 302 pages, constituting a well written inquiry into the most diverse habits of human beings, attempting in this way to arrive at mental processes reacting to environmental stimuli. The book gives the "Place of William James" in psychology, that of Freud and the psychoanalytical school, to whom the author gives great credit for shedding light on the science, the behaviorist position and others. Little more than the briefest mention of the lectures-in-print can be made here.

These lectures are on how we think, the meaning of intelligence tests, the place of propaganda and public opinion in psychology, an examination of religion, politics and class consciousness, and many other matters of interest to students.

In the lecture on religion, the author, admitting religion to be emotional, tries to discover just what it is, as Plato did. Martin's conclusion is that it is the effort for redemption, salvation of the soul from sin. This will illustrate to you just how much fuss the book is sure to stir up the more it is read, especially as Professor Martin treads on toes indiscriminately. Many religionists reject the theological explanations concerning religion as a purely salvationist phenomenon, and regard the group life of human beings, as lived through the ages, in itself a religious act and the inherent purpose of religion. Such an opinion will have nothing to do with theology. The word's derivation will support this contention.

But you should read the book if you want to find a wealth of information, and if you are looking for points to approve or disapprove. You'll find them there, without a doubt. I did, and so should you. The last paragraphs bear this out. Listen to this:

"The king rules by the grace of God; the mob by the precept of Righteousness."

And this:

"It is in this sense (urbanity, ability to suspend judgement, self-understanding, idealism, and appreciation of value) that psychology has educational importance. I do not say that psychology is all; by no means. The student should, if he has not done so before, develop an interest in classic literature, in general philosophy and natural science. . . . Our aim has been to attain insight such as will enable us to know when we and others are merely rationalizing and when we are trying to solve real problems. By means of this insight we should be better able to see the true meaning our our behavior and to make some progress at least in self-control and in a knowledge of what is worth doing, which is, after all, the same as a knowledge of men. It is only with such knowledge, and under the voluntary leadership of those who have it, that social progress can ever create or preserve the things which differentiate men from monkeys and distinguish the civilized man from the savage."

—Louise Myers.

PSYCHOLOGY, by Everett Dean Martin, The People's Institute Publishing Co., New York City. Price, $3.00.

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**How Albion's Bosses Started**

The outstanding facts of the industrial revolution of 18th Century England, its historical setting and social consequences, are interestingly and effectively portrayed in "Rise of Modern Industry" by J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond. Here is told the story of how commerce, stimulated by the discovery of new trade routes from Europe to Asia and by the colonization of the Americas, impregnated the old economic order of England and caused it to give birth to an entirely new system of production.

With the discovery of unlimited markets for manufactured goods of Western Europe, markets that promised profits greater than any dreamed of by the old traders in the silks and spices of the Orient, prevailing methods of production became utterly inadequate and every energy was bent toward the improvement and speeding up of industry. Under the ever present stimulus of an insatiable demand factories grew up and displaced the spinning and weaving industry of the homes; the demand for iron and steel goods led to the application of coal to the ore smelting process and this in turn drove the coal mine owners to search for an economical method of removing the water from the deeper pits. The solution was

found in the application of steam to the pumps. Soon thereafter the steam engine took its place in the factories, immeasurably facilitating production, and became the factor that more than any other distinguished the new system from the old.

Most interesting is the readjustment that took place to bring the whole social organism into harmony with the new system of production. The class always craving wealth and anxious to enhance its power, found new methods and safer ones to exploit the workers.

The feudal lords, as soon as they saw profits in prospect from the sale of agricultural products, dispossessed the peasants and confiscated the commons. The peasant became either a wage slave in the city or a wage slave in the country where formerly he had been at least semi-independent with certain privileges guaranteed by custom and law. Indeed, for many of them there was no alternative, workers were forced into the factories whether they wished to go or not. In the 17th Century, and part of the 19th, a worker was any poor person five years of age or over.

Government reflected faithfully the anarchy that prevailed in industry. Old laws that were in any way favorable to the workers were first generally disregarded and then repealed. New practices intolerably injurious to the workers were introduced, and having become established in spite of many vigorous protests, they received the sanction of Parliament and became laws. Workers' organizations were declared illegal.

Philosophy, science and religion gave almost unqualified support to the new order. Sanitation in the working class districts was not thought of; education and amusement for the workers was denounced as being unnecessary and dangerous. It was not until 1834 that a law was passed prohibiting the employment of boys and girls between the ages of 9 and 18 for more than 10 hours a day.

The authors are inclined to give some credit for the expansion of industry and for the adoption of measures restricting the rapacity of the new master class, to the growth of "public spirit" within it. We find little evidence of this in the whole story. Canals, roads and bridges were not built until increased profits appeared as an inducement. Agriculture was not improved until expanding markets promised a rich reward, and not until the peasants had been largely dispossessed so that the advantages would all accrue to the nobility. Finally laws restricting the employment of children and laws regulating the conditions of employment generally were not enforced until it became apparent to the more far sighted of the capitalists that the abject misery of the workers was an ever growing menace to their position.

The closing chapter of the book, "The Beginning of a New Society," does not offer much consolation to the modern proletarian. Perhaps it is because the authors do not realize that the necessary complement of the industrial revolution is the social revolution which will abolish classes and wage slavery and place the benefits of machine production within the reach of all mankind.

—Carl Keller.

**THE RISE OF MODERN INDUSTRY, by J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond, Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. Price $2.75.**

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**Left Winging the Wobs**

In "Left Wing Unionism" I was naturally more interested in what is said about the I. W. W. than any other part of the labor movement, because I am an I. W. W. And he has plenty to say of our "evangelism," lack of business methods, our being a "remnant" going downhill, and that we have barely 10,000 members. Why did Mr. Saposs, after declaring us to be chiefly a migratory worker organization, choose a winter month for his figures? Our financial statement for the last fiscal year will show a year-around membership of 16,355, and had Mr. Saposs picked a summer month for his findings he would discover a membership of from twenty to twenty-five thousand.

We are charged with having little or no sense, and of failing, because of this stupidity, to organize the American workers. But later on he says that we are good propagandists. Is good propagandizing consistent with organizational stupidity? If charges of stupidity are to be made kindly direct them at the unorganized and misorganized workers who belong with us but remain outside.

The author also mentions that we are "anarcho-syndicalists." Who told him that? We are neither anarchists nor syndicalists. Anarchism is a philosophy which opposes organization. Syndicalism is a "loose federation of trade or industrial unions." The I. W. W. is the **organization of revolutionary industrial unionism,** broadly patterned after capitalist business monopolies, and whether the workers of the world win their economic emancipation **under** the I. W. W. administration or not, they will win it only by using the scientific, practical class war tactics of the I. W. W.

In conclusion let me advise Mr. Sapoos that while the I. W. W. is rapidly recovering from the 1924 controversy, the Emergency Program gang are rickety and disappearing by their own internal disaffection. Whatever vestige of it remains by this fall will be converted by the 110 migratory harvest workers. To place us in the category with them is grossly unfair and utterly ridiculous. Our financial statements, our activities, our ten publications, numerous halls and general solvency bear this out.

Saposs says he got much of his information from members in the Rocky Mountains. That might be an interesting way to get facts, and again it might

not. Why not visit 3333 Belmont Avenue in Chicago to get the truth from our financial reports, which are accurate? The I. W. W. has done more for the American working class than any other organization, and it will yet give to this class the means of delivering itself from the wage system.

The rest of the book deals with the history and theories of radical union tactics, dual unionism, amalgamation, boring from within, etc. Even though the author has failed to appraise the I. W. W. correctly, the volume is instructive. —**Morris Adler.**

**LEFT WING UNIONISM, by David J. Saposs, International Publishers, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York. Published in 1926, 192 pages. Price $1.60.**

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**AXE AND GARLAND**

"When thunders of rebellion shake the world," such as the titanic fury of the French storm toward the close of the 18th Century, it is certain that a many-faceted literature will reflect the conflict's somber hues, and also the rays of glory breaking when the rumblings at last die away. Writers, according to their various fancies, find an apparently endless impulse to portray the battle of giants. We have, thus, a voluminous literature of the French Revolution.

It is with circumspection that one should place pen to paper where treatment has been so detailed and universal, where interpretation has been as diverse as the peculiarities of human imagination, passion and rectitude. An eagle's flight is not comprehensible to the toad; ability to create a portrait rests on the artist's capacity to understand his subject, profoundly, intimately, sympathetically. And pygmies would do well not to appraise titans. Thus many accounts of the French struggle fall short. The merchant class fought for its place in the sun, a place eclipsing all other classes and destroying, with the aid of the workers, royalism, and the nobility with roots in the land. But, again, the mark is frequently overshot by shafts released from hands that would, in receiving the counterfeit gold of "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality," believe it to be pure.

A strong hand has guided the pen which wrote "The Game of Love and Death," a hand of command, urged to strokes of compelling beauty, and rare understanding. Romain Rolland holds before our fascinated gaze a fragment from the book of revolution, revealing interests and passions, the fierce war of classes, intellects, emotions, that shook France so violently, and that, when threatened by the power of foreign kings, said in the genius of Danton "We shall fling to them the head of a king as a gauge of battle!"

A conventionary, 60 years old, who is honored as a scientist, rebels against the Terror, but is, at first, afraid to speak. His wife is 35. She respects her husband, is faithful to him, but loves a proscript, who is himself a revolutionary. The latter, tiring of flight, with only her image to keep him alive when his friends, fearful of the axe, refuse him shelter, food, even a glass of water, returns to Paris and finds refuge in the scientist's home. A spy reports this. The conventionary comes home from the Convention and learns the situation. The house is soon ransacked. The lover is hidden. Later the host—Courvoisier—refuses to comply with a visiting political opponent's request that he stand with Robespierre, the almighty (for the moment) power. Then the visitor gives him two passports so that he and his wife can leave France. He says that the burden of the scientist's head is more than Ropespierre can bear. This cynically.

When he goes out the conventionary tells his wife and the proscript to take the passports and escape. Jerome Courvisier is prepared to stay and perish. The lover, filled with shame but also with a sudden reluctance to die, takes the passport. Sophie tears hers into bits. She elects to remain with her husband and mount the scaffold. The play ends with them speaking quietly of their last night together. Sophie, who shows a fine character throughout, says:

"If at least we were leaving a child behind us! . . . Why. why was life ever given us?"

Jerome: "For us to conquer it."

(A silence. They have risen. Sophie, leaning against Jerome, looks at him and smiles in resignation. They stand, one in front of the other, and do not separate again. Sophie's head is on Jerome's shoulder. They do not even observe the door when it opens. Approaching voices are heard.)

Sophie: (With a melancholy smile) "To conquer..... Farewell, my friend. The laurels are all cut."

(A rough knocking at the door.)

Jerome: (Very tenderly) "The high wild woods of laurel. . ."

Sophie: (Pointing to a branch of lilac that has lain on the table since the opening scene.) No, give me instead that fading cluster of young blossoms, those lilacs . . ." (Courvoisier gives her the flowering branch. She kisses it. The door opens. . . A band of armed men.)

—**E. F. Skeffington.**

**THE GAME OF LOVE AND DEATH, by Romain Rolland, Henry Holt and Company, One Park Avenue Building, New York. Price $2.00.**

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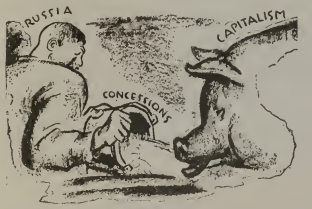
**Eurasian Oil Grab**

Louis Fischer, who spent several years in Russia (1922 to 1925), has written an unusually informing book on the diplomatic game played in the interests of oil monopolists. He traces the motives of the great powers in backing their rich nationals for securing petroleum terrains, with special emphasis on the Genoa Conference. Mr. Fischer admires Bolshevist statecraft and says that the Russian oil industry at Baku is gaining in efficiency and consequent production. .

A too apparent espousal of the Soviet Govern-

ment cause injures the work which should be as far as possible an investigation and not a propaganda treatise. He frequently refers to the benefits alleged to be had by Russian workers under the Bolsheviks. We sincerely trust that this is true, but while the political prisoners are still kept in Siberia and the wage system rules, we have our doubts.

Concessions galore to the earth's most successful, hence most dangerous and heartless, capitalists must be secured by armed force. Capitalists will not invest without the guarantee of such security, and whether it is realized by a Bolshevik army over




the wage slaves or armed intervention by the governments of investing nationals, the workers must pay the price. If bayonets and gunboats protect foreign investments of financial empires, what can be expected of the long (49-year) leases but foreign invasion the moment the Russian workers (not Bolshevik officials, mind you) revolt for their deliverance from wage slavery?

It is regrettable that Russian politicians and not Russian workers must conduct the affairs of that country, and that the greater productivity of Russian resources proceeds from the more proficient technic of expropriating the producers for internal bureaucratic and foreign bourgeois gain.

Finally, let us say that perhaps the politically-minded Bolshevists thought they did right in divorcing the workers from democratic control of the industries these same workers wrested from the Russian bourgeoisie. However, Kollantay and Souchy think a mistake was made in suppressing the proletarian voice. And even Lenin believed another revolution inevitable in which the Communist party itself must be overthrown by the workers. Is it, then, expediency or ethics which keeps revolutionary working class political prisoners in Siberia? If another revolution is required eventually to overthrow the present Moscow regime "counter-revolutionary" loses its villifying force, and we are justified in asking when is revolution revolution and when is it counter-revolution? Moreover, we have seen the increase of production in other capitalist countries synchronize with the debasement of the workers of these other lands, and therefore do not necessarily relate the mounting Russian production, in oil or anything else, to any absolute betterment in the living standard of Russian workers.

Still, this is a digression out of the practical scope of points chiefly treated by the author of the best book on oil stealing yet written. I recommend its reading to workers who want to know what oil means to their class and to world diplomacy.

—**James L. Carpenter.**

**OIL IMPERIALISM, by Louis Fischer, 1926, International Publishers, New York. Price, $2.00.**

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# THE STRIKER

By ROBERT WHITAKER

Many have sung the soldier
From the rude, red days of old
To this madder hour of more murderous power,
And death schemes manifold.
But no one has sung the striker,
Though a better fighter he
For the living cause and the larger laws
Of the empire that is to be.

Many have sung the statesman
Of nation and state and clan;
Though he served himself from the purse of pelf
And lorded it over man.
Yet greater than he, the striker,
Lacking both fame and fee,
At the cost of all he has built the wall
Of the city that is to be.

Many have sung the scholar,
Maker of book and school;
Though his ease was earned by the throng unlearned
Who slaved that the few might rule.
But the lore and law of the striker
Setteth the whole world free,
Neither ease nor toil shall the spirit spoil
In the knowledge that is to be.

Many have sung the saintly,
The pure of all times and creeds;
But alas, the good have denied the food
For even the children's needs.
Kinder by far the striker.
And truly more righteous he,
For he stakes his meal on the common weal
And the justice that is to be.

Some day, when all are toilers,,
And nobody toils for naught;
When the worker rules over kirks and schools,
And shapes all the realms of thought;
They shall sing the song of the striker,
No longer an outcast he,
But with arms abreast he shall stand confessed
In the triumph that is to be.

# Revolutionizing "Clinton's Big Ditch"

By T. P. SULLIVAN




STEEL MOTORSHIP IN THE ERIE CANAL

FOR many years the industrial development of the United States has taken vast strides forward, particularly in the marine industry. In this one industry more progress has been made in the last hundred years than in all its previous history. This development was brought about through the invention of steam power and created a new era in marine transportation. Many articles have been written dealing with the development and evolution of the tools of production in the marine industry. We have learned that the Indians hewed down trees and burned out the centers of them in order to make canoes to transport their warriors in times of strife and conquest against hostile tribes and also to use them for peaceful pursuits, when harvesting their crops, etc., and of the period of the sailing ships with their great stretches of canvas afloat in the breeze driving the ship onward through the trade routes to the ports of the world.

### Fulton's Steamboat

The invention of the steamboat by Robert Fulton was an epic in the history of marine transportation which revolutionized marine trading and made man the master instead of the slave of the elements. Heretofore man embarked upon sailing ships not as master but as slave of the elements and many months, even years, were consumed in the completion of a voyage. The elements had to be contended with and used when it was to the advantage of the ship and fought when they reached their fury and threatened destruction to the ship and its crew. The invention of the steamboat did away with the necessity of the sailing ship and the elements necessary to carry the ship over the trade routes into the ports of the world.

Steam was now the dominating factor in the propulsion of ships, and man was able to defy the elements, as ships raced around the world from port to port, the wind singing through the masts and rigging and columns of dense smoke emitting from their squat stacks in defiance. The ships ploughed through mountainous seas into ports of refuge. The development of the Deisel engine made it possible for ships to be propelled without steam, and the Flettner rotor-sail without artificial propulsion, but with all the safeguards of modern invention as it affects development of marine transportation. The story of the heroism of the crew of the S. S. Roosevelt is too fresh in our minds to repeat, but was made possible by the invention of wireless telegraphy.

As this onward stride takes place in types of ships and the methods of propulsion and safety another important development is also taking place which also revolutionizes transportation. This is the development of inland waterways and canals. Many large bodies of water have been connected by the building of canals, such as the Panama Canal which connects the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and the Suez Canal which connects the Mediterraean and the Red Seas and in that way

the Indian Ocean. The development of these engineering projects makes it possible for ships to cut the distance of voyages in half and also to avoid passing through treacherous bodies of water such as rounding Cape Horn in the Western Hemisphere and the Cape of Good Hope in the Eastern Hemisphere.

The Great Lakes of North America are known as the "inland seas" and the largest bodies of fresh water in the world. On these waters steam huge freighters carrying the output of the coal mines of the middle Atlantic and the Central States to the upper lake ports and returning with the iron ore from the Mesaba Range and the golden grain of the West. The ore is unloaded at the steel plants in the lower lake ports and the grain is sent to Port Colborne or Buffalo where it is unloaded and reshipped to the Atlantic seaboard and the ports of the world.

### Beginning of Erie Canal

For more than a century and a half people who were interested have talked of connecting the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean by a ship canal. The first attempt to improve the inland waterways in New York State was undertaken by private companies chartered in 1792. A portion of the series of locks built by the Inland Navigation Company at Little Falls is still in place. This project was on a small scale and was built to take care of the immediate needs at the time.

The first state canal construction work was begun on July 4, 1817, at Rome, N. Y., and the Erie, or main branch, was completed in 1825. This was known as the Erie Canal, and it is doubtful if any transportation project was ever a greater success. This canal had a bottom width of 28 feet, a width at water surface of 40 feet, with a four foot depth of water. The first boats on this canal carried 75 tons. On the first trip down the canal a breaker of water from Lake Erie was carried and emptied into New York Harbor, signifying the connection of the two bodies of water. As in many cases where huge experiments are made in the interest of progress, the reactionary multitudes sneered at De Witt Clinton, the governor of New York at the time and the father of the project, predicting failure for the canal and terming it "Clinton's ditch" and "Clinton's folly." The canal was a huge success both from a financial standpoint and as a means of transportation. Power was furnished by mules who were driven along a path on the bank of the canal, the tugs on the harness being attached to the canal boats. This was the only means of propulsion at the time, and lasted for many years.

Up to the year of 1883, when tolls were abolished on the canal, it had repaid the state not only all it had cost for construction, operation and maintenance, but it had turned in the handsome profit of $43,599,177 over and above these charges.

What was of greater benefit than the profit concerned, was the fact that the Erie Canal fostered the growth of that great industrial zone which, with its chain of cities and factories extends from Buffalo to Troy and on down the Hudson River to end at Greater New York. When the railroads appeared they found this well established trade route, so that as a traffic line to the West it was not only the first in point of time, but it has remained the first in importance in the United States.

### Interesting Facts About the "Ditch"

The first enlargement work on the Erie Canal was commenced in 1836 and finished in 1862. The bottom was increased to a maximum of 56 feet, and at the water line to 70 feet, with a depth of seven feet. In 1896 the work of deepening the Erie Canal to nine feet was begun, but was completed only at disconnected localities.

As the population of the states in the Middle West increased, lake commerce grew in proportion and the agitation for a deeper waterway between the inland seas and the ocean became more pronounced. The Canal was again reconstructed and called the New York State Barge Canal. This improved route was opened in 1918. The minimum width at the bottom of this canal was 75 feet, width at the surface 123 feet (minimum) and a mininum depth of 12 feet. This new canal contained 35 locks which had a length of 328 feet, a width of 45 feet and a depth of 12 feet at the sills. The route was as follows: Starting at the government lock at Troy, it followed the Hudson River to Waterford, where the westward turn is made. A land cut of two miles in length is utilized to the Mohawk River into a pool created by the construction of a fixed concrete dam. The Mohawk River at the canal channel entrance is at an elevation of 169.5 feet above the surface of the Hudson River at Waterford and is 184 feet higher than sea level at Albany. This canal channel entrance is two miles from Waterford and in this distance there are five locks in which the canal fleets are elevated 169.5 feet. The operation takes about seventy minutes. From this point navigation is carried through the canalized Mohawk River, with short land cuts at intervals, past the City of Schenectady to Frankfort, thence through an artificial channel that parallels the Mohawk River, to Rome, and crossing the divide, enters the Oswego Watershed, ten miles west of Rome and, following Wood Creek for five miles, reaches the eastern end of Oneida Lake.

This lake is the largest natural body of water in the canal system, the channel stretching across a distance of 21 miles to Brewerton at its western end. From Brewerton, the Oneida River is followed to its junction with the Seneca River at Three River Point, thence through the Seneca River to the Clyde River, and to and through the Clyde River to the foot of Lock No. 27 at Lyons. Here

the bed of the Ganargua Creek is utilized, with frequent land cuts, to Palmyra, from which place the channel lies in the former Erie Canal, widened and deepened to a point just west of Pittsford.

An artificial channel there exists to the Genessee River, which is crossed about two miles south of the Rochester Terminal on a pool created by a movable dam, and traffic enters what is locally known as the 60-mile level, consisting of an enlargement of the former Erie Canal, to Lockport.

At Lockport, by means of two combined locks, navigation is raised 50 feet to the elevation of the Niagara River, and thence an artificial channel is utilized to Tonawanda Creek. The canalized creek is followed to its junction with the Niagara River at Tonawanda. Through the Niagara River traffic passes to Lake Erie at Buffalo, the vessel being raised to the level of the lake by the government lock at Squaw Island. The distance from Troy to Lake Erie at Buffalo is 355 miles, of which 215 miles lie in natural waterways and 140 miles through artificial channels.

Along the canal there is a clearance of 16 feet under bridges and guard gates. There are no tolls on the canal, and there are 43 terminal warehouses situated along the canal at various ports as well as a grain elevator in Brooklyn with a capacity of 2,000,000 bushels of grain.

To mark the channel through canalized rivers and lakes where considerable width of water exists, an elaborate system of buoys and lights is maintained. At present about 2,100 lighted aids to navigation of various types are in place.

### Many Deisel Engines Used

The type of power used on the present canal is steam, although many tugs of later construction have Deisel engines installed, and the average speed of these tugs with a fleet in tow is about four miles an hour. Some of the larger motorships on the canal make a speed of about ten miles an hour and are usually run on schedule. The Standard Oil Company and Interwaterways Line, Inc., operate a fleet of motorships which have express service.

The usual length of the navigation season is about eight months, from April to December. The canal is available at all hours, and the channel is well lighted at night.

To maintain an adequate supply of water to support canal navigation many sources are utilized. From Lake Erie and the Niagara River the water finds its way through Tonawanda Creek into the canal channel and as far east as Palmyra, navigation is deepened solely on the Lake Erie supply.

At Palmyra, the channel lies in the bed of Ganargua Creek, whose line is followed to Lyons where the western feed is supplemented by the discharge from the outlet of Canandaigua Lake. Through the Seneca River come the waters from the great natural reservoirs, Cayuga and Seneca lakes.

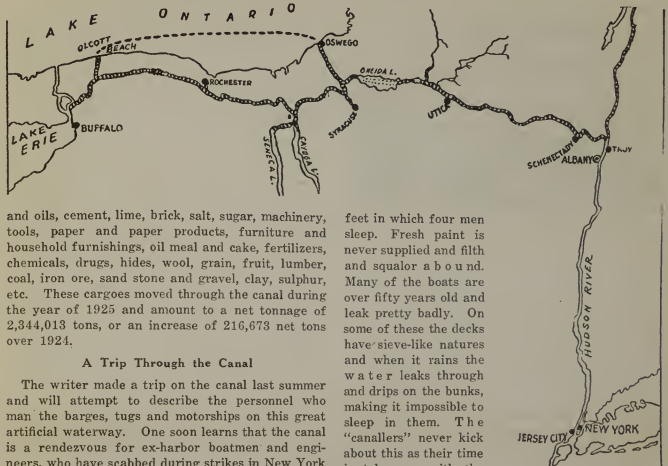


Movable Dam on Canalized Mohawk River, Showing Lock at Left

### Diversified Cargoes Carried

East of Oneida Lake there exists the most difficult problem from the standpoint of water supply, and to insure an adequate boating depth in the areas to be served, four systems of reservoirs have been created. The Delta Reservoir four miles north of Rome has a storage capacity of 2,750,000,000 cubic feet of water. The water is fed into the new channel at Rome. Another reservoir, which is known as the Hinckley Reservoir, has a storage capacity of 3,445,000,000 cubic feet.

There are no tolls on the canal, and it is maintained on the profit taken from the old Erie Canal previous to 1883 when tolls were abolished. The cargoes transported over the canal are various. According to the report published for the year of 1925, recently issued, the following are some of the cargoes: iron, steel, other metals, petroleum




and oils, cement, lime, brick, salt, sugar, machinery, tools, paper and paper products, furniture and household furnishings, oil meal and cake, fertilizers, chemicals, drugs, hides, wool, grain, fruit, lumber, coal, iron ore, sand stone and gravel, clay, sulphur, etc. These cargoes moved through the canal during the year of 1925 and amount to a net tonnage of 2,344,013 tons, or an increase of 216,673 net tons over 1924.

### A Trip Through the Canal

The writer made a trip on the canal last summer and will attempt to describe the personnel who man the barges, tugs and motorships on this great artificial waterway. One soon learns that the canal is a rendezvous for ex-harbor boatmen and engineers, who have scabbed during strikes in New York Harbor and were driven out by the enraged strikers immediately after the strikes terminated.

There is no union on the canal, although several members of the I. W. W., including myself, have made one or two trips on it. Besides the scabs the great majority of the boatmen are backwoodsmen, many of them unable to read or write. They are not interested in better conditions and are content to spend their meagre wages on moonshine and wild women, which are plentiful along the canal route.

These people are distinct from the ordinary class of seamen and many of them have spent their entire lives on the canal, and the result is that their minds are about as broad as the canal itself. Needless to say, popular prejudices abound, and the hate of the foreigner and the radical is supreme. Many of the men on these boats are very elderly and enjoy telling tales of the "Old Erie Canal, when we worked twenty hours a day." It is hard to reason with these hoosiers, and a strong back and weak mind are the most important qualifications to obtain employment.

They are termed "canallers." The food and wages on the canal are fair, but long hours of labor and filthy foc'sles which are infested with vermin, more than offset the fairness in other respects. In the summer the mosquitoes are thick on the canal and enter the "glory holes" where the men sleep. Practically all the boats are the same. The sleeping quarters are holes about 8 feet by 5 feet in which four men sleep. Fresh paint is never supplied and filth and squalor abound. Many of the boats are over fifty years old and leak pretty badly. On some of these the decks have sieve-like natures and when it rains the water leaks through and drips on the bunks, making it impossible to sleep in them. The "canallers" never kick about this as their time is taken up with the thought of the next lock, and a bottle of moonshine which is so easily secured. On some of these tugs and canal boats the crews are in an intoxicated stupor at all times, and much damage results, such as crashing lock gates and guard bridges and running the fleet aground, high and dry on the shore, when the pilot is feeling the effects of the moonshine. Many of the more sober men are afraid to sleep in the "holes" when the pilot is drunk, as it doesn't take much to sink a fifty-year-old wooden boat. It is hard for the decent class of seamen to stay aboard these boats very long, and many of them quit in disgust after a short period.

### Booze and Accidents

Regardless of the merits of prohibition and the Volstead Act, the towns along the canal are as wet as the canal itself, and sinkings are quite frequent due to the inebriation of the pilots and engineers as well as the rest of the crew.

This condition is well known to those entrusted with the guardianship of law and order as can be readily seen from the report of the superintendent of the Department of Public Works at Albany recently issued.

This paragraph is significant: "As has been pointed out before, the Eighteenth Amendment is responsible for many of the complaints that are made regarding the condition of the canal. Judicial notice can be taken that evidently it is not difficult to obtain bootleg liquor at certain places along the



Little Falls Lock, Highest Lift on Canal, 40.5 Feet

canal. Reports have come in of intoxication aboard the boats. The alibi of every captain who runs aground or gets out of the channel through improper navigation is that the proper depth has not been maintained. We have had numerous complaints of boats drawing nine feet striking bottom when in the same week and under exactly the same conditions boats drawing over ten feet have gone through the same channel without striking. It will never be possible to prevent the complaint of shallow channel because so long as captains have to report to boat owners they are going to give the best alibi they can, and the best alibi is that the channel depth has not been maintained."

### Concentration of Canal Capital

With the exception of the "Green Fleet," Transmarine Corporation and a few big towing companies the boats are owned by individuals and are worked on shares. On some tugs as many as three or four individuals own shares in the tug and attempt to squeeze every penny of profit out of the investment.

As in all industries the tendency to wipe out the small competitor is also prevalent in the marine industry, and is readily seen on the canal. We find the owners of large steamship companies entering the trade and taking away the business of the small boat owners. The latest to try this is the Munson Line which will have a fleet of barges and tugs on the canal this summer. It is only a matter of time when the small fry will be wiped out and forced into the ranks of the wage slaves and the employ of the larger companies.

The success of the inland canal as a means of transportation and connection of larger bodies of water has developed these canals at a tremendous pace in the past fifty years, and as time goes on the necessity for a deep water canal to accommodate ocean-going ships has become the topic of discussion in the marine world. The enormous freight rates in existence on the railroads has compelled shippers to look for more economical means of transportation and the result is the agitation for a deep water ship canal between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean.

### Proposed Deep Water Ship Canal

Two routes are suggested, one through the United States and Canada, with its outlet to the Atlantic at the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the other the revolutionizing and reconstruction of the New York State Barge Canal. The sabre rattlers and war lords are recommending the all-American route, so that it will be controlled by the United States in time of war and can be used for the transportation of supplies.

The five Great Lakes are the means of transportation by water for a large territory. The states bordering on them are large in area, population and production. These lake states with the more westerly ones now produce an enormous tonnage of both agricultural and manufactured products. And as the years go by the output of farm and factory will increase and the demand for cheaper water transportation to the markets of the world will become more insistent. There is also the development of hydro-electricity on the canal and there are at present nine dams in existence from which power to run the canal is withdrawn at present and the waterpower possibilities are enormous.

In order to convert the Barge Canal into a deep water ship canal it will be necessary to deepen the canal to 25 feet and remove all the low bridges and guard gates that ships may pass.

The route that ocean ships will take is from New York to Waterford through the Canal to the junction of the Oswego Canal to Oswego, and thence across Lake Ontario to the Welland Canal into Lake Erie and the ports of the Great Lakes. This plan as drafted by engineers has the principal backing and appears to be the most feasible and superior to the St. Lawrence project. The St. Lawrence project would start at the eastern end of Lake Ontario through the St. Lawrence River Valley and the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the sea, a distance of about 1,200 miles, closed for four months of the year and risky to ships from the danger of icebergs during the greater part of the year outside the gulf of St. Lawrence. The route across New York State would start at Oswego on Lake Ontario through the present canal to the Mohawk and valley and thence to the Hudson at Troy. This is a distance of only 166 miles.

It has been argued that canal navigation is too slow to meet modern traffic requirements, but a rate of five miles an hour is admitted to be practical on the proposed canal; this means that the actual canal journey can be made in 33½ hours. The trip on the broadened and deepened Hudson to Sandy Hook is only 165 miles. Here steamers can run at full speed, say ten miles an hour. The entire trip then can be made in 50 hours. This route is seldom troubled with fogs and ends at New York Harbor where the ocean is free from the menace of icebergs.

History repeats itself, and as Clinton was condemned one hundred years ago, so are the exponents of this immense project. The deepening of the canal for ocean traffic is being opposed by the small boat owners on the canal and in true "hoosier-like" style they cry out to the politicians to prevent it, but it appears as though it will go through as scheduled as it means progress, and when the canal is completed inland New York will assume more of a cosmopolitan attitude and the prejudices now popular there will be wiped away and then the "canallers" may be subject to reason, and I. W. W. literature and doctrines will educate them the same as they have educated the seamen of the world, but which as yet has failed to reach the alcohol soaked and degenerate brains of the "backwoods boatmen" who inhabit the State Barge Canal.

# REVOLUTION

By JAMES LYNCH

THE American workman wants no revolution. He is constructive not destructive." So says William Green, true to his policy of adhering to Mr. Gompers's principles—harmony between Capital and Labor—class collaboration. Were this great misleader living in the Feudal Ages, his philosophy would probably read something like this:

"The European serf wants no revolution. He is constructive not destructive."

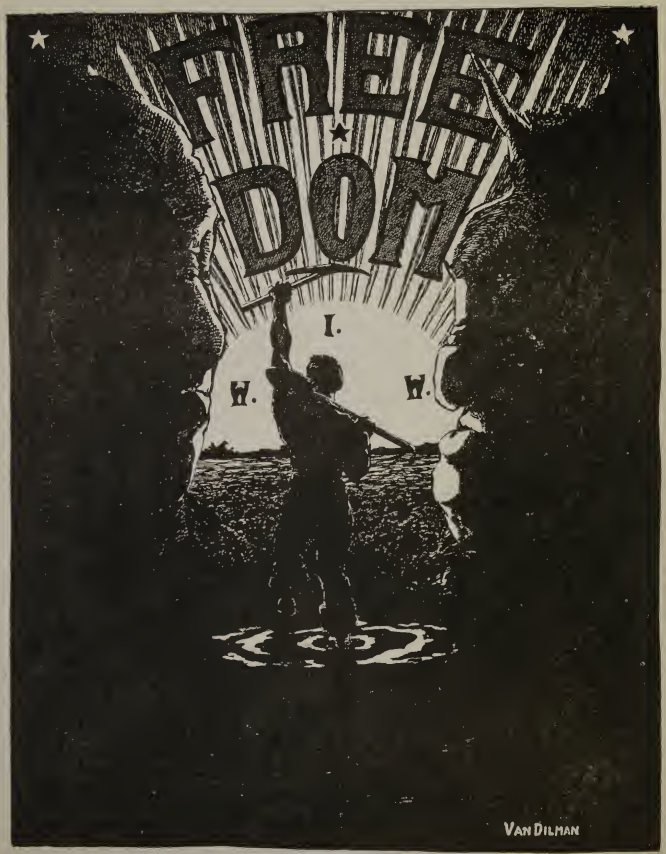
However, history has shown that the idea that revolution is destructive is false, and that all progress is made possible by means of revolution. When a social system has fulfilled its purpose, it must go. Men must adapt themselves to their conditions of life or perish. Changes in the methods of production produce new conditions of life, which in turn bring about revolution. Ruling class attempts to prop up an outgrown system — to interfere with the forward march of progress — are not only destructive, but have been shown to be futile and useless. Every social system that is known was brought about by and destroyed by revolution. Capitalism is no exception. It was brought into existence by revolution, and it contains the seeds of its own destruction.



This is William Green A. F. of L. head Who Tells The Wage Slaves of America To Help Their Masters By Working Harder.

With the introduction of machinery there came a struggle between those who wanted to exploit the workers as serfs and those who wanted to exploit them as wage slaves. The capitalists won out. Capitalism, being better adapted to the new methods of production, completely displaced feudalism.

The mission of capitalism is now accomplished, and we have a struggle between those who own the machinery of production and the many tool-less who must beg for permission to use those machines in order to eke out a miserable existence. The struggle will continue until the workers of the world organize as a class, and overthrow the system of private ownership of the means of production and distribution. Revolution is inevitable.




This Way to Industrial Democracy!

# Westward the Flag of Empire Wends its Way

By J. A. VAN DILMAN

EVENTS that must shake the world to its foundations are fated to transpire in and around the Pacific. The flag of World Empire shifts from Western Europe to Eastern Asia, with America occupying a prominent place in a pause prefatory to the move that will prove its last. Curiously enough and in line with evolutionary theory its trip around the globe parallels a first chapter in the volume of human history which with its closing prepares for burial all foregone systems detrimental to society and the bursting forth of a glorious tomorrow from the red-scarred womb of preceding ages.

Many of us already mature in years are destined to witness this turning point in the history of man which is about to bring forth in anguished upheaval, greater than any we have yet experienced, the beginning of an era of Industrial Democracy based on production for social use instead of exploitation for the glory of the few—which acknowledging one structural form, shall know "neither race, creed nor color," and no principle other than the "World and its Wealth to the Workers."

Like a coastline whose general direction is north and south, but which seemingly points toward everything but its goal, historic evolution of the race trends unobtrusively to an ultimate end. Neither waves of revolutionary progress nor years of repression and black reaction can deflect it more than temporarily from a course along which it advances almost unconsciously to acceptance of ideals which yesterday were the ravings of lunatics, today are radical nightmares, and which will be the matter-of-fact truths of tomorrow.

To many, not having closely analyzed or having done so locally, narrowly or superficially, workers taken as a whole seem a hopeless, almost stupid lot; apparently incapable of rising beyond personal or family interests even to those of group, craft or industrial unity, much less to a stage where they can understand and "feel" the necessity for international and racial co-operation.

This, while true, is to be expected of a development from an animal state where the race for survival has been so keen; and its consequent conservatism while regrettable in that it has served to render humankind into a slow moving body obstructive of its own progress, yet had its excuse for being in times past when excess of caution was far more advisable than hare-brained adventuring. The old herd instinct has not been displaced by a new psychology in the few centuries since capitalism, discarding its swaddling clothes, has grown to a full, blooming maturity that, verging on arrogant senility, presages its early, inglorious demise; but it has indubitably and deliberately been misguided into false channels by successive ruling classes, all of them motivated by self interest as opposed to those of actual producers.

A heavy mass because of its ponderousness seldom moves except as a body; nor can it keep pace with elements created by processes within, which escaping because of their very fluidity, stream far in advance; heralds for a gathering momentum that follow in their wake irresistibly to crash all barriers standing in the pathway of destiny.

Radical elements, impatient for its fruit before the tree has matured, are often prone to hope prematurely for mass reaction to seemingly intolerable conditions and measuring time in terms of human experience, expect a conservative whole, whose psychology has been ingrained by pressure of ages, to respond readily to revolutionary propaganda which, alongside the blaring trumpets of master class discords, is weak-voiced indeed. Now a moment's reflection should convince that a collective mentality hardly awake to the

weight of its chains cannot be roused to sudden, simultaneous rebellion by mere magic words in a matter of months—even years; themselves but fleeting moments in the history of its evolution.

On the other hand, to believe that Labor's seeming immobility is permanent and unchangeable places us in a class with Bourbons of all time, for the good natured brute while inclined to follow lines of the least resistance "can" be roused to action by repeated proddings.

### What Crises Develop

Many who have given the best years of their lives in unremitting, enthusiastiic toil for the organization of workers into a form eminently fitted to cope with arising conditions, have succumbed to despair in the face of Labor's seeming torpidity. Yet we believe that hopeless as their combined sacrifices may appear on the surface, they have been effective of deep-seated results which only a real crisis can reveal.

Who for instance would have ventured the prediction that an army of Russian mouziks could be prevailed on to desert almost **en masse**—and in face of cold-blooded court-martial—the banners of its overlords? Reasons for organization of such a stupendous and dangerous undertaking might have been based on the clearest of logic, yet it would have been sheer insanity to attempt it unless conditions augered success. Very few would have dared such a venture ordinarily and they without solidarity of their fellows would have been summarily disposed of.

Still, four years' horror in the trenches;—ragged, half-starved and helpless;—facing with bare bayonets all the death-dealing efficiency of Germany's war machine, solidified these peasants instinctively to the point of accomplishing what under any other circumstances no kind of propaganda could have stirred them to.

To become discouraged after years of apparently fruitless toil in behalf of industrial organization proves nothing but the unsoundness of our own profundity and knowledge of the class struggle; for a change is taking place, even in the attitude of individualistic America, against that time when the structure of a "New Society" shall burst to freedom through the "shell of the old." Nor should we, becoming impatient, race too far in advance of plodding masses who more shortsighted, cannot vision glories of a far seeming future,—but tempering eagerness with dogged perseverance, strive to keep in touch with our main army wherein all power resides.

Mass mentality, scarcely capable of other than interests simple and direct, cannot be enthused by questions except as they are enforced upon its immediate consciousness; because, stultified and rusty from long disuse, its visionary power is impaired and naught remains but subconscious desire for better things; wherefore muddling along somehow it makes mistake after mistake, to waken finally in the face of great crisis to a sense of responsibility and realization of its own invulnerable strength.

There are individuals, only too many in fact, who "never" learn, but we speak of a collective mind which constantly changing its component parts "does" improve gradually, should we trouble to scrutinize its history for a period of, say, even twenty years.

How long since is it that harmless soap-boxers were greeted with rotten eggs, and brick-bats, or at least with derision? The ordinary man was gullible enough not so long ago to accept as "gospel truth" any weird tale interested parties might choose to circulate regarding socialism in any of its forms. Even the "Initiative, Referendum and Recall" was considered a wild dream of radicals up to comparatively recent times.

Today the average worker has arrived at a stage where the Santa Claus of Capitalism's tale is regarded as a more or less disagreeable humbug, but retaining outworn traces of an individualism acquired under easier environment, he still has glimmering hopes of rising "personally" into fringes of the profit system; which make it possible for him to condone its errors and evils. This state of mind is encouraged deliberately and with malice aforethought by the master class as one method of maintaining itself. Still, times do move and with them come faint stirrings of a proletarian conscience. We are progressing, and where the pace is too slow "interests" eagerly kick us in the pants to a position of further advancement in class solidarity.

### Workers More Driven Than Fooled

On the other hand we are confronted with a seeming tendency toward reactionary sentiment among wage slaves. This would be discouraging were it not for one thing that deprives it of sting. Quite lately we were treated to the phenomenon of mob psychology at work yelling for La Follette and electing Coolidge; an incident quite immaterial we cheerfully grant, but proof nevertheless that the average voter thinks he knows what he wants but doesn't know how to get even that. Waiving interest in its political aspects, it evidences that the worker is no longer so much being fooled as driven. This of itself may seem cause to some for utter despair, yet we hail it as indicative of the beginning of the end for a system thus forced into exerting economic or other pressure to accomplish its aims.

The master, conscious of his class, has been and is concentrating into industrial units which become so powerful that without similar alignment workers are helpless as individual snowflakes in the face of a blast furnace.

Coolidge could hardly be considered an idol except with Wall Street and was elected by threat of economic force emanating from haunts of barons who form an "extra legal executive board" which dictates down to the last hound dog in America.

"No Coolidge and Dawes: No job and no wages" was the insinuation which cracked our heels together to stand at attention. Thus explained, another bug-a-boo—that of working class reaction—resolves itself into a question of industrial pressure through fear of unemployment, the blacklist and other ennobling innovations of money hungry morons who, gone crazy with power, lust to degrade honest wage earners to a level with themselves.

This is as it should be, for rebellion cannot thrive except in soil of oppression, and it is to be considered a matter for congratulation that night sticks and gas bombs become more and more popular as methods of enforcing capital's "golden rule ethics" where sugar teats known as "the full dinner pail" and "pie in the sky" formally served so efficiently and well.

The world is uneasy—a sure sign that something brews in the cauldron of near future events. The heart of capital, ever contemptuous of a class that has rendered itself into unthinking slavery, flutters with fear of a "Frankenstein monster" which dimly craves to devour its own creator.

Where and how will be staged the great drama out of which a class, that has drifted down the ages in slavery of one form or another, must emerge victorious over all parasitical by-products of preceeding experimental ages or fail dismally of its purpose?

Like the surging of tides, nomadic humanity at one time rolled its overhelming surplus out of vast barrens of the Orient in search of new lands and homes and among its ranks there waved the "Flag of Empire" borne aloft from the cradle of our race. This influx, hardy and daring, assimilated and absorbed, produced stock whose fresh virility was no doubt responsible for much of Europe's aggressiveness during succeeding centuries and elements of which later were carried along with its customs and ideals to America; there to strengthen for the final leap of its institutions across the Pacific, where riding to power on the crest of success, the whole structure of human exploitation must tremble momentarily before crashing to utter destruction.

### Bosses Hungry For the Far East

The Flag of Empire grown ragged and rotten with human blood rests for a time in an arrogant America that lacking unity of thought and harmony of understanding without which, setttling into a state of somnolent bliss is impossible—and possessed of natural resources necessary to power—has become the dominant factor of an age where distances are annihilated by modern systems of communication and transportation; to stand just now at a high peak of power and prosperity as judged by standards of governing interests.

The key to our problem lies in Far Eastern parts. Capital, rapidly concentrating and burning its candle at both ends, seeks to reduce production and distribution to a perfected robber science and, unheeding that it is already forced to high pressure methods of salesmanship which mortgage a great part of our future earning capacity, and proposes still further to cut down an already limited world market and depress standards of existence to a low universal level by creating more millions of wage slaves. This, with an eye among several things, toward avoiding immediate troubles connected with importation of coolie labor into other lands, by transplanting industry bodily to the home of cheap labor power and stupendous resources laying to hand almost untouched.

Already the field has been ploughed. China, Japan, and India among other Oriental nations, have proven their worth to the master but here enter factors whose effect will prove so cataclysmic as to rend clouds of despair for sight of the new flaming day.

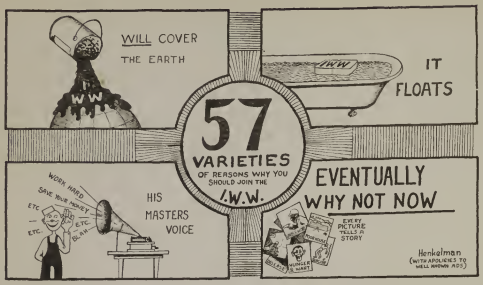
### Labor Alone Is Immortal

The seed of destruction is already at work—a disease germ of greed that knowing no bounds must rage on to its end. This system may barely survive to accomplish international capitalism, but Labor alone, basing its rights on truth and justice for a majority, has as many lives as the human race.

A dozen hands reach across seven seas to grasp each the same prize, while China and India schooled in passive resistance and long practiced in clannish lore, already rise to national consciousness which spells easy acceptance of a working class philosophy capable of routing exploitation on every front.

Not that international "Wolves of Capital" will hesitate at appalling massacre in an attempt to bring such vast resources under control. Organized thuggery on an unprecedented scale, first by mercenaries and later by various national military forces, will prevail. Even now China with its half billion people begins a life and death struggle against exploiters that combining for conquest are as ready to spring at one another, once the quarry lies quivering at their feet.

War—on such an unprecedented scale as to horrify its own instigators however, nervously brooding over Eastern Asia; is ready to crash with all its mangled hideousness into the lime-light, till every nation is involved and pulled down in one world wide welter of bloody catastrophe. Thus wends the Flag of world Empire; proud flaunted by reaction to its final ending; on soil which having given birth to its glories, prepares for its burial under chaotic debris, out of which Labor awakened shall step forth to seize levers of International Industry for production of peace, plenty, and a form of democracy that only slaves who too long have toiled in sweat and died in unsung misery are capable of appreciating.




W O B B L E S

### THE CRIME OF CRIMES!

BRITISH STRIKE
MAY TIE UP BIG
GOLF TOURNEYS
—Chicago TRIBUNE headline.

### ANOTHER HORRIBLE ONE!

VACATION OF THE
PRINCE SPOILED
BY THE STRIKE

## GENTLE GESTURE

We have been accused of being "too sarcastic" by the leading authorities on sarcasm. They are mistaken. We're the other guy. My sarcasm is **just sour enough**, and carefully compounded like felony or prescriptions. And if I make it less sarcastic, my sarcastic readers will sour "on my efforts" and start wondering if the editor has lost his mind for printing it.

The other day, when, sicker than usual, we hies ourself over to a clinic, to be tuned up. The doctor sat us in a chair and made soundings and took observations—murmured something about "symptoms indicate" to his sweet looking apprentices who profoundly nodded in perfect comprehension. . . . I was given a nickel's worth of throat gargle for 50 cents, plus 25 cents admission—and was told to take five drops with a glass of water three times a day.

Well sir, the three glasses of water have failed to cure me.

Now, I don't know but the doctor knows what is the matter with me, and I believe that he truthfully told his apprentices what is the matter with me—now they know—but why in the name of blazes didn't he hand me the cure?

As an "experiment" I was a perfect success—and I would have made an ideal "object lesson" for the rest of the summer.

Unfortunately I'm very sensitive even to most delicate swindling. . . . "Ah," they say, "you've been getting sick 50 years—it will take a long time to cure you."

Indeed! Well, in that case, I'd hate to have you repairing an electric light system—we'd have to stay in darkness too long.

Do you call that sarcasm?

—**T-Bone Slim.**

## TYPOGRAPHICAL

A compositor, finding himself out of work, was lucky enough to get a job as waiter.

One of his first customers, when he served with soup, called him back and said:

"Waiter, there's a button in this soup."

"Very sorry," replied the waiter. "Printer's error—should be mutton."

## A JUDGE THINKS

He had already sentenced the usual line-up of able-bodied men to the workhouse. The last victim up, waiting for hizzoner to say something, was a one-armed man. Hizzoner thought it wouldn't be very profitable to send a one-armed man to the workhouse. Suddenly the face of the judge brightened.

"Oh, yes, I have it," he said. "Sixty days turning the grindstone."—**Carl Degner.**

## WHOSE UNITED STATES?

One per cent of the total population owns about one-half of the total wealth of the country. Two per cent of the population own about two-thirds of the wealth. Two-thirds of the population owns nothing worth listing. Do you see what George Huddleston, labor congressman from Alabama, meant at the beginning of the war when he asked why the people that own the country shouldn't be left to fight for it?—**Brookwood Review.**

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# The Industrial Pioneer

*An Illustrated Labor Magazine*



*July, 1926*

*25 Cents*

## SACCO and VANZETTI

## LUDLOW

## COAL AND THE GENERAL STRIKE

## BUILDING THE NEW SOCIETY NOW

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.





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Edited by A. S. Embree

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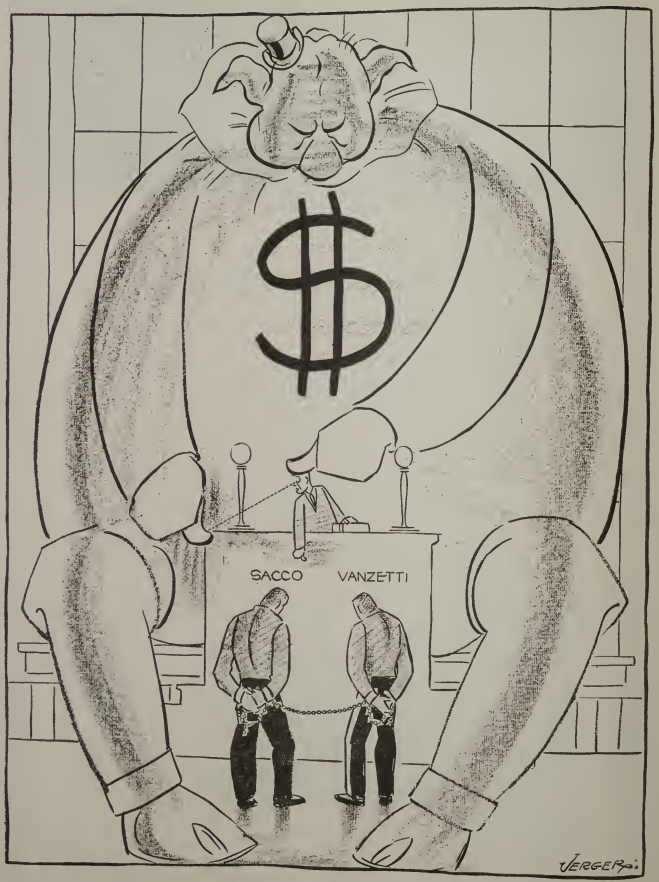
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THE PLUNDERBUND RULES "THUMBS DOWN."

# Sacco and Vanzetti

By RALPH CHAPLAIN

By *Henry George Weiss.*

*Brave Comrades, chained in agony,*
*Who strove for heaven yet to be,*
*Shall you come from Gethsemane*
*To perish on the loathsome tree?*
*Shall you climb up to Calvary*
*To glut the hate of tyranny?*

*No, never! Hosts of Labor, rise*
*And speak for them Greed crucifies,*
*With voice of thunder smite the stone*
*Of prison walls and claim your own,*
*Your ultimatum score the high—*
*SACCO, VANZETTI, SHALL NOT DIE!*

SIX LONG years have passed, and Sacco and Vanzetti are still in prison! Not only are they in prison but they have reached the end of their rope, as far as the law is concerned, and are now awaiting the hideously long postponed hour of execution. To the raw injustice of their arrest was added the farce of a trial, then, the mockery of an appeal. It is proposed to top off the whole proceedings with a formal little party in the white room where the big electric chair is located.

What is there to say about this case that intelligent people do not know? Very little! It is the Great American Frame-Up running true to form. It happened, when I first read of the Sacco, Vanzetti trouble, that I was one of those whom the Witch Burners had honored with a prison sentence. This was at the time when the back-wash of the war had submerged the country in a wave of red-raiding and red-deportation hysteria. The ugly and malignant anti-labor hatreds, engendered by the "war for Democracy" were dying down a little, but dying a horrible death. The first word that came from the lips of political prisoners, in reading of the case was "frame-up." Political prisoners knew something about these matters. They had learned from experience. The plight of the two Italians was also discussed by diverse pay-roll and bank robbers who happened to find themselves in the hoose-gow with us. We listened eagerly to all comment by such prisoners. These craftsmen, after discussing the case from every angle, scoffed at the idea of Sacco and Vanzetti being guilty of practicing the trade of pay-roll robbery without first having served an apprenticeship. Some were highly ammused at the ingenuousness of the police in pinching a couple of mild-mannered, bland-eyed "nuts" and permitting the real artists to make a get-away. Pay-roll and bank robbers knew something about these matters; they also had learned from experience. And one of the first things these experts noted was the very obvious fact that men having the appearance and mental characteristics of Sacco and Vanzetti are usually hardly worth while when it comes to a bank or payroll job. After all a trade is a trade.

It was predicted by political prisoners whom I remember talking about the case, that the two Italian workers would have a hard time of it, not because they were guilty; but because they were workers—and Italians.

Looking back at the case now I realize how true these predictions were and how equally true the caustic comment of the professional robbers. The entire case is so thinly veiled—so transparently a matter of class persecution that wherever the facts have been followed, there is scarcely a person alive who wouldn't wager his right arm that the Italians are innocent. It is like the Mooney case: the whole world knows that Tom Mooney is innocent; and yet Mooney is in prison. Such is the octopus of the Law when workingmen are entangled in its tentacles. The difference is that Tom Mooney is on the west coast and Sacco and



The defendants as they were escorted through the streets of Dedham four times a day.

Vanzetti on the east coast while Mooney's fate has been determined as one kind of death and the fate of the two Italians as another kind of death. But the destiny of each of the three has been ordained as death —death for the same cause, loyalty to Labor.

This morning's paper referred to Sacco and Vanzetti as, "the two Italian gun-men" —the regular form of propaganda in cases of this sort. Gunmen! Only a few weeks ago one of our most brilliant young State prosecutors was out joy riding with a group of gangsters. He was killed by a machine gun broadside when a rival gang fired into the car. How did he happen to be in the auto hob-nobbing with men he was being paid to prosecute? No one knows. All we know of such matters here in Chicago is that gun-men, Italian and otherwise—are seldom executed unless they execute one another. Men are afraid to serve on the jury when gun-men are being tried in Chicago. Maybe if Sacco and Vanzetti had been gun-men and bad actors instead of workers and idealists they would not be in prison at present.

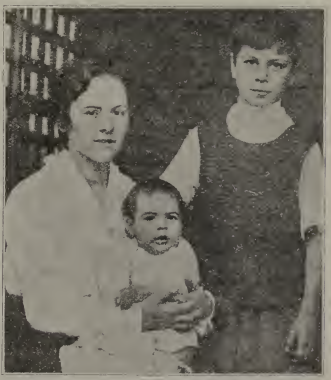
Sacco and Vanzetti are foreigners. This is a point that is held against them by many of the Witch Burners of Massachusetts and elsewhere. There must be something wrong with them or else they would have been born in the grand free U. S. A. They were good enough to slave in the shoe factories of the east, but not good enough to be permitted to have ideas of their own. It is an admitted fact that if there two men had not been radicals they would not have been arrested.

What is expected of the foreign-born worker in America any way? Of course the KKK is the final authority and really represents the peculiarly perverse psychological attitude of the slavish and arrogant scissorbill mind. It seems that the foreign born worker, above everything else is expected to work but not to think or join a

union or become active in the Labor movement or anything of that kind. We are, all or us, expected not to do the last mentioned things but the doing of them becomes more reprehensible in the eyes of the Powers that Be in case one happens to be of foreign extraction. This is what the capitalist papers and politicians call, "preserving our American institutions from contamination by European influences." It is from this source that the famous bromide originated, "If you don't like this country, go back where you came from." The American scissorbill worker is many times as harsh in judgment as the Rotarian. As Gurley Flynn has said many times, "It is a question of the man who came to America on Monday or Tuesday calling the man who arrived on Wednesday or Thursday a foreigner." Not only calling him a foreigner but seeking to build a wall of suspicion and distrust between him and the rest of the world. This is the type of mind the capitalist press seeks to develop among workers. If however, the foreigner happens to be a so called nobleman, the matter takes on a different aspect altogether. Then our richest and prettiest women fairly mawl one another in an effort to lay their beauty and riches at his feet. The best homes and clubs are opened to him, while the police stand back at a respectful distance. No doubt America, in a world dominated by despotism and dictatorship, holds up the standard of Democracy. This must be so or we wouldn't hear so much about it in the papers. But I am frank in admitting that Democracy is too deep a subject for me to understand.

Last winter Chicago society women arranged a big benefit ball for Russian White guard army officers who live in our midst (without working) until they can connect with the daughter or widow of some parasite and a few dimes for doughnuts. The papers were full of half-tone portraits of society buds and these gallant panhandlers. When the Prince of Wales visited the Field Museum in Chicago the lady KKK's turned out in such multitudes to get a glimpse of the royal nincompoop that curio cases were upset and women and children were trampled under foot—a real bargain counter stampede. Democracy is a curious thing and one hard to understand!

In the case of Sacco and Vanzetti however things were different. Daugherty and Palmer were in good repute. The Department



Sacco's Family After Arrest

of Justice in those days seemed to be functioning for the KKK. The papers told us that the Red Menace was at our heels. The country could only be saved by drastic action. Raids, deportations and imprisonments were matters of daily occurence. The hand and voice of every good patriot in America was raised against every foreign born worker who was either red or well read. The class line was drawn clearly. Sacco and Vanzetti were not only foreigners but they were workers—shoe workers—also they were "reds." They were caught red-handed distributing literature—defense literature in behalf of a friend and a fellow worker who had been spirited away by the authorities. This is the crime the two men were arrested for—nothing else. Nothing was known about the payroll robbery and murder at the time of the arrest. The police never found the perpetrators of the stick-up but they did hold tight to Sacco

and Vanzetti. These men were foreigners, workers—reds; they would serve as well as the robbers. It would make a good case and society would be protected. And thus it has been for over six years now.

Sacco carried a gun—a small revolver. It was a foolish thing for him to do but the raids, arrests, deportations and mobbing of radical foreign born workers had impressed his mind in this manner. Perhaps it was a warped instinct of self protection that caused him to procure a pistol and drop it in his pocket when he went out into a hostile world to do the daring deed of distributing literature for an unpopular cause. But he did it. Sacco carried a gun. Expert testimony and numerous photographs have proved beyond question of doubt that this gun did not fire the shot that killed the driver of the payroll car. But this didn't matter: Sacco carried a gun—he was a gun-man and a foreigner and a red and the jurymen were scissorbills and the newspapers were newspapers. No doubt the death of Salsedo* to Sacco's mind, even now, induces him to think that he did the right thing. Sacco didn't know that he could not fight all the ignorance and prejudice and hysteria of America with one small pistol. But Salsedo was hounded and tormented to death. Even at present the truth of the tragedy is deeply hidden. And Salsedo was a friend of Sacco's. Sacco's gun was the ineffectual counterpoint to the Terror that ruled the country at that time.

Sacco and Vanzetti have been in prison now for six years. At present they are awaiting the announcement of the date to be set for their execution. Protest against this latest act of judicial barbarity in America has circled the globe. There is yet a great deal of work to be done if the two men are to be saved.

If organized Labor had industrial power enough and knew how to use it Sacco and Vanzetti and hundreds of other workers innocent of crime would not be in prison. Unfortunately organized Labor not only hasn't got the power but it doesn't know how to use what power it has got. Sacco and Vanzetti can't wait until the workers organize and force their release by means of industrial pressure. Sacco and Vanzetti are sitting in their cells listening for the sound of a grating key in the lock and the sound of strange voices in the corridor. It is no longer a matter of months and years; it is a matter of days and hours.

A very considerable volume of protest has developed in favor of the RELEASE of these two innocent workingmen. This protest in growing daily. Readers of the Industrial Pioneer should put aside differences of opinion regarding defense tactics and theory for the time being. They should join their voices to the many that are being raised, not for commutation of sentence to life imprisonment, but for RELEASE. This is emergency. Meetings and all kinds of publicity will help. Letters and telegrams to the Governor of Massachusetts in a huge number will cause the executionists to realize that the eyes of the workers of America are focused on things being done there.

There is too much apathy in the world already. It is a poor rebel who will not do his bit under circumstances like these.

* Salsedo, in whose behalf Sacco was distributing literature, jumped from a 14th story window in New York, while he was a prisoner of the Department of Justice.

# March On!

**By Covington Ami**

For freedom of the Shop and Soil,
United all, in union strong,
United all, in union strong,
March on! March on! and sing the song!

Break! break! the rusting chains
That bind your hands, your hearts, your brains!
Throw off the superstitions old
That keep you serving slaves of Gold!

United in one Union great,
Your Class, your Race, emancipate!
March on! March on! O Men of Toil!
Strong Undermen of Shop and Soil!

# Building the New Society Now

By J. A. MacDONALD

## IF WE WANT A NEW SOCIETY NOW IS THE TIME TO START BUILDING IT

THE ABOLITION of the wages system is not the goal of the I. W. W. The goal of the I. W. W. is not merely the abolition of anything, but the building of a new social order. And it is in this that the Industrial Workers of the World most differs from all other radical organizations. Ask any of the spokesmen for any of the other radical organizations what they mean by a new society, and they are as vague and nebulous as a Christian trying to describe Heaven. They have plans of various natures for the overthrow of capitalism, but when asked about the structure of a new society to replace it, one finds that they have not thought of that. In some indefinite way they seem to confuse the work of destroying capitalism with something entirely different, the building of the new society, although there are many possibilities besides the functioning of a new society at the death of capitalism.

We often hear that all radical organizations have the same goal, the overthrow of capitalism, and that they differ only in tactics and methods to achieve their goal. The I. W. W. stands alone among radical organizations in that it has a definite program for the building of the new society. That is its goal.

The preamble of the I. W. W. gives the "abolition of the wages system" as merely a watchword to be inscribed on our banner. A study of that tense, militant document shows it growing in emphasis and power in sentence after sentence that is battle and hurled defiance, with the meaning and highest significance of the preamble contained in the last paragraph in which the goal of the I. W. W. is laid forth in all its vast significance, and condensed in the last sentence, "by organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

The natural questions of the workers the morning after the overthrow of capitalism would be: "How do we eat, and when? How are we to handle the industries, the world we have conquered?" These questions which other radicals disregard now, cannot then be disregarded, because on them will hinge the whole future of humanity. Yet we find parliamentary radicals in such a mental state when faced by this question, that we are sure their only answer would be to quote Taft, "God knows."

Industrial revolution means merely the destruction of capitalism. It is merely the overthrow of an old system—a necessary thing it is true, but it is no more building a new system than tearing down an old building is constructing a new one.

### *New Societies Overthrow Old Ones*

The stand of the other organizations is that after capitalism is overthrown will be early enough to build or think of building a new industrial society. But the verdict of history is that new systems do not have their birth when the old are destroyed. Capitalism existed for centuries building the structure of its new society within the shell of feudalism. Feudalism ceased to be the dominant system because Capitalism, the structure of the new society of that day overthrew it.

Industrial revolution means a period of struggle between a new society and an old *in which the new wins.* This struggle in itself is not industrial revolution, as it is the change in the ownership and management of industry itself which is the revolution. We thus see from a study of history that the building of the structure of a new society is not a thing for after a revolution, but that revolution is itself merely a phase in the development of the new in which it rises to power over the old. Revolution is itself a product of the evolution of a new society.

The building of a political organization cannot be the building of a new society, because while parliamentary radicals may be far from scientific, yet they admit with Marx and Engel that the function of the proletariat is to destroy the political state with the overthrow of capitalism.

What is this which must be destroyed? What is capitalism? It is basically an industrial system, based on the looting of the workers on the job. When in *Capital* Marx studied the capitalist system, he did not deal with legislatures, congresses, parliaments. He knew that these were merely things on which the capitalists spend part of the surplus value they had stolen from the workers. These he recognized to be a part of capitalism, because the institutions, ideas, ideals and beliefs of any social system are ruled by its dominant class, and the class who control the earth and the machinery of production are always the dominant class. In studying capitalism he did not study the institutions on which capitalism spent some of its money, but the institutions where it made its wealth. He studied the relationships of the capitalist to the commodity and of the workers to commodities. He studied the working places of the world, and that exploitation of the workers which is the life's blood of the capitalist system. Capitalism owns and controls other institutions because it controls industry, and the reverse is not true.

The tree of capitalism is rooted in the industries and fertilized with the blood of the industrial workers. One may pass his time, and be a respectable reformer, or even cheat himself that he is a revolutionist, by picking some of the leaves off the tree of capitalism, or even taking off some of the limbs. But this is not radicalism, because radicalism means going to the root of things. The industrial revolution means taking capitalism by the roots out of industry, and when this is done the limbs will die automatically.

Capitalism is a system based on the acquiescence of the workers in their own robbery. When the workers as a class refuse to produce for the profits of capitalism, capitalism as an industries system is doomed, because this is the source of its wealth. But before the workers will do this there must be gigantic organization. This refusal, this general strike of the workers would be the very essence of revolution, but it would not be the building of a new society. The power of capitalism where it gets that power would be destroyed.

But one imagines the workers leaving all the working places of the world, refusing to produce wealth. Then the workers would also starve to death, because those things on which the continuation of human life depended would no longer be produced. It is the idea of workers going on strike en-masse by leaving the job which has been in the mind of workers who say that the general strike is general nonsense, and so far as the building of a new social order is concerned it undoubtedly would be. A General Strike, that would really be general is unthinkable unless the worker were organized by industry, and then organized together on the basis of the class struggle, in an industrial unionism wide as the working class of the world. A General Strike in which the workers quit the industries to overthrow capitalism would be foolish, imbecile.

*A General Strike on the Job.*

I have in front of me an article written by a member of the I. W. W. in a discussion with the editor of the "Industrial Solidarity," which says:

"Does he (the editor) mean the workers can overthrow capitalism and take possession of the earth and the machinery of production by the simple means of a General Strike, and leave the factories," etc.

Capitalism can be overthrown through a general strike. But by leaving the factories they could not take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, because the ownership of the earth is dependent on the ownership of industry, and *to take possession of the machinery of production means staying on the job.*

Then he says: A strike means leaving the job or factories." But a strike either big or small, local or even general does not necessarily mean leaving the job or fac-

tories—certainly not in the I. W. W. A general strike on the job with the workers taking over the industries, and operating them for themselves would not only be revolution but it would also be the functioning of a new society. Until the workers cease producing for profit, it does not matter what is occuring on the barricades, or on the streets, or outside of industry, capitalism still exists. *The essence of revolution is ceasing to produce for the profit of a parasitic class.* And the essence of a new society is the workers, industrially organized, operating the industries for the benefit of all instead of for a few.

It has been objected that this requires too great an organization of the workers. There is a common picture of the destruction of capitalism by the mob. But a mob cannot run industry, and if there is no organization industrially for revolution; *if that cannot be built as the result of years of propaganda and effort, how is it to be built in a few days because there has been a mob revolution?* The picture of the workers refusing to pack an I. W. W. card and to organize industrially, but packing instead twenty-two centimeters in their bedding, and poison gas factories in their suit cases is laughable. The strongest power the worker has is his power to withraw that labor power on which capitalism rests. Until the workers are willing to organize for the overthrow of capitalism, it is logical to suppose they will not overthrow capitalism, and until they organize to carry on a new society there can certainly be no new society.

The new society is not something to be built after the overthrow of capitalism. It is something that must be built now, as the force to challenge capitalism for power, and the force to dominate industry with the overthrow of the present society.

The I. W. W. is not only building up a unionism to fight for higher wages and conditions under capitalism. It is marshalling the organization to overthrow capitalism as an industrial system, and the same form with which it does this, the industrial organization of the workers, is the new society, with each industrial union producing its products for exchange for the products of other industrial unions, and other industrial unions functioning in the distribution of these necessities of life to where they are needed, and all these industrial unions cooperating as parts of that organization representing all workers, the Industrial Workers of the World.

The I. W. W. does not ask the workers to take a step in the dark, saying "we will have a revolution, and then everything will be lovely." "We don't know what the new society is going to be like, but it will be heavenly." My definition of the new utopian Socialism is one that believes in a new society, without any method of getting more than revolution, which is an entirely different thing. If we want a new society now is the time to start building it. And here is where the I. W. W. alone has a plan, a method for the new industrial society, where it alone is scientific. It seems to me that the man who has the belief that a resolution will make an industrial commonwealth automatically, that it will just happen in some magical way, has such an abounding faith that I am surprised he disbelieves things that require far less faith such as that Jonah swallowed the whale. Others believe in a new society. The I. W. W. knows what it wants and how to get it.



# The Old 400

By FRED MANN

## A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE SUCCESSFUL STRUGGLE TO ORGANIZE THE HARVEST WORKERS.

SPRING IS gone, summer is here. The barley, wheat and rye stand much higher; the greenish color changes with each puff of hot wind to a yellowness that is nearly white. As far as one can see are fields of grain. The heads are filling out and as they dance to the rhythm of the breeze, one is reminded of the ocean and its mighty waves, rocking hither and thither in serene peacefulness, only interrupted by some discordant wave that refuses to be good.

The roads are dry and smooth. All the way from the Texas Panhandle to the Nebraska state line the weather has been ideal; only unforseen forces, such as hail or a tornado, can now offset the fact that this year's yield will be the greatest of the last decade.

In some respects urban life in the southwest is akin to that of the small European community. After eight months of quiet and seclusion the village, town, city and even the isolated farmhouse, all begin to show signs of renewed life and activity. In the late autumn, winter and early spring months everything seems dull on the farm. The farmer tends his cattle, repairs the fences, eats and sleeps. He goes to town when the weather permits. The town is dull. Its streets are deserted. Some of the stores shut down for the winter and the only life evident is in the waiting room of the railway station, at the post office, or in the loungingroom of the hotel and in the poolhalls. But soon the small town will teem with the activity of a city.

Already strangers are seen on the streets in clothes typical of workers: faces tanned by the sun and wind, wear lines that spell many experiences and privations; hands calloused, having the color of the soil. Each day more and more of them appear. Where do they come from, and why do they come?

### They are America's most important army.

Each year they come, not all of them willingly, to garner the crops that will help to feed 120,000,000 people besides a surplus of millions of bushels for export.

These migratory workers help to provide the upkeep of luxurious apartments, private chauffeurs, lap dogs, and all that makes up the so-called life of the 400. The gamblers in the Chicago Pit and the stock exchanges of Minneapolis, Winnipeg, New York and Liverpool, take enormous profits as the result of the labor of these unkown workers. The small town banker and merchant in the grain districts also depend on these workers for their existence in the business world.

Most of these men have no permanent homes. They are the vast army that our modern society keeps always on the move. To them falls the task of doing seasonal work in agriculture and miscellaneous construction.

In the last two years the tin lizzie has been fast displacing the side-door pullman as a means of travel. Two, three or four of these workers pool their meager resources and purchase a second-hand Ford. This affords them a little more independence; in beating their way on the trains they are always running the chance of arrest for the "sharp eyes" of the law always sees some minor infraction of the law when it is committed by a worker.

In reality the "auto tramp" (as he is generally referred to) suffers more economically than his fellow "box car" traveller. Wages received by these workers are not sufficient to enable them to pay fare from place to place. The owners of lizzies are faced by a situation in which they are almost helpless; "heads I win, tails you lose," is their plight. Having invested their last dollar in a car they either have to work for any wages that are offered or sell the car for what they can get. They must have gas and oil for they must move almost continually to keep up with the harvest.

The harvest does not start all over the country at a certain time. It begins in the south and spreads to the north. From the middle of June to the last of November it is in progress. All the way to the northern sections of Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba these workers plod their way. It is estimated that from 50,000 to 60,000 men are employed in the harvest in Oklahoma and Kansas during the normal season.

Each year the number employed decreases. The organization of production by the farmers and the increased use of improved machinery are the responsible factors. With a show of sincerity the federal farm bureau and the U. S. chamber of commerce have advised the farmer to study production as a cure for his financial ills. Agricultural colleges in almost every farming community have taught the farmer how to use machinery to the best advantage. Accordingly the farmers have found it profitable to organize themselves. Three or four of them purchase a tractor and a separator and with exchange of

labor they only employ half the crew they did in former years. One nine-foot binder pulled by a Fordson will do three times the work formerly done by eight horses and two men. The automatic stacker, shocker and loader take their places in this re-organization. The small separator manned by a crew of five or six is now as efficient as the big outfit with a crew of twenty-four. True, there are more of these small machines but the total number necessary to operate them is smaller. The workers, however, flock to the harvest in greater numbers than ever.

The average earnings of the harvest hands for a period of five months is not much over $200. The wages vary from $4 to $8 for a ten hour working day. Nearly all of the $200 is usually spent for clothing, for food and for expenses on the road. Prices are exorbitant. The merchant harvests the harvester and is never in fear of a crop failure.

Conditions on the job are what the workers make them. The working day has generally been from ten to twelve hours. There was a time when the sunrise was the beginning and sunset the end of a day's work; sometimes when the moon was full and bright a few extra hours were thrown in for good measure. One old-timer remarked that it was once common for the farmer to pay off his hired men with a shotgun; in more recent years some farmers paid with checks that were not honored when presented at the bank, and the cheated worker found he had no recourse by going to the law. Why should the law worry about tramps? If the worker was insistent he was often pickhandled and driven from town. Social outcasts, these workers merely existed, enduring privations and insults such as no other class of workers have experienced. Agricultural slaves in a "free" capitalist society.

This unbearable oppression and exploitation reached its apex in the few years prior to the world war. The Industrial Workers of the World was the first and is today the only organization, that has ever seriously undertaken to deal with this problem. The history of the first few years of the I. W. W. in the agricultural industry can be written "with drops of blood." The workers recognized the benefits of organization, while



the bankers and merchants organized together with the big farmers, began to wage a fight on this youthful but virile workers' organization that will go down in the annals of labor history among the greatest of the events recorded.

In Minot, N. D., in 1914 and in Kansas in 1915 and 1916, this new organization fought with a stubborn determination to raise the standards of living for the worker. Hundreds were jailed, thousands beaten, many were tarred and feathered and driven on the run across the Kansas prairies. The press used every known means to discredit A. W. O. No. 400, as the organization was then known.

But it was all of no avail. The number of organized workers was fast increasing. In 1916 the red card served as a credential for the bearer that he was resolved to break the chains that held him fast in slavery. A half-crazed master class became frantic; but the greater was their determination to crush the I. W. W., greater still rose the enthusiasm among the workers. Wages and job conditions began to improve. The despised homeless hobo became overnight a man of courage and character, worthy of respect because he was able to command that respect.

Scattering the gloomy clouds of fear the sunshine of courage renewed the spirit of the agricultural worker. He began to experience the things he had dreamed of for so many years but lacked the means of putting into execution. New and higher ideals replaced the old. A society without master or slave began to formulate in this young giant's brain.

Activity replaced the laziness and mental sluggishness so often found among the unorganized. Fired by the struggle the worker went on his way with songs, born in the fight, on his lips—songs that truly represent the revolutionary sentiment of America's working class:

We are coming home, John Farmer;
we are coming back to stay.
For nigh on fifty years or more,
we've gathered up your hay.
We have slept out in your hayfields,
we have heard your morning shouts;
We've heard you wondering where in hell's
them pesky go-abouts?
It's a long way, now understand me;
it's a long way to town;
It's a long way across the prairie,
and to hell with Farmer John.
Here goes for better wages,
and the hours must come down;
For we're out for a winter's stake this summer,
and we want no scabs around.

Wm. D. Haywood when addressing a large audience, was asked why the Agricultural Workers organization was designated 400. He replied, "Because they are the cream, the four hundreds, of America's fighting proletariat."

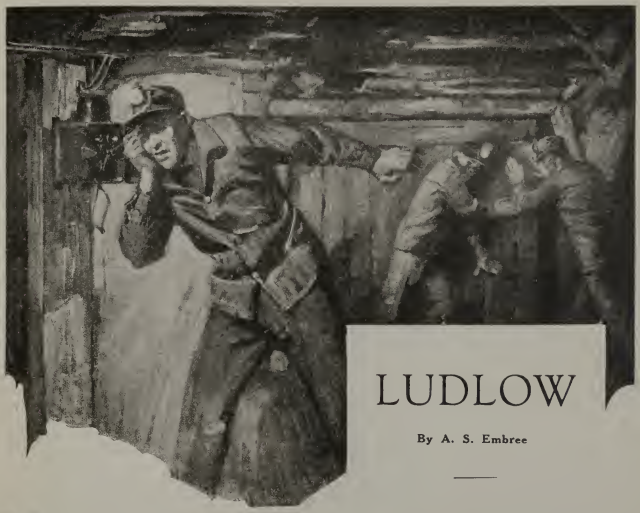
"Solidarity" became the slogan, higher wages and better conditions the immediate demands, and the abolition of the wage system a watchword never to be forgotten in their fight.

And through the years since 1915 the fight has gone on without cessation. Higher wages, shorter hours and better conditions have been obtained as a result of the determined fight.

This year the prospects for organizational activity are of the brightest. Active members and hundreds of delegates are already in the field. The crop this year in Oklahoma and Kansas promises to be the biggest in a decade and wet weather during the last few weeks will make it necessary for the farmers to employ many in addition to the number usually required.

Thousands of new members will be enrolled and will add by their numbers and activity to the power of the organization, getting more and more of the better things of life for the once despised migratory worker.





# LUDLOW

By A. S. Embree

ALTHOUGH I have read several stories of the Ludlow massacre and the events leading up to it, I have always been desirous of hearing the story at first hand from someone who had been in the struggle. So when I heard that X..... had taken an active part in the strike and battles, indeed, that he had been in command of the strikers in the tent colony at Aguilar, I went after him and gave him no rest until he consented to tell me the story:

*

Soon after the strike started in 1913 I was put in charge of the strikers who were concentrated in our tent colony at Aguilar. Our colony was located on a flat which was then just outside the city limits of Aguilar.

The first incident I remember after we got located, was that the Empire Co. imported gunmen and they established themselves on a hill about 600 feet away and started shooting towards the town. The citizens objected to this shooting and the marshall and about 50 of the citizens went up the hill and protested. They arrested one of the gunmen and brought him in and they reported that these gunmen were trying to start trouble.

Soon after that we had a payday—that is, money had been sent in from the international office for strikers' relief and was being distributed. Naturally, the strikers flocked into town to get their money. On the street I met a man who had come in from Black Diamond, about seven miles out, and I knew when I saw him that he was a gunman. I spoke to him and he asked me why there were so many people on the street. I told him he knew there was a strike on and added, "I know you are a gunman and if you want to avoid trouble you had better leave town." He replied that he would leave town if he could get a horse and buggy. I walked toward the livery barn with him but on the way he stepped into the bank and asked to use the phone. Another striker and myself stepped behind the door where we could hear what he said. He called up the Empire Co. and said, "Tell the boys to come in and to bring Winchesters and six-shooters; I have plenty of ammunition but need a rifle." When he finished phoning we grabbed him, took him to the livery barn, made him hire a horse and buggy and started him for Black Diamond.

Someone phoned to the Rugby tent colony about 4 miles north of Aguilar and told the strikers there he was coming. Before he got to Rugby he was beaten badly and died while being taken to Pueblo.

A week later a detachment of state troops came to our tent colony about 8:30 in the evening; Major Hamrock and Captain Garwood were in




LUDLOW MONUMENT, ERECTED ABOVE CELLAR WHERE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE CREMATED



Mountain Peaks near Aguilar.

command. They came to the gate and demanded admission. The pickets reported that the major wanted to speak with me, so we admitted the officers only.

Major Hamrock told me the soldiers had disarmed all the gunmen along the line, and if there were any gunmen in or around Aguilar they would disarm them too. Then he said he would give us a square deal and asked that the strikers give up their arms. I told the Major we had only 14 guns for guard duty. The officers then withdrew and the troops were placed in permanent quarters.

### Soldiers Make Trouble

Everything went along quietly then for two weeks. The saloons were open and the first sign of disturbance came when the soldiers started drinking. Then the troops began to beat up citizens and strikers and the officers sent out details to arrest strikers. I was arrested and held in the guardhouse for two hours and released after an ordeal of questioning.

Then a company of cavalry was sent in. The mounted soldiers paraded the streets daily running citizens and strikers off the sidewalks. They also started drinking and there were wild orgies every night. They shot up the Princess Theatre —a man on the street was shot in the neck and badly injured. The soldiers went into the saloons demanding drink and if the bartender refused they shot up the place. In one saloon four men were sitting at a table playing cards; one of them, Pete Garlevo, was shot through the arm by a soldier. Years later the state paid him $10,000 damages. When the soldiers got drinks they had the bartender charge it to the state. One saloonkeeper had $7,000 on his books which he was never able to collect.

### Girl Kidnapped and Assaulted

About a week after the cavalry company came in one of Aguilar's best citizens was walking up the street about seven in the evening with his daughter who was about fifteen years of age. Two militiamen coming towards them separated to let this man and his daughter pass between them. As they passed one of the soldiers hit the father on the head with a gun stunning him. The girl was kidnapped and assaulted, but was returned to her parents about ten days later. She lived and gave birth to a child.

As an instance of what was happening at all hours of the day a striker named..... and myself were passing the theatre on our way from a strikers' meeting. We stopped to look at the bills advertising the show when two of the militia came up and prodded us with their bayonets, cursed us and ordered us to get back to the tent colony.

One afternoon Major Hamrock with a captain and a lieutenant came to the colony and asked us why we had pits dug all around the enclosure. We told him they were for refuse—empty cans, ashes, etc. He ordered us to fill them up. Three days after this three companies of infantry and one of cavalry searched our tents for arms but found none. Shortly after these troops left Aguilar and went to Ludlow and a week later Adjutant-General Chase came to Aguilar with troops and three pieces of artillery which he paraded through the streets and then left for Ludlow.

### Cement Bridge Battle

A few days later at 7:30 in the evening, I received a phone message from the Ludlow tent colony to get 60 men with full equipment and proceed at once to Ludlow. Some of our men were in the tents and some of them were around town. To gather them together I went to the fire station and rang the fire bell. A business man came along and protested telling me I could be fined for ringing the bell when there was no fire but I had no time to argue with him so simply pushed him out of the way.

We got our 60 men (could have had 500, but without equipment) and went to Ludlow and made camp. I reported to the officer in charge and asked for instruction and was told to have the men ready for action. All that night a huge searchlight stationed on the hill at the Hastings Co. mine played over the tent colony, and our outposts reported that about 250 men were advancing toward the colony. At daybreak these gunmen were reported to be close in but no attack was made. Noon came and still no attack. The Aguilar contingent was to eat first and while we were eating shooting started from the Cement Bridge and Water Tank Hill. Then I got orders for the Aguilar men to move from the tent colony across Green's pasture making a flank movement toward the rear of the attacking body. The pasture was a mile wide and three-quarter mile long with pinion trees growing along one edge. A railroad track ran along the side of the pasture nearest the tent colony. I asked if they were sure that none of the gunmen were ambushed in the pinions and was told that the pinions were kept under observation and that they believed they were clear.

We advanced in skirmish formation and had almost succeeded in crossing the pasture, coming within 400 feet of the pinions, when gunmen ambushed there opened fire on us. We were compelled to retreat and went back to the railroad track followed by the gunmen. At the track we made a stand behind the embankment, using the rail for gunrests, the men stationed 15 feet apart. One Italian boy persisted in sticking close by me. During this engagement a shot hit the rail between us—an explosive bullet, wounding the Italian boy seriously and myself slightly. The main body of the strikers drove back the attacking force at Cement Bridge and we compelled the gunmen facing us to retreat. Among the strikers there were five wounded while the gunmen lost seven killed and 20 wounded.

The next day we returned to Aguilar as we got a report that 50 mounted guards were advancing from the Lester mine to make an attack on the Aguilar colony. At six in the evening I got a phone message that these guards had passed Ruby on the way to Aguilar. This was early in the month of April and a snowstorm with wind amounting to a blizzard made it impossible for us to see clearly. We stationed our men in two groups of 50 each, east and west of the north road along which the guards were advancing, the groups being about 300 feet apart to avoid the danger of shooting one another. The group on the east side of the road allowed a team and wagon to pass, but confused by the blizzard, a few of the men started firing after it got past; so when the team and wagon came towards the group on the west side we also started shooting and killed both the horses. Soon after a car came along and stopped to pull the wagon to town; still confused we fired again breaking the windshield on the car and almost hitting a woman. Then we discovered our mistake, explained matters and made arrangements to take them to town and pay the damages.

In the meantime the guards had advanced to within a quarter of a mile of our position, heard the shooting and retreated.

### Deep Cut Battle

A few days later we were informed that the companies were recruiting an army of Baldwin-Felts detectives, thugs and gunmen from other parts of Colorado and from Texas and Arizona, and a few deputies as well. This force was being gathered at Trinidad, and our men at that point kept us informed on what was going on. It was not long until we got word to prepare for an attack on the Ludlow tent colony.

This attacking party was furnished by the mining companies and the Colorado & Southern Railway wth four steel gondolas to be used as armored cars, and a locomotive. Not one of the union engineers or firemen would consent to run the train. So an ex-engineer who had scabbed during the last railroad strike volunteered to pull the train and one of the Baldwin-Felts detectives served as fireman.

When we got word that this train had left Trinidad (the Aguilar contingent having again gone to Ludlow) a strong force of armed miners was sent to intercept the train. At a point about a quarter mile south of the tent colony where a steel bridge crosses an arroyo and a deep cut lies west of the bridge on a curve in the track, we placed our men on each side of the cut after blocking the track with old railway ties.

The engineer did not see the obstruction until he got well into the cut but as he was running slowly he brought the train to a standstill before hitting the ties. We could see straight down into the steel cars, and the attack began soon as the train stopped. The engineer was killed immediately; it was some time before the Baldwin-Felts detective got the train started back and in the meantime the shooting was fast and furious and lasted until the train was out of range.

We had no casualties. Our friends in Trinidad sent us word that they had seen 35 bodies taken to the morgue and that as many more wounded were taken to the hospitals.

### The Ball Game.

These events bring us up to the 18th day of April, 1914. It was Sunday afternoon and a ball game had been arranged between the miners and a team from the militia.

There was a big crowd of spectators, most of them strikers and their sympathizers. There was a great deal of rooting and cheering as the miners had the best of the game all the way through. When the game ended with a victory for the miners the crowd went wild and the cheering was tremendous.

Col. Linderfelt seemed peeved that the miners had won the game and resented the cheering of the crowd. He was heard to remark: "That's all right; you people have your holler today but we'll have the roast tomorrow."

The following (Monday) morning the militia



**Development work; Drilling Machine on Tripod.**

came to the tent colony with a large force and searched the tents for arms and ammunition. They tore up the floors and destroyed beds and other furniture.

In the afternoon two militiamen came up to our pickett lines with a white flag. They reported that Col. Linderfelt and Capt. Hamrock wanted an interview with Jim Filer and Louis Tikas, who were then officers in charge at the tent colony. These two men went with the militiamen to Linderfelt's headquarters.

The miners' outposts could see all that occured although they could not hear the conversation. They could see that there was a heated debate and accordngly they watched proceedings closely. When the debate lasted about fifteen minutes they saw Linderfelt suddenly seize a rifle and shoot Tikas down. After he fell Linderfelt struck him over the head with the riflebutt. Someone else, the outposts could not see who, shot Filer. Both men were killed while under the protection of the flag of truce. We knew then that there must be a battle.

No other events of importance occured on Monday, but both sides prepared for a fight.

That day our contingent was in Aguilar and that night we received word of the killing of Tikas and Filer; also that a fight was inevitable. We had few guns and very little ammunition but the miners insisted on going to Ludlow. Early Tuesday morning we started, 200 men with only 12 rifles and very little ammunition. Long before we reached Ludlow we heard the shooting. Our direct advance from the west was blocked by the militia; we were driven back but making a half circle we came into the tent colony from the east. When we arrived we found the attack was on in full force.

### The Massacre.

That morning about seven o'clock the signal was given for the militia to attack. About 7:30 they advanced on the tent colony in full force, 300 strong, well armed, with machine guns and three pieces of field artillery as well. They quickly drove in our outposts. There were 500



C. F. & I. Mine near Walsenburg



Waiting for Daddy.

miners in the tent colony but after the seizure of arms the day before we had only 65 guns including the 12 in the Aguilar contingent, and a limited supply of ammunition. Yet with that small force we held the militia back all day covering the retreat of women, children and unarmed men to the Black Hills about three miles east of the tents. Some of the women and chidren would not leave their men who were fighting, others did not get started in time and these sought refuge in cellars under some of the tents; a number of them gathered in the basement under the floor of the mess tent. After we were finally driven back from the tents the soldiers rushed in and immediately began to saturate the tents with coal oil and set fire to them. Then as some of the women and children tried to run from the tents they were fired upon and struck down by the soldiers. One woman and her son of 14 leaped from a burning tent; soldiers standing near allowed the mother to come out but pushed the boy back into the tent were he was burned to death.

Charles Castro had been killed in the fight; his wife was cook at the mess tent; she and her three children would not leave without the father. With a number of others they went into the basement under the cook tent. When the big tent was fired by the soldiers they were all suffocated and burned to death in the Hell Hole.

### The Retreat.

Those of us who were still fighting found that our ammunition was almost gone but we continued to cover the retreat of the unarmed until they reached the Black Hills. We were under fire from the four machine guns and the field guns, besides the rifle fire. But the retreat was made in good order.

On reaching the Black Hills we found that our water supply was half a mile out on the prairie. Whenever a man or a women went after water



Placing a "prop."

they were subjected to fire from the field guns. And then before dark we observed that we were almost surrounded by the militia.

We knew that our position was untenable and after a conference those in charge ordered camp fires to be made and kept burning and also that lights be kept burning in the tents to a late hour. Only one way was found to be open for retreat. Leaving the tents lighted and the campfires burning, we made our getaway successfully and reached Aguilar about daybreak.

In the morning the militia advanced in force on the Black Hills and captured the few vacant tents.

**Soldiers Driven Out.**

At Aguilar we commandeered schools and other public buildings to shelter the women and children. The story of the Ludlow massacre had reached the people of the entire country and aroused great indignation. Public opinion veered strongly to the side of the striking miners. Sympathizers by the hundreds volunteered their services and many companies of volunteers started on the march for Aguilar, quite a number of them from other states; 250 miners completely armed came in afoot from Fremont Co. The strikers obtained quantities of arms and ammunition. They made a general advance against the state troops and drove them out of Las Animas and Huerfano counties.

Gov. Ammons, seeing that his forces were beaten, asked for a three day truce. There was a considerable difference of opinion among the leaders of the strikers but the truce was finally agreed upon. Then the federal soldiers came in and that ended the war.

(That is the story. We continued to talk for an hour or two and he gave us many other items of events connected with the struggle. One or two of them may interest the reader.)

The mine owners at Hastings had succeeded in geting a few scabs. They had advertised in papers in the east promising they would give to each strikebreaker 160 acres of land adjacent to the mines, steady work and $5 a day. When they arrived they were taken under guard direct to the mines and lodged in shacks and herded by gunmen when not in the mine. If they refused to work they were driven to it by the gunmen. At night their shoes and clothing were taken away. But two of these men escaped. They came to Aguilar at ten o'clock one night clad only in their underwear and shirts. They made affidavits to the statement made above and also that four of the men who had refused to work had been killed by the gunmen and their bodies had been burned in the coke ovens.

At one time one of the Aguilar businessmen volunteered to drive his car to Pueblo and get a load of guns and ammunition. He had a Ford and had no trouble getting there. He made the purchase and started back. At that time the



The Miner's Home

county road ran through Lester and one of the guards at the Lester mine stopped him at Bunker Hill. It was quite dark. The guard asked, "What have you got in the car?" Our friend replied, "Guns." The guard stuck his head inside the car to have a look. The driver hit him over the head with a six-shooter knocking him cold, and drove through without any further trouble.

* * *

(In my excursions to the mining camps I have met many who have been through that terrible ordeal. A middle-aged woman, mother of a thirteen year-old girl told me the following:)

My husband and I were living in the Ludlow tent colony with our baby; she was four months old. About seven in the morning of April 20th we heard the first explosion (signal for attack by the militia.) Two other explosions followed, about five minutes apart. Then we could hear the machine guns and the bullets came whistling by our ears and through the tents. When some of these bullets struck anything—poof—they would explode and scatter pieces of lead all over. I went with my baby to a cellar under one of the tents and my man went to the railroad track to help fight the soldiers. They held the soldiers back all day and all the time I was in that cellar hearing the shooting and all the other noises of the battle. It was almost evening when my husband came back and we came out of the cellar and went to an arroyo on the other side of the Black Hills where we hid ourselves until morning.

While we were running away from the tents we looked back and could see the soldiers setting fire to the tents and could hear them shouting and shooting. They found one Italian woman afterwards in a cellar under one of the tents. She was going to have a baby and she suffered so much before she died that she had pulled all the hair out of her head.

When they drove us out of the company house we had taken all our belongings to the tent colony. We had no chance to take any of them with us and they were all burned by the soldiers. All we had then was the old clothes we were wearing.

My father had been living with us in the tent colony but we persuaded him to go to Trinidad early that morning before the attack began. When he heard of the fight and massacre he came to Ludlow the following day and searched the ruins of the tent colony trying to find out if we had been killed. The soldiers found him raking through the ashes and took him to the guard house where they kept him locked up for four days. His anxiety brought on a severe sickness so they brought him down to Trinidad. He was partially paralyzed. In the meantime we had managed to get to Trinidad and I was sick and dreadfully worried when I heard my father had gone to Ludlow looking for me.

He told us afterwards that the strikers who had been taken prisoners by the militia were compelled to work hard every day and if they refused to work they were whipped.

I have never been well since that day.

* * *

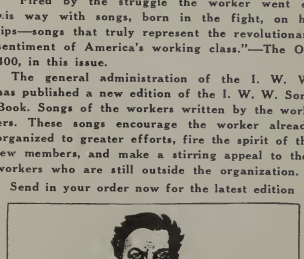
These are the stories of only two of those who survived that historic struggle. There is wealth of material among the miners who have been through the 1913-14 strike and battles in Colorado for anyone who has the gift of putting it in writing.

And among these tried and true fighters for the cause of Labor there is again stirring the spirit and determination to organize and demand and obtain more of the good things of life for themselves and their families.

**"Fired by the struggle the worker went on his way with songs, born in the fight, on his lips—songs that truly represent the revolutionary sentiment of America's working class."—The Old 400, in this issue.**

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SONGS

*To Fan the Flames of Discontent*

**PRICE TEN CENTS**

# OUR PRESS

By *C. E. Payne.*

PERHAPS the most vital part of the Industrial Workers of the World is its press. This was well understood by federal authorities in 1917 when the postmaster general revoked the second class mailing privilege of an average of four "unpatriotic" publications a day for several weeks, according to his own announcement.

Among those barred from the mails were Industrial Worker and Solidarity and most, if not all, the foreign language papers of the I. W. W. During the next three years an enormous amount of work and expense were required to circulate any publicity of the organization, the expense for mailing alone being over ten times what it is at present.

Besides the extra work and expense, there were thousands of copies, at times amounting to almost the entire issues, destroyed and never delivered. This was done after accepting our money for postage, causing us the loss of the papers and of the money for postage besides. So common did this become that the Chicago post office had a large rubber stamp made with the words "Nixies—I. W. W. Papers." In the post office language a nixie is a piece of mail that from any cause cannot be delivered.

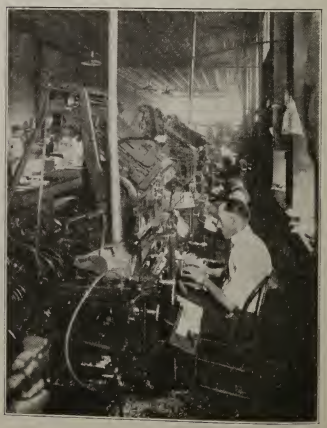
At present there is a comparative lull in the persecution of the I. W. W. and our press on the part of the powers that be. Our papers go through the mails, with very few exceptions, on the same basis as do the papers of other concerns. It is not because of any kindly considerations on the part of the postoffice authorities that the circulation is allowed, but simply because they consider the damage we do the capitalist system to be less than the howl that would be raised by suppression.

But it is certain that in the course of the class struggle, which at any time may become class war, our papers will again be suppressed—if the lackeys of the master class have the power to do so. In times of stress no opposition, no matter how small, is tolerated by the master class. Everything except power stronger than their own is ruthlessly trampled down when their own power is menanced.

We should take advantage of this comparative lull in persecution to increase the power and influence of our press. Our only hope lies in increasing that power and influence to such an extent that when we are again attacked we can at least tear an enormous opening in the offensive of the attacking capitalist class, even though we may not be strong enough to save our press from annihilation.

If we have no press we will soon have no organization. Likewise, if we have no organization there will be nothing for the press to represent.

However, there is an extremely important matter which some well organized press must perform and which the I. W. W. papers can do better than can any other in America. That more important work is



# What Answer You?

*J. A. Van Dilman.*

*What mystery does lie behind*
*The veil that shadows future years?*
*What portent has this agony*
*That bows our Race in bitter tears?*

*What is this kingdom prophets cry—*
*(Of hideous prosperity;)*
*That riding rough-shod rules the world;*
*To curse unborn posterity?*

*What manner slaves have we become—*
*Or spineless worms that humbly crawl;*
*Beneath the stony stare of Greed*
*Which giving naught; demands our all?*

*Down with this monarch arrogant—*
*That dares to snatch from human kind;*
*Sweet ripened fruits of honest toil—*
*To cast it back a tasteless rind!*

*How long are we to suffer thus—*
*Like oxen, plodding patiently*
*Beneath a heavy galling yoke,*
*And goads that prod incessantly?*

*When shall we cease our grovelling—*
*Abased before mere human lust—*
*Till welded "Thews of Industry"*
*Sweep back the Monster—into dust?*

*Our lot is but the cravens due*
*Who stupid mopes—and whines in vain;*
*Or meekly prays that loyalty*
*May 'title him to softer chains.*

*When shall we rise; who moil and toil*
*Thruout the world—on every shore;*
*To vanquish Greed—and banish it*
*From hearts of Men—for evermore?*

publishing just such articles as Leland Olds is writing. But his work is too general to really reach the minds of the workers as yet. We must go into every factory, mine, mill, camp and counting room and show every worker just what each individual company is taking out of his labor.

We must show to each worker the stream of wealth he creates and its course into the vaults of the giant banks of the nation. Generalities will not do—we must be specific. We must show the banking connections of each firm and just what wealth that firm is forced to pay to the over lords for the sacred privilege of doing business.

The organization now has a few men who see what is needed in the line of publicity, but they have almost no facilities for doing it. We should have a hundred specialists and experts for each one who is now "trying to do it all." Not until we have them can we say that we are really doing any effective publicity work.

It is true such things cost money. Also, when we go into the market to bid against the capitalists for labor power in the form of special ability we are handicapped. But it is either do it or have our press suffer form chronic starvation, which is more enervating to the members than would be sudden and violent suppression by the authorities.

The press and the organization are each vitally necessary to the other. We strengthen the organization when we build up the press. It is our chief point of contact with the unorganized whom we must reach to succeed in our revolutionary task of overthrowing capitalism. As we push the press among the unorganized, making it their spokesman, they will give power to the organization until it shall be invincible.

# Coal and the General Strike

By VERN SMITH

BRITISH industry is founded on coal. Even as late as 1875 half the coal in the world was produced in England and Scotland. When the machine age dawned over a muscle trained society, iron was needed in hitherto unheard of quantities. And as the machine age came first to England, the hunger for iron was first there. Iron ores are rather wide spread, and have been worked from very early times. But iron ore has to be smelted. As long as the feudal ages lasted charcoal smelting provided iron enough for the armor of the knights and the chains with which they bound their villains; more than which was scarcely needed. The requirements for charcoal did not interfere with the great forests that sheltered the king's deer.

But when the new machine textile industry began to covet iron, that meant the forests had to go, cut down to provide charcoal for iron smelting, and when the forests were gone, there came a crisis. The fate of English industry trembled in the balance, while newly rich capitalists and their scientific hirelings madly hunted for a substitute for charcoal.

They found it in coal, still called "pit coal" in England to distinguish it from charcoal. England had coal, and could make coke, and steel; the English coal mines though far from being the best in the world, were the first to be worked on a large scale.

We pass hurriedly over the superficial effects that the use of coal had on the industry of England; how it brought the smelters out of the shadow of the woods and clustered them around the big centers of transportation, and not too far from the mines, making a great shift in the population of the country, adding enormously to the slums already grown up in the textile manufacturing centers.

The change in the technique of industry made another change for the worse in the lives not only of those who labored at smelting but those who provided the fuel. Charcoal cutting and burning was a relatively healthy outdoor trade—now the charcoal burner was out of work, and hunting a job in the black, gas filled tunnels of the underground mines. In mining he competed with his wife and child, drawn into the industry—the child to act as a breaker boy, and the wife too often as mere draught stock, to pull the cars of coal along low passages where mules could not be used.

And as industry went on expanding, and the call for coal in the iron industry was continually added to by the demands for fuel for motive and other power, the numbers of miners grew and grew, until at present nearly a million toil in many mines or "pits" scattered along the two main seams of British coal.

The coal of England lies principally in Southern Wales, where a body about twenty miles wide and fifty miles long, running from East to West, is the heaviest producer, and in a long disconnected body of coal that extends up along the western side of the island, and turns in a series of broken beds across Scotland from Ayr to the mouth of the Firth of Forth.

There is one large coal field on the Eastern Coast, in Durham and Northumberland. About half way between the two extremes of the North and South series of coal beds, lies the coal of Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Lancashire, with the great port of Liverpool in the eastern edge of the coal fields, and the important manufacturing cities of Leeds, Sheffield and Manchester in the very center of it.

The miners unions started rather late in the history of the British Labor Movement. As was to be expected, with a new industry, in which the working force was made up of men driven out of other industries, and in which women and children worked from the very first, it was hard to get unions started.

It was during the last half of the nineteenth century that the coal miner really began to organize on a large scale, and that the little local unions began to federate into larger unions.

In the beginning the Miners Federation was made up of many independent unions, and as these have gradually lost their power to the central body, they have also been decreased in number. When Beatrice and Sydney Webb wrote their "History of British Trade Unionism" in the last decade of last century, they recorded twenty-seven unions, constituent parts of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. The latest figures I have (1924) show eighteen of these internal unions, some of which are called federations themselves. They seem to be really districts, with local autonomy in somewhat lesser degree than among the United Mine Workers of America. They do not any longer overlap each other, territorially. They do retain the old names, which, like "The National Union of Scottish Mine Workers," the "South Wales Miners Union," etc., bear witness to the disunion of the workers at one time.

At the present time the Miners Federation of Great Britain is not only the most militant of all the larger British unions, but is the most industrial in form. Unlike some of the other federations (for example the United Textile Fac-

tory Workers Association, which leaves all the power to make contracts, declare strikes, etc. with the local unions of which it is composed) the Miners' Federation of Great Britain resembles an industrial union in that it makes the agreements for the entire industry through its central headquarters, and does not strike by districts or by local unions. The British coal strikes are ordinarily general strikes of the whole industry. It is well realized by the workers in the British mines that their safety such as it is depends on this solidarity, and nothing like the district contract policy of the United Mine Workers of America, contracts overlapping in time, is tolerated among them.

With devilish cunning the employers have many times endeavored to split the solidarity of the coal miners of England by bringing about the district agreement, but the miners have indignantly resisted every time. They see through the trick. The last time is just now, when the employers, and the British government, are once more urging that the basic agreement for the minimum of wages and conditions and the maximum of hours be laid aside and lowered in certain districts where the production is not quite as heavy per man as in others.

The proposals made by the employers are in every case for a reduction of wages but the reduction proposed is uneven, running from a wage cut of two shillings ten pence (approximately 68c) per day in South Wales and Monmouth (the most important coal fields) to only one shilling per day wage cut in the central coal fields. It may be pointed out that the wage paid in South Wales was the largest wage of the larger districts and amounted to ten shillings nine pence per day (about $2.58). It could hardly be called excessive.

The British miners are the most radical, the most clearly class conscious, the most militant section of the British heavy industry. All during this century they have set the pace and forced the issue. The miners were chiefly instrumental in organizing the Triple Alliance of 1915, when the mining, railroad and transport unions agreed to stand together and strike as one. The miners went on strike in 1921, when the bureaucrats of the railroad and transport unions broke up the Triple Alliance and smashed solidarity.

Once more, in the summer of 1925, it was the miners who prepared desperately to resist the open shop and low wages drive decreed by the organized British capitalist class. And this time they found loyal allies among the rank and file of the other great unions. An organized left wing movement forced the "leaders" of the other unions to grant emergency powers to the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, and something even more efficient than the Triple Alliance was brought into being.

To understand the strategic position of the General Council, a brief survey of the British form of organization is required. British unions are coordinated, so far as they work together at all, through the Trades Union Congress, which meets every year, and is a very large body, with a broad representation. Not all unions send delegates, but most of the workers in England are represented, in one way or another, at the Trades Union Congress. Any union can send delegates, whether that union is dual to another, or not. Representation is based on numerical strength. The delegates represent the smaller divisions of the unions, also, and are a little more likely to reflect the spirit of the rank and file than is usual in such congresses among reformist unions.

The Trades Union Congress elects a General Council, to hold office until the next Congress taking care to have on it representation of all the large federations. Since 1925, this General Council has had, by agreement among the unions whose representatives are on it, and with the sanction of the Trades Union Congress, the right to call general strikes in sympathy with the strikers of any unions. It is a real, "General Staff of the Unions." Its powers are ample; its weakness is in its personnel. The pie card artists with big reputations naturally get elected to the General Council, and since they have been a long time rising to that high position, they represent, for the most part, the feelings of the rank and file of years ago, and not the sentiment of the present day rank and file. This explains how they could do so cowardly and foolish a deed as to call off the General Strike of May, 1926, in defiance of the wishes of the workers themselves.

The non-miner workers knew very well just what a drive against the wages and conditions of the miners means. They are well aware of the threat to their own wages and conditions. They are ready to fight. When the government, representing the mine owners and all other capitalists, while pretending to represent the "public," granted the coal subsidy last summer, to pay the miners' wages while letting the coal owners make the wage cut on their books, everybody knew that this merely postponed the fight. When the subsidy expired, and the coal companies posted notices at the pit heads that the wage cut would go into effect on May 1, the reluctant "leaders" in the General Council were forced to take action. All the world knows what that action was, how under date of April 30 the General Council issued its famous "General Strike Order," that inasmuch as a lockout existed in the mining industry, all work should stop likewise in certain other industries, known as "the first line." The essential provisions are quoted from the General Strike Order, as follows:

•(Continued on Page 26)

"The tragedy is the moral failure of these leaders. That they lacked foresight, that they had neither imagination nor nerves and wills of steel—that is pardonable. They were elected to run Unions and not make history. But the deep stain upon them is that in this struggle, which had evolved the passionate loyalty, the selfless idealism of the mass, they sullied its record and nullified its sacrifices by abandoning the miners to their fate."



Leading rival factions in Britain's general strike. Upper portraits: Arthur Henderson and J. H. Thomas, conservatives. Lower portraits: Ernest Bevan and Albert E. Purcell, radicals.



When British Miners Voted to Strike.



Ben Tillett, secretary of Dock Workers and A. J. Cook, secretary of Miners' Federation.



Arrest of a striker; Britain's general strike.

"Only the close of this great chapter of working-class history was unworthy of the splendid record. Hitherto, when one talked of a General Strike, the doubt was always whether the mass would answer the call. It astonished the most hopeful. When the end came, there was no break in our ranks. No failure of zeal or steadiness forced surrender on the leaders. It seemed on that unlucky Wednesday incredible that they could have stopped this superb demonstration of solidarity and left the miners to fight alone."

# Coal and the General Strike

(Continued from page 23)

"TRADES AND UNDERTAKINGS TO CEASE WORK. Except as hereafter provided, the following trades and undertakings shall cease work as and when required by the general council:

"Transport, including all affiliated unions, connected with Transport, i.e., railways, sea transport, docks, wharves, harbors, canals, road transport, railway repair shops and contractors for railways, and all unions connected with the maintenance of, or equipment, manufacturing, repairs, and groundsmen employed in connection with air transport.

"Printing Trades, including the Press.

**Productive Industries**

"(a) Iron and Steel.

"(b) Metal and Heavy Chemicals Group.—Including all metal workers and other workers who are engaged, or may be engaged, in installing alternative plant to take the place of coal.

"Building Trade.—All workers engaged on building, except such as are employed definitely on housing and hospital work, together with all workers engaged in the supply of equipment to the building industry, shall cease work.

"Electricity and Gas.—The general council recommend that the trade unions connected with the supply of electricity and gas shall cooperate with the object of ceasing to supply power. The council request that the executive of the trade unions concerned shall meet at once with a view to formulating common policy.

"Sanitary Services.—The general council direct that sanitary services be continued.

"Health and Food Services.—The general council recommend that there should be no interference in regard to these, and that the trade unions concerned should do everything in their power to provide food to the whole of the population.

"With regard to hospitals, clinics, convalescent homes, sanatoria, infant welfare centers, maternity homes, nursing homes, schools, the general council direct that affiliated unions take every opportunity to ensure that food, milk, medical and surgical supplies shall be efficiently provided."

It is not within the scope of this article to describe in detail the tremendous upheaval that resulted. Neither is it necessary, for in spite of every intention on the part of the British industrial magnates and the government to censor the news, and misrepresent the truth, the facts were so big and so essentially startling that they broke through all bounds, and are known in outline at least to everybody. The government's publicity service, centering around the "British Gazette," a scab paper, printed on one or two sheets, and distributed free by the million copies, was hardly noticed. Its sole result was to pile up a loss of hundreds of thousands of pounds. The Daily Herald (Labor paper) was suppressed. The "British Worker" (an emergency sheet) published the facts and the foreign press got them by observation. The essential fact was that industry practically stopped, because those industries allowed by the strike order to go on functioning could not do so in the face of the transportation tie up. The government's scab organization, the "Order For The Movement of Supplies" was intended to keep transportation going, chiefly through volunteer truck driving. The cars and trucks blocked the streets and roads, and transportation stopped. A few trains were kept running by the strikers to carry food, and military engineers kept enough running to convey troops where they wished, but industry stopped. The government claimed that running the food train was a great victory against the strikers, and everybody in England laughed at it, for the food trains were, by the terms of the strike order, "white" (not struck). However, after a few days, the excesses of certain fascisti, and the continuous misrepresentation of the government, together with the threatening of the workers with armed force, caused the General Council to call out the "second line," including especially gas and electric light service, except for hospitals, and a curtailment of the food train service—the theory being to let the scabs work at that rather than something else.

All grants of money to the strikers from abroad were stopped by the government, and the General Council itself rejected any that might give the government grounds for accusing them of a revolutionary aim.

Then suddenly, on the ninth day of the strike, it was called off, by the General Council, at the height of its success, and only afterwards it was found out that negotiations had been going on secretly between Prime Minister Baldwin and the Council, through the intermediation of a slippery fellow known as Sir Herbert Samuel, who promised the council, unofficially, that if they would call off the strike, the prime minister would see that the miners did not suffer, and he might grant another subsidy while the industry was reorganized. As soon as the general strike was called off the government repudiated Samuel's bargain, Samuel himself declared that the labor leaders had misunderstood him, and that he promised only to try and get the government to give these terms suggested, and capitalism started in to take revenge by firing active union-

ists, re-hiring with loss of privileges, etc. For a short time it looked as though the strike was on again, but Thomas of the Railroad union signed what practically amounts to a yellow dog contract for his men, agreeing never to go on general strike again; other unions compromised with their employers—and the miners were left on strike alone.

The workers will have the last word to say. That they are disgusted and angry is putting it mildly. There is likely to be a rare house-cleaning during the year, while the conventions are held, and the next Trades Union Congress will probably be a wild one. Meanwhile the rank and file, though anxious enough to speak, are gagged. Their voices will be heard at the conventions and congresses. Just now we can only judge which way the wind blows, by the straws flung up by certain officials nearer to the men in spirit than those who betrayed them, and who have access to newspapers. W. N. Ewer, foreign editor of the London Daily Herald, through whom authentic stories of the strike were cabled to America all during the nine days, says:

"Thus the net result of incredibly bad generalship and naive diplomacy on one side and cynical unscrupulousness on the other has been to leave the coal war where it has been for many months and to cripple the possibility of a new rally to the support of the miners.

"A confidence trick of the crudest nature has turned a struggle which was on its way to a resounding victory into a disastrous defeat, compared to which the famous "Black Friday" is a joke.

"The only consolation is that the struggle has been a wonderful demonstration of solidarity, courage, and enthusiasm of the rank and file. Fundamentally, the strength of the British labor movement is greater than ever before.

"That in the moment of demonstration and realization of that strength this should be the outcome of the magnificent fight is one of the most tragic things in the whole history of the movement."

J. Ramsay MacDonald distinguished himself almost as much as the railroad workers' "leader" Thomas, for defeatism during the strike—indeed, the New York Times editorially praises MacDonald and points out that his recent speech against the strike places him "much nearer the British coal owners than it does to Karl Marx." And MacDonald is supposed to be the leader of the Independent Labor Party. But H. N. Brailsford, the editor of the "New Leader," official organ of MacDonald's following, states himself in this manner:

"Only the close of this great chapter of working-class history was unworthy of the splendid record. Hitherto, when one talked of a General Strike, the doubt was always whether the mass would answer the call. It astonished the most hopeful. When the end came, there was no break in our ranks. No failure of zeal or steadiness forced surrender on the leaders. It seemed on that unlucky Wednesday (when the General Strike was called off.—Ed.) incredible that they could have stopped this superb demonstration of solidarity and left the miners to fight on alone. But so it was. The object of the Strike has not been won. The miners, fearless as ever, are still locked out of the mines. The notices, with their threats of starvation wages which moved even middle-class opinion to indignation, are still posted up against them. And for four days, from Wednesday to Saturday evening, each trade for itself, without the promised aid of the whole alliance, had to struggle against threats of lowered wages and victimization. The great host was suddenly deprived of its formation, and in every corner of the battlefield, regiments and companies were fighting unsupported against the counter-offensive of Capital."

And describing the negotiations with Samuel, he says:

"What was the mood of the Council during its talks with him on the Monday and Tuesday? I have heard several accounts. Mr. Pugh held that the Strike was then exerting its maximum effect: he wanted to end it before a breakaway was discernible and before disorder began. But there was fatigue and there was nervousness in the Council. Rumors talked of an intention to arrest its members, and perhaps to sieze Trade Union funds. That may have been considered, but if so, Mr Baldwin vetoed it. There came occasionally bad news from a very few places—Bristol, Reading and Coventry—though everywhere else the enthusiasm, the steadiness and the good temper were amazing. But some members were impressed by these few unfavorable reports. What, if the Strike went on, would be the next step? To call out "the second line," which meant the Post Office workers and the gas and electricity services? From that prospect the Council recoiled. Mr. Thomas was uneasy under the accusation of "unconstitutional conduct;" he foresaw disorder and talked of the "streets running with blood"—though strikers and policemen in this incorrigible English Strike was playing cricket together. His one platform speech—if it was fairly reported—was that of a man who dreaded and in fact disapproved the strike, for which he had voted.

"Amid these painful discussions the Alliance broke up. The Council took its decision to end the Strike on this Tuesday night, and took it without informing the miners. But it did inform the Government, and when it again met

the miners on Wednesday morning, it was only to beg them to join in a surrender which, in fact, they had already made."

And then in damning conclusion:

"The tragedy is the moral failure of these leaders. That they lacked foresight, that they had neither imagination nor nerves and wills of steel—that is pardonable. They were elected to run Unions and not make history. But the deep stain upon them is that in this struggle, which had evoked the passionate loyalty, the selfless idealism of the mass, they sullied its record and nullified its sacrifices by abandoning the miners to their fate."

And all this time the miners strike, almost a million men, grim and determined. Back in 1921 when the Triple Alliance left them, with an absolutely empty treasury, they struck for thirteen weeks—thirteen weeks on strike relief averaging four dollars a man for all that time. Now, with millions of dollars collected for them in Europe, with every labor union in the world except those of the A. F. L. determined that no coal shall go to England to break their strike, they have been striking when this is written, for five weeks. They may go on for five months. Meanwhile things are sizzling all over the British labor union world, because they are left to strike alone. Something is going to happen.

# Applying Natural Law

By D. S. DIETZ

**Yes! Our peace and our contentments,**
**While on rocks of truth must stand,**
**Gain by wisely noting lessons**
**In the fields that Nature planned.**

## PROCESSES, UPHEAVALS, SURVIVALS

Idleness is death, progress is Life. Powers of regimes are but temporary. Upheavals are manifestations of the law of survival.

The human race is not going to the dogs. Man, by his own blunders, his own pigheadedness, creates critical periods. Even so, he survives them somehow. But never did the beneficiaries of the plunder times receive any rewards from the processes of race survival.

In the light of Natural Law (even the little we profess to understand it) the financial oligarchy of the worldwide predicament do not understand. They are in the dark. Thus, it always was in and about the "feathered nests." Of course, swag-feathered, unduly feathered.

It is the hungry, the homeless, the propertyless, the mortgaged (those who paid the bill, at whose expense, etc.), through whom the law of survival acts. When our capitalists say: "We have survived. We shall continue to survive. . . . " we glance at the big trees of the forest and grinningly remark: "They survived . . . to topple." Young growths are not dependent upon the older growth.

### Group Victims

In human affairs no theory can survive whose organic principle, hence underlying thought and ideology, is based on pure selfishness. Or a group to enduringly prosper at the expense of its victimized groups. The three principal group victims are: the industrial workers, the working farmers, the working bourgeoisie (mode of distribution). Bond holders, mortgage holders, coupon clippers, rent collectors and some others are parasites pure and simple—social pests. They trot with the oligarchy.

### What a Worker Is

According to the Marxian theory of value, any human being who works one hour, one day, one month, or more at useful employment is to that extent or length of time a worker. **Honest human conduct**, above criticism. The only human effort without belittling stigmas.

But under the present mode of production, working farmers and bourgeoisie naturally develop a dual mind. Capitalistic on the one side and worker on the other, they do not know, neither one does, which mind will dominate the being; therefore, not eligible to a working class revolutionary organization until such time as industrial conditions compel them to discover which is the real mind and act accordingly. That time is coming for great numbers of them.

### Darwin and Marx

In passing we further vouchsafe: The subjects, evolution, biology, environment, psychology, are some of the branches (as the tree has branches) of Darwinism. Darwin was a student of the great outdoors. He began a greater work than can be finished and understood in one generation, or in two, or three. Likewise, the same is true of Marx. Marxian theories will become understood sooner

because they apply more closely to everyday human necessities. And yes! In the final analysis the big outdoors is the great social textbook. What is scientific research in all its applications, but an effort towards the apex of simplicity—educational, mechanical, social?

### Two Economic Theories

The Law of Economic Determinism is a Nature process. Natural economics and bourgeois economics are as unrelated as truth and falsehood. In the animal kingdom, outside the human specie, all eat, all are sheltered. Atmosphere, sunshine, rainfall, are Nature forces contributing alike to every creature of all species. And so shall the land and all thereof reward every human being unselfishly.

### Nature Rights Denied Millions

Capitalism performed a mission. It was a stepping stone. All the great continents have been discovered and brought to a state of human exploitation. It taught all the workers how to "fit in." Taught organization! And now, at times, it refuses millions to fit in. Yes, with all its bigness it selfishly denies millions the right to food, clothing, shelter, homes. Ah! what is the reason?

The answer is simple. The modern student, scattered in and about industry, not in capitalist universities or parliaments, readily answers truly and thus: It has reached its limit. Cannot function further for the people—the races. Where these students are found is significant, also. There is growing to maturity among industrial workers a young actor who is destined to take the world stage. His name is Johnny Practicality.

### False Framework Upholstered

Within the next great step in human survival capitalism cannot perform. Literal continents are explored. Great abstract continents are now in order. The theory never did nor ever can apply to an abstract conception of human good. Race good. Hence, the necessity of ever preaching. Ever inventing philosophies peculiar to itself as upholstery for a dirty frame. Therefore dual and dishonest in its bigness. Organically false. Its principal base is materialistic, its principal aim pure selfishness. Its fallacy is in the latter principle. Natural law is inevitable, exacting, but never selfish as within the specie. Humanity is the specie, not capitalists.

### Capitalist Boomerang

At present the theory is being applied to other peoples exploitedly. Not continents, but peoples, thus hastening its own end. The effort becomes a boomerang to the theory and its beneficiaries. Note evidence piling up in world current events.

Another boomerang lies in the bourgeois conception of survival. It is really interpreting Darwin falsely. We see expressions of it in the capitalist press every day. Such words and phrases as "we," "us," "ours," "our government," "best people," "cultured classes," and slurring the other side of their conceived fence thus: "riffraff," "fringe of society," "tramps," "the disgruntled," "farmers better go and slop their hogs," etc. Capitalists think they are the specie and that to subject the balance of the human race to their will is "survival of the fittest." It takes capitalists to manifest bigotry. In Darwinism capitalism is a trifle. Trifling is right.

### The Natural Trend

Today's worldwide criticism of capitalism tends to an end. The discussion is natural; therefore, the end must be natural. Or, to put it in another way: an industrial peace is the goal of humanity. Only by such a peace can there be Industrial Freedom—Industrial Democracy. Let us try to visualize the objective aim. Herein we can merely touch the base, a conceived point to begin.

To clarify, it seems necessary to create a formula; perhaps faulty and crude technically, but necessary to keep the natural law idea clear. Also, we must now use the phrase: Natural Social Forces. For the study of revolutionary Industrial change, they are five, namely: (1) sunshine; (2) atmosphere; (3) rainfall; (4) land (all thereof); (5) labor power.

Anyone will readily see that those mentioned are five natural forces directly necessary to life on earth—human existence. These five are necessary to grow a single hill of potatoes. They are the forces directly responsible for all that man has created on earth. Any one of them lacking, all life ceases.

How insignificant man becomes in the light of natural forces! He is merely involved in the 5th element. And yet, and it is to laugh! the parasitic personnel of man presumes to control the 4th element and all thereof, through subjection of the 5th element. What bigotry and idiotic nerve!

Man, who is of the 5th force, through his activities in the 4th must conform to the spirit of the first three. They bespeak most plainly the theory of Industrial Communism. That theory is involved in Industrial Unionism; and, it is a natural theory.

Now back to the job: it is not so much a matter of "overthrow" as it is a matter of preparedness. Prepare for the topple; else politicians will rush in where industrial workers fear to tread. The industrially energetic fear nothing when properly organized. Self-organization is the real brand. All the laws of Nature are behind the working element of man when that element discovers what it wants. Evidently it has not paid the price sufficiently yet. It needs to suffer a little more. Sorry!

You cannot drain a swamp uphill. Capitalism is the lowest level in human intelligence.



# Some Observations on the Building Industry

By *Sam Murray.*

ARCHITECTURAL science and the skill of the building workers has played a most important part in the history of civilization. One of the lines of demarcation between it and the higher stages of barbarism is the birth of the art and science of building. Given a ruling class and the necessary concomittant—a priestly class—and the art of constructing magnificent dwellings and temples will follow as a natural consequence.

We do not know how old civilization* is. It is considerably more ancient than any written history. For instance, we read in the Book of Genesis of a city named Ur; excavations have lately disclosed that six thousand years ago, at the time when the deity was supposed to have been busy creating the world and fashioning man out of the dust of the earth, Ur was a thriving city and masonry was uncovered showing that building workers at that time posessed skill and technique equal to that of the present day. "Prehistoric" building workers have handed down to us history more ancient and in many ways more reliable than any recorded in books. What would we know today of the wonders of ancient Egypt, Peru or Mexico but for the structures that testify so credibly to the skill and industry of the workers who built them? Nor is it reasonable to believe that these wonders were wrought by chattel slaves, as it is unlikely that skill equal to that could be developed in this class of labor. It is a question how much credence can be placed in the traditions of freemasonry, but they testify that the eight-hour day was in vogue in the ancient order and that the members "Served their masters with freedom and zeal." The masons seem to have been the first free laborers or rather the first wage slaves. They also seem to have been the first to organize. The world "Lodge" so

* The word is used here in the "Bourgeois" sense a society where one class is exploited by another.

commonly used does not mean in its literal sense a body of men organized together but a living or sleeping place. Ancient masons were migratory workers domiciled during the construction of a building in "Lodges" or camps, similar to the construction camps of today. They seem to have been well organized for benevolent purposes, if not for militant unionism. Their form was industrial; they entered apprentices doing the laboring work; and the work of casting the brazen pillars and holy vessels of the temples was performed by the most advanced masters of the art. All were masons or in the process of becoming such. However it could be said that they were as much a religious sect as a union or benevolent order. Thomas Paine attributes their origin to the priests of the sun. This to me is the most reasonable theory on account of the intimate connection between sun-worship, the study of astronomy and geometry (the bases of architectural knowledge) and the building of temples. They worshipped one god—"The Supreme Architect of the Universe who constructed the world on geometrical principles." The sun was the visible agent of the deity through which they made their offering and in whose presence they performed their rites. They considered the study of astronomy and geometry a religious duty and their calling as sacred. It is probable that the masons of the middle ages took advantage of their monopoly of the skill necessary to the construction of church edifices to retain their traditions and ancient religious rites in the face of Christian persecution. This, in my mind, is the only way that the hostility between the Roman Catholic Church and freemasonry can be explained. The coming of capitalism and the Protestant religion with the degeneration of the building art brought about the perversion of freemasonry into its present form.

However, I believe that with the data that has come down to us we are justified in stating that the masons were the first to organize and that before the coming of capitalism the building workers enjoyed the position of privileged workers in an honored calling. But capitalism, the great leveler,



changed all this. With the use of a variety of materials, the division of labor, and the help of craft union humbuggery the modern building worker has been so effectually divided that he has become a ridiculous caricature of the unity and brotherhood that characterized the ancient freemasons.

*The Modern Building Worker.*

In marked contrast to the condition of the building worker of ancient and medieval times, with his benevolent guild, was the building worker under capitalism before the advent of the modern labor movement. We learn that in the early history of this country building mechanics were required to work as many as fourteen hours a day for just enough compensation to enable them to survive. However, the building worker later played a most important part in the pioneer stage of modern unionism.

With the coming of capitalism and the division of labor in the factory the building industry became effected in like manner. The construction of a building became the work of several trades. In the same way the contracting became divided and a group of men of the same trade would be employed by a master mechanic. Thus we see the craft union appearing as the logical result of the condition of the industry. The calling of trade strikes and the signing of se-

parate contracts followed as a natural consequence. Since each union performed an entirely different kind of work and for a separate boss, there was little excuse for cooperation, and as the lines of demarcation between the trades were clearly defined little chance for jurisdictional disputes. However, in time the question of hours, strike funds and the employment of common organizers gave rise to the inter-trade federation. Then with the onward march of machine production and the introduction of new materials and processes came the subdividing of the old crafts and the introduction of entirely new ones, and what is far worse in the eyes of the skilled mechanic, the simplification of the work, so that in many cases little or no skill was required for labor that formerly belonged to the trades. Then the large contractor who employed them all, or sublet to the master tradesmen, appeared, so that the inter-trade federations found themselves in the midst of a mixed medley of trades and half trades, all enmeshed in a tangle of jurisdictional disputes in which it was impossible to define any distinct limits to the several vocations, so that the time arrived when 90 per cent of their time and energy was taken up in fighting one another and the other ten in a vain effort to secure better working conditions and force concessions from the boss.



Early in the game some began to look forward to the time when the workers would control the industries and operate them for the good of all through cooperative and democratic management. However, as capitalism was still in a crude state of development the agitation quite naturally took on a political form and often did more harm than good by diverting the energy of the worker from the union and filling his head with false hopes. Since industrialism is the determining factor in society and political institutions merely tools to be used by it, the natural inference is that unless the unions are strong and active, political action can be of absolutely no consequence to the workers.

In this country, particularly in the building industry, the advocacy of political action has had little effect on the minds of the workers and they have been more inclined to accept the theory that if they stuck to the union and secured the things that were immediately obtainable they would be better off in the long run. True, the idea of a society where the workers would control their jobs and share their joint product had always appealed to the workers. The trouble was that the advocates of these schemes were inclined to neglect the consideration of the problem that the worker was most interested in his job conditions and his next week's pay.

Another manifestation of the craft union era of labor was the development of the professional labor leader. He was often somewhat better than he is generally represented to be and more often considerably better than his stupid following, but just as a reed will bend in the face of the wind so will the official of a dense constituency yield to the influence of his en-

vironment. The building industry in the last thirty years has furnished a fertile field for this influence. The nature of the work often demands a constant shifting of jobs by the worker and as no practical method had been devised to apportion the work it was easy for a leader to surround himself with a group, and by gaining the favor of certain employers, monopolize the jobs. So besides the jurisdictional disputes and intertrade strife they had the internal dissension over employment which had a tendency to turn the union into a job hungry mob.

Under this system the leader who could gain the good will of the largest employers could secure the strongest following until it came to the point where the only purpose of membership in a craft union was preference in securing a job. The union man to retain that preference often had to outwork his fellows so that the union became the instrument of securing more work for the same money. Under this system building labor leaders developed an autocratic control that made it impossible for a worker to live without their favor. They not only held a tsar-like grip over the union members, but in some cases were even able to force the employers to share their profits with them in order to avoid labor troubles. In the April 1925 issue of the Pioneer in an article on P. H. MacCarthy of San Francisco entitled *The Passing of a Building Trades Boss*, and in the October 1925 issue in an article entitled *Industrial Unionism and the Building Trades*, the writer of these articles has pointed out instances to show how the labor bosses in the building industry, prior to the war, had bought and sold the workers like cattle and ruled them with an iron hand.

The ending of the war brought about a new era. The millionaire contractor, backed by the great financial interests, has rendered the craft union obsolete for any other form of action than that of securing jobs and insuring its members, and, as in some cases, running banks. In the San Francisco bay district there is at present a strike of carpenters on, with only one demand—that of preference for union men in the matter of employment under non-union conditions prescribed by the building exchange. The character of this strike can be judged by the fact that a judge the other day, from the bench, endorsed the beating up of scabs and deliberately incited to lawless violence by advising the tarring and feathering of a watchman engaged in protecting non-union men. It is easy to understand this: The judge wants the jobs monopolized by the homeguards to insure his re-election. This in California where men were lately being given 14-year sentences for peaceably trying to organize industrial unions. The A. F. of L. is not a union it is a clique.

### *Industrial Unionism and the Building Industry.*

In the early part of this century active unionists, forseeing the ultimate downfall of parliamentary action in the matter of bringing about the downfall of capitalism, and realizing the fallacy of the craft union policy of dividing the workers employed under the same boss into a variety of conflicting jurisdictions, conceived the idea of



organizing in such a way as to eliminate the objectionable features of craft unionism, and at the same time form the structure and develop the training necessary to enable the workers to take over the industries, and thus by practical methods realize the aims of the dreamers of the past without in any way interfering with the daily struggle for better conditions on the job. The organization of the Industrial Workers of the World, or I. W. W., followed.

In most industries the I. W. W. has thus far merely acted as an educational nucleus pointing out to the workers the futility of repeating past failures, and patiently waiting the time when the industry as a whole would be ready to accept the new form of unionism. However, the last twenty years have developed numerous situations which the craft unions were entirely unable to meet and the situation has been often taken in hand by a mere handful of the members of the I. W. W. with result that exceeded the most sanguine expectation of the participants, and that in the face of opposition that the craft unions were never called on to face.

Now, the I. W. W. has an organization of building workers: Building Construction Workers Industrial Union No. 330 is prepared to organize the building workers from the man who levels off the lot to the one who polishes the floors under the principle that an injury to one worker is an injury to all. This would do away with jurisdictional disputes and give the workers a power that would be irresistible. And as the I. W. W. follows the principle of legislation on the job by members employed there, it would do away with the labor boss and his job hungry following. Just as freemasonry succumbed to the rampant individualism and just as that individualism and mass unionism as well had to yeild to the more practical and up-to-date federated crafts so have the crafts arrived at a stage where they are impotent for militant job action. The breakdown of their militant spirit and their tendency to evolve into lateral activities from job hunting to banking has left the workers with no protective organization in the face of the power of post-war world capitalism. Under this condition any effort to engage in political action or any scheme to "bore within" or "amalgamate" the old unions is patently absurd. Efforts of this kind will generally be found to be nothing more than a sensational movement on the part of would-be labor leaders and notoriety seekers, and can in effect only serve the old gang with a new lease on life. If you want to warm a dead union back to life just set a bunch of revolutionists and patriots squabbling for control.

It may appear to some, on account of the lull in labor union activity the last few years, that labor organization is on the wane. Such a conclusion is illogical. Since the organization of the primitive building workers there has been one union following another and each performing its mission in conformity with the demands of the time and passing out when its work was done only to be followed by a union that had a mission of its own. Modern industrial development has laid the foundation for a worldwide and universal labor union compared to which the old unions are as a horse compared to an automobile. To doubt that we are now on the threshold of a newer and higher form of unionism is to ignore all the signs of the times.

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## Industrial Solidarity IS NOT SUPPRESSED

Several times in the past the representatives of big business have made trouble for this militant organ of Industrial Unionism. Once it was shut down, at the time of the big "Red Raids." During that period the workers missed their own newspaper, which had been giving them the news of Labor's struggles and aspirations. They failed to get it, and it was not their fault.

### IF YOU DON'T GET IT NOW IT IS YOUR OWN FAULT

**We are publishing Industrial Solidarity once a week, at I. W. W. Headquarters, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill. Subscriptions are $2 per year. or $1 for six months. Single copies cost five cents; bundle orders cost three cents per copy.**

# The Workers' International Educational Society

By JOSEPH WAGNER
Secretary, W. I. E. S.

Members of the I. W. W. and readers of the Wobbly press are of late frequently meeting with the initials of the W. I. E. S. Naturally, many of them are wondering what kind of an organization the W. I. E. S. is, and not knowing they have to guess at it, and often meet a false opinion of it. It is therefore proper that a brief outline of the aims and purposes of the W. I. E. S. be given as well as explaining the necessities that called it into existence. In order to do so we will first quote the most important parts of its Constitution.

"This organization is formed to print, publish, sell, circulate, distribute books, pamphlets and literature of any and all kinds and description; to carry on educational work among the working class; to give lectures, courses of instructions; to hold meetings and to promote, inculcate and disseminate education and learning in all branches and on all subjects and to acquire, own and maintain such real estate and personal property as may be necessary and expedient to accomplish and effectuate the purpose for which this organization is formed.

"The management and control of the said corporation shall be vested in a board of five directors to be elected by the members, and who will hold office for the period of one year and until their successors are elected and qualified, such elections to be held annually at such time and place as the members, by a majority vote cast, may determine. The board of trustees shall select a President and a Secretary and Treasurer of the said corporation. The Treasurer of said corporation shall give bond in an amount to be determined by the said Board of Directors.

"Both individuals and organizations whose principles and doctrines are in harmony with the principles and doctrines of THE WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY may become members of THE WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY, but no person shall become a member of this company until the applications of such individual or organization has been approved by the Board of Directors. The Board of Directors has the power to refund any sum or sums paid by any individual or organization for a membership in this company, and cancel such membership or memberships.

"The membership shall be divided into ten thousand voting units. Any member may acquire, own and hold not to exceed ten voting units. Any labor organization or group of workers, or society may hold not to exceed five hundred voting units, provided the application of such individual or such labor organization or group of workers shall be approved by the Board of Directors. Every individual or organization shall have the right to cast one vote for each voting unit held or possessed by such individual or labor organization.

"Such voting units shall be sold for the sum of $5.00 each to any person, or organization, whose application is approved by the Board of Directors, and when such application is approved and the said voting unit is sold as aforesaid, the person or organization holding such voting unit shall then have the right to vote.

"The Board of Directors shall have the power at all times to purchase such real or personal property as may be necessary or expedient to effectuate and accomplish the purpose for which the company is incorporated and are hereby authorized to empower the President and Secretary, by resolution, to execute in the name of the company, contracts, deeds, mortgages, or any other documents, papers or obligations that may be necessary to carry on the business of the company.

"No member or holder of a membership certificate shall be entitled to vote or participate in any of the general or special meetings of the members unless such member's application for membership has been approved by the Board of Directors, and such member has been registered on the company's books as a member at least ten days prior to any general or special meeting of the members.

"Adopted at a general meeting of the company, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1926."

It will be noticed that in the Constitution of the W. I. E. S. there is no reference to the I. W. W. In fact the W. I. E. S. is a corporation "not for pecuniary profit," and has no **legal** connection with the I. W. W. But on the other hand of the approximately 800 shares sold, at least 750 are in the hands of active I. W. W. members, of I. U. branches and language groups. It has been endorsed by the last Convention of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 120, also by the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 Conference held at Alva, Oklahoma, pledging their hearty support to the W. I. E. S., and making the sale of shares of the W. I. E. S. part of their summer drive.

If it ever will be able to put any of the educational program in practice, it is obvious that the education it will put out will be in conformity with the I. W. W. program, not because of any laws, but because its membership being I. W. W., that membership would not countenance any other kind of educational program.

Probably some will think that since the acquiring of shares in the W. I. E. S. is not restricted solely to I. W. W. members in good standing, there is a danger that the control of this society might slip

away from the I. W. W. members, and its machinery and property be used for purposes contrary to the I. W. W. But even the possibility of that danger is averted by certain clauses of the Constitution. It is true that any worker **may** buy a share, or a voting unit (or even ten votes for that matter) but the Board of Directors is supposed to pass on the eligibility of every applicant, and he can become a member of this society only with the approval of the Board of Directors. More than that: the Board of Directors has the power to cancel the membership of any member and refund the money paid in by such member for his shares.

The policy of the W. I. E. S. is determined at its General Annual Meeting, where the Board of Directors is also elected. The membership being largely I. W. W. those General Annual Meetings will be held at the same time and in the same locality as the General Convention of the I. W. W. This is of course for the convenience of the membership of the W. I. E. S., for then all individual shareholders, all I. W. W. branches, and all I. U.'s holding shares, can send their proxies to their respective delegates to the I. W. W. convention, or to their G. E. B. member, or to some general official of the I. W. W. to represent them in the meeting. Thus although **legally** separate from the I. W. W., the same personell will determine the policy of the W. I. E. S. as that of the I. W. W. And the same element will elect the officials of the W. I. E. S. as elects the officials of the I. W. W. Therefore there is no more danger that some outsiders will gain control of the W. I. E. S. by holding a few shares, than of the same element gaining control in the I. W. W. by getting themselves I. W. W. membership cards.

But, what was the reason for organizing the W. I. E. S. if it is to do the same work that the I. W. W. was doing for the last twenty years?

The W. I. E. S. was organized as the result of the financial difficulties confronting the I. W. W. at the time of the last General Convention of the I. W. W. The delegates to that convention found that for years the revenue of the General Office of the I. W. W. was insufficient to allow it to do much constructive work. After the E. P. trouble, financial conditions got even worse. On top of that—whether wisely or not—in the midst of that critical financial situation, the general officials of that time went to work and fulfilled the wishes expressed by two general conventions of the I. W. W. to buy a building for the General Offices and for the I. U. Main Offices, and the Printing plant. The money, even for the first down payment on the building had to be borrowed, as well as the money to cover the expenses from the old place to the new. Two mortgages on the building were given for the rest.

The delegates to the convention, after mature consideration, thought that the best thing would be to sell the building to a holding company, that should create a fund to meet the payments due on the building, and hold the building for the use of the organization. It is generally believed that it is not wise for a revolutionary organization, like the I. W. W., to own property, especially real estate, not because it would tend to make the organization more conservative, but because it is a direct invitation to be dragged into court, sued for libel or for picketing, or damages done by strikes, etc.

So on the suggestion of some Finnish fellow workers it was considered advisable to imitate the methods used in handling the Finnish I. W. W. daily "Industrialisti," and the "Work People's College" of Duluth, Minnesota.

The application for incorporation of the W. I. E. S. was made by several delegates to the last General Convention of the I. W. W. with the approval of the other delegates. Since its organization in December, 1925, to the end of May, 1926, it received from sale of shares $3,585.00, of which $2,405.00 was paid on the building. At the beginning there were some heavy expenses incurred with the organization of the corporation, but since then the cost of handling the money does not exceed 10 percent.

Since it was organized it sent an organizer, jointly with the General Office of the I. W. W., to an extended tour in the East, and in March it sent the same organizer (John Kiviniemi) on an extended organization tour through the West and Northwest.

The immediate objective of the W. I. E. S. is to raise enough money through the sale of stock to be able to take over the financing of the headquarters building at 3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, thus to release the energies of the General Officials of the I. W. W. from real estate worries, and give them a chance to tend to the task of organizing a powerful union of the workers, the Industrial Workers of the World.

## OBSERVATIONS OF COVAMI

**New Jersey's Version:** "Suffer little children to come unto me and I will club the hell out of them."

* * *

**The way of liberty** is hard to those, whose feet are used to beaten paths.

* * *

**Freedom** will not die while Labor lives, and Labor is immortal.

* * *

**Direct Action:** Controlling the product of toil, by Toil, for Toil.

* * *

**All The World's** trouble is that Labor does not own labor.

# THE SLACKER

By HERBERT MINTER

When the Great War broke out I was working in Vancouver, B. C. in the Canadian Pacific Railway shops.

The call came for army volunteers. Many quit their jobs to enlist for service overseas but I had no such intention.

Recruiting posters were everywhere. Recruiting sergeants were at every busy corner trying to enlist men for France. I was stopped by them time and time again. But I always refused to join.

Two young soldiers one day spoke to me on the street and asked if I wouldn't sign to go to France. I replied "No, I haven't lost anything over there."

One of them retorted, "Neither have we."

"What are you going over for then?" I asked.

"Oh, just for fun," they answered.

I thought to myself "So, just for fun these lads are going over to kill Germans they have never seen."

I had been a sailor. I had worked with Germans and men of nearly all other nationalities. And I had found the German sailors about the same as those of any other nationality. Some of them were good; some of them were bad. I saw no reason for going over to fight them; yet as the days went on I found myself greatly troubled and wondering whether, after all, I was not mistaken.

I was pondering thus, on a stroll through Hastings Park, trying to fathom the reason or necessity for wholesale slaughter when my eyes happened to rest on a clergyman sitting on a park bench and reading a newspaper.

I sat beside him, then commented on the weather and he replied pleasantly.

Abruptly I asked whether he thought it would be right to join the army and kill my fellow man.

He replied emphatically, "It is the Lord's will. The Germans are agents of the devil. Every day I pray to God for victory for the allied troops."

"But," I said, "the Germans, and for that matter, all the nations in this war are praying for victory to the same God. Is not God a loving and Almighty God?"

"Yes," agreed the minister, "he is."

"Then," I demanded, "why doesn't he stop the war?"

"You have no right to question God's way of doing things," snapped the clergyman angrily. "You ought to join the army and fight for your country."

I too became angered and shot back at him, "You, a minister of the gospel, tell me to kill. Doesn't the bible say 'Thou shalt not kill?' It looks to me like the devil's way of doing things, not God's."

"Young man," raged the minister, "You are a heretic. I wont speak another word to you."

And he went away leaving me to conclude that most people were accepting the war blindly, but that I would do my own thinking.

As the weeks rolled by I received letters from my people in England telling me my three brothers had joined the colors and had sailed for France. Certainly none could say our family had any taint of yellow and, from the way they wrote, I gathered that my parents expected me too, to be over there soon with the Canadian forces. My kin, the posters and the brass hands, all seemed to be saying "Join."

"Join up!"

But my conscience said, "No, don't, it's all wrong." And I obeyed my conscience.

Then one day the company I was working for laid off a hundred of us. The superintendent told us our king and country wanted us and the company did not.

Up to this time I knew nothing of the cause of the war. I had merely been filled with its ballyhoo. I tried to find out from people I thought ought to know. Some said it was for the defense of our country but I could not see that. Some said it was to protect Belgium and France. Yet I figured that in other wars England and France had been enemies.

I was told, too, that it was a war over colonies, a commercial war. It seemed to me that through the press, the posters and persuasive orators those in power could create hate for any nation. I was badly confused. Unemployed and perplexed I decided I would prefer starvation rather than enter on a war that seemed wrong to me.

At that time I was very fond of a pretty little blond girl named June. She worked in the Granville restaurant, a waitress. One evening a week it had been our custom to meet, usually taking in a movie show.

We were strolling toward the theatre one evening when she asked suddenly and in a queer tone, "Joe, why don't you join the army?"

I told her why, simply, truthfully. June was silent, but she gazed at me furiously. I felt that she believed my explanation was merely an alibi.

When we met again she said she would rather walk and talk than go to the movies. She said, "I would rather look at the soldiers in their fetching uniforms."

Most of the soldiers were in khaki but we met one in a blue uniform with gold braid across his tunic and a broad gold stripe down the outer side of each trouser leg.

"What a pretty uniform," exclaimed June.

Then in a cajoling tone, "Joe, you would look fine in that and I would be proud to walk with you."

"Not in that uniform or any other uniform," I replied.

"I suppose not," she said sarcastically. I was now quite certain she thought I was afraid to enlist. The remainder of the evening passed miserably. June din't seem to notice me at all. I went home with her and kissed her goodnight but she did not return my kiss. I trudged home, despondent that she had misjudged me and that she could not realize that I was obeying my conscience and was not afraid.

Still confident, however, I went to the restaurant her next evening off. She came outside and told me that one of the girls was ill and she had taken her place for the night and that she could not go out with me until next week. It was the first evening we had missed.

I went to a poolhall to fill in the evening and met one of my old friends. He had been a shipmate in other days.

"The war is all wrong," he ventured when we approached the inevitable topic, "but the majority seem to think it is all right, so what's the use of worrying. Better do like the rest and join up."

"Nothing doing," I replied, "let's take in a show."

We went to a movie. The front rows were filled with soldiers. They sang "What's the use of worrying," "Pack up your troubles," and "Smile, smile, smile."

I thought, "Don't worry, just go across and kill and smile."

After the show I left my friend. On my way home I saw June across the street with a soldier. I gazed at her but she was so intensely interested in what the soldier was saying that she didn't see me. I was filled with anger and humiliation.

I made it my business to meet June the next evening and demanded an explanation.

"The soldier I was out with last night is not afraid to fight," she snapped, and added, "And that soldier is not a slacker."

I half shouted, "So that's the way you look at it. Your soldier hero probably joined up just because the mob was doing it, carried away by the war hysteria. He didn't stop to think. Perhaps some sweet young girl liked him better when he was in uniform. But you can't make me fight in a war I don't believe is right."

I said "Goodnight," then added "Goodby." I never saw June again.

Meanwhile all through the city men were being laid off. I looked for work but nobody wanted help. Sometimes they called me a slacker and told me to join the army, but I noticed those who gave that advice did not join up themselves. There were days of hunger and, out of sheer desperation, I almost gave in.

Then came a letter from home. My youngest brother had been killed. I saw red. Everything left my mind but the idea of vengeance for his death. I wanted to kill every German that crossed my path.

Quickly I set out to enlist. Outside the first recruiting station I found hung a tremendous poster, "Death or Glory, Boys." Beside it was a sign that read "Join now and go overseas with the Blue Devils." Another poster read "Give the Germans Hell."

I signed. In a few weeks we were in France and it wasn't long before we were at the front.

No need of telling of the hurried training and the hardships of No Man's Land. But one incident will bear relating.

We were one night hardly a stone's throw from the German line. All through the night there had been something in the air that portended action.

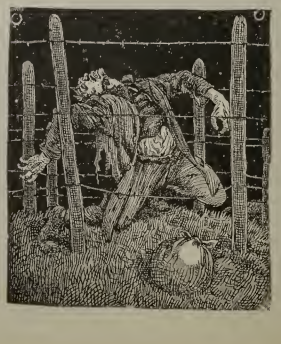
An officer came along our line towards dawn and told us that the Germans had strung up two Canadian soldiers. In retaliation we were to take no prisoners. No quarter. No mercy. Kill! Kill! Kill!

And after that any German who carelessly showed the top of his head found that there were plenty of men on our side, including myself, ready to try to blow it off. I didn't miss very often. I was out for German blood.

In the afternoon we got word to be ready to go over the top.

When the signal came I was among the first over, raging like a wild animal.

A shell struck close by. Death all around. Eight of us were separated from the others. Lost, we finally found ourselves near a German dugout.



Those inside came out with hands held high in the air.

But we had received our orders and we obeyed them.

As we looked over the bodies I felt my rage cool swiftly. One of those we had killed was a mere lad, about the age of my own brother. It came to me that killing these Germans was not avenging the death of my brother. Something was wrong.

These Germans had been sent out to fight and kill just as we had been sent, without having had anything to say about it.

And I had volunteered to fight and kill for revenge which now failed to give me satisfaction.

My fight was not with these pawns in a game—a dreadful game called war. I found myself calling it murder.

We finally found our company. Both sides had suffered terrible losses. I was disgusted with it all. I felt that in joining the army I had been a slacker. But I was in the army and for months after I remained in No Man's Land. My war lust was gone. When I killed it was only to protect my own life. I was sickened by the inhuman deeds I saw committed on both sides by war-crazed men. But I was helpless to stop it.

At Vimy Ridge I was wounded in the leg and sent back of the lines. They patched me up and sent me to England on crutches.

A band met us at the pier and a crowd cheered us as valiant heroes.

But I knew that I was a slacker.

At home, too, my folks greeted me as a hero.

Both my brothers were wounded, one of them remained a wreck.

They say we won the war. Perhaps we did, but every nation was loser.

Perhaps some day humanity will make inhumanity impossible.

This can only be accomplished by the organized power of the working class.

## They Will Say

By CARL SANDBURG

Of my city the worst that men will ever say is this:
You took little children away from the sun and the dew,
And the glimmers that played in the grass under the great sky,
And the reckless rain; you put them between walls
To work, broken and smothered, for bread and wages,
To eat dust in their throats and die empty-hearted
For a little handful of pay on a few Saturday nights.

—From Chicago Poems.



# American History in an Economic Light

By JOHN I. TURNER

## A BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE STATUS OF THE WORKER IN COLONIAL TIMES AND DURING THE FIRST YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

Voltaire said that his first steps toward acquiring knowledge was in unlearning what he had learned at school. The same thing is probably as true in many cases today as it was in the days of Voltaire. The general tendency in all schools, under the present system, is to teach the child false ideas that will create within his mind respect for the existing order of society. Especially do the ruling class desire to have the workers patriotic. Consequently the child is told many stories about the great and noble deeds of the fathers of his country. This is more true of America than of any other country. Here the school boy is made to believe that the most of the early settlers of the colonists were as spotless as saints. Patrick Henry, Captain John Smith, George Washington and many others are characters that stand out as examples of everything good in men. To him the American revolution was a fight for freedom and the constitution of the United States was framed to protect civil liberties. And such are the common opinions today. But a little research into the economic history of America will enable us to see our forefathers and the institutions they created in a different light.

The idea that America in the early days was a land of equal opportunities to all is erroneous. The colonial lands were grabbed by members of the aristocracy of England and other countries. These grabs were commonly executed through land grants made by foreign sovereigns. European kings and queens found that granting large tracts of American lands was an inexpensive way of rewarding their favorites. In other words, a landed aristocracy was transplanted from Europe to the Colonies.

From the beginning they enacted laws to protect themselves in their holdings and to enable them to grab more and perpetuate a system of exploitation and domination that their ownership of the means of life made possible.

As manufacturing developed the landed aristocrats became manufacturers and commercial traders. They had to have workers to exploit. In addition to the black chattel slaves, who were introduced into Virginia early in the seventeenth century, white slaves in ship loads were imported from England. They were known as bonded and indentured servants.

The conditions of the workers of England were bad. Many, hoping for relief from oppression, sought a way to America. Lacking the means of transportation they would agree to a term of servitude here in payment of their passage. The ship owners that plied this trade would sell them to the plantation owners for from five to seven years, according to the terms of indenture. After serving the required time they were to be freed.

Thousands of felons were released from prisons to be brought over to long terms of servitude. Usually they had been convicted of debt or other trivial offenses for which the English laws provided severe punishment. Also, thousands of women and children of the poorer classes were kidnaped and shipped to America by unscrupulous traders.

Colonial laws were drastic in regard to these servants. In some colonies a servant would have five days added to his or her term of servitude for each day's absence from work without the master's consent. Sometimes a few days' absence would give the master authority to double the time of the indenture. Violations of other petty laws gave grounds for further lengthening of the term of slavery. Whipping as a punishment for servants was meted out by the courts. The "courts" were always masters and land owners. In the cases of black slaves the Virginia laws provided for dismembering, such as the plucking out of an eye or the removal of a hand.

After his release from indenture a servant was faced with a serious situation. His most vigorous days had been spent in the services of his master. The only land available was far out among the Indian settlements. To take land under such circumstances was to an individual practically out of the question. He could only offer his services as a wage worker and compete with the chattel slaves and bonded and indentured servants who constituted more than half of the workers of America. His lot was by no means a happy one.

Under colonial laws many workers were imprisoned for debt. Long sentences were handed out for the most trivial offenses. The prisons were filthy and vermin-infested. Often they were underground and dark and damp. The ventilation was poor and the food horrible.

The Revolutionary war was a fight between the English and American manufacturers. The manufacturing classes of this country demanded the right to manufacture whatever they desired to and the right to sell their wares created through the exploitation of American workers.

The intelligent workers of the States were not enthusiastic about going to war. They knew that it was not a war to free them. In spite of much

(Continued on Page 47)

# A Letter to Jesus

By COVINGTON AMI

Jesus Christ,
Paradise Avenue,
New Jerusalem, Universe.

Dear Fellow Worker:

I just now picked up the Universalist Leader, which is published in Boston, Mass., which is an ancient city located in the northeastern corner of the United States, which is another Holy Empire that has come into existence since the first one crucified you. I tell you all this because I thought you might not know anything about the new geography of Earth, said geography having been carved up considerable since you left here injuncting the Christians to always live together, regardless of race, nationality or previous condition of servitude, in one great Brotherhood. Incidentally, in carving up the map of the earth, said Christians—leastways that's what they call themselves—I ain't saying nothing against you, you understand—have carved up each other and whole hosts of innocent bystanders something shameful, and are still at it.

But I digress. As I was saying, I just read in the Universalist Leader, page 24, May 24, 1924, a heluva statement made in a resolution adopted by a conference of the Universalist Church—it's one of your churches, they claim, and not one of the worst either—sitting in Birmingham, England—which is a city on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean across the way from Boston, Mass.—and this is what they said:

"Recognizing that, as the State is ordained by God, Christians ought loyally to accept its obligations and duties of citizenship. The authority of the State ought only to be challenged in the name of God."

Is that true? I don't believe God guilty of doing any such thing. But I am not a Christian any more than you were, so am not an expert in the ways of God. Anyway, it don't seem reasonable to me that God would go to work and create about 1,750,000,000 human beings and then ordain the State and turn it loose to commit wholesale murder on them by styling said wholesale murder "glorious war." Neither does it seem reasonable to me that he who "gave the earth to Adam and his children forever" would come along centuries later and ordain the State—I hunch **you** know something about what the State is from your own experiences with the Holy Roman Empire, on which all our modern States are patterned—to steal it from them and hand it over to the same sort of gang as you scourged out of the temple, moneychangers and the like. It ain't true, is it? I don't believe it of God. Do you? I **know** God didn't ordain the State to let the Bosses (who own the Politicians who are the State) fill their sweatshops, cotton, woolen and silk mills and canning factories full of millions of helpless little children and exploit them to death. At least I know **your** God didn't do that, because you loved little children so. But then, as I said, you were not a Christian and, maybe, therefore, you didn't know what a real, honest-to-god God was.

You will also note that after libeling God by holding him and not the Plutocrats and Politicians responsible for the ordaining of the State, the resolution coolly goes on to affirm that, "The authority of the State ought only to be challenged in the name of God." Well, why don't God challenge it? If anybody libeled even me that way I'd sure challenge him, them or it, all right. And that isn't the worst of it. This here State in which I am living doesn't recognize any such thing in its Constitution. It says it is ordained by "Us, The People." That's a lie, too—'cause the American Empire was ordained just like the Roman Empire and every other State the poor old earth has so far bled under—by guns and swords and cannon and gallows and jails, by the plunderers, of the plunderers, and for the plunderers . . . . . But, as I was saying, that ain't the worst of it, 'cause if this here State ain't ordained by God how in the name of God am I or any other of its citizens going to challenge its authority "in the name of God"? It can't be did, leastways not here in the U. S. A. But why "only in the name of God?" That's what I want to know. I don't believe it. I don't believe God, leastways your God, ever ordained any such crooked business. I don't believe God is at all responsible, and I don't believe it because it seems unreasonable to me that an honest God would ever have created a Politician or a merciful One a Plutocrat, especially the bunch that's at present running this Holy Protestant Roman Ku Klux 100 per cent American Empire.

You won't believe it, because you weren't a Christian, but the jails of this Christian country are full of men whose only crime was and is that they wanted the Earth God Almighty said He gave to them forever. You may not be able to understand how good Christians could make the All-Father out a "liar and the father of liars," but, then, Christians have reformed a lot since you saved them by getting yourself lynched. You bet they have! They now do unto other workingmen just exactly what was done unto you and your fellow workers two thousand years ago, and they do it to the tune of "Onward Christian soldiers" too. I ain't lying. It's the truth I'm telling you. They, the Christians, have just ended a world war in which more than twenty million (20,000,000)—do you get that?—

boys and young men were slaughtered and maimed on the battlefields alone, and they did, to hear them tell it, "all for Jesus and Democracy"—that is, all except the German Kaiser's boobs, who said they done it "for God and Culture."

Now, I ask you, after all this, don't you think the Universalists have some gall to come here saying that God ordained the State? I don't believe it. Do you? I know you don't, even though the Universalists who hold that no soul will ever be lost but that all will be saved, which is some better than lots of others who come teaching in your name, mind you, that about ninety-nine per cent of the human race, especially the working class part of it, is headed straight for hell in spite of your teachings to the contrary. If I got up here and said that none of our rich men could get into heaven, like you did, without first selling all they had and dividing it up with the poor, I'd be on my way to Fort Leavenworth before I knew where I was at. You may not believe this, either, but Pilate had nothing on our judges, even though he too believed the State was God, Private Property the Holy Ghost, the Plutes their elect, and the Politicians their Priesthood. It's hell, I tell you, and the State is it—I don't care what the Priests, Preachers and Rabbis say. I can't help it. You know how it is, you who were, not only a heretic, but a "Blasphemer," an "enemy of Caesar," that is to say, of the State, and, worse still, "a friend of publicans and sinners," that is to say, of "damn radicals" and workingmen and women. You even had the nerve to defend prostitutes against respectability, and you did even worse —in an Empire where millions of men were out of work you were so unpatriotic as to incite them to criminal syndicalism by treasonably declaring that "the birds of the air have their nests and the beasts of the field their holes, but the son of man has not where to lay his head." Your "intent" to overthrow the government, to bring law and order into disrepute and contempt, and to blaspheme your "God, your Country and your Flag" could not have been made clearer had you tried. Worse still, you said: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," when you well knew that if only those things were rendered unto Caesar that were lawfully and rightfully his, he would have to go to work for a living, and that is something no Politician and Plutocrat can contemplate without wanting to crucify somebody. You know how it is. So do we Wobblies.

Well, I've talked longer than I started out to, but even at that I've told you hardly anything at all about what's going on down here in Christian Civilization. Even the Heathens are rebelling against it. The Russians and Chinese are simply raising hell, but "we freeborn Americans mean to save the world for Christianity and Democracy if we have to kill every goddam rebel on Earth to do it." This may comfort you a little, for we are a great people (we say so ourselves), even if our plan does shoot your idea of the "Brotherhood of Man" all to pieces. That's all. Only, if God did ordain the State, what did he have against humanity?

Good luck and love from

VOC, the Barbarian.

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# Working Too Hard

AFTER glancing at the title of this little narrative, the busy reader will be inclined to say, "Yes, that's what we are doing all the time, and getting very little for it! Give us something new, we are tired of that subject!" True enough, dear reader, I agree with you; but this is not written with the intention of elaborating on the dignity and beauty of manly toil, or honest labor; nor is it a homily, affirming or confirming that man must "'eat by the sweat of his brow," far far, from it, friend!

The writer in sweet anticipation of a new and a more just economic system, dares to look into the future ,and foretaste some of the quaint situations, which are bound to arise, out of a slave class set free from wage slavery and living in a society the direct antithesis of the one we have at present! In the economic system of today our masters never complain of our having "worked too hard!"

They would indeed tell us that such a thing were impossible.

Our master's belief is speed, celerity, alacrity, and still more of it; that is of course apart from their own mental and physical activities; the realm in which **they** are "fast" is a different one, of which any reader of the daily press is no doubt well acquainted!

In this forestalling of the coming era, in which everyone will be put to useful and productive labor, and where all shall share proportionally in the produce thereof, it does not need any great flight of the imagination to realize that the worker will have the time and opportunity for the leisurely pursuit of learning, sport, and amusement. In fact, the cultivation of such will most likely be insisted upon, by those whom we elect to our central councils, or industrial union councils, just as today children are

forced to go to school for their own good; and it is not difficult to predict that good, honest fellow-worker, "The Gyppo," is likely to fall foul of the new laws relating to that much-abused term "Work!"

If the reader is still with me, has had, as it were, the fortitude to follow this discourse thus far, I would beg him to exercise his patience still further, and take comfort in the thought that surely the writer has already done his worst, and the writer solemnly agrees to keep a firm hold on the lines and curb his fertile imagination as much as possible, from soaring into the unknown and unfathomed realm of utopia!

The story opens as a car drives up to the door of one of the national sanitariums, which are provided in lieu of prisons for the treatment of workers who are suffering from perverse habits or criminal instincts!

In these places those who are abnormal in any way are treated by doctors specially trained in psychology; the idea being that anyone who breaks the laws of the community must necessarily be sick! There must be something radically wrong with a man who would steal, when food, clothing and shelter and the comforts and necessities of life are the common birthright of all, or who would commit crimes of violence when all incentive has been taken away, and all are friends working in harmony together!

The sanitariums at this time, owing to the reduction of crime, are mostly used for the correction of those who have committed minor infractions of the new laws now in force!

As the car stops at the door of the sanitarium, two men alight and walking briskly up to the door, ring the bell; both are stalwart citizens, one a genial Irishman with merry, twinkling eyes, the other with exceptionally broad, stooping shoulders, dark saturnine complexion, and small, beady eyes, glancing around suspiciously, as though he does not like the looks of the place. The door is opened and they are admitted by an orderly into the consulting room where they are greeted by the doctor, a shrewd-looking, slim-built man of middle age.

The Irishman, taking a packet of papers from his pocket, hands them to the doctor, saying, "A new patient for you, Dr. Newman! A friend of mine, take good care of him!"

"I'll do that alright!" says the doctor, smilingly, as he opens the papers and commences reading as follows:

"From: Sec. Lumber Workers' District Council: The patient, Fellow Worker John Block, has become a nuisance to the community here owing to a propensity for working too hard. He has neglected all studies and seems determined to remain in an ignorant and uncultivated state all his life. It is true that he has only a meager intelligence, but even this he has refrained from exercising; his last escapade consisted in sneaking off into the local forest reserve at times when he should have been studying, exercising or amusing himself; and when discovered by the forest ranger, he was hard at work, 'sweating like a bull,' using a one-man saw, which has been forbidden, as a wicked waste of human energy. The ranger on investigating found that he had cut down and bucked nearly two hundred trees which had been marked for preservation.

"This is only one of his many outbreaks into what might be termed veritable orgies of physical labor. I hope you will be able to cure him of this obnoxious habit and send him back to the community normal. Yours truly, Sec. L. W. D. C."

The doctor then reads the patient's medical history sheet, which gives the following information:

"John Block, son of A. Block, who was perfectly normal, but whose father, John Block, was a "Gyppo" worker in the woods under the old capitalist system. The patient seems to be a throw-back and early in life at the age of fourteen became strange and moody, refusing to play with other boys, and developed an intense love for work, necessary or unnecessary. After undergoing a course of treatment at one of the eastern sanitariums the malady left him."

The doctor glances through the report of the eastern sanitarium and then goes into the next room to call his father, Professor Newman. The professor, an old, white-haired gentleman comes into the room and his son hands him the papers, saying: "A peculiar case, Professor! I would like to hear your opinion about it!"

The old gentleman puts on his glasses and, on reading the reports, walks over to Mr. Block and begins a minute examination of his head, in the same way as one would examine a statue, a picture, or some other "work of art." He scrutinizes it from all directions, at all angles, even going the length of feeling with his fingers among the thick shock of hair, to the intense disgust and annoyance of Mr. Block, who evidently does not like the proceedings in the least.

The professor seemingly at last satisfied with the result of his examination turns to the doctor and says, "This is indeed a srange case in these days; the patient is the victim of the law of heredity. A clear case of reverting to type; a mental throw-back, and a striking example of the 'Genus Scissorbill.' A product of the old capitalist system."

"What is a Scissorbill?" exclaims his son, who had never heard the term before; being one of the new school.

The professor smiles as he clears his throat in preparation to give answer; for it is not often that the aged get the chance to instruct, and he thought to take advantage of the opportunity. "It is a long story," he said, "but to be as brief as possible, the 'Scissorbill' was a class of worker under the old capitalist system, who gave a greater return to the masters for the amount of remuneration received, than the other workers. At that time in the history

of the world, the worker toiled for wages, which represented in money form, the amount of food, clothing and shelter, that it was necessary for laborers to have in order that they might be able to continue to produce surplus value for their master.

"The worker got the value of the first two hours of the working day, and the next six to eight hours that he worked were then surplus value for his employer.

"In order to incite the workers to greater efforts while on the job, different schemes were tried, among them being the contract or 'Gyppo system;' under this scheme the worker sub-contracted from the boss and worked 'by the piece,' 'by the mile' or 'by the bushel,' according to the class of work to be done.

"Very few workers fell for this system, for it meant more intensified labor, longer hours, worse conditions on the job, and a contract that couldn't be broken at a minute's notice, without severe financial loss.

"This was only another form of wage slavery, dignified by the mistaken notion that the worker was his own boss.

"This system was a paying one for the employers, who encouraged it in every way. They didn't require foremen to superintend, because the workers drove themselves mercilessly. The slaves who toiled under the contract system were called 'Gyppos' by the other workers because they were unfair to them or gypped them, as they termed it, doing more work for less pay. To be a good 'Gyppo' the requirements were 'a strong back, and a weak head,' and the stronger the back, and the weaker the mental processes, the better the 'Gyppo.'

"The workers at about this time started to organize into Industrial Unions to combat the capitalist class, and one of the greatest evils they had to fight against was this 'Gyppo system,' or piecework system.

"The workers flocked into their 'industrial unions' in large numbers and after several fiercely fought battles, on the industrial field, they were at last successful, and overthrew the master class, and put them to work in the industries.

'The patient is one of those unfortunate workers, who have inherited some of the evil characteristics, which were the direct outcome of that iniquitous system," said the professor in finishing, as he glanced at "Mr. Block," who shuffled uneasily on his feet, the very embodiment of mental distress.

The doctor, who had been studying the patient, throughout this examination, turned to the professor and said, "I begin to understand the case better now, Professor, after what you have told me, but what do you think would be the best treatment to use?"

The professor smiled reassuringly to "Mr. Block" as he made answer. "The case is an unusual one, and requires unusual treatment, but nothing that should alarm the poor unfortunate. I would advise a light diet, but with liberal quantities of fish of any variety for brain nourishment. I would also prescribe liberal doses of that old classical composition, 'The Right to Be Lazy,' by Paul La Fargue.

"The patient must be made to read it aloud, and encouraged to study it day and night; certain of the more vigorous, soul-searching passages he should be taught to memorize, until the truth seeps through to his unconscious mind, or inner intelligence. If this should prove to be unsuccessful, reduce the diet, until it has the desired effect."

The doctor nodded gravely, as he said: "I will follow your advice, Professor! I am sure it could not be improved upon; and I thank you, on behalf of the patient, for the consideration you have given his case!"

What sounds almost like a groan, escapes from the lips of Mr. Block as he hears sentence passed, and he winces perceivably at the mention of the reduction of diet. The doctor rings a bell for the orderly and, on his entering the room, gives him instructions to show the patient to his quarters, and see that he is made comfortable for the night. As Mr. Block is escorted away by the orderly, the doctor turns to the Irishman, who has been a quiet, though interested spectator of the whole proceedings, and says: "I am afraid you have brought us a very peculiar case, Fellow Worker, and one that won't readily succumb to any treatment; but we will do our best to send him back to the community perfectly cured."

The doctor signs some papers and hands them to the Irishman, who leaves the sanitarium and drives away. The next morning, the orderly rushes into the consulting room, in an excited state, and speaking to the doctor says: "The patient ran amuck early this morning! On going to his room, I found he had escaped, and in searching the grounds for him, discovered that he had been to the stable, where he had cleaned and harnessed four horses, cut and split nearly half a cord of wood, and when I found him in the garden, he was digging a hole, and was almost out of sight; when I pulled him out he was sweating profusely and almost exhausted. I asked him what he was digging for, and he said he was looking for the bottom!"

The doctor smiles sadly and shakes his head. "What an anachronism," he says, "in the old days the Long Bell or Baron Weyerhauser would have had thousands like him, but now all his kind have died. Now he's lonely and nervous—perhaps after all we'd better put him in a cage in the Museum of Natural History."

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Men generally regard that to be their country's good which is correspondent with their own connection.—**Oliver Goldsmith.**

Let not your terrors rise to fever heat,
Our age is lenient with those who cheat.
—**Balzac.**

# Editorials

**SACCO AND VANZETTI.**—The cases of Sacco and Vanzetti are being discussed wherever working men and women are organized in all parts of the world. And rightly so. The persecution of one member of the working class on account of his activities in the cause of labor or because he has defended some other persecuted worker should rally to his defense every other organized worker no matter what organization he happens to be a part of. The motto of our organization, "An Injury to One is an Injury to All," will be applied by all members of the I. W. W. to this case. Read the article on Sacco and Vanzetti in this issue of the Pioneer, and do all you can to give them the help they need.

**OTHER PRISONERS.**—While the case of Sacco and Vanzetti has again been brought into the foreground and we must aid in every possible way the effort to save them from the electric chair, it is well to bear in mind that the victims of the Centralia conspiracy and the C. S. law are still behind the walls of the Walla Walla penitentiary with no immediate prospect of freedom; that scores of our fellow workers are still doing time in the hell holes of San Quentin and Folsom and a few in the penitentiaries of South Dakota, Kansas, Missouri and Maine; that Tom Mooney and Warren Billings, railroaded on perjured testimony ten years ago, and Herman Suhr, similarly framed in 1914 following the strike on Durst Bros.' ranch, are doing life because of their labor activities; that Rangel and Cline and others are still incarcerated in Texas.

The efforts now being made in behalf of all these victims of the class war should have the support of every member of the working class. Every time the employers succeed in lynching, executing or imprisoning a worker who has opposed their program, they are emboldened by that success and are ready to go to further extremes when another worker is marked as victim. They have shown their power in the Ludlow and Everett massacres and on many other occasions. They are showing their power today in the cases of Sacco and Vanzetti and the continued persecution of many of our fellow workers. Tomorrow and as long as the capitalist system exists the masters will again and again make savage attacks upon those of the workers who dare to oppose their plans. Sacco and Vanzetti today—perhaps you yourself or your best friend tomorrow. We cannot afford to assume an attitude of indifference. For our own sakes we must strive our utmost to wrest these victims from the clutches of the monster and, this accomplished, hold ourselves ever in readiness to resist further attacks.

Defense is both important and necessary and must be given every possible support. But with the work of defense must go the work of organization. Organized, the workers have power and as organization grows among the workers increased power is imparted to the defense. Your dollar for the defense is not enough. It is necessary for you also to do your part in building up the organization, adding the power of others to your own power and thereby weakening the power of the enemy. Every organized worker can and should do his part in both lines of endeavor; when he does there will be fewer working class victims and the workers, organized, will be ready for the final struggle.

**ORGANIZATION IS POWER.**—The captains of industry have power over the mass of the people and the governments that represent the people because they are organized for production. The overlords in the financial world have power over the lives of the people of other countries as well as those of their own country because they

have gained control of the world's finances through organization.

You must have a tooth pulled? The dentist tells you his price and you find it high. But a trip to the other agony offices convinces you that the dentists have agreed to charge a uniform price. Sure, they are organized.

The doctor may cancel your bill or take any part of it that you can pay, but he will tell you that he must charge the full fee as he is a member of the medical association.

Lawyers are organized and are not allowed to charge below the fee stipulated by their association.

To the extent that they are organized all of them exercise Power.

There are about thirty million wage workers in this country; less than one-sixth of them are in labor unions. Many of those who are organized are in unions that lack real power on account of their form of organization.

Capital organized and powerful; labor eighty per cent unorganized and correspondingly weak. Is labor's situation hopeless? By no means hopeless! The I. W. W. offers a plan of organization through which the workers can gain the power they now lack.

Read the preamble of the I. W. W. on the cover page of this issue. If you cannot get in touch with an organizer or delegate write to the Pioneer for information.

**HAND IN HAND.**—Organization and education go hand in hand. When working among the unorganized it is necessary to show the workers the quality of the organization we wish them to join. That in itself is part of the general scheme of education. When the particular worker is convinced that the I. W. W. offers him a plan of organization that will enable him, together with his co-workers, to better conditions on the job and increase his wages, he has at least started on his own education. But giving him a copy of the constitution and by-laws and expecting that to be sufficient to keep him in line as a class-conscious member of the organization, is a shortsighted policy.

What the new member needs is encouragement to continue his education along the lines of the class struggle. It is often impossible for the organizer or delegate who makes out the card to do more than hand out a few papers or leaflets and it is often the case that months pass before this recruit sees another copy of an I. W. W. paper. True, he is given the address of the main office of his industrial union and that of the general office, but 95% of the new members do not, for various reasons, write in to these offices to ask for papers or information.

The work of education should not stop when the worker becomes a member of the organization. If he will not take the first step the organization should. The names and addresses of new members should be listed at both the main office of the industrial union and at the general office of the I. W. W. at least once a month, and as soon as possible after he has joined, a communication should be sent to the new member encouraging him to take an interest in the periodicals and literature of the I. W. W. and outlining for him a course of reading that will go far to give him the education on economics that every worker should have.

Education and organization go hand in hand. Education through the holding of meetings and the distribution of literature is often followed by successful organization; but education should not stop there.

**THE COAL STRIKE.**—The English coal miners are still on strike. In fact, the strike is just now in its preliminary stages, as is indicated by the statements being put out by the strikers, the owners of the coal mines and the British government. No attempt is being to work the mines as the solidarity of the striking miners is absolute. The effort to starve them into submission will fail.

Was the general strike a failure? To the extent that the strikers permitted spineless, fearful, yellow leaders to represent them and gave them power to call the strike on or off, it was a failure. But the solidarity shown by the rank and file of the British workers who took part in the general strike, has proven to the world that these same workers can be depended upon not only

to carry through a general strike, but also to display the same solidarity when they are called upon to take over the industries for the real producers.

**PASSAIC.**—"Something New in strikes" was the characterization of the Passaic strike by one of its organizers in her speech at a meeting recently held in Chicago.

The strike is the old story of workers driven to desperation by the greed of employers. Unorganized, working long hours, driven to ever greater efforts in their daily grind, subjected to one cut after the other in their already miserably inadequate pay, to strike was their only chance for relief.

But the unconquerable spirit these child, women and men strikers have shown is something new and inspiring in the labor movement. Their courage and determination have made useless the fierce attacks upon them by police and company thugs; not only made these brutalities useless, but turned them to the advantage of the strikers themselves until now they have the hearty support of all other union men and women throughout the country.

That a decisive victory may be theirs is the wish of all workers who are true to their class.

## American History in an Economic Light

(Continued from Page 40)

coercion and intimidation to enforce support of the revolution the promoters of it had to hire thousands of European mercenaries to make up a sufficient army to carry the war to a successful conclusion.

George Washington, who owned slaves both black and white, was an aristocrat by birth and looked with contempt upon the poorly-clad and uncouth soldiers of the Continental army when he reviewed them. Patrick Henry, who said "Give me liberty or give me death," owned chattel slaves and wanted the liberty to trade and grow wealthier by exploiting his slaves.

The constitutional convention was a conspiracy of the land-owning and manufacturing classes to organize a government that would enable them to develop and perpetuate their system of exploitation. The workers were not represented. All of the delegates were of the propertied class or were their representatives. They sat behind locked doors and none were allowed to take notes of the proceedings without special permission from that body. All through the convention the question of how to prevent the workers from having any influence in government kept coming up. They could not afford to endanger their power.

That the constitution met with the approval of the propertied classes might well be illustrated by General Henry Knox from New York in a letter to his friend, Livingstone: "The commercial part of the state, to which are added the men of considerable property, the clergy, the lawyers, including all of the officers of the late army, and also the neighborhood of the great towns" were pleased with it.

The establishing of the Supreme Court was one of the well thought-out plans of the aristocracy to keep themselves and their heirs in power. The court may declare laws null and void or interpret them to please the class that appoints them to their lifetime job. A reading of Gustavus Meyers' "History of the Supreme Court" will give one an interesting insight to the workings of an institution that has well served the purpose for which it was created.

The late Teapot Dome exposure has revealed a little of the official crookedness that has been going on in this country from the inception of this glorious system of government. The game is not new. Alexander Hamilton, an influential delegate to the constitutional convention, like many others of the fathers of "our" country would probably be a fit companion for Harry M. Daugherty, were he alive today.

When the workers of America learn what kind of a game has been played against them, and of how they have been deceived by a dynasty of wealth-grabbing crooks, what will they do? Let us hope that they will organize to separate the robbers from their spoils.

### NO CHANCE

Brother: "Run upstairs and get my watch."
Madge: "Oh, wait awhile and it'll run down."
Brother: "No, it won't. Ours is a winding staircase."

# WOBBLES




Mrs. G. VanBlodiwad, young matron of America's blue-blooded circle, registers pained nausea at mention of the Passaic strike. "Indeed, my dear, those horrid bolsheviks caused all the trouble. The workers were quite happy and contented. Why, I am told some of them even have curtains to their windows."

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The invasion of foreign armies you can always resist; the invasion of new ideas—never.—**Victor Hugo.**

## SO DO WE

The lecturer on health had finished his discourse and invited his audience to ask any questions they chose concerning points that might seem to need clearing up, when a tired looking man inquired anxiously: "Professor, what do you do when you can't sleep at night?"

"I usually stay awake, although, of course, everybody should feel at liberty to do otherwise. Are there any other questions?"

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## WORMY BUSINESS

"She answered the ad of an American 'obesity specialist' who averred that a capsule a day keeps the fat away. She sent ten dollars for which she received a box of twenty-one capsules, one capsule to be swallowed before each meal. After she had taken half a dozen of them she happened to leave one of the capsules on the table, and an hour or so later she noticed it still there, but this time the rays from the mid-afternoon sun shone upon it. She looked at the capsule idly, and looking, she imagined she saw it move. She rubbed her eyes and looked again. It DID move. She opened the capsule and found, in the middle of a powdered compound, a very active little worm. Then she went after the other capsules and found a worm in each of them, all in different stages of growth. Investigation by an expert proved that each of these worms was a young intestinal parasite."

Well, business is business, even if it is a bit wormy. If the lady does not like that cure for obesity, she can try some other cure. Every child knows this is the most glorious country in the world.

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## AWAITING ORDERS

The stationmaster on the East Indian Railway had been given strict orders not to do anything out of the ordinary without authority from the superintendent. This accounts for his sending the following telegram:

"Superintendent's Office, Calcutta: Tiger on platform eating conductor. Please wire instructions."—**Jewelers' Circular.**

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## THERE ARE LOTS OF JOHNS

"John," asked the teacher, "what is a synonym?"

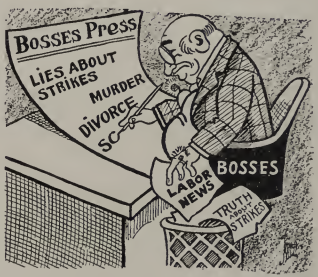
"A synonym," replied John, "is the word you use when you can't spell the other one."—**Harper's Magazine.**

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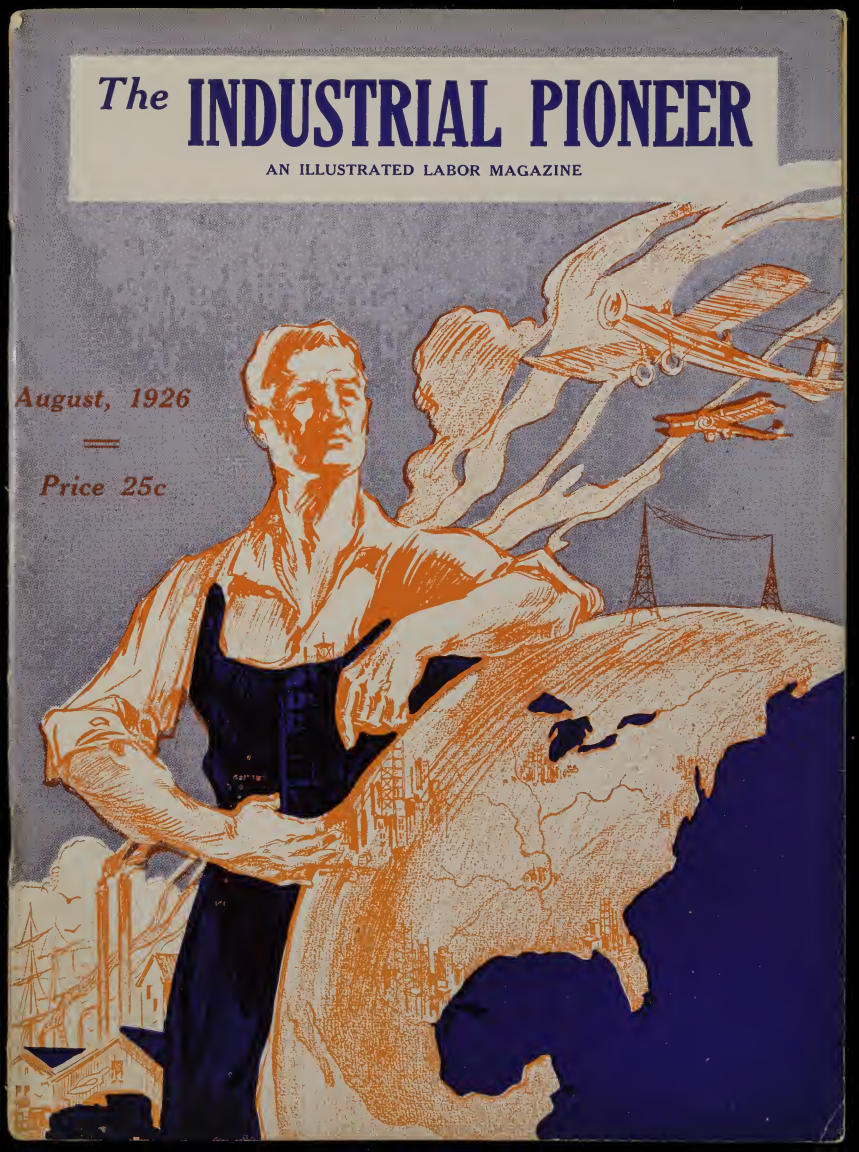
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August, 1926

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## PREAMBLE OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can he no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to he pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, therehy helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the helief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only hy an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our hanner the revolutionary watchword, "Aholition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, hut also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

# The Stomach and the Undertaker

By PASQUALE RUSSO

**THE FOOD BARON'S PAUNCH GAINS WEIGHT WHILE YOURS IS PREPARED FOR EMBALMING**

THE ALARM clock announces the morning by its ringing; you must get up and away to work. You hesitate in leaving the warm and comfortable bed, and in doing so you feel yourself to be sick as usual; your stomach troubles you. But since you cannot well afford to lose a day's pay, you leave the bed and wash yourself, after which you take a glass of water containing a spoonful of bicarbonate of soda. You do this in the belief that it will relieve the acidity of your stomach. This however, is only an illusion. Temporarily the soda will relieve you, but in a short while you will again be tortured by the acidity of the stomach.

Going to some nearby restaurant you have your breakfast, and from there proceed to work. During the noon hour you eat a beef stew or some hash, and it is now that you discover, much to your own surprise that the bicarbonate of soda has been ineffective. In spite of this experience, you feel the need for relief, so the bicarbonate of soda is once more resorted to, continuing from day to day, from week to week and from month to month, until you are compelled to call a doctor, who, by the way, only adds to your misery. In due course, Death comes to relieve the misery, and the undertaker carts away your carcass.

The above mentioned in-

(Continued on next page.)



RESTAURANT FRUIT
What The Food Trust Makes of Man In An Age of Capitalism



Here you see a figure representing the hotel owner, the restaurant owner, the undertaker, or the coffin maker—what you like, so long as you imagine him connected with the business of purveying adulterated and unwholesome food, and carting away the victims of food poisoning. He celebrates jovially—he doesn't care what harm he does so long as he can get the cash. The hired assassin of old at least took some dangers along with his bribe—the modern gunman at least is sometimes placed on trial, like Durkin. But the killer who confines his activities within the frame of modern capitalism is not only free and unhampered in those activities—he is also one of our leading citizens. There is only one way to end the slaughter, and that is to overthrow capitalism. Let food workers, especially, remove the stain from their profession by joining Foodstuff Workers' Industrial Union No. 460, of the I. W. W.

cidents are not imaginery, but are real events that go to make up a daily trágedy taking place in all parts of United States. Thousands of men, women and children have been borne through the gate of the cemetery owing to improper regard for the stomach. They have paid the penalty of not asking the question, "Why am I sick?" The great majority, in Chicago, and elswhere for that matter, do not trouble themselves about the stomach's welfare. Why is this? Because in most instances they are mis-informed. They concern themselves about politics, baseball and jazz, but give no thought to their illness. This is a species of folly and, in a measure, explains why thousands are forced, prematurely, to silent rest in the cemetery.

Workingmen and workingwomen, not at all ready to die; having no particular desire to increase the revenues of the undertaker, should take a moment and ask themselves the question: "Why this disorder with my stomach?"

### Sad News

Statistics, alarming indeed, demonstrate that thousands of persons are killed each year in the United States by reckless drivers of automobiles. Other thousands in violating the Volstead act, commit a sort of unpremeditated suicide. Adding these two items the numbers are insignificant as compared with the deaths due to unwholesome and adulterated foods. No statistician yet has submitted a list of the victims of the greedy food barons. For a dirty dollar the boot-legger sells a poisonous concoction; he has no regard for the health of the public, and the same can be said with equal truth about another class of criminals, i. e., the restaurant owners. In order to enrich themselves, they deliberately supply large sections of the population with unwholesome food. They have no regard for the health of the public, and yet they pose as respectable citizens of the commonwealth. This greed, especially prevalent among hotel and restaurant owners, accounts, in large measure, for the loss of life of thousands.

Most persons condemn Druggan, Lake and the Gennas for selling illicit liquors to the public, and it is well that this is so, but there should also be some effective protest made about another class of criminals—those who deliberately sell unwholesome food to the public. The public is silent regarding this matter, in the main because the greater number of persons are kept in ignorance about the conditions maintained in every restaurant. The fact of the matter is that we are in a position to state positively that Ernest Stevens of the Hotel LaSalle, H. C. Moir of the Morrison Hotel, Joseph Byfield of the Sherman House, and hundreds of other hotel and restaurant owners are as guilty of selling unwholesome food as are the Lakes and Gennas of selling illicit liquors. This charge is not based on some fantastic dream, but on facts, obtainable by a few moments' investigation.

### Booze and Food

A thirsty man, little considering the risk, accepts a drink from a bootlegger. Little does he think of the poison with which he floods the stomach. The liquor satisfies a craving. The same reasoning may be applied to man when hungry. He goes to a restaurant and orders from the bill-of-fare to satisfy his hunger, little realizing that he exposes his stomach to danger, in so doing. He eats, little thinking of how the food is prepared; the sanitation of the kitchen he never questions, and the condition of the cooking vessels never enters his mind. In a sense, no blame should fall on him; he is a victim of a system based on profit. The man who eats in a restaurant little dreams that in the kitchen is a food bootlegger, called "cook" or "chef." The cook or chef receives instructions from manager or owner, and it is this latter who is *responsible* for the insanitary conditions prevailing in kitchens, and for the unwholesome food served to the public.

### The Foodlegger

In very nearly every case the proprietor of a restaurant is no more concerned about the health of his patrons than is the average boot-legger. He is in business, not for the purpose of conserving the health of the public or his patrons, but to accumulate money, and as a consequence it is no concern of his how many persons are brought to death annually by unwholesome food. True, there was a time (Cont'd on Page 30)

# REVOLT

(By HENRY GEORGE WEISS)

Go tell the courts of Master-kind the blessed day is here
When men shall voice their wrongs aloud, nor cringe from them
in fear.
Go blazon it throughout the land that Freedom is awake
To strive, to struggle and achieve, to dominate and take
The social ownership away from those who would oppress
Their fellow humans with a caste that denies them redress
For all the wrongs they ever knew, for all the wrongs they know,
For all the hunger, all the want, the misery and woe.

Go shriek it from the tall house-tops, go scream it in the streets,
Go plaster edicts on the walls until the message greets
The eyes of tyrants everywhere that Freedom is awake
And saying to its chosen ones, Arise, my children, take
The stored-up plenty that is yours, the produce of your toil
For which you worked in factory, mine, and tilled the fruitful
soil,
For which you harvested the seas, for which you sailed the main,
—The wealth the few have robbed you of, and which you take
again!

Go tell the courts of Master-kind that Freedom is awake,
And saying to its enslaved ones, ALL THINGS ARE YOURS—
PARTAKE!

# In Memory of Frank Little

By VIOLA GILBERT SNELL

"But in all the lurid history of Butte no event ever occured so startling, so savage, of such sinister, evil portent as the inconceivably vicious murder of Frank Little, a cripple, last Wednesday morning.

"Every decent-thinking man, woman and child in this community was stricken with horror when the news of this frightful crime was published. . .

"The realization was forced home, and then came the thought, 'What kind of brutes, what fiends in human form, could perpetrate such an outrage?' . . . .

"The papers endeavored to magnify every utterance of this man to the proportions of treason yet, most of the things he said are, and for many months have been, heard wherever men congregate and discuss current events. Be that as it may, the grewsome fact remains that Frank Little was foully murdered—and his murderers are still at large.

"But the working people of this district are aroused—and every one in Butte now realizes it. Nearly seven thousand people—to be exact, 6,800—followed Frank Little's body to its last resting place.'—SOLIDARITY, August 18,1917.



The plains you loved lie parched in the sun,
The streets you trampled are sweltering in the heat,
The fertile fields are arid with the drought,
The forests thick with smoldering fires and smoke.

Traitor and demagogue,
Wanton breeder of discontent—
That is what they call you—
Those cowards, who condemn sabotage
But hide themselves
Not only behind masks and cloaks
But behind all the armored positions
Of property and prejudice and the law.

Staunch friend and comrade,
Soldier of solidarity—
Like some bitter magic
The tale of your tragic death
Has spread throughout the land,
And from a thousand minds
Has torn the last shreds of doubt
Concerning Might and Right.

Young and virile and strong—
Like grim sentinels they stand
Awaiting each opportunity
To break another
Of slavery's chains
For WHATEVER stroke is needed
They are preparing.
So shall you be avenged.

Within our hearts is smouldering a heat
Fiercer than that which parches fields and plains;
Your memory, like a torch, shall light the flames
Of Revolution. We shall not forget.

# Butte Employers in Secret Conclave

## —PLUS A STENOGRAPHER!—

By A. S. EMBREE



The Picture To The Left Is That of The Car Barns In Butte, The Strike Spread To The Street Car System, And The Manager of The Company Took Part In The Plot To Bring Martial Law.

EARLY IN the month of February, 1919, notices were posted on the bulletin boards at the mines of the Anaconda Copper Mining Co. of Butte, and also at the mines owned by W. A. Clark and the other independent companies, announcing that, starting with that day, wages would be reduced one dollar a day.

There had been rumors of this cut for some weeks past. The Anaconda Standard and the Butte Post (one a democrat paper and the other a republican, both owned by A. C. M.) and the Butte Miner (owned by Clark) had been filled with propaganda for some time. This propaganda was mainly along the line that the cost of food and clothing was too high and that prices must be readjusted. Reports of committees appointed to examine the cause for high retail prices were published and in a general way the idea was conveyed that this investigation would result in a lowering of retail prices of food, clothing and rent all along the line. At the same time it was pointed out that the copper mining companies, with a surplus of copper on their hands amounting to more than one million pounds, would have to take some steps to curtail production or decrease its cost.

The great lesson of the 1917 strike and the short strike of September, 1918, was that in order to make a strike of miners successful it was necessary to have the full cooperation of the members of the A. F. of L. unions who were working on the hill. There were about sixteen of these unions, those in the key positions being the engineers and electricians. The former included hoistmen and pumpmen organized in Moyer's Intl. Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers; the latter were in the regular A. F. of L. union of electricians. As the hoists were run by electrical power, the electricians employed by the Montana Power Co. (a subsidiary of the A. C. M.) occupied a strategic position. In 1917 the electricians had struck with the miners with the exception of a group in the powerhouses, but the engineers stubbornly refused to come out.



In The Upper Floor Of This Building Is The Real Government of Montana, Offices of The Anaconda.

Following the great strike of 1917 which had been carried on by an independent union of the miners and the I. W. W., the miners still held a strong organization which had passed under the leadership of the Metal Mine Workers Industrial Union of the I. W. W. Profiting by the experience gained in their last strikes, late in 1918 the miners sought to bring about a close understanding with the rank and file of the A. F. of L. unions. The miners at this time were also faced with another problem: soldiers were

returning from the front in large numbers and were being put to work in the mines. Many of them had been members of the I. W. W., but in order to reach all of these returning soldiers, and at the same time get co-operation desired with members of the craft unions, it was deemed advisable to form a council of workers, patterned as was natural at that time, after the Soldiers, Sailors and Workers Councils of Russia.

Accordingly a Soldiers and Workers Council was started late in 1918, composed of delegates from the I. W. W. and from many of the unions of the A. F. of L., a few of the latter representing their unions officially but most of them sent by radical groups of their unions. Meetings of returned soldiers were held and delegates elected to represent them. By the first of February the Council had acquired considerable strength

The propaganda being broadcast by the company papers did not escape the notice of the miners. The possibility of being forced to face a cut in wages was discussed both in the I. W. W. meetings and the Soldiers and Workers Council. But as there was no direct intimation of when the cut would be made, no action had been taken.

On the morning of Feb. 7th, then, the posting of the notices announcing the wage cut took the miners somewhat by surprise. At all the mines there was hot discussion in the change rooms and the sentiment of the miners favored the calling of a mass meeting to plan for action. When the miners came off the hill that evening, hundreds of them flocked to the I. W. W. hall on Wyoming St. and arrangements were made for mass meetings to be held the afternoon and evening of the following day.

But next morning, at the Elm Orlu mine, owned by Clark, while the miners were talking it over in the change room, a number of them expressed themselves decidedly in favor of immediate action.

Several of the miners went out and spoke to the group gathered around the shaft waiting for the whistle and a vote was taken on the spot. The vote was all one way and the entire day shift started down the hill. They had not gone far when they decided to go over to the Black Rock mine where a large crew was employed and they succeeded in reaching that mine before all the day shift was lowered. Another meeting was held and the crew of the Black Rock joined the strike, many of those who had already been lowered coming up on the next cage after they heard the news.

These two bodies of men, numbering almost a thousand, came marching down the hill, singing their class songs, and paraded into the I. W. W. hall for a meeting.

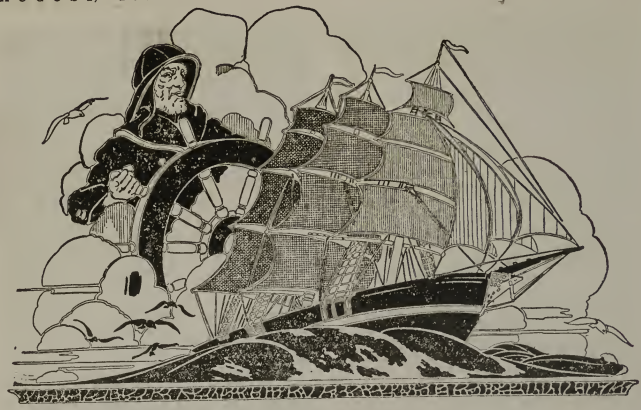
The mass meetings took place, the strike was voted and demands were formulated. Then the strike committee elected was instructed to co-operate fully with the Soldiers and Workers Council with the idea of making the strike general. Four delegates were elected to represent the I. W. W. on the Council during the strike. The Butte Daily Bulletin, owned by the labor unions of Butte, supported the Council and the strike.

A meeting of the Council was called immediately and took up the work. During the first few days of the strike picket lines were maintained and it was the policy of many of the craft unionists to go up the hill until they reached the picket line and then turn back. The Council issued calls to all the craft unions to hold meetings and vote to join the strike. They worked especially on the members of the engineers, electricians and street carmen. The third day of the strike a mass of pickets went to the car barns at an early hour and turned back the first street cars being brought out. The carmen then held a meeting in the barn and decided not to run the street cars until after their regular business meeting. The electricians met and decided not to strike formally but as individuals; nearly all of them came off the jobs with the exception of those in the employ of the Montana Power Co. About half the members of the engineers union quit work as individuals. In addition workers employed by the water company voted to strike and pulled their men off the jobs; the iron foundry workers struck; the Butte Workingmen's Union joined the strike; many of the teamsters came out; the newsboys declared a strike on the Butte Post; the machinists, the blacksmiths, the steamfitters, came off their jobs either completely or for the greater part of their forces. The bakery workers, the butchers, the cooks and waiters, the clerks and many other of the town workers sent their delegates to the council and offered to cease work when called upon. The Domestic Union of the I. W. W., against the orders of the Council, called their members off the job and tied up all the boarding houses, many of the restaurants and deprived the hotels of the services of chambermaids. Many of the A. F. of L. cooks and waiters walked out of the restaurants when the dishwashers (belonging to the I. W. W.) struck. They consented to return to work the following day when a committee from the Council pointed out to them that it was not advisable to close the restaurants until arrangements could be made to feed the strikers.

This was the situation when, about the fourth day of the strike a company of soldiers came to Butte, sent in by orders from Washington, *Major Jones* and *Major Halloran* in command.

At this point in the course of the strike a meeting of mine managers and business men was called by a group who styled themselves the County Council of Defence, Labor and Financial Interests. The meeting was not advertised and although the Workers Council heard of it, they did not get the details. Years later the stenographic report of this meeting came into the possession of a radical in Butte, and we are able to give now excerpts from the speeches made by most of the parties who were at the meeting.

(Cont'd on Page 43)



# The Port of Missing Ships

—By T. P. SULLIVAN—

MUCH HAS been heard of the Port of Missing Ships, which of course denotes the resting place of ships that have during a voyage dropped out of sight never to be heard of again.

Many are the mysteries of the deep. Many ships in days gone by have sailed out of ports of Europe bound for the western world and new lands to conquer and many of them have never returned. On some of these ships the crews mutinied, killed the officers, or put them adrift in open boats. Some of them survived and reached their homelands to tell the tale, others were never heard from and the fate of the ships has thus remained a mystery. In the vernacular of the sea they are in the Port of "Missing Ships," the place consigned to ships that are unheard from.

During the days of the Vikings and other daring seafarers, the crews in many instances mutinied against the commanders of the voyages and defied the royal houses of Europe under whose name and by the grace of whose power the expeditions had set out to find and conquer new worlds in the name of some reigning sovereign, and many are the tales brought back by these hardy and daring men of the fabulous wealth discovered during the course of the voyage.

The voyages of the Vikings, Columbus, Magellan and Cortez were all fraught with the possibilities of disaster and mutiny and many is the member of the crews of these expeditions that have been forced to "walk the plank" because he could no longer stand the hardships perpetrated upon him by a commander whose only interest was to conquer new lands in the name of his sovereign to gain favor with the royal court. In some instances instead of individual mutiny, a spontaneous rebellion took place and the crews took possession of the ships and entered into the piracy and marauding field, seizing

the other ships and confiscating the wealth of their expeditions or capturing ships trading between some colonial possession and the homeland.

The seamen who embarked on these voyages were the hardiest of types and in many instances neither knew nor cared what dangers beset them, but through love of adventure and to fathom the mysteries that lay beyond the horizon they set out—knowing not whether they would ever return. This phase of daring is significant because in those days many thought that the world was flat and if a ship sailed far enough it would fall off the earth and into some deep abyss, probably into the River Styx and enter a land where the demons reigned supreme and where scorching and everlasting fire awaited them as a result of their daring.

Many times during the course of the voyage, when the food supply ran low and rations were cut to a minimum the men were forced to eat the leather chafing gear from the masts and rigging in order to sustain life. The superstitions that entered their minds drove many of them into frenzied fevers of terror and it was indeed difficult to hold such expeditions under lawful command and many mutinies occurred.

The officers and commanders during these voyages drove the men for all they could get out of them and an objection against the lawful command was summarily dealt with.

It was indeed gratifying to the members of these expeditions when land was sighted and in most instances it was strange land beset with the dangers of cannibalistic savages and unfriendly tribes who instinctively knew that the white man was coming on a voyage that meant no good to them. Even after being conquered and subjugated to the will of the royal sponsor of the voyage the natives revolted against the rule of the white men and many battles ensued in which the crews of these ships were swept off like flies or else were forced to take to sea, to escape the wrath of the savage tribesmen.

Conditions such as these drove the men to a fit of despondency but after landing at some of the friendly islands where the natives were more tolerant the seamen's spirits were buoyed up and they became lighthearted and filled with hope. During the stay at these islands they found the natives Nature loving peoples, whom Nature itself had endowed with all the necessities of life, and labor outside that which was absolutely necessary was taboo and unheard of. Up to this time the greed and avidity of the white man was unknown to these tribes and the crews of the expedition envied the natives for their carefree existence and thus was the seed of rebellion sown amongst the crew, who rightfully deduced the conclusion that nothing but hardship and endless toil and danger faced them on their voyage and the return to the homeland, while on the other hand here was a people who neither toiled nor spun and were blessed with the bounties of nature, more than sufficient to satisfy their every caprice, whim and desire.

To these hardy and daring seamen, the life of the tribesmen appealed and it was with difficulty that those in command were able to keep the discipline which was necessary to maitain the parts of the expedition in contact and control. The ships of the expedition stayed at these islands for many months replenishing their food supplies and taking on water for the return voyage or for further conquest.

Hatchets and other domestic necessities of civilized life were introduced to the tribes and accepted in exchange for jewels and charms which were of immense value in the civilized countries of Europe. The natives revered the clock and hearing it tick the seconds away thought it was imbued or controlled by some spirit whose wrath they feared and in many instances fled in a panic into the woods to escape from the power which moved the hands of the clock and continually 'spoke' to the natives in a language that they were unfamiliar with and which sometimes filled them with awe and again with terror.



Sailors Have Too Much of This Kind of Life During Winter Storms

The seamen knew that here was a paradise, where they could live without the necessity of toil and exist economically secure in the bounties of nature which they observed on all sides and on the other hand, on shipboard, they faced a life of gruesome toil with misery and danger everywhere.

This impression in the minds of the seamen brought rebellion nearer still and in many cases such as the mutiny of H. M. S. Bounty in 1789, the seamen could



The Travelling Bourgeois Guzzle at Tables the Sailors See Perhaps But Newer Use.

no longer stand the hardships of the return voyage. The crew of the Bounty put Commander Bligh and eighteen others in an open boat in the South Pacific and left them to their fate, and turned the ships head back to the island of Otaheite. The commander and the other eighteen men navigated the thirty-five foot boat four thousand mile through treacherous seas to Coupang Bay where the survivors landed and were received with all the courtesy and consideration of the population and after sufficient recuperation they were placed aboard a Dutch ship bound for the Isle of Wight and back home to Britain to tell the world of this remarkable feat and test of endurance coupled with an undying will to survive their fate. It is significant that despite the hardships and misery of these eighteen men, all survived the four thousand mile trip but six of the men died as a result of the exposure while on their return to England on the Dutch ship. On the arrival of the survivors in England the king immediately dispatched H. M. S. Pandora to scour the seas in search of the mutineers and to bring them back to stand trial and face death at the hands of a court martial.

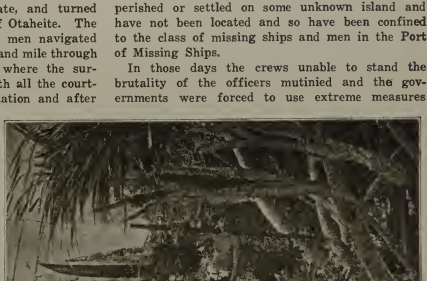
Some of the mutineer stayed at the island of Otaheite and the rest, fearing that the story would be heard with the result that the government would send out ships to search for them, refitted the ship and sailed for parts unknown taking with them fifteen native Otaheiteans and eighteen native women for the purpose of establishing a colony on some out of the way island where they would be free from molestation and harm. These women of Otaheite were beautiful and their skin was of olive texture; they were sympathetic by nature and needless to say each of the crew of the "Bounty" had has lady friend in the tribe.

H. M. S. Pandora arrived at Otaheite and took the mutineers who remained there back to England to stand trial. The ship on its return trip to England foundered and many of the prisoners went down with the ship, but about twelve survived and were court martialled and all but four put to death by the sentence of the court.

Those who did not stay at the island of Otaheite but set out on their own, arrived at an island now known as Pitcairn's Island in the South Pacific, where they lived for about fifty years, unheard of by the civilized world. Internal conflict between the Otaheiteans and the mutineers over the women and other causes resulted in the death of many of the mutineers, until a British ship arrived and found but one of the mutineers still surviving although the island and colony founded by them had a population of 123 people who were their descendents.

Many is the mutiny that has taken place similar to this one of H. M. S. Bounty in which the crews have never been heard from and either perished or settled on some unknown island and have not been located and so have been confined to the class of missing ships and men in the Port of Missing Ships.

In those days the crews unable to stand the brutality of the officers mutinied and the governments were forced to use extreme measures




So the Slave of the Wave Longs For This Primitive Comfort and Ease



SLEEPING QUARTERS ON SHIPBOARD IN THE TROPICS —VERY HOT

to hold the men in check and woe betide the mutinous crew who were captured on the high seas by a man of war of any nation. If captured by an English ship they were courtmartialed and sentenced to death, by other nationalities the punishment was more severe and frightful and served as an example to seamen not to mutiny under any circumstances.

For the suppression of piracy, the Portuguese, in their early intercourse with India, had a summary punishment, and accompanied it with a terrible example, to deter others from the commission of this crime or even of mutiny. Whenever they took a pirate ship or a ship that had mutinied, they instantly hanged every man, carried away the sails, rudder, and everything that was valuable in the ship and left her to be buffeted about by the winds and the waves, with the carcasses of the pirates or mutineers dangling from the yards, a horrid object of terror to all who might chance to fall in with her. And other countries had other penalties; even to this day a spice of these laws still remains in the maritime code of some of the European nations.

Piracy and mutiny were considered the most abhorrent of crimes in those days and it was even difficult for a commander of a vessel to explain to a courtmartial that his ship had been wrecked or foundered in a storm, the government practically always assuming a mutiny or an act of piracy; this was especially true when the commander of a lost ship and the crew were picked up on some island by a ship sent out to search for them and taken back to stand trial. The master was held entirely responsible for the fate of the ship, unlike the practice today when under the maritime code of most nations, including the United States, a mishap can be attributed to the hand of God and not to any negligence on the part of the master of the ship and its crew. Thus, in those days, if the pilot through ignorance or negligence lost the vessel, he was required to make full satisfaction to the merchant for the vessel or any damage sustained during a voyage, or lose his head as an alternative. In the case of wrecks, where the lord of the coast should be found in league with the pilots, and there was evidence that they ran the ship on rocks to get salvage, the said lord, the salvers, and all concerned were declared to be accursed and excommunicated, and punished as thieves and robbers; and the pilot was condemned to be hanged on a high gibbet, which was to abide and remain to succeeding ages on the place where erected, as a visible caution to pilots of other ships sailing thereby. Nor was the fate of the lord of the coast less severe; his property was to be confiscated and himself fastened to a post in the midst of his own mansion, which, being fired at the four corners, was all to be burned together; the wall of the mansion demolished and the spot on which it stood to be converted into a market place for the sale of hogs and swine only, to all posterity.

These and many other usages of barbarity were transferred into the meritime code which formed the *jus mercatorium* for a long period, and in which great care was taken for the security of ships against their crews. An act less than mutiny was in many instances punished by excruciatingly torturing the members of the crew who had a hand in it. According to a book, a copy of which is at present in the library of the Admiralty in England and known as the "The Black Book of the Admiralty" the following clauses denote the punishments for certain acts that were deemed detrimental to the ship or its owner:

*Whoever draws a sword upon the master of a vessel, or willfully falsifies the compass, shall have his right hand nailed to the mast.*

*Whoever behaves riotously shall be punished by being keel hauled.*

*Whoever is guilty of rebellion against the lawful command shall be thrown overboard.* (made to "walk the plank.")

As the western world and all large territories came under civilized influence and became inhabited by the white race and means of communication



COOL, COMFORTABLE NATIVE CLUBHOUSE ON SOUTH SEA ISLAND





Above, Dutch Ships of the Seventeenth Century; To the Left, Spanish Galleon of the Sixteenth Century. These Vessels, With English, French and Portuguese Ships of Similar Make, Carried the Adventurers.

were more readily established with the isolated parts of the world, fear became a thing of the past to the seamen and we see many acts of heroism today in the rescues of ships and crews, without any thought on the part of the rescuers of their own personal safety.

As the world came under civilized influence and tolerance became more general through the struggle of the oppressed to right the wrongs that had been inflicated upon them, we find that many of these extreme laws and punishments in relation to the sea have not been enforced, that is the corporal punishment or physical tortures connected with them, but prison terms are still a reality.

In the days of Bligh, Magellan and others it was not possible to desert a ship without facing a penalty of death for desertion and desertion was next to impossible without the aid of the rest of the crew and so necessarily a mutiny was the only possible way in which a crew could escape the misery and hardships perpetrated upon them and they were always in danger of ships searching for them as soon as the mutiny became known so that it was a matter of course for them to take the ship in order to be able to flee as danger of their being captured approached.

As civilization advanced into the recesses of the strange lands, they became more populated and settled and it was not very difficult to flee from

Piracy and ship stealing are now capitalised. It is one more case of little producers developing an industry, and then having the gigantic trust take over the works. Ships are no longer stolen by groups of mutineers, on the job. The capitalist class, through its executive committee, the national government, attends to that. Here to the right you see a photograph of the largest steamer afloat, now called the "Leviathan." It was built in Germany, and for a short time sailed the seas under the name, "Vaterland." When the World War broke loose (and this war was merely a duel between two gangs of modern pirates, ordinarily called "capitalists"), the "Vaterland" formed part of the loot. She was stolen by the shipping trust of America, and her sister ship, the "Imperator," was grabbed off by the British shipping trust, at that time in a criminal conspiracy with the American outfit.



a ship or desert in some land where the climate and natural resources and bounties were sufficient to satisfy the human appetite and desire of the seamen and to open a new world to them so that they could live an individual existence without fear of reproach from the hand of the law or the moral code laid down by society for them before they were born. The seaman is a natural rebel against the conventions of society and the wanderlust is greater in him the more he travels; he refuses to give in to those who attempt to make him conform with the laws and practices of civilized morals and ethics. He is imbued with a desire to find a paradise, a heaven on earth. He has visited many strange lands and sees in each of them some of the things he would like to enjoy and live for and so he deserts a ship in any part of the world that appeals to him and leads a carefree and contented existence away from the world of hustle and bustle and commercialism, which by his very nature he rebels against, and by this rebellion he becomes a part of the vanguard of a new society and a better world where more equality reigns and where he produces for himself and not for profit to inflate the bank account of some employer as he would do under the present system of production.

He leaves the ship in some strange land and leads an individual existence, as colorful as can be found, and which is the theme of many a playwright, who refers to the existence of the "beach comber" in some tropical land unperturbed by the call of the boatswain at 8 bells and with never a worry entering his mind as nature has supplied him with all the things that are necessary and man's law does not enter into his existence. It serves as an escape mechanism from a realistic world and he is satisfied as the rest of the world rolls by.

The spirit of the Norsemen and other daring explorers still courses through the veins of some of the seamen, especially that type that has organized to better conditions aboard the ships and thereby has incurred the enmity of the shipowners. Like the rebels of old he no longer will put up with the abominable conditions that exist and he openly shows his defiance to the master and shipowners when they attempt to force hardships upon him or mistreat him as they many times attempt to do. Many acts he commits now at sea are common and nothing is thought of them. In days gone by they were considered mutinous acts. He has raised himself to the same level as the captain and does not fear him and will openly resent any encroachments from that source. It is of this type that the I. W. W. is composed and so they fight for better conditions aboard ships with all the vim and vigor at their command and they have succeeded in bettering conditions and thereby alleviating the hard obnoxious life of the seaman aboard ship.

Once in a while the seamen through solidarity have put up a united front against the encroachments of the shipowners and they have been victorious and have succeeded in bringing the new society a step nearer and as a result the old laws contained in the "Black Book of the Admiralty" are used against them and they are brought into port in chains and sent to prison on frameup charges of mutiny, which only means they were fighting against the encroachments on their life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, declared in the Declaration of Independence to be their right.

The seamen have tasted of liberty in strange lands and they seek to imbibe of the nectar, the drink of the gods, more freely, the drink of freedom, with equality and justice for all and production for use and not for profit. Such is the aim of the seamen enrolled under the banner of the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 510 of the Industrial Workers of the World. They are seeking the Port of Missing Ships, which to them means liberty and economic security and the better things of life for the workers who make life possible.




I. W. W. MEMBER OF CREW OF MODERN STEAMER
He Has the Same Will To Be Free that Drove the Vikings and the Mutineers to Heroic Deeds

This is a story of labor and life in California, about the year 1916. That was ten years ago, just before the United States went into the war. Those were the days of preparedness, of the invasion of Mexico, of the crushing of the little farmers, of the biggest real estate coups, of the Mooney case and of strange circuitous attempts at suppression of free speech and persecution of union labor. That was a period of unprecedented scandals in all stages of society, of enormous graft, of intrigue and fanaticism. Among the half sick, religion mad, exploited and exploiting inhabitants of Southern and Central California the characters of this novel make their way—gradually learning, as the reader simultaneously learns, what was back of the scheming of the Edison Co., what caused the great "spiritual revivals," why the towns like Vernon were left to flaunt their purple sins in the face of "chemically pure" metropolises, how the "frame-up" is sometimes circumvented, how workers sometimes win—and the freaks of fate. It will seem to some that this novel, beginning in the sweaty quiet of a dairy ranch, soon develops into both melodrama and burlesque as the hero and his friends and enemies are forced to leave their retirement and plunge into the whirlpool of events. For this the author does not apologize; so far as he can see, life itself is very melodramatic when it is not a roaring farce—especially in California. Anything can happen in California.

# THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

(By CARD No. 794514)

## Chapter I.

### A HARD HEARTED EDEN

MARMION JONES swept up, with an artful, quick, snakey motion of his fork, some loose strands of alfalfa that had dropped from the windrow when he doubled it. He placed them on the already formed haycock, the last in the windrow, and stuck his fork in the top of it. Over in the next windrow the Wob was doing the same, and they met as they both started for the ranch house. It was just twelve o'clock, in the hayfield of J. G. Jones, the dairy farmer. The hot California sun beat down out of an absolutely clear, blue, cloudless sky and as they walked over the short, stiff alfalfa stubble, grasshoppers bounced out of their road, and a little dust rose in spots where their toes kicked against dry gopher mounds. There was a gentle sizzling, singing sound all around—myriads of grass insects were joyously celebrating.

The Wob called attention to it, "Happy little buggers, ain't they?" he said. "I like 'em better than a lot of other bugs I've known. No one builds a flop-house for them, full of wire chicken coops called rooms, and, no one furnishes them with their meals free, charging human beings two bits a night for the privilege of being a louse's supper."

"What kind of a noise do those bugs make?" said Marmion, grinning, as he looked at the Wob. He liked to tease the Wob. They were only a little different in size, and the Wob was apparently only a few years older, that is, he might have been twenty-one or two, while Marmion was only "going on eighteen."

"Well," answered the Wob, "I never heard one sing, but they ought to make a noise like that thing buzzing in there." He pointed to the square green painted pump house, where the electric motor whined. Nature in the San Joaquin valley of California is a very prudent goddess, and chary with her gifts. There is not enough water to make alfalfa grow, and the dairy farmers, as well as all fruit and truck ranchers, have to pump the water needed for their land out of the ground. Deep pits are dug, twenty feet, thirty feet, forty feet, yes they keep getting deeper, year after year, as the level of the ground water for which all farmers seek sinks lower and lower. In each of these pits they put a centrifugal pump, connected with an electric motor, drawing water from a bored well below it. The switchboard stands at the head of the pit, in a little "pump house." The water roars mildly and benignly is at spurts in a six- or eight-inch solid stream into the reservoir. It was such a reservoir and such a pump house they were approaching as they talked.

But here another sound cut into the air, a pitiful rattling, scratching, squeaking noise. Marmion was killing a gopher which had been drowned out of an irrigated "check" of land, and had been caught toddling up the bank of the reservoir. When the gopher saw the two humans approaching,

he reared his furry, insignificant bulk on his hind quarters, fanned the air with his absurd little front paws, gritted his teeth and snarled. He was no coward, was he—Ajax defying the lightning had nothing on him when it came to supreme, unterrified audacity. But Marmion killed him as calmly as he had piled the hay, with two or three stamps of his shoe.

The Wob looked back and smiled bitterly, but made no move to interfere or protest. He only said to Marmion, "You're a funny kid. You don't believe in evolution because your Maw can't bear to think of 'Nature Red in Claw and Beak', but you and your Paw are the only parts of it that I ever saw really killing things around here. Jack Rabbit and John Farmer, and the gophers and the farmers' sons fight to the death—all the time—real struggle for the survival of the fittest; if you kill enough of them you raise the hay, and if enough of them live, they eat your alfalfa for you, and eat it too—clear case of struggle for existence, and you struggle—but you won't believe you struggle."

Marmion shrugged his shoulders. He had no time for sentimentality. Farming was a hard, dry, dirty business—full of poverty, no room for pity. Something of the heat and the dirt and the sweat and the menace of failure overpowered him as he burried his face in the can full of cool water caught just where it rushed into the reservoir.

As he drank it, he almost grudged its loss to the alfalfa—water was like liquid gold this year in value. He saw his father's anxious face every time he looked at the pump house—the Mt. Whitney Light and Power Co. charged all the traffic would bear, and he knew the meaning behind the Wob's comparison of this electric pump with the lice in a rooming house. The pump not only sucked the ground water out, but it sucked the bottoms out of the farmers' pockets.

"What beats me again," said the Wob, as they walked on, their thirst a little slaked, towards the white ranch house plain in sight through the cottonwoods around it, "is how you, Kid, with as much education as you have, going to high school these three years now, and starting another one day after tomorrow, can still go on believing in private property and the God of private property. Now here is your old man, poor devil; he thinks he owns this ranch. He hires me to work on it, and I won't work more than eight hours a day. But he works sixteen, and you work eight besides going to school, and neither one of you ever had a moment you could call your own. And neither he nor you will ever have a dollar that is really your own. Either the Mt. Whitney has it, or the grocer has it, or the veterinary has it, or some other bushwah has it, mortgaged to him at least six months before your old man gets his paws on it, and there you are. They're Hoosierin' up on you, Kid, and you and your old man go right on, as if you liked it. He'll die of overwork in a couple of years now, and you'll inherit his job—which is dog-robbing Mother Nature for the bushwah—a kind of flunkying for a two-legged parasite."

"No," said Marmion soberly, "he knows alright. That's why he sends me to high school. He wants me to be a business man. They teach me shorthand and stenography, and bookkeeping. About the time I get through, the farm will go broke, I guess."

"Oh, Hell," answered the Wob, "No, it won't yet. They have to have their dog-robbers. They'll keep the old man running for a little while. But you ain't starting out right to be a parasite. When did old Morgan ever do any shorthand? You ain't going to be a buzzwah, you're going to be a white-collar slave, God help you."

They came into the pleasant warm shade of the cottonwoods just then, and saw Marmion's father, bent and gray before his years, washing his wrinkled red neck at the pump. They washed too, and drank again—you can't get enough to drink in these hot haying days in the San Joaquin—and then they went into the house. The table was loaded—the farmers do not starve, whatever their worries. There was roundsteak and roast pork and potatoes, and rice and red beans. There was "pickellilly" and preserved fruit—regular California farmers' fare. There were no green vegetables. Ranchers don't eat them. They raise such things for the market. Jones thought lettuce and other similar "frills" filled up your stomach and didn't give you any strength. But there was milk and butter and buttermilk. After all, Marmion's father ran a dairy ranch. And somehow or other, in spite of his hatred of new-fangled notions, common to all farmers, everywhere, the new idea that milk and butter were good for the health didn't seem quite so strange to him as it did to other farmers—the neighbor next door who had a truck patch and raised watermelons, for instance. That neighbor thought buying butter was a wicked extravagance, and always had oleo on his table. There was bad feeling between them on that point.

Marmion's father finished a short grace. Marmion's mother sat at the table during the grace, fervently following the stilted, archaic Bible language with her withered lips. Perhaps she liked it especially because it was so different from uninteresting every day talk. She was not very old, not twice Marmion's age, and she had a romantic streak in her, surely, one time at least, as witness the name she gave her son. Romance, and love of adventure, however, if they persisted in her now, were degenerated into pietism and spiritual strife. She was dried out; she was thin, and lank, and her face was blistered from the oak wood fire over which she cooked. Her religion, however, caused her to bear her cross well, without complaint. Indeed, she seemed to receive some pleasure from the very weariness of her labors; certainly she

never asked her husband to buy her any of the new kitchen implements that mail order catalogues urged upon the countryside.

When the grace was finished she went back to her stove. The biscuits must not burn. Thereafter during their meal she divided her time between the stove and the doorway, between kitchen and dining room, interrupting the vigorous conversation of the men folks only to keep her husband from swearing. There was always some danger that old J. G. Jones might take the name of the Lord in vain when he got on the subject of oleomargarine. There was now some bill or other up before Congress to make it no longer obligatory on the manufacturers of margarine to label their product "artificial butter," and if it passed, J. G. foresaw that it would ruin the dairy business.

The Wob grinned familiarly, and took an easy share in the conversation. Frank Silva, the hired Portuguese milker, grinned too, in contempt, and did not talk. He didn't know what it was all about, but he didn't care. He wanted just a few more weeks until he had enough money saved to "taka-da-cows-on-shares" and be an independent farmer too. He had been "independent" three times before, and each time somehow he lost his cows, and had to go back to wage labor. But he had all the optimism of dense ignorance. The Wob used to argue with him at times in the bunkhouse, until he found out from a chance remark of Silva's that his only impression on the milker was to produce in him a conviction that if he ever had the "cows-on-shares" and needed a milker himself he would never hire an I. W. W., after which the Wob abandoned him as a hopeless scissorbill, and devoted his attention to Marmion.

Now, for Marmion's sake, and not because he hoped to affect Marmion's old man, he argued about oleo, and law and the social system. "Why don't you farmers recognize that you got to lose your ranches, sooner or later, and tell the bankers to go to hell, and Congress too? Take it easy until they take your ranch, because they'll get it away, whenever they want it, and stop being a slave to them like this. Then when you've lost it, you can join the industrial union of your class—"

But the rest was lost in a sputter of rage and profanity from J. G. Jones . . . . "Why God rot you," the old man wound up, "I've worked for this farm, I began right where you are now, and I got this piece of earth . . . "

"When did you begin," snapped the Wob, for he wasn't used to being sworn at, and he was beginning to get mad, too. "You began when it was open country and any man's for the pickin'—how long will you keep it—now that it isn't open country, no more room for everybody, too many fish in the pool and the big fish eatin' the little ones?"

"Uh," said Marmion diffidently, "maybe he's right. We'll probably lose it."

"We'll danged sure lose him first," retorted Marmion's father grimly, and pulled out his checkbook.

Marmion looked a little abashed. But he said nothing. Obedience lay strongly upon him, and he knew his father was determined, from many reasons, to get rid of the Wob. He wouldn't have hired him, anyway, only men were unusually scarce just now, and the Wob, who came through here every year, was a "right good hay hand," even if "hell and high water" wouldn't make him work longer than eight hours a day.

Then as the Wob went out of the door, nonchalantly tucking the check into his shirt pocket, Marmion's mother was upon them, with a shocked and trembling voice, scolding his father for blasphemy and cursing. Before the impromptu sermon was ended, they had all promised, to pacify her, that they would go to hear the Rev. Jonathan Jenkinson, at his special revival meeting next day, in Agua Nueva. Marmion tried to slide out of the trip, but his mother was insistent. Marmion did not like the directness and fervency of the Rev. Jonathan Jenkinson, and he hated his pasty-faced, self-satisfied, sleek son, the already famous "Boy Preacher Jenkinson," who would surely be there. He knew the "boy preacher" well enough—they went to school together. But his mother forced him, so he promised, and that was the beginning of bigger things.

(TO BE CONTINUED)


## This is a Good Yarn---Why Not Read it All?

"THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE" will be continued in several issues of Industrial Pioneer. By subscribing now, you will get it all. You would pay $2 for a novel of this sort in book form, but for $2 sent to the Pioneer, you will not only get the novel, but all sorts of other good literature besides. In next issue we promise you another short story by Versus, a study in the materialistic interpretation of history, showing why men invent Utopias, also an article on grape growing in Mendocino County, Cal., an industry created by prohibition. We have also a fine article on the lumber workers of Ontario, and an article on the scientific adulteration of food, by the author of "The Stomach and The Undertaker." And many others. Use the blank on Page 29.



"It's Nice to Be Kidnaped"

# "Hark! The Angelus Is Ringing!"

By GERALD V. MORRIS

ROMANCE has gone from the ramshackle hut in Arizona. Too many nights of it shatters the nervous system and weakens the knees. When one has passed thirty-five the kick doesn't last long.

The Temple bells are ringing. Thousands of devout worshippers bend the knee in thanksgiving. The City of Los Angeles is awaking from its nine days' wonder.

The lady was kidnapped. It must be true. She says so herself. She ought to know, and who would doubt one of the richest women in the State of California. I wouldn't dream of such a thing. As a newspaper reporter I've learned to tell too many lies myself not to appreciate and know the truth.

Some bold bad men slipped up and carried her off. "That's a fact." They sneaked up on the beach, snatched her away in a bathing suit like the villains do the moving picture beauties. Didn't even give her a chance to put clothes on. "It was a rotten way to treat a representative of the Lord, God Almighty.

"They kidnapped me because of my stand on moral questions and my attack on evolution. But Praise the Lord, the day of resurrection is at hand." That was her talk from the platform of the special train that brought her back to her worshipful flock.

When the Building Inspector of Tucson, Arizona, confronted her with the statement that he was positive he had seen her four days previous to her asserted escape from the kidnappers she didn't stammer a bit. She outtalked him and double discounted everything he said.

"But I'll forgive you—God bless you," she told him.

"Well if it wasn't you it was your twin sister," were the parting words of the Building Inspector. Think of it The idea of doubting the word of a lady!

The beginning, the end, the middle of the story is of a women in an apparently dazed condition lying on a cot in an Arizona hospital.

"Two days ago I escaped from kidnappers. I was wandering about the desert. An automobile picked me up and brought me here." That was her first statement. The story of her abduction as she related it to the editor of an Arizona newspaper was:

"I went down to the beach with my secretary. There I changed into my bathing suit and slipped on a dress over it. We rented a little beach tent. I went in swimming. I sent my secretary to get the names of some soloists and some music.

"Before she returned I came back out on the beach. There were life savers drilling there. I went back into the water a short distance, and while I was watching the guards I heard someone calling my name.

"I turned to face a women who explained that her baby was dying, and that she wanted me to pray for it. She said her husband had the baby in a car nearby. She had a coat over her arm. I accompanied her to the car, in which there was another women with a bundle in her arms which I thought was a baby.

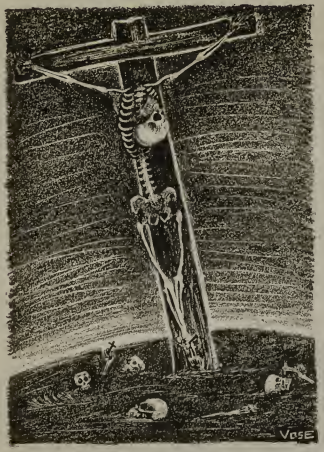
"The next thing I knew I was pushed into the car on the floor. The women threw the coat over me and a sweet sick odor assailed my nostrils and filled the automobile, which was a sedan.

"That was the last I knew until I came to on a bed like a hospital cot.

"It was in a room with a window almost completely closed.

"I was violently ill. A women was with me. It was dawn. I do not know whether or not it was next day, but she told me it was the morning following. The other women came in and I asked her what they wanted with me. They said they were holding me for half a million dollars ransom. I told them that they were foolish; that I did not have that much money, nor did the church have it, but they replied that they knew better and I was kept there day after day.

"Later they told me that they had made plans to get the ransom. Then from the remarks I heard later, I learned that they had almost been captured in San Francisco when trying to make arrangements to get the money. A few days ago I was moved. We were in two




automobiles and travelled a long distance. We came to another house and remained there two days. The men were not there. Previously they burned me with a cigar on the finger to make me answer the questions they said my mother had asked to prove I was alive. They threatened to cut off the finger (the one with the long white scar) so that my mother would know when she received it that they did have me captive.

"I refused to talk and while I did answer one question, I would not answer the rest, because I knew my mother, her friends, and members of the church would expend every effort and pay the sum of half a million dollars, which my captors demanded for my release."

Such is the story the anti-evolution, anti-union woman pastor who preaches morality, told on June 23rd, the day she was discovered.

She disappeared on May 18th, the day a handsome young member of her congregation moved out of town.

In her first sermon to the thousands of missing links that filled the great edifice she built on their money, the first Sunday after she had arisen from the dead, she told them that her captivity was like that of Daniel in the lion's den. The devil was responsible for her kidnapping, she said.

The devout anti-evolutionists and high minded moralists believe that. "I do myself." "Some devil had a hand in it."

There are newspaper men with lots of nerve. One reporter asked the lady if a love affair was really the cause of it all. Her morality wasn't shocked. "Oh no," she said. "The man I shall love must be six feet tall, good looking and he must be a boly man."

The hundred thousand dollar columnist for the Hearst newspapers commented on that statement thus: "The Lady doesn't want much, it sounds easy, but she'll have a hard time getting it."

She was kidnapped by the devil. He was mad at her for fighting evolution and enlightened thought.

She has no use for unionism of any kind. The name of the I. W. W. to her is like a red flag to a bull.

Inquisitive newspaper men doubt her story. The mayor of the town that is four miles from her asserted escape publicly states that it is all a frame-up. The Building Inspector is positive he saw her on the streets of Tuscon four days previous to her asserted escape from kidnappers.

Why mention her name? The newspapers have been full of her. She has arisen from the dead. With her short skirts and long hair she is the Messiah.

Such is the story of a recent episode in the life of a woman pastor who typifies the epitome of a decadent religious age. A preacher of purity and high minded morality, she is the enemy of all that makes life clean and fine and worth while.

She lives in California where working men are incarcerated in the penitentiary for expressing their opinions. From her Temple in Los Angeles she dominates the mob and bends them to her will. A woman of passion, she is the driving power that moves thousands of fanatics in defense of everything that retards human progress. She upholds the Criminal Syndicalism law of California. The right of the working man to organize is to her an evil thing. And she tells a story that I heard a fourteen year old school boy laugh at and call ridiculous.

"Will she get away with it?" "They say that truth and only truth is eternal." But she is a pillar of society and one never can tell. . . .

One can tell though, that a few of the residents of that famous Southern California asylum from the world, which the old Spanish settlers, with fine prophetic irony named, "The City of Our Lady, The Queen of the Angels," are beginning to think. The grand jury is having an awful time with this case, and nobody knows how many of the devout retired Middle Western farmers are having their faith undermined, especially those who have handed over their good money to the Red-hunting woman preacher.

# A Tall Story of the Tall Timber

(BOOK REVIEW)

In this encyclopedic opus, "Mammonart," Upton Sinclair offered a great deal of sound evidence in support of his main thesis, which is based upon the materialistic conception of history, to witt: Art is not an end in itself but a means to other ends, and that the great majority of artists who have achieved distinction and success, honor and applause have done so by adroitly turning their talents in a direction calculated to win the smiles and benediction of the ruling caste. One may find more evidence of this servile crouching spirit in the field of literature than in all the other arts put together. Many writers of undisputed talent have prostituted their abilities by supporting and embellishing the superstitions and prejudices of their powerful patrons. And in spite of many brave and brilliant attempts by literary specialists, ancient and modern, to wipe out the deadly murrain from the republic of letters, every fresh batch of books that reel from the press are, with depressingly few exceptions, tainted with the miasma.

**THE HERO AS LOGGER**

In "The Logger," the author, Salome Ellis, essays to prove that the grand prize can be won by any young man who prepares himself for the fray by taking an heroic dose of bourgeois idealogy.

David Alden having imbibed this precautionary soul-stirring tonic is in no wise dismayed when, owing to his father-in-law's stock and bond business going awry, he finds himself cast adrift among the job-less. He leaves Chicago, the scene of his father-in-law's lamentable failure, and hies himself, together with his reluctant wife, to Humptulips, Washington. Our hustling hero loses no time in taking over some timber claims bequeathed to him by an uncle Will, and hiring a foreman named Tim McEvoy along with a small crew of loggers starts a logging business. This important event takes place at the dawn of the present century.

After having "stagged his overalls and wearing the tail of his shirt out," Alden throws the works in high. He is evidently the first "business idealist" to explore the big timbers of Western Washington. His heart overflows with the milk of human kindness; he yearns to improve the condition of the lowly worker; "service before profits" is his motto.

Alden expounds his lofty principles to Tesa, his wife. Tesa, alas! remains unmoved before her husband's impassioned eloquence. She has no desire to aid an idealist in his laudable effort to "uplift humanity." And surely Madame Alden is quite devoid of emotion to be able to refuse her aid after hearing the following lyric:

**"One of the greatest phases in my dream towards my new era of industrialism is fighting for sanitation. We know it is a psychological fact that cleanliness is one of the most essential elements in the uplifting of humanity; and I am going to do all I can to lift labor conditions to a better standard. I have an immense theoretical knowledge." (Page 49).**

There is a Nietzschean flavor to that last sentence. A promise of deep delvings into difficult problems. A brilliant light is about to shine and penetrate the gloom that encircles the fields of philosophy and sociology. The reader whose hopes are kindled by the hero's modest claim is due to suffer a severe shock upon reaching page 84. On this page we learn that whenever our hero desired to add to his immense stock of information and slake his brobdinagian thirst for "real news" he turned to the Chicago Blade and Ledger-

After this chilling revelation it is no longer surprising to find the romantic logger wallowing in a puddle of contradictions and absurdities He is the "business idealist" running true to form. He sheds tears for the despised and rejected and never tires of intoning the confused credo of the confraternaty to which he belongs. It is reasonable to assume, after reading the first hundred pages of this book, that the master logger of Humptulips, despite his modest claims to immense knowledge, never dipped into the delightful work of Anatole France. Nevertheless he carries out with really passionate fervor one of that subtle ironist's thoughtful dictums: "Whoever believes that he holds the Truth must express it."

Alden's beliefs are many and peculiar... "True Socialism," he announces sagely, "is idealistic."

Further on: "I believe the true purpose in life is to aid our fellow men. I cannot accept the theory of the survival of the fittest. I believe the fit should aid the unfit until all are given the opportunity to meet on an equal basis." Following this touching declaration of adherence to the philosophy of mutual aid, our versatile philosopher recites a rhapsodical counter blast to it. Here it is:

**"I believe greatly in individualism . . . I believe that my life is governed by the life and experiences of no one who has ever lived before . . . . I am ME. Everything that I do, think or feel depends entirely on myself. I have it in me to become as great intellectually, morally, financially as I choose. Nothing need bar my way from the heights of success. So long as my faith in my own potency endures, I can continue upwards, so long as I am working for righteouness and justice nohing need stop me. Always I am the great ME, which endures as long as I have the breath of life in me."**

Sad to relate this sublime confidence in the great ME fails to support our hero when the drab business of logging thruts its cold reality upon

him, for he, himself, laying aside for the nonce his robes of superman, tells us that:

**"One might not suppose how necessary it is to have a man like Tim; he looks after his part and I look after mine. If I am the head of the business he is most assuredly the NECK" (Emphasis mine, W. H. E.)**

Fired with his laudable plan for "uplifting" the loggers in his employ, Alden instructs his faithful "neck" to install steel bunks, furnish new mattresses and blankets and order the crew to burn up their own lousy bedding. As the "burning of the baloons" is an incident inseparable from the history of the I. W. W., having accured about 1918—about ten years after the above order was given, and on the initiative of the I. W. W.—one is forced to concluude that the author of "The Logger" flatters the "idealist" labor-skinner unduly.

Alden makes, among other remarkable discoveries, one that might have disturbed a less gifted thinker. He finds, in brief, that the entire economic system is wrong. Alas! he was not born to set it right. On the contrary, he goes on record as being opposed to its overthrow. About this time (1905) a cloud appears to darken the idealist's sky.

**"There rose a class of men in the West, a branch of those who had been operating in the East who called themselves the Independent Workmen of the World. (sic.). They demanded better conditions. Conferences among the employers were held. The employers formed a body to fight the Independent Workmen of the World." (page 214).**

Alden refuses to fight against the "Independent dent Workers of the World."

"You don't mean to say that you uphold the Wobblies," roars one of his indignant colleagues.

Alden replies: "Most emphatically not. I uphold no man in the pursuit of wrong. But regarding their demands for better conditions, I know they are right." A reply that is at once heroic and peculiar.

Mrs. Alden fails lamentably to support her husband in his worthy efforts to uplift the toiling masses. She tries of the benevolent Alden and seeks consolation in the arms of a former swain, one Harold Wainwright, who is a leader in Chicago's "Smart Set."

Wainwright is installed as a guest in the Alden home. Then follow the usual alarums and excursions. The recalcitrant pair are surprised in **flagrante delicto** by Posy Murray, a portege of Alden's. This discovery costs poor Posy her job. Alden, however, refuses to drive out his erring wife, until, later on, he overhears her order a servant to show Wainwright to her room where she is confined. The wronged master-logger then obtains a divorce. Posy wins grace and is sent to a finishing school in Chicago.

The end of story is as affecting as it is inevitable. Two years grooming in the "finishing school" fits Posy for the high place reserved for her by the author, the place left vacant by the unsympathetic, indiscreet and bored Tesa.

The final scene is staged in the "luxurious parlor" of the Ranier Grand Hotel, Seattle.

"Alden could scarce believe that the marvelous creature sitting across from him was the same girl who had left him two years before."

And thus the master-logger ascends the throne of Success after "starting in the logging business single handed and alone . . ." but fortified by the knowledge that "The Great Divinity has qualified every man and women to make a success. . ."

Verily a touching story.

The book contains a good deal of material to delight the "booster." It advertises the resources of the North-West, mentions various lumber companies, tourist resorts, and hotels, besides making kindly reference to a certain brand of tobacco well known to loggers.

There is much in the book that will win for it the hearty approval of self-satisfied business men, the heirs of the Samuel Smiles tradition and the incurably romantic. But the intelligent worker who may happen to come across "The Logger" will quickly place it in its rightful category. He is familiar with the breed of benovolent bosses, and the torrents of twaddle that issue from the mouth of the heroic Alden will move him to derisive laughter. In the sordid struggle for the means of life the worker has learned to distrust the boss thoroughly and he cannot be fooled by the industrial Aldens who caper before him in the cap and gown of the idealist.

The actions of the bosses in their efforts to suppress and subdue the workers who have the temerity to demand a little more in the way wages, are more eloquently sinister than the benign braying of their hired apologists or the bristling banalities, the portly platitudes and abominable rubbish that bespatter the pages of "The Logger."

The class-conscious workers of the world are fully aware that the poverty, misery and degradation, which is the lot of the wage-slave, will never be wiped out under Capitalism, and in their continuous and protracted struggle against the class who fatten on the fruits of their industry they recognize the importance of unity as being the most effective weapon in their arsenal.

—W. H. EXELBY.

**THE LOGGER, by Salome Ellis, published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.**

# What I T'ink 'Bout Dis White Man Country

By ABORIGINAL LOUIS

Well, you ask me what I t'ink of — (What you call dat again?) "Civilization," eh, "Civilization," dat's righ. Well, she take me long time to tell you. Me, I have no — what you call — educate , but anyway, my frien' Pete, he say, I should tell you this; an' here she is.

I was born on Black Bear Island, in the Albany River. I'm full blood Injun man. I see lots of Jesuit priests in my country, an' some oder kine of missionary, and dey always tell us 'bout de Great White Spirit an' de Great White Fader an' what fine country you have down here, and how everybody hee's happy and satisfy and 'bout how good de God is.

Well, for many year I trap between de Albany River an' de Moose River, me an' my two broder. Well, two year ago de fur trader he not pay much for fur, just some tea an' tobacco an' fire water. So my frien' Pete, hee's purty smart Injun man; he go to de government school at Moose Factory for long time an' get big educate, an' he bring hee's furs down here an' he tole us he get heap big more dan what trader pay, so las' winter my broder an' me, we say we take our furs dere to, cause we have good catch las' winter, an, trader not pay much.

So me, I come out wit all de furs me an' my broder got, an' I meet my frien', Pete, an' ask him how I go dere, an he say, "I go too, I show you," so we come out de trail to Kapuskasing on de Canadian National Railroad, an' we ship our packs to a place you call Windsor, Ontario, an' buy ticket, and wait for train.

Well, while we wait for train, one white man come along an' say hee's hungry, an' hee's got no furs for ride on train, or buy something to eat, an' I say, "Why?" an' he say he no catch furs; he work in railroad camp for long time, an' den he got sick an' go to Sister's Hospital, an' dey take all hees money an' give it to de Great White Spirit, for make him better.

Me, I t'ink dat's funny story. Dat man, he work hard to build de railroad, an" den he can't get ride on him. So me an' Pete give him 'bout what we get for five mush rat, an' den de train come, an' we get on an' go for longest ride you never saw 'till we come to Windsor, an' den we get off de train an' get our furs an' we go an' see what dey call de "bootlegger man" for bring us cross de river, 'cause dey tell us we can't ride cross on de train 'cause we're not citizens, an' we have to give de police at de station 'bout four hundred mush rat skin for what hee call "duty", an' we only have to give de bootlegger man fifty for come across in de boat when he bring de fire water over to Detroit. An' I say to Pete, mus' be lots of Injun man in Detroit he bring lots of fire water over in all de leetle boat, an' Pete say, "No," an' he tole me dat all de white man on dis side of de river are on de Indian list an' have to buy from de bootlegger. Well, I tink dat's funny for white man do dat.

Well, we have to sell some more furs in Detroit to come to Chicago. So we get on de train an' come to Chicago,, an' I get 'bout twenty-one hundred dollar for my furs — lots of black an' silver fox in de pack.

So, den I say to Pete, we go an' see all de fine place an' de happy Christian man dat de missionary talk 'bout, but Pete, he say we mus' go an' hide some of our money in bank, or de Christian man he hit me on de head an' steal dat money. Me, I t'ink dat's funny, dat dat white man wit de Great White Spirit he call God an' say hees prayers to, would do dat. But Pete, he tell me to forget most what de missionary tell me, an' I know Pete he's smart Injun an' got lots of educate, so I do what he say, an' den we start around de town, an' Pete, he meet white man dat is friend of hees and he come too, an' he take us to see bigges' wigwam in de world, what he call de "Morrison" — I guess dey call dat after de big feller dat was factor for de Hudson Bay Company at Moose Factory for long time — he same name.

Well, we see lots of fine big white man wit de nice clothes an' fur coats, sit around dat place an' smoke de fine tobac, an' den de mounted police on foot he come an' put us out. Well, den Pete tell me dat de white man won't let you sleep under de tree an' we have to go buy a room up what dey call de "West Madison," 'cause dem fine big Christian man tell us dey don't want no lumberjack or trapper in hees wigwam. Well, we go on West Madison Street an' get two little room in what dey call "flop-house", an' we lay down for while, but der all dem oder feller in little room start to cough an' de place she stink like skunk, an' I say to Pete, "Let's take our blankets an' go sleep under tree," an' he say, "Dare's no tree", an' anyway, he already tole me dey wouldn' let you sleep under tree because big fat man, he own all de groun'.

Well, den we get 'noder place in noder wigwam, bigger room an' not so many peop' dere. Not so much stink but more pay for room.

Well, she's coming spring now, but big snowfall come next day an' fall for two days, 'an de train on street hee's not run very much an' we see de policeman chase all de fellers out de flop house an' out de Salvation Army, an' all out de mission where de Great White Spirit is, an' some fellers dey look sick, an' old, an' not much clothes an' no good moccasin on de feet, an' de're hungry an' got no furs an' no money an' I say dey must worked on railroad camp too, an' got sick an' give dere money

to Great White Spirit for make heem better, but Pete say, "No", dat thousands like dat in White Man's town, cause fat man own all de groun', an 'bout forty man wit hees squaw an' hees papoose have to live in one wigwam, where she stink like de flop-house on West Madison Street.

Well, I watch dat gang of pore fellers an' I feel sorry for dem, an' I say to de policeman, "Do you want some men for shovel de snow an' clear de trail?"

An' he say, "Yes."

"Well," I say, "go down to what dey call de "Morrison", an' you fine hundreds fine, big, healthy feller, with good warm clothes, an' fine moccasin on de feet — just sit aroun' an' smoke de fine tobac'."

Well, dat policeman he say if I don't keep my mouth shut an' mine my own business hee's going run me in jail, Crazy Injun!

Well, everybody tell me dat dem fellers in Morrison don't shovel snow. Well, dis is one Injun dat don't understan' why dey drive de old man an' hungry man, an' sick man to clear de trail — funny t'ing dat.

Well, after dat storm, she turn some nice wedder, an' one day I'm on Madison Street, down near what dey call de "slave market," an' pore feller ask me to buy heem somet'ing for eat, an' I see man near by he stan' in little door an' say, "Fine job, Boy, ship right out!", an' I ask him why he not go to work, an' he say hee's broke, an' job cost three dollars. Well, dat's de meanest 'ting I ever hear!

Well, I see de leetle papoose play in de street on de hard — what you call — pavement, an' de buggy an' train run by every minute an' papoose hee's got no order place to play an' no trees to climb. An' sometime de moder she work in factory all day long, like de fader, an' peop' not all be satisfy like de missionary say.

An' den I go fine out dat you have whole lot of differen' gov'men', an' differen' policeman, like de — what you call — de city police, an' de county police, an' de state police, an' de national police. an' all de inspector and den I go down to de court house an' fine out dare's about dozen different court house an' I go see some of dem but couldn't see dem all, an' I see big bunch of feller — what you call — lawyer, some of dem for put you in jail an' some of dem for get you out.

Well, den every street she have 'bout ten thousand trader on it—what you call—storekeeper. An' den I say, "No wonder poor white man have to work so hard to keep all dem govermen' peop' an' dem policeman an' dem lawyer an' dem inspector, an' all de trader dat don't work," an' den I fine out you got 'bout dozen different kind of jail an' penetentiary an' crazy house an' hospital an' all like dat, an' den I say, "Is dat what you call Civilization? Well, don't bring dat to de Injun."

Well, I t'ink I stay long enough in White Man's town an' I want go home but my frien', Pete, he say dat missionary priest is goin' to have big pow-wow here, an' dat nex' bes' frien' of de Great White Spirit is goin' be at de pow-wow, an' we wait an' see.

Well, while we wait, we go on street, where dey sell de fur coat. When we see one coat in store, she look purty nice, an' trader say she cost five hondred dollar. She's genuine black fox, he say. But when Pete an' I look close at dat coat, we fine out she's jus' dog skin, an' white man fix him up wit' paint, an' call him black fox, an' oder white man can't tell de difference. All trader just de same — dey all tell lie.

Well, anyway I t'ink 'bout time bes' friend of God come to town, teach dese peop' not to tell so many lie.

Well, we went to de pow-wow an' all de peop' be dare, an' I t'ink dat dat bes' frien' of de God, he come on de back of de mule like missionary say, an' with no moccasin on hees feet, but he come in great big fine — what you call eet — automobile, dat must have cost 'bout fifty silver fox or more, an' he have all de mounted police ride beside him an' he say everything be all better in White Man's town when he get over wit' de pow-wow.

Well, we went to de pow-wow an' everybody keep quiet for long time, an' den all de papoose sing de song to de Great White Spirit an' I say, dat's for de feast, but de Great White Spirit mus be he couldn't hear dem papoose sing for dere was no moose or deer cooked or nothing to eat dare, only over in de corner dey have little place where dey sell what you call de hot dog, an' charge fifty cents for dat, same you get out-side de pow-wow for ten cents. Well, after pow-wow, nothing change in White Man's town — ewerything just same like before, same flop-house, same police, same traders tell same lie.

Well. I say to Pete, let's get our money out de bank an' go home to de woods, where every man buil' his own wigwom an' not like dey do in White Man's town, buil' great big nice wigwam an' sleep in de flop-house. Well, Good bye. Nex' time I get Pete to tell you story — hee's got fine educate.

Me, I'm little more educate now, too.



# Great Builders, These General Construction Workers

This is not the house that Jack built. This is the dam the construction workers of America have built—the most talked of piece of masonry in the world just now, and for several years past. It has caused more different kinds of quarrels, crimination and recrimination, scandals, congressional investigations, bribery, abuse and praise than any other dam ever heard of. Power companies, from the Sam Insull interests eastward have fretted and fumed over it. Henry Ford, the auto king, has been in the thick of it, and the common ordinary farmers have stormed and wept over it on their shady porches during the noon hour.

In proof of all this, it is enough to say that this is the Wilson Dam, at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. What we wish to point out here, is not just the merry war of words that has waged about this namesake, this war baby, of the "President that (never) kept us out of war," but the fact that the fellows most concerned with the Wilson Dam, after all, are the men who made it, all of whom gave their sweat and human vigor, and quite a few of whom gave their lives to put this great wall of steel and concrete across the turbulent Tennessee.

Still, to understand the importance and magnitude of the work done here by the general construction workers of this continent, a few facts about their product will not be amiss.

When the United States financiers found that they had been betting on a losing contestant in the great war that was so rapidly becoming a foot race in Europe, when they discovered that the "Allies" were being licked by the "Central Powers," they gave their orders to the administration in Washington, and threw the U. S. A. into the fight on the side of the "Allies;" the reason being, of course, that their money was invested on that side. Naturally there was a lot of enthusiasm and emotional response, why not, was it not said long ago, "Where thy treasure is, there shall thy heart be also?"

But mere treasure and stout (not to say hard) hearts will not win the wars. High explosives are needed, and that means nitrogen. For the production of nitrogen one of two things is needed—either nitrogen compounds which can be mined, and which the United States does not have, or air, which contains lots of nitrogen, and of which the U. S. A. is well supplied, both with hot and other sorts.

But, for getting nitrogen out of the air electricity is needed, and that normally caused the folk who were contemplating high explosives as a substitute for bankruptcy, to think of power sites. So they thought of the Tennessee River. The Tennessee River is a crooked stream that starts in the Appalachian Mountain chain in North Carolina, and then goes through a corner of Tennessee, meanders down into Alabama (right close to the non-union coal fields there) and then up into Tennessee again, and finally enters the Ohio in Kentucky—something like as direct a route as that by which Henry Ford tried to inherit Muscle Shoals.

The Tennessee River is navigable, with slight improvements, from its mouth up to Muscle Shoals which are in Alabama. About a century ago the State of Alabama built a canal around Muscle Shoals, but this work was designed for the little ships of the time, and for the Mississippi commerce that has vanished. However, the fall is considerable in the Shoals, and the gentlemen interested in blowing up Germans (and boosting their own fortunes) immediately decided that Uncle Sam should build a dam low down on the falls, to be known as Dam No. 1, and make the river navigable to the site of the present Wilson Dam, to be officially designated as Dam No. 2. A further dam, to create more power, is proposed higher up the river, and will be, of course, Dam No. 3. Still more may built.

Hot air power was used in great quantity, and the Alabama Power Co., the company owning Muscle Shoals, was induced to sell the land to the U. S. government for $1. It was a case apparently, not of high pressure salesmanship, but of high pressure buying. The Alabama Power Co. has probably regretted its generosity, unless, as some say, it made enough out of the sale of power to the government during the construction of Dam No. 2 (the only one built so far) to break even or a little better. We do know that when Henry tried to buy the whole works from the Government, he set up considerable of a howl because the U. S. returned (?) to

**GENERAL CONSTRUCTION WORKERS!** How long will you be blind to the situation? Don't you see that while you cover the whole land with the enduring products of your toil, while you build the roads, pave them, build the dams, make the reservoirs, lay out the railroads, and do all the foundation work for the whole industrial system of America—you are wasting your lives in a thankless task? This sort of thing will not go on forever. The great industrial system of America only needs about so much of this. They are playing you for suckers. They are getting you to do all of this necessary construction work, and then when it is finished, they will turn you adrift.

For you, and by you, General Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 310, of the I. W. W., was created. It is your union that can win you higher wages and more of the good things of life. Unless you join it, you are helpless. If you join it, in all your invincible might, you can make it what you will, your savior now from overwork and underpay and your savior in times to come, when it will keep you from being thrown on the scrap heap. This union is a real workers' union, with low initiation, low monthly dues, little expense, and quick action. For further information, get in touch with Main Office of General Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 310 of the I. W. W., at 3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Ill.—W. H. WESTMAN, Secretary-Treasurer.

the Alabama Power Co. a high voltage line and other improvements built by the government money to convey the "juice" from the Alabama's other plants to the site of Dam No. 2. The Government officials in charge merely stated that this line was built for the Alabama Power Co., and borrowed from them for a while, and of course had to go back to them. Well, be that as it may, it is not the main point of our story.

The main idea is that millions of dollars were spent in constructing nitrate manufacturing plants here at Muscle Shoals, run by steam power, but to be taken care of by electricity generated at the Wilson Dam by water power as soon as it was ready.

The dam wasn't ready in time to help win the war, in fact, in 1921, when the appropriation for its construction was exhausted, there was still two years' work left. It was actually finished in 1925. Neither of the other two dams needed to complete the whole project is even started. And the fight is merely about who will win the Wilson Dam.

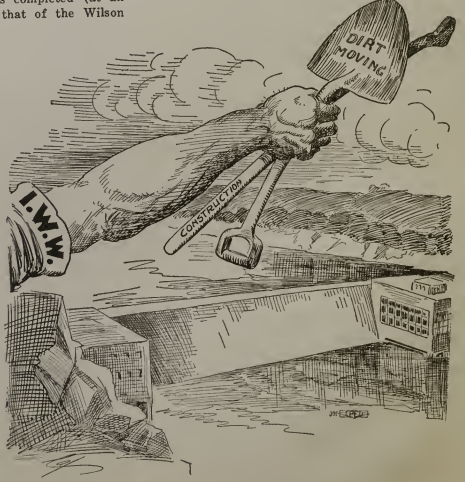
It's a valuable piece of property. The nitrates made at Muscle Shoals can be used to fertilize cotton land, and that explains the farmer's interest. The power plant will generate 260,000 horsepower with its present machinery; with more generators it can deliver something over 600,000 horsepower. If Dam No. 3 is completed (at an estimated cost of about half that of the Wilson Dam) the two together will produce a million horsepower. If some of the other smaller dams are put in there will be three million horsepower.

This great source of power is located very nicely, right in the center of the rough triangle formed by four growing manufacturing cities, the new manufacturing district of the South: Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga, and Birmingham. Nor is this all. The greatest power plant of the Alabama Power Co. is at Warrior River, 90 miles south of Muscle Shoals, and right in the heart of the big coal fields of the South. That is the beginning of what is known as the "Southern Superpower System" which extends along the foothill region of the Gulf and South Atlantic states from Montgomery, Ala., to Greensboro, North Carolina, taking in the big new textile and general manufacturing districts around the cities of Columbus, Atlanta, Macon and Charlotte, and many others.

A piece of engineering with such capabilities and potentialities can't be too slim and fragile, so with a memory of the social and economic consequences of this structure, we are ready to take a glance at its physical characteristics. To begin with it is the biggest dam in America. It is one of the three biggest in the world. It is 4,156 feet long (nearly a mile); it is 98 feet high; at the top it is 27 feet wide, and at the bottom it is 76 feet wide. It contains just about a million cubic yards of concrete. Some mixing took place there!

The only dams with which it can be really compared are the Aussuan Dam in Egypt, built with cheap fellaheen labor under direction of the British masters, to irrigate the Soudan cotton fields. That dam is about 4,600 feet long, 96 feet high, 17 feet thick at the top and 100 feet thick at the base. Because of its peculiar structure in cross section, it contains only about 700,000 cubic yards of concrete. The other big dam is Vyrnwy Dam in England—length something over 4,000 feet, but other dimensions unknown to the author of this article.

Other dams in America are not so small. The famous Roosevelt Dam is higher than the Wil-





**THE WORN OUT SLAVE ON THE AUCTION BLOCK**
**Wake Up, Construction Workers! Do You Want to Come To This?**

son, being 284 feet from base to crest, is 16 feet thick at the top and 170 feet thick at the base, but is only 1080 feet long, and contains only 340,000 cubic yards of concrete. The Keokuk Dam of the Mississippi River Power Co., is 4,000 feet long, 53 feet high, 29 feet wide at the top and 46 feet wide at the bottom—quite a piece of work itself.

Now we come to the point. How do you suppose they got there—these tremendous masses, tons and tons of concrete and steel, towering walls with the weight of mountains and the height of mountains too, almost? They didn't grow that way. Capitalism, which uses them, and squabbles over them, didn't wave a magic wand and conjure them there. No, they represent the toil of human beings. Even the capitalists know that. One W. B. West, an expert for the Scientific American, writing in 1921, in protest against the stoppage caused by the exhaustion of the congressional appropriation says the work should go on, because, "There is an abundance of common labor and it is a proven fact that skilled labor will flow to the point where there is a demand for it." And various other agencies of capitalism, likewise, when boosting for the construction of the rest of the Muscle Shoals project have emphasized the abundance, and commonness, of the common labor of the South—good, old, American stock, uninfluenced by any imported ideas about radicalism, unions, living wages, etc.

However skilled the engineers, however intricate and successful the concrete mixing and other machinery, general construction work still involves a lot of everyday, hard, heavy labor—toil—work—done by men with horny hands and often with "hump on the back" from lifting things that are too heavy to be lifted, but must be lifted if the high voltage currents capitalism now demands are to be realised.

It is the human animal, the general construction worker, skilled or unskilled, that makes nitrate plants possible, that rears the mighty dams that congressmen, millionaires, and dollar patriots prattle about.

And what does this creature, this human beaver or ant, this great builder, the general construction worker get out of his heavy "swinking?" We have seen that his product makes wars possible, that it creates millions of horsepower for factories, that it makes and unmakes governments. But what does he get himself? Damn little. Usually he gets dyspepsia—but of course that is only a fancy way to starve to death. The result could be obtained by refraining from food, which way on the whole, would be cheaper and more comfortable than eating the rotten chuck often served in construction gangs. He gets a sleeping place that is hard and cold in winter, hard and hot in summer—in a tent or a shack. He could probably get that without working. And of course he draws wages, but they are pretty small for the sort of work he does, and trivial in comparison with its far reaching consequences. Let us take a glance at some of the general construction work going on now, a few of the jobs cataloged in the Bulletin of General Construction Workers Industrial Union No. 310 of

the I. W. W. They will serve to show the rewards of those who build monuments more useful and larger than the pyramids of Egypt. Wages are not appreciably different for the workers on dam sites, roads and railroads, for the same class of work. We see that at present at Buckley, Washington there are concrete mixers at work, without camps, and the men get $4.40 a day, and board themselves. Have to hire a room too. At Scenic, Washington, the big tunnel of the Great Northern R. R. is being constructed, A. Guthrie & Co. contractors. They pay for muckers and outside work (all except miners) a low wage of $4.80 in the first case, and $4 for others. And out of this comes a board bill of $1.35 a day, and a hospital fee. Very little, compared with the amounts the worker will have to spend to recuperate when he breaks down under the strain of it. There is a double tracking job going on out of Ogden, Utah, the Echo Canyon Division; laborers get 40 cents per hour for a nine hour day—other and more skilled men get more, but are of course in a minority on the job. Chuck and sleeping quarters are rotten.

And so it goes. There is usually a nine or ten hour day for all but the highly skilled men, drillers, etc. Wages run from forty to forty-five cents per hour. Food is intollerable, and sleeping quarters are bad. These are the living conditions of the men who make the dams, roads, bridges, railroad beds, etc. Repair work on these things is paid about the same.

And there is no hope for improvement? Can not some of the enormous wealth, the basic, necessary construction which these men perform, come to them? Indeed it can, in certain isolated and all too few cases, it has been started that way already.

In 1922, under the leadership of an I. W. W. strike committee, the general construction workers on the Wenatchee project, Great Northern Railroad Company construction, with A. Guthrie & Co. the contractors, struck, suddenly, and won the eight hour day, in flat contradiction to the course of events, for it was a time when the day's work was getting longer, all sorts of companies changing from a nine hour day to a ten hour day. It was a fine strike, as strikes usually are when the I. W. W. leads them. There was an attempt made to break it up by arresting some of the "leaders" but "we always got some more" active strike pickets, and strike committeemen. Finally the arrested men were turned loose.

There was an attempt made to break it up by importing scabs from Fargo, Minneapolis, Duluth, and Chicago, but the I. W. W. was there too, and pickets right outside of the employment agencies stopped the shipments. Finally the company yielded.

That is the way to do it, and that is the only way it can be done. The general construction workers of North America have raised enduring monuments to their prowess, but they have profited little from all that. Now let them, united in General Construction Workers Industrial Union No. 310 of the I. W. W., raise somewhat their wages and general standards of living, and see if that will not be more fun. If they could build the Wilson Dam they can build their organization, more useful by far to them than any dam or road can possibly be.

# The Decline and Fall of the Home

(By C. E. PAYNE)

HOME! AT any time for centuries this word has been one to conjure with among the people of Europe and America. Poets have rated it as one of the three sweetest words in the English language. So entwined in the lives of the people has the word become that the tune of "Home, Sweet Home" is never allowed in any prison; the ideal of home and the reality of prison form too great a contrast.

When the capitalist system came into control of world affairs, the home as we now know it came into existence. Ancient savages had some dwellings, but proximity to food was the chief consideration. The slave system might give creature comforts to the slaves, but there was too much uncertainty of abode for the slaves to call any place home, while the masters thought more in terms of castles and estates. Under serfdom the castles and estates still occupied the minds of the masters, while the serfs belonged to the land, but never did the land or a dwelling belong to the serf.

The slave and serf systems broke down because of the failure of those systems to keep pace with the required production of goods. Capitalism found it necessary to speed up production to make the new system succeed. The means to do this was found in the slogan of "Freedom and Home through hard work," and the erstwhile serfs became highly productive wage workers.

Homes by the million were set up during the settling of America, particularly in the United States and Canada. Many of them were true homes in every sense of endearment the human mind has known. Men and women going into the wilderness to carve out their own fortunes kept ever in memory the homes they had left, and

constantly before them the vision of a new home where they would have

*"All that is most beauteous, imaged there*
*In happier beauty. More pellucid streams,*
*An ampler ether, a diviner air*
*And fields invested with purpureal gleams.*
*Climes which the sun, who sheds the bright-*
*est day*
*Earth knows is all unworthy to survey."*

It was about a century ago that John Howard Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home," which has perhaps awakened more sad memories in the minds of earth's wanderers than have all other melodies combined. The song was written when the idea of home had become throughly ingrained in the minds of the people, but also at a time when the possibility of homes for all in America had reached its zenith. The beautiful lines of

*"A charm from the skies*
*Seems to hallow us there,*
*Which, seek through the world,*
*Is ne'er met with elsewhere,"*

are now replaced by the raucously newer but more appropriate

*"There is a boarding house*
*Not far away,*
*Where they have ham and eggs*
*Three times a day."*

Rooming houses—furnished or unfurnished—do not call forth great sentiments on the subject of home. They run more to "Oh, what a pal was Mary."

Vaudeville entertainers have for some time had a gag line that "Home is the place where you go to change clothes." It is literally true that a very large number of Americans consider home to be the place where they hang their winter clothes in May, expecting to find them there in October. Some millions of migratory workers leave their winter clothes in May without expectations. In many of the cities and towns of the Pacific Northwest clothing merchants make a specialty of storing the "good clothes" of lumber workers who are going out to work. The good clothes are frequently stored 11 months or more in a year.

Many and heroic have been the attempts of America's workers, particularly the farmers, to set up and maintain homes for themselves. Two million of them had to give up the struggle in 1924. It must have been with many repressed emotions of sorrow that those former women packed all their earthly belongings, including the "Home, Sweet Home" motto, into their trunks and made their several ways to the cities where jobs "might" be had, hoping against failure they might—sometime—have a home—again—.

The home life of one family may be taken as typical of many others. The father and mother are about to celebrate their silver wedding and a quarter century in one place. The father has averaged over 14 hours of hard labor each day for six days a week during that time and is bent with toil. The mother would remind you of Mother Machree—"Her hands so toil-worn." Her work has been more arduous than her husband's.

Their children—two boys—are just entering manhood and the wage game, where they will either rise by chicanery or, after a valiant struggle, become slaves to the system as so many others have done. Their chances of setting up homes of their own are very small. But they may "rise in the world," as they have been inured to toil and to making every dollar count 100 cents of value. Yet, it is heartbreaking to see that where this family has had one comfort to brighten the home they have set up, their toil has enabled the bankers to wantonly waste the price of scores of such comforts, or even of many such complete homes themselves.

The home as an American institution is doomed —not because I or others say so, but because capitalism finds it no longer profitable. Vestiges of it will linger awhile, its memory will last sometime longer, but to millions of Americans even now the word means only the room where their suit cases may be left for the night or the week.

What is to take the place of the home is beyond guessing. The number of those who know its true meaning is rapidly diminishing, as also is the number of those who can be inveigled into hard work for its sake.

We do not love the home any the less because we know it is a thing of the past. But to those who do not know its meaning we must make some other appeal to stir them into action. It may be that if we can strike the right chord in the minds of those who have been dispossessed of their homes, we will have the power to overturn this rotten system and set up in its place homes for all, so that we can sing with new meaning,

*"There's no place like home."*

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# The Stomach and the Undertaker

(Continued From Page 4)

in the past, when life was more simply ordered, that restaurant proprietors did concern themselves about good food in order to attract and hold patronage. But those days are gone. Now the prime object among owners of lunch-rooms, restaurant, hotels and cafeterias is to get rich quick.

There was a time when the cook was permitted to take pains and time in the preparation of meals, but this practice irritates the modern proprietor; now it is speed that is wanted. The work formerly done by four cooks is now performed by two. An excellent illustration of this can be seen in the Hotel LaSalle, at Madison and LaSalle St., Chicago.

In the sweat shop a cook is required to do at least the work of two to three men. Frequently at that place they have banquets or parties comprsing from 800 to 1000 persons, and on exceptional occasions twice that number attend. Suppose a party consisting of 800 persons, each of whom is to have tenderloin steak broiled. In order that all these steaks be properly broiled it requires the work of at least three cooks. At the Hotel LaSalle one cook does this work. A cook working as fast as such a demand compells cannot properly season the meat, nor can he be overly clean. Frequently in his haste he drops a steak on the floor, but since he has little time he picks it up, dirt and all, places it among those that are to be served. Such a situation is deplorable indeed, but whom are we to blame for the condition, the cook or the manager?

Nor is this all. In many instances, the pans in which the steaks are broiled are incrusted with dirt left by a dish-washer who also works at top-speed.

Then let us take a look at the fry-cook. It is required of him that he prepare, for the same party, a sufficient amount of potatoes au gratin. He, like other cooks, must work at full speed, and while working his aspect is that of a man mixing concrete. In order that this mess may be appetizing the cook covers the potatoes with a coating of adulterated cheese and paprika. Were it possible for a patron of the hotel to witness this operation he would be nauseated.

After the banquet there possibly remain uneaten a hundred steaks, whereupon, the following day the chef instructs the cook to serve them again, giving them some unintelligible foreign name, or possibly the bill-of-fare will read "sliced tenderloin saute with fresh mushrooms." For the most part these steaks are kept in rusty pans on the floor where the kitchen cats come and freely have a feast. Such practices are of course revolting to even the least fastidious, but for Ernest J. Stevens they are matters of business. "Business is Business," he will tell you.

The days when wholesome meals were obtainable are gone forever. Today the foods and liquors served to the American public are poor in quality and scanty in nutritive value. There was a time when Hollandiase Sauce was made from pure butter, now it is a concoction of cream sauce and yolk of eggs. Chiken a la King is artificially colored. Consomme is colored with black jack or "monkey," that is sugar burned for an hour. Baked beans and spaghetti are largely imitations. Cheese is really about two-thirds bread crumbs. Corned beef hash is a combination of dozens of different varieties of left over meats, and cod fish cakes is left over scraps of fish and potatoes. Such is the food served to the public, and it is the cause of many losing their lives. In the meantime, Mr. Stevens of the LaSalle, and Mr. Byfield of the Sherman House and others like them accumulate their millions of dollars.



### Stop and Think

Do not be in a hurry, life is short enough as it is. Before entering a restaurant give some thought to the health of your stomach. This is given as a sort of warning and before patronizing public eating houses it is *wise* to stop and consider. If your food is prepared in your own home and you carry it to shop or office you will be safe. A mere slice of bread with cheese is much more wholesome under such conditions than an elaborate meal at the restaurants. True, you will probably miss the strawberry pie or vegetable soup, but your deprivation will be for the better. The strawberry pie is probably made from decayed strawberries, and the soup is prepared in vessels

that are seldom cleansed. It is preferable that our house cat feasts on a box of sardines rather than partake of the chicken obtainable in hotel and restaurants. Are we justified in making such sweeping charges as are contained herein? We request your patience till we have done with our story. Below we append some evidence, easily verifiable by any earnest investigator. We go with a searchlight from kitchen to kitchen, and the first is the

### Hotel LaSalle, Chicago

Bread dressings served to the public are soaked in a filthy sink where the pots and pans are washed. After being soaked the dressing is stored for a week in wood barrels. Is this sanitary?

Soups and meats, in dirty containers stand on the floor all day without a covering with the result that they are covered with saw-dust and fly-dirt.

"Come-backs" from parties and banquets, such as bread, cheese, cold meats, steaks, celery and lettuce, are served over and over again until such time as they are disposed off and the last cent of profit extracted from them.

Bones, scraps of meat and vegetables are dumped into the "stock pot." It is boiled all day and far into the night. The pot is not covered, and flies and cockroaches easily find their way into it, nor are the bones used in this mess washed of such dirt as they accumulate.

All scraps of bread are used for dressings and all kinds of scrap meats are used for hash.

The above is only a few of a hundred charges we have made regarding the Hotel LaSalle. We challenge manager Ernest J. Stevens, or Chef Ferdinand Karcher to deny or refute these statements.

### California Cafeteria

The food served in the California Cafeteria, 16 W. Washington St., Chicago, is prepared under the most insanitary conditions. The proprietor is Harry Farrell, formerly president of the defunct California Cafeteria at 21 South Wabash Ave. The place now under his management is notorious for its rotten food. The Chop Suey served here is nothing other than the scraps that accumulate from day to day.

Scraps of fish, left over by the patrons, are collected and by adding cream sauce a compound is made which is served to the public again under the alluring name of "Tuna Fish on Toast."

Mr. Farrell commands the Chef to serve everything. Oatmeal, corn meal mush, corn fritters, scraps of meat, liver, potatoes, frankfurters and bits of beef and veal: all left-overs, are taken by Chef Gust Borgeaud and passed through a meat chopper. From the resulting mess he makes croquettes which he names "Chicken" or "Veal" Croquettes" as suits the demand. Should the croquettes be left-over for still another day they are then served as "Meat-balls with Spanish sauce." Or perhaps as "Hamburger Steak with Onions." Failing disposal of the mess under such names, it is mixed with corn-starch, bread crumbs and eggs and baked for two hours. Now it is ready to serve as "Veal Loaf with Creole Sauce" or "Vienna Loaf with Onion Sauce."

To give in detail an account of all forms in which filthy food is served in the California Cafeteria would require the space of a book. Here we can only indicate the more prominent features and pass on. However we wish to defy Mr. Farrell to refute the charges contained herein, brief as they are.

### Hotel Sherman

The management of the Hotel Sherman, Randolph and Clark St's, Chicago, spend annually thousands of dollars advertising the food served and its cuisine. In spite of this display, slimy french fried potatoes are served. The chickens and turkeys are of poor quality and in many instances putrefaction has set in. Decaying as the flesh is, it is served to the public. Shrimps served here have such a bad odor that cooks find it difficult to handle them. Sraps of meat are saved and used over and over again. Rotten cantaloupes are saved for days and when a great number have been accumulated they are boiled, adding sugar, vinegar and some spices, after which they are served under a "high faluting" name. The night chef who performs this work is Louis Vate.

Who is to blame for this condition of affairs? Naturally, the head chef, Thomas Maglians, blames the steward, Albert Stalle. Stalle blames Byfield. Truth to tell though, no particular individual is to blame. The real blame rest on the profit system which super-induces corruption and dishonesty.

### Virginia Hotel

The food prepared in the Virginia Hotel, Ohio and Rush Streets, Chicago, is injurious to the health of the patrons. The ice-box is dirty, and the meats are kept in rusty pans. Sauces and vegetables are kept in tomato cans. This practice is dangerous and is rightly condemned by the Board of Health, because it is realized that such food develops a poison called ptomain.

### Auditorium Hotel

The food served in the Auditorium Hotel, Michigan and Congress Streets, Chicago, is far from being first class and is prepared under the most insanitary conditions. Most of the pans about the place are rusty, and foods are kept in cans liable to contamination. The ice-boxes are damp and the potatoes after one day in the place are slimy. French fried potatoes are prepared in grease the color of ink. Most of the food is in rusty containers, left on the floor or in a damp ice-box. The toilets in this hotel are filthy and the Board of Health should demand the closing of the Auditorium Hotel kitchen at once. It is injurious to the health of all who work there beside being a menace to the well-being of its patrons.

In speaking of the Auditorium Hotel, it is well to remember they have sinks in which they keep

peeled potatoes. It is a daily occurence to see rats, the biggest and most terrible rats I ever saw —they look like rabbits, go to the same sink and drink out of it, and also run around over the potatoes, sometimes stopping on a particularly large spud for a rest, or to visit with their friends.

### More Truth

The average culinary worker prepares food under conditions that are insanitary. Since the worker is not a free agent in such matters the blame for the conditions is to be placed elswhere than on him.

Towel shortage is a condition and problem in every kitchen. The cooks are not furnished with sufficient towels, and as a consequence are compelled to use rags, greasy and otherwise. Frequently by necessity they use worn out shirts, as is the case at the Hotel LaSalle.

The pot-washer does his work in greasy and slimy water for which he is provided with little soap. Pot-washing for the most part is a very inefficient and careless piece of work.

Dish-washers, also, have trouble in obtaining clean towels for wiping dishes. In many places the workman is compelled to use table-cloths and napkins, already used by the guests. One can well imagine diseased guests handling table-cloths and napkins only to have them communicate the infection to the dishes apparently clean. This practice prevails in many restaurants.

For all these practices there are definite sanitary laws. One of the most flagrant violators of them is Tom Quigley, owner of the Rubaiyat Cafe, 950 Rush St., Chicago. In this place comparatively few towels are furnished to dish-washers. From morning to night napkins and table-cloths are used by the dish-washers. In this manner are germs communicated from one guest to another. The use of soiled napkins is highly insanitary.

Nor is this all. The butter, cream, bread and other foods, left over from one guest to another, and served time after time are a direct cause of the communication of disease in many restaurants.

Can these statements be substaniated? Here is a specific case: left-over pieces of butter containing cigarette butts, are used in the preparation of food, both the LaSalle and Auditorium Hotels.

In those places where food is kept in rusty pans or in tinned tomato containers, the guests are endangered with poisoning from spoiled food or metallic salt. At the Virginia Hotel such practices are a part of the day's work. After persons have eaten some of the meats from rusty pans or tinned containers, stomach troubles are a natural consequence, and in extreme cases ptomaine poisoning.

### In Conclusion

The above brief expose of the filthy and insanitary conditions in the various kitchens is a only a small part of the story. We have an abundance of facts at hand, but owing to certain material conditions are just now unable to publish them. However when circumstances so shape themselves we shall publish the truth regarding the conditions existing in hotels and restaurants in all parts of the country.

In the past we have demonstrated certain facts regarding hotels, restaurants and their owners; we have demonstrated that unwholesome and adulterated food is, as a matter of routine, served to the public; in short we have demonstrated that the food of the average restaurant and hotel is not fit to be eaten by any man or woman. All of which, as we have shown, is due to the greed of owners for profit.

Filthy kitchens, unwholesome food, with the resultant disordered stomachs, come from greed for the almighty dollar. Whom are we to blame for these conditions? The answer seems plain, undoubtedly it is the food barons.

What is the remedy? Under present conditions there seems to be only one available and that is publicity. The only thing we can do at the present time is to carry the fight before the public. This is not an easy task, owing to the fact that the public is misinformed by the yellow press. However we are not discouraged and shall continue fighting until every kitchen is spick and span, the food prepared under sanitary conditions, and the health of every person safe-guarded.

### The Road To Good Health

To insure good health it is necessary that the gastro-intestinal regions are kept clear of disease germs. If many persons have trouble with their stomachs, it is in almost every case, due to the poor quality of the food they consume. The average citizen has arrived at the place where he gives some care to the teeth, but he neglects his stomach shamefully. Each should be very much concerned about this vital and important part of his body.

Elswhere, in our article on "Physiological Reaction and the Class Struggle," we said: "The stomach is the principal organ of digestion and its task is to convert inorganic and organic matter into blood, thus supplying energy to the tissues of the body. No species of animal can exist unless it receives its means from the surrounding environment. In the work of gathering and assimilating this material, certain mechanical and chemical changes are necessary. In this work of digestion, the stomach performs the essential work."

It is our desire that you enjoy good health. In order to have good health, the stomach must be kept in a healthy condition, and for this last, good wholesome food is required. To attain all these results the food barons must be forced to serve good wholesome food prepared under sanitary conditions. There is a choice to be made. Unsanitary food leads to the cemetery, but wholesome food spells health. So long as impure food is served in public eating houses the undertaker wears a smile, but the enjoyment of a long and useful life is to be had by partaking of wholesome food.

**ASPUDDEN, Sweden.—A new feature in organization activity, as it seems to me, is the regularly occurring OPEN FORUM lectures dealing with the natural sciences. If this feature of I. W. W. activity becomes an established part of our educational system, as I hope it will, then it would not be amiss to contribute a few new ideas to it.**

**We know that scientific education is a necessity in the industrial world for those that direct the industries.**

**Hence it is logical to impart such education to the workers as they are the ones that in the future will partake in the directing of them. At this stage it is impossible to give every worker, or rather the average worker, an education that is equal to that possessed by the leaders of industry. If we had the control of the radio we would at least be able to broadcast a lecture of a scientific nature once a week, but as that is also impossible at present then let us do the best possible with the means we have at hand.—C. G. ANDERSON, in Industrial Solidarity.**

# LIFE, SOCIETY, ORGANIZATION

By SAMUEL W. BALL

**A Lecture Delivered May 2, 1926, Before the Chicago Open Forum of the Industrial Workers of the World**

A HUNGRY MAN, so we are informed by Tolstoi, A Russian novelist, once had but six pennies. Coming to a bake-shop he entered. For five of the pennies he obtained three buns, and a small sweet-cake or cooky that appeared to be appetizing, was obtained for the remaining cent.

Eating one of the buns the man was as hungry as before. The second and third were devoured, still the craving for food remained. Eating the cooky he was surprised to note that his hunger had vanished.

"Now," thought he, "Why not have only purchased the cooky and saved the money spent for buns? Hereafter, I shall know better."

This story, whatever its merits otherwise, illustrates a principle well understood in the domain of science, namely, the change of quantity into quality. Our Russian friend had eaten a quantity of buns but failed to obtain the desired satisfaction or quality. The quality sought for was only realized after he had eaten the cooky.

All things in the universe may be regarded, first, as an amount or quantity; as what it is, by and of itself, and second, as to what it does; by its virtues, properties or characteristics. What it is is quantity; what it does is quality. All matter has these two aspects.

Glass, for instance, is a quantity of matter having the quality of transparency. Sugar is sweet; vinegar sour; alum astringent. A locomotive is so much iron possessing a tractive quality. A watch records time, a pen writes, iron is malleable, the rose red, lead heavy, and man, so much matter, has a property or quality called thought. Money or coins are so much matter. When organized into great masses money takes on the quality of capital. All matter has qualities of one or another sort.

Qualities or properties are entirely due to the manner in which matter is put together; the way in which it is organized. If matter or quantity is organized in a given way, it does a particular thing. If it is organized in another way, it does something else.

An automobile is a quantity of matter, wood, iron, rubber, leather and gasoline. When organized and articulated we give it the qualitative name, automobile. A watch is a contrivance composed of metal, glass, rubies, ink, enamel, wheels, springs, escapment, hands, dial and stem. If these various parts of matter are arranged or organized in a given manner they record time. Recording time is a quality of matter so organized. It is not separate and distinct from the matter, but inherent in it.

But watches can be taken apart, laying the several parts in a heap. All the watch will be there—but it will not record time. Recording time is a virtue, quality, or property subtly connected with the arrangement or organization. Destroying the organization destroys the quality.

From this it is apparent that properties are intangible, yet comprehensible, and at all times associated with some form of matter. Properties

or qualities are always present in matter, but alter or change according to its organization. Quantity, then, can be made to manifest qualities.

Chemistry, as has been demonstrated experimentally, leads us to the same general conclusion. Formic acid is a compound composed of one atom of carbon, and two each of hydrogen and oxygen. Such a quantity requires one hundred degrees of heat to boil. If we quadruple the quantity of the first two constituents; four carbons, eight hydrogens and two oxygen, we obtain butyric acid, boiling only after 162 degrees of heat have been applied. Thirty carbons, sixty hydrogens and two oxygen will give us mellissic acid, which boils at 180 degrees. The differences in the amount gives each a different quality, requiring a differing amount of heat for boiling purposes.

Water when heated boils at 100 degrees centigrade. When this temperature has been attained, water changes from a liquid into a gas or vapor. One degree less than 100 the water remains a liquid. By the adding of heat in a given intensity the quality of the water is transformed.

Hang a weight on the end of a string, adding weight to weight, and the string will hold, but in due time, if the process is continued, a limit will be reached and the string broken. A stone is to be lifted by man-power. However, several strong men are unable to do so. Near by is a weak old lady who kindly lends a hand, and the stone is lifted. Her strength was not much, but little as it amounted to, it was sufficient to change quantity into quality.

### The Militarists Found It Too

Napoleon, the great military genius of France, in writing on cavalry tactics, leads us to believe that he understood and practiced the principle under discussion. While in Egypt with the well trained and disciplined soldiers of France, many battles were had with the Mamelukes or barbarians. The barbarians were the best of horsemen, and man for man could outride and outdo the very best of French cavalrymen. In fact, two Mamelukes, under fair conditions, could whip three Frenchmen. Two barbarians were, in any passage, more than a match for three of the bravest Frenchman. When they met each other in groups of one hundred on either side, the contest resulted in a drawn batle. Neither side seemed to obtain any advantage. When the numbers were increased to three hundred for each of the contestants the Mamelukes were invariably worsted, and, Napoleon was assured that a thousand well trained French cavalrymen could whip fifteen hundred barbarians. As the number of the French increased, their training and discipline; their qualitative effectiveness, become manifest. Man for man the barbarians had the better of it, but in large masses their independent and individualistic tactics led them to defeat before the well trained, co-operating French soldiers.

Money, of course, is money. A dollar in your pocket is so much matter. Organize the dollars in ten thousand men's pockets, (and by the way that is the function of savings banks) so that one man has access to it and the result is capital. A dollar is 100 cents. 10,000 dollars are 10,000 times 100 cents plus a new property or quality, which for convenience we name capital.

The mother is impregnated and for nine months the embryo grows and develops. Suddenly it emerges into a world of separate existence. It now begins a career of breathing, feeling, thinking. It takes on properties it did not posses while confined within the mother. Quantity is changed into quality.

### And In Living Things

In the egg of a chicken is a mass of matter called albumen. Apply heat under well defined conditions, the albumen germinates, takes on the quality of life. Albumen is thus changed from inert matter into a living chicken; the shell is broken and the new arrival announces the fact by saying, "peep, peep."

Our modern incubators and their attending results are ever recurring evidences of the fact that life is a property of matter. Nothing less nor more than this. Life is not some mysterious entity coming out of nothingness, but a quality associated with matter and its organization. Life only appears under certain well specified conditions in the organization of matter; it is the result of conditions now existing on our earth. Were these conditions to be radically altered, life would assume other forms, or, perhaps disappear. Matter is a quantity; life is one of its many manifestation or qualities.

### And In Society

This principle, the change of quantity into quality, also applies in the domain of society. The word "society," as here used refers to the relations and activities of all mankind regardless of age, color, sex, creed, wealth, or nationality. When using the word "society" in this sense, not the upper ten, the elite, nor the wealthy "four hundred," are to be given any undue prominence. Society, as here used, refers to all mankind, in all parts of the world, regardless of location or condition. Every new machine that is invented and put into successful operation; every business that fails, adds to the numbers of the working class. As their numbers increase, the quality of the development is improved and strengthened. The more there are of them the more effective they become. Social or historical forces bring such results as a necessity of their existence. It is a process operating independently of any particular man's will. No one man, nor group of men can for long thwart or interfere in this process. In due course, the most malignant and determined of men must bend their wills in conformity to historical events and social necessities. This process will continue until such time as a machine is set up that will bring a social revolution. The machines are now everywhere and on the increase; the workers who oper-

ate them or are displaced by them grow in numbers proportionately—the quantity is increasing, and in due time this quantity will be transformed into quality. Marx and Engels, nigh unto two generations ago, foresaw this event, which becomes more manifest as each day recedes.

The change of quantity into quality and the principle of its application, is highly scientific and was discovered in the domain of chemistry. From chemistry it has spread into every department of scientific knowledge. Even such straight-laced, strict, absolute and exact sciences as mathematics and physics have been profoundly effected by its application. Truth to tell, the recent revelations of Einstein are but wider applications of this principle. The change of quantity into quality makes all things relative—nothing now is fixed or absolute. The mutability of all things, even time and space, now becomes a part of our stock of knowledge. Two and two, since Einstein, do not always and invariably make four. Before Einstein, things mathematical and physical, "always was this way and always would be this way." Now the quality of anything, even the most apparently permanent thing, may change in a night. The stable and fixed universe of our fathers has been relegated to the museum of antiquated ideas.

Let us take a look at some of the implications of modern science. If the generalizations of modern science are correct, it simply means that neither God, Devil, Right, Wrong, Morality, Ethics, Telepathy nor Spiritualism have any controlling and directing influence in affairs of this universe, It is well that this is so. If the above mentioned entities, or other similar gods and philosophies, were able to influence the historical or social process there would be no hope for the working class.

### The Hand of God?

Since Evans, Petrie and Breasted have been digging in Egypt, Persia and Mesopotamia, we may be said to possess about nine thousand years of recorded history. During all these nine milleniums there has always been a large proportion of the population engaged in manual labor. The names for them have been many and various; sudras, coolies, slaves, serfs, wage-workers; there have been millions of them; aye, billions of them. During these nine thousand years, of which we have an account, God, at no time, concerned himself about the workers. God, granding his existenct, was content that the great mass, generation after generation, should live in squalor and poverty. In this long period of the past, God never so much as gave the working class a passing thought, until today it is the frailest of hopes that He is going to reform. Either He does not exist, or existing He is impotent; possesses neither the power of good nor evil. With such apparent and obvious impotency before us, a workingman who adheres to some religious docrine, conducts himself according to some ethical platitude, or obeys a master's creed, is simply his own worst enemy. He encumbers himself with impedimenta that retard his progress and stand in the way of his own well-being.

God, evidently, has been so busy that the working classes have never received even the slightest notice or consideration. It is evident, if the lessons of history are to be relied upon, that whatever is to be done for the working class must be done for themselves by themselves. AND (let us put the "AND" in capitals) if the working class can do for themselves, they then can get along well without the assistance of any God.

Returning to our consideration of the change of quantity into quantity, we recall its discovery in the domain of chemistry. Since this knowlege is of some importance to those who are interested in working class progress, let us, for the nonce, examine some of its basic and fundamental aspects.

### Analysis of Matter

This world or universe consists of matter, the entirety of which may be contemplated under the three general heads. We have very simple forms of matter, 92 different varieties, and these are known as chemical elements. The word "element," used in this sense implies simplicity, or indivisibility. * Chemical elements, where two or more of them are combined, form compounds. The compounds of the elements are of two kinds, classified roughly as non-living and living, or inorganic and organic. Water is a typical inorganic compound, whilst protoplasm is organic.

Upon investigation it has been discovered that these three forms of matter appeared in the world in the following order; first, chemical elements; second, inorganic compounds; and, third, organic compounds.

The organic compounds, or for our purposes, living bodies, came into the world but recently. They are the creations of yesterday. They are new forms, only appearing after long ages of preparation in a world of chemical elements, followed by an equally lengthy period of inorganic compounds.

The sun, which contains more than 99 per cent of all the matter in the solar system, has upon it, neither inorganic nor organic compounds. All the matter that goes to make up the sun is elemental. Matter on the sun exists in forms prior to its condensation into water, air or man. Some billion of years ago, the earth, which at that time was a portion of the sun, broke from its moorings, made its way into space and rapidly cooled.** As cooling progressed, the elements of which it was composed were compounded or organized so as to produce

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—Recent research in physics seems to have proven that some at least of the elements can be divided; electrons can be knocked out of their atoms so as to leave two different elements where there was one before. Needless to say, this fact does not vitiate the author's further argument in any way.

** EDITOR'S NOTE—This is one theory; there are several others. Scientific opinion is much divided over the question. All agree, however, that the earth did not always exist, but somehow or other was formed, either at the same time as the rest of the solar system, or later than part of it. Most scientists agree that it was hotter in the beginning than it is now.

rock, air, water, fish, bird and man. The earth became a solid; only after such a process could man and society arise.

Perhaps the first compound substances formed on the earth were carbonic acid, gas and water. The formation of these substances laid the foundation for the subsequent appearance of life. In the beginning, the temperature of this earth, was probably in excess of 6000 degrees above zero. But this intense heat, owing to the frigidity of outer space, had a tendency to diminish, giving rise to such substances as silicon, sodium, and magnesium. Then came the acids, alkalis, salts, and metals.

### Combination

When the temperature of the earth had been reduced to 100 degrees Centigrade, the element oxygen laid hold of the element hydrogen, forming an aqueous or watery gas. Thus water came to exist on this earth. As the heat diminished, living things began to appear; forms of matter that are basically carbon compounds. All living matter is essentially carbon, Carbon is the builder or structural content of life. Some elements are "one-handed;" can lay hold on only one other element beside themselves. Carbon, however, is "four-handed," and for this reason is capable of laying hold on many elements and producing a greater variety of organization. Carbon is a center or nucleus, around which a great variety of elements can group themselves, giving rise to a high and complex form of organization, such as has life, for instance.

Man, therefore, is a chemical substance, more specifically a carbon compound. In percentage he is 66 of water, 3.1 nitrogen, 2.1 hydrogen, 15.8 carbon, 2.5 calcium, 1.2 phosphorous, 6.7 oxygen, including about 10 ounces of potassium, fluorine, sulphur and magnesium. Man contains about 110 cubic feet of oxygen, 60 of nitrogen, 561 of hydrogen, with a drop or two of iodine. An ordinary man, weighing 150 pounds, analyzed chemically, consists of 10 gallons of water, carbon enough to make a shovelful of coal, iron sufficient for a ten penny nail, lime enough to fill a sack, phosphorous to make a box of matches; in him there is, also a teaspoonful of sugar and about the same amount of salt.

### Combination Creates Life

Chemical elements, when compounded in given proportions form protoplasm, the simplest form of life known. In fact that is the meaning of the word, protoplasm, first life or first plastic organism. It is the "physical basis of life," and is found free everywhere in nature. Photoplasm, in all its manifold forms, manifests the unique property of life, sensibility or awareness. It is a plastic body readily adapting itself to its surroundings. The compounding of the chemical elements pushed millions of these small protoplasmic bodies into existence. Those being most fitted to the surroundings survived; continued to live, and to reproduce themselves after their own fashion.

The lowest forms of life are found in the waters of the earth. This is a necessary condition to life's beginnings, since water contains all the elements necessary to the formation of living things. Water, owing to the fact that it is a liquid, permits a free mingling of the elements. Air or gas is so unstable that the elements in its midst, cannot organize permanently. In solids, the rigidity precludes the required intermingling of the elements In a liquid, such as water, the elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and magnesium can mix freely. Sea water and blood are composed of the same elements, differing only in the order in which the elements are arranged.

Protoplasm, then, is a living organism, found in its pure state on the ocean bottom. It is the very simplest and lowest of living things, yet the most complicated and highest chemical compound. It is the bridge that spans the chasm from chemistry to biology; from the inorganic to the organic; from the non-living to the living. The whole group of protoplasmic animals is by Haeckel given the general name, "plasson bodies." They are chemical compounds which are plastic; readily shaped and affected by their surroundings.

### Life Itself

The leading characteristic of a plasson body is the ability to move itself; it lives; it is matter having the property of life. Life therefore is no more wonderful or mysterious than the properties associated with other forms of matter. As mentioned elswhere, sugar is sweet; vinegar sour. Vinegar and sugar are alike in being matter, they differ in their properties. When matter is in one form it is bitter; when in another form it lives. Protoplasm is a quantity of matter possessing the property of life. It is irritable; must have moisture, and absorbs sustenance from its surroundings. It could not exist on the sun for various reasons. The sun contains no water, nor are the chemical elements in such condition that they can, at this time, organize life. Life could not have appeared on earth two billion years ago, the temperature was then too high. And is it very probable a hundred million years from now life will have entirely disappeared from the face of the earth. It will then be too cold. There is no life on the moon, owing to the fact that the temperature there goes far below zero.

Life, then, results from certain conditions; it has a history; it came into the world at a given time after certain preliminary conditions had been fulfilled. It is one the incidents in the processes of nature, and, considered cosmically is of little or no importance.

Our bodies are organizations of cells, cells made of the chemical compound protoplasm. Every animal, men and women included, starts life as a single cell, barely discernible by the human eye. The cell, pushed into existence, gathers sustenance from the surrounding environment, grows and is transformed. From the moment the mother is im-

pregnated to mature manhood, the cell from which man starts passes through well defined stages of life history. Beginning as a cell in the mother's womb, in a few weeks he has the characteristic of a fish, later he takes on a lizard-like form, to be succeeded by an ape-like appearance; coming into the world he passes his childhood as a savage; in his youth he is a barbarian, and attaining the age of 35 becomes civilized.

Life, speaking in this general way, has been variously, protoplasm, fish, toad, lizard, serpent, bird, lower mammal and that mammal called "man" —in brief this is our racial history or phylogeny. Each individual, by this law of life, has in the small to relive or review each of the steps in the long history of the race. Thus the history of each individual or his ONTOGENY repeats or recapitulates the PHYLOGENY or history of the race.

Not only is this process of recapitulation true of man organically and biologically; it is equally true of the social man. From childhood to maturity, each individual repeats in his emotions, wishes, desires, ambitions, hopes, fears and play, those of the whole race of man in its passage from savagery to civilization. The boy with his gang-spirit, cave-digging and shanty building is in truth a barbarian. It takes years of patience, discipline, culture and education to civilize a boy, and then he only submits to the inevitable. *

For those readers who have come with us thus far it is necessary to round out our discussion by tabulating the various forms and organizations of life; indicate their various quantities and qualities. Tables of names and figures are, from the standpoint of the reader at least, extremely perplexing, but a moment or two given to their consideration will make the facts of chemistry and biology a little less difficult.

Nature, in her workings, combines the simplest or elemental things first, and from this moves on to higher forms of organization. Taking things apart is known as analysis, putting them together, which is nature's way, is synthesis. Nature creates by combining; putting together, in short, organizing. All forms of matter, with their various qualities, may then be said to be the result of synthesis. These synthetic creations of nature may be tabulated thus: (1) Electrons, (2) Atoms, (3) Molecules, (4) Protiens, (5) Protoplasm, (6) Plants, (7) Animals, (8) Man, (9) Society. Two or more electrons make atoms; combined atoms make molecules, and, man compounded makes society.

So much for the whole process in general, now, let us return over the road by which we came and place the plants in the following order: (1) Seaweeds: (2) Mosses: (3) Ferns: (4) Seeded and flowering plants. There are in truth but four kinds of plants, and each may be considered in its relation to moisture. The simplest plants grow in the sea, requiring a great amount of moisture. Mosses, the second group, require not as great an abundance of water, but yet a certain amount of wetness, whereas ferns survive where it is merely damp or less wet. Seeded plants have progressed to a point where moisture is only an incident to their well being. The seeded and flowering pants are the most highly organized, and are capable of greater adaptation to comparatively dry climates, far removed from the sea. They occupy the same relative position in the plant world that man does among the animals.




The animals may be classified under eight heads. In this table two names will be given. First, that of the particular type of animal, and following it the name of the great group to which it belongs:

1. Cells or Protozoa;
2. Sponges or Porifera;
3. Jelly-fish or Coelentrata;
4. Earthworms or Vermes;
5. Star-fish or Echinodermata;
6. Oysters or Mollusca;
7. Grasshoppers or Arthropoda;
8. Apes or Vertabrata.

Here again is to be seen the increase in complexity and organization as we read downward, from items one to eight. Studying each of these in their order, we find, beginning in simplicity, they become more complicated, more highly articulated, up to and including the back-boned animals, of which last, man is the most recent product.

These latter, back-boned animals, can be further

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—One should not get the impression from this that because the life of a child is in many respects like that of a savage, that savage or barbarous life is entirely like that of children. Adult tribesmen have very much more complete social systems, activities, and cultures than children of civilized men. Perhaps it would be better to say that just as the embryos of pig and man resemble each other more than the adults do, so do the culture of babarous child and civilized child resemble each other more than those of their parents.

classified according to the degree of organization attained at any given stage:

1. Fishes or Water Breathers;
2. Amphibians or Air and Water Breathers;
3. Reptiles or True Air Breathers;
4. Birds, Feathered and Warm Blooded;
5. Mammals, Suckle the Young:

Amphibians, the double breathers, second in the list, when newly born or hatched, breathe or aerate water like their ancesters the fishes. When grown, the amphibians breathe air like their descendents the reptiles. A frog is a typical amphibian. Reptiles, the next in order, are of an ancient race that once upon a time numbered eighteen branches, inhabiting the air, water and land. In their heyday they were the most highly developed creatures on earth. The climate of the world was then considerably warmer than now. In fact it was so warm that these creatures were cold-blooded; nature had not yet "invented" warm blood. Since their day the temperature of the earth has fallen considerably with the result that only five of the original eighteen branches have survived, four of which we now see as turtles, lizards, snakes and crocodiles. Such are the survivors of what once was a great race that dominated the world before the coming of the mammals and man.

As the mountains were pushed up, and with them the surrounding land, the climate became quite cold. *) Coldness brought feathers and warm blood into the world. Truth to tell, the birds, fourth in the list, are nothing other than warm blooded reptiles with feathers.

After the feathers came fur, a more convenient covering. Then came man with his large brain and inventive ingenuity. The rigors of a gradually lowering temperature hold no terrors for him.

Thus we see that all life is one; that it is a property of matter, and that this property or quality changes in accordance with alterations in the surroundings or environment. Life connects backward with the gaseous and inorganic; it connects forward with feeling, mind and society. Nor is the end yet. Out of the great womb of time will come a greater, finer civilization. Hasten the day when the workers of the world will, by the perfection of their organization make such an event possible.

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author adopts one of several theories over which scientists are now contending. All agree that the climate cooled. Also it is beyond doubt that it was once (during the ice age) much cooler than it is now, at least in the Northern Hemisphere.

# THE MORON

By VERSUS

"NOW, FATHAH," said the sweet young thing with the occasional Bostonese accent, "what are you hiding that book for? Naughty, naughty!" and she menaced him with her rosy finger, and smirked, and bobbed her empty pretty head.

The grim old man with the writhing fingers fumbling the telephone on his desk glared up, but had the grace to blush a little. Old C. A. Mather, President of Mather & Co., owner of enormous textile mills where members of every nationality in Europe and the Near East labored their youth away, owner of far stretching plantations where the children of the South sweated out their lives chopping cotton, owner of department stores where the thin-cheeked children of the cities, hectic and consumptive, rattled interminably, nervously, in shrill voices, selling his wares—this man, this POWER incarnate over little slaves—loved his daughter. Or at least, he felt that close, clannish feeling that may really be pride, but amounts to passion—because she was his only daughter, his only descendent, the last twig on a famous old family tree, always of the ruling class. So he let her smirk and giggle at his embarrassment, while he hid a copy of a forbidden book in his desk and blushed.

"Go on down to the charity meeting," he said gruffly, when he could use his voice.

"Oh, no charity meeting—charity is passe. It's social service now. We go right into the homes of the poor, and teach them to buy the cheapest cuts of meat."

"Well, damned good idea. Lazy, filthy, pampered hounds; they'll get no cut at all but a wage cut if this strike will only end. Get out! I got a conference."

"Ta-ta, Old Dear. Don't strain your eyes in the conference. They make those books in *such* fine print."

Mather jabbed the buzzer button, and there was a scurry of deferential feet. Then some one was ushered in, and by the time the boss raised his bulging, yellowed eyes to the slinking shadow that slipped through the rugs, six inches deep, towards his desk, he had already forgotten his daughter.

The shadow slouched in front of the desk, craven, fidgety. Mather regarded it cruelly.

"You read over that police dossier?" he snapped, finally.

The shadow made no sound, but seemed to contract a little.

"Hanging matter, ain't it?" said Mather. "How'd you like to hear that old crow, the D. A., cawing



over you, "We got a perfect hanging case? How'd you like to see the papers, "RAPIST AND MURDERER CAUGHT" . . . . Oh, get up off my desk, you toad. Here, take a good drink. Yes, stick the bottle in your pocket. I was only kidding. I got some real work for you. Right in your line, I guess. You know that damn, greasy Sheeney, the strike leader—well, I'm going to tell you how to fix him, ,and you're going to do the fixing—and you'll like it.

"We found out where he lives. This is the address. I went down myself to see the place. Its a shabby basement under a small apartment house. Private entrance. One room. Nobody can see you go in. Nobody pays any attention to it. The Sheeney spends his nights there, when he isn't raising hell at some strike committee meeting, which is most of the time nowdays.

"Now, I'm not in the habit of telling you boys too much. But this has to be done right, see, for there's hanging in it. You know these big nosed radical Russian Kikes are all perverts, don't you? Hell, yes. I been hearing that ever since I was out of Sunday School. Well, we going to catch this one right? in the act. He's a ripper see? How can I prove it? Well, you're the lad for that. About ten o'clock tonight I'm going down there, with a patrol wagon load of police, and they're going to find the body of a girl there, cut up—yeh' ripped open. See here, this book, it tells what they do. Yeh, get you a good razor or something; sure, make a lot of gashes, and tear out her liver, and put a lot of it in the Kike's bed; make a good mess. Cut off her breasts and put them under the pillow."

"The girl—what the hell do I care where you get her? You got a closed car and a driver ain't you? What do you think we are paying you for? Get her off the street down in the slums there. But listen, you pick out a good looker, see? Some young bitch all dressed up for a jambouree—paint and powder and short dress and bobbed hair. . . ."

The telephone rang. Mather answered it, "Yes." Oh, that you Sergeant O'Rourke? So you got the Sheeney, heh? Arrested right on the street with no one around? Listen Sergeant. Don't let anybody know you got him, see? The story will be that he spent the afternoon at home, see? Yes, take him to some hotel, not to jail. No, nothing on the blotter. 'Bye."

The shadowy person was uneasy again, but already seemed different, more material, more sinister. Evil. With moist, drooling lips, and dreamy glowing eyes that now looked full at his master, unafraid. Mather watched him a moment, and the same soft, rotten light came into his own more prominent eyes. For a moment there was mutual understanding between the two men—an equality —a meeting on common ground. Then the shadow passed on out, and was gone.

* * *

Real shadows crept down over the city, darker and darker. Mather sat in his office, now lighted, and read breathlessly through the book. Occasionally he glanced at the clock. Sometimes he licked his oily lips. There was a mound of cigar ash in the cloisonne tray.

Then the phone call, which he had been expecting. "Yeh, you got her did you? Everything all fixed up? Be right down. Wait here in my office for me. Want to see it myself."

* * *

That was about the last sane word he spoke. When his secretary rushed into the private office and wrenched the smoking gun from his hand, from which seven steel jacketed bullets had just crashed through the head of the nondescript person that was seen in conference with him about noon, he was a raving maniac. Before the sedative had done its work, his heart collapsed, and he was dead. Unnerved, the doctors said, by the horrible discovery of the mutilated body of his daughter, who played at social work and had been killed by a "moron."

The first rumor was that the daughter had had a love affair with the leader of the strike in her father's mills, and had been murdered by him in jealousy, but that story fell through because Police-sergeant O'Rourke, when told that his secret employer was dead, and hearing of the fate fallen upon "the sweet young thing," felt somehow superstitious, and with a sweating face, made haste to spread the news that the strike leader had been in custody all afternoon and evening.

# Editorials



## The Harvest

Yes, what shall the harvest be? This year more than ever, the harvest worker has need of organization. Great forces are working, back of the scenes, so to speak, to make the life of the men who take in the wheat, year by year, harder and their living more precarious. Two main tendencies can be traced, in quite recent years, each of them showing an inclination to increased importance.

The first of these is the actual displacement of men by machinery. It works indirectly to fill the ranks of the harvest workers, and of all other sorts of agricultural workers too, for that matter, and it works directly, to do so. The indirect effect is caused by the increase of unemployment in the cities, railroads and mines. Steel workers, textile workers, coal miners, are all being forced, through speed up systems (made possible by machinery) and by new inventions of labor saving devices, to join the army of the jobless. Many of these workers came originally from the farms, and many others have relatives or acquaintances who started their career of service to American capitalism in farming communities. To all of these, there comes, in their moment of great need, a hunger for the scenes of their childhood, where they remember that at least the table was well stocked with good food, and the work, if hard, seemed plentiful. They head out to take in the wheat, or look for opportunities as permanent farm hands. Usually they find there are few jobs, and these are the prize of competition with other workers, except in the wheat harvest, where a great number of men are needed for a very short time in each locality. The more men there are, the shorter the time they are needed.

But even worse than this, is the direct effect of labor saving devices on the farms themselves. Farm machinery increases in importance, right along. All kinds of improved plows, drills, harrows, and seeders, make it more and more possible for the individual farmer and his family to take care of the plowing, seeding and cultivating without hiring outside help. All kinds of reaping, binding, and especially small threshing machines and combined harvesters make the amount of hired help smaller than formerly even in the harvest.

This displacement of farm help by farm machinery has gone still farther in the "home guard" farm industry than in the harvest. Arthur Evans, special correspondent for a Chicago newspaper, writes as follows:

"One interesting phenomenon in Iowa is this: Labor-saving devices on the farm are releasing labor from agriculture, it appears, faster than it is absorbed by the manufacturing industries of the state.

"One machine alone, the corn husker, in the last four years has displaced 19,200 men who husked in the old fashioned way. Farm machinery is rapidly increasing. More than 37,000 tractors are on Iowa farms today and power farming is growing fast. There is nearly one automobile to every farm in the state and 19,000 auto trucks on farms, and 30,169 homesteads have lighting plants.

"One sees the effect in the towns and cities. There is no apparent farm labor shortage, but rather a surplusage of workers in the hamlets who used to put in the summer in the fields. The state employ-

ment office reports three or four applicants for every job available. Experienced, all the year around hands are in good demand and get good wages—single hands, $35 to $50 a month with keep, married couples $45 to $60. But the casual worker is in less and less demand, except in the rush season, and floating labor which now follows the harvest northward from Kansas to Canada in flivvers, finds that machinery is lessening the labor demand every year.

"Here's a significant fact; for three decades the number of folks actually on the farm in Iowa has been decreasing, but at the same time production has been increasing prodigiously. For instance, during the last fifteen years corn production in the United States has increased at the rate of about six million bushels a year. Of this, Iowa has contributed 5,000,000 bushels."

Passing casually over the fact that Arthur Evan's definition of a good wage ($35 to $50 a month) might not seem so correct to him if he were doing the work and drawing only that wage for it himself instead of holding down a high salaried position as a publicity man for Iowa, we take notice that the machine in the farming community has the same effect that it has in the city, only worse, because the factory owner, however good the machinery at his command, does not himself labor at real production, and fire his entire labor force, while that is exactly what does happen on many farms. And where things do not go quite that far, there is at least, greater production with less men taking part in the production; in the last few years, "the number of folks actually on the farm in Iowa has been decreasing," but, "Iowa has contributed 5,000,000 bushels" increased corn production during that same time.

Evans, nor any other capitalist apologist for that matter, will not tell you of the other side of the case, the increase of unemployment through the dispossession of the farmer from his land, or his crushing to the point where he temporarily leaves his land and goes into the labor market, following the wheat crop in a flivver. The Evans article would give you the impression that the farmers were all highly contented and satisfied, rich and prosperous, and that enough of this prosperity, despite the absence of jobs, had descended upon the farm laborer so that now that individual had his own means of locomotion, was a flivver owner himself.

The fact is that the farmer has been losing out, relative to the growth of population. The reason there are not so many "folks actually on the farm in Iowa" is because there, as in other states, they cannot make a living. Several million farmers have lost their farms during the last few years —and are now in the labor market. There are many abandoned farms, scattered through the Rocky Mountain region, on the edges of the Southwestern deserts, and in old New England.

The U. S. government does not like to put out figures showing the number driven from the land by low prices for farm products, and high prices for manufactured products, but it does let out the information about the relations of farm ownership as contrasted with farm renting. By this we see that in 1910 there were 465,000,000 acres owned by their farmers under cultivation in 1910, while ten years later, there were only 461,000,000 acres under cultivation by their owners. During the same period the number of tenants engaged in farming increased their acreage from 221,000,000 to 265,000,000. It is just these tenant farmers who are poverty stricken, hard to work for, anxious to work themselves after their harvest is in as day laborers for other and richer farmers, and who usually have small farms on which they can do most of the work themselves.

And it is these small tenant farmers, most of them sons of large farmer families who have no room for all their descendents on the inherited estate, who continually go broke, and enter permanently the ranks of the unemployed.

In Lincoln's day they used to say, Lincoln said it himself, that the regular thing in America was for a young man to work for wages, until he got money enough to rent some land, and then, work the land until he got money enough to buy it. Now the situation is just reversed, farmers start

out with land they own themselves, then they lose their land to the bank which has a mortgage upon it, then they rent the land from the bank, then they are crowded out of that by some big capitalistic undertaking which uses more machinery and fewer men, and become day laborers themselves, at the same time that the number of jobs at which day laborers can work is being reduced.

All this may be summed up in a few words: there are too many agricultural workers, and their numbers are growing; there are too few jobs, and the number will be less in the future; a large percentage of the present number of harvest workers are themselves part time farmers and part time workers, and these are not class conscious yet, and are therefore hard to organize.

And these conditions mean that in the near future wages will fall and hours be extended in harvest work, unless the workers themselves do something about it. The thing they can do is to organize, to educate the groups in their midst who are not aware of the situation, and to cut the hours (making more jobs) and raise the wages, making up for the shorter length of jobs. The bad times coming without organization are plainly recognized by the members of Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 110 of the I.W.W., and pointed out on numerous occasions by them. What is needed now is for the unorganized to wake up, and get busy and organize. That is their only hope. A. W. I. U. No. 110 of the I.W.W. is the only organization.

**OUTLAW STRIKES IN THE EAST.**—Indications point continually more directly to the fact that company unionism is losing its grip on some workers at least. There are numerous outlaw strikes in industries where the company thought the workers were thoroughly fooled. The largest is still the Passaic strike, against which the employers in their desperation, resorted to petty slander. In an attempt to discredit Albert Weisbord, Chairman of the strike committee, and start dissension, a woman called "Rosalind Lapnore" filed suit for breach of promise against him. This was a move to drive away certain religious groups who were giving relief to the strikers. The New York WORLD, entirely capitalistic, investigated the story and discovered that the "Lapnore" woman is handled by the celebrated international spy, Jacob Nosovitski, who brought her to the company offices.

The New York subway railway strike was a revolt of workers against a much stronger and better organized company union than any in the textile mills. It created endless confusion in the traffic, though the walkout was not complete. As this is written, it seems to be growing more complete.

The rebellion among the oil workers at Perth Amboy was a surprise to all company officials, and a sudden threat to strike won a wage increase. More "labor trouble" is developing there.

The spirit of revolt is spreading among the low paid factory and transport workers of the East. It is by just such as these, that the I. W. W. should be recognized as a unifing force, an organization for everybody. Join the I. W. W.!

**THEY STILL STRIKE.**—As this is written the British coal miners still strike, after over two months and a half of grim struggle with starvation. It is no light task to feed a million men and their families, probably about four million mouths to fill in all. A million dollar gift is only twenty-five cents for one day for each of them. These workers need money and need it badly. The British Government has practically given up its attempt to shut off outside strike relief, and American workers have no excuse for delaying any longer. Even the hoplessly reactionary, labor hating bureaucracy of the American Federation of Labor has grudgingly consented to have collections made.

It would be still better to stop the purchase of coal in America. The British government, without money to guarantee the continuation of the subsidy for payment of wages, has millions with which to buy coal to break the strike, and has contracted for

many shiploads from both union and non-union fields in America. So far, practically nothing effective has been done to stop the mining and transportation of this coal.

The last act is the proposition of the Miners' Federation of Britain to pull out the pump and maintenance men. This will raise a terrible storm from English capitalist and middle class circles, and such Christian Laborities as Ramsay MacDonald can be relied on to fight it to the last. When the pump men come out, the employers must win or surrender quickly, or there will not be any mines to make profit on in a few days. With the pumps stopped, water rises in the shafts and galleries, and the ground begins to cave.

We can expect every possible moralistic argument to be used to prevent this "destruction of property" but not one of them will have any real worth. The miners are under no obligation to make it easy for the mine owners to starve them into surrender. Let the owners face the prospect of surrendering or losing, not their lives as the miners may, but their property, and not really theirs, at that, but just land they have gained control of, and capital they have stolen from workers.

# Butte Employers in Secret Conclave

(Continued From Page 8)

The purpose of the meeting, of course, was to devise ways and means of breaking the strike. Two points will impress the reader; first the lack of logic displayed by the speakers, the weaving back and forth without arriving at any conclusion except that the U. S. army must be used for putting an end to the strike by violence. The impression they leave is that of a set of brainless apes at bay, snarling, spluttering and stuttering, offering only as a remedy, violence and destruction. The second point is that they all agree, while admitting that the strike was a protest against a wage cut, that it was an attempt to change "our" form of government, a "revolution." The prosecuting attorney wails that the Sheriff, the police and the courts are powerless and that only the strong arm of martial law can cope with the "bolsheviks."

This bunch of "leading lights" in the community displays the ethics of the Neanderthal and the the intellect of an undeveloped savage. They are a disgrace to themselves and a disgrace to the working class that allows itself to be ruled by them.

Mr. *Eugene Carroll* was nominated and elected chairman. He announced that "the Major has just gotten into town and wants to get a line on the situation here, as I understand it. In order that there can be no question as to what you say or as to what takes place at this meeting, there is a stenographer here who will take down and transcribe the full proceedings, so that there can be no question in the future as to what is said or done." (That was considerate, as otherwise we would not have had this account of the meeting).

The chairman introduced Mr. *John Gillie*, "manager of mines of the Anaconda Copper Mining Co., the largest producing company in our district."

Mr. Gillie told about the production of copper, stated that the district normally employs 18,000 to 20,000 men. He proceeds: "On account of employing everyone that came in we were loaded up with an element here that at different times before has made onslanghts on this place and is known as the I. W. W., and in connection with them the pro-German and revolutionary element. We kept them at work in order to produce." He then told of the surplus of copper following the close of the war, and touched on the sliding scale of wages (which was abolished as the result of the 1917 strike) and spoke of the cut in wages just made from $5.75 a day to $4.75. He goes on: "It seemed to be an opportune time for this disturbing element to take hold and they immediately got out and called a strike. No demands were made upon the company of any kind but they struck against any reduction, notwithstanding this reduction was practically agreed upon by representatives—the real representatives of labor. (He refers here to a handpicked delegation of labor skates headed by *McMullen* who had been summoned to Washington for consultation by Sec'y of Labor Wilson). This same element to prevent the production of copper organized a pro-German movement all through this country." He concludes by giving the assembly a conglomeration of falsehoods as to the picketing carried on by the strikers, and expressing his sorrow for the men who, he claims, are prevented from going to work.

The chairman, who is manager of the Butte

Water Co., complains that the men in the employ of his company have been "pulled out of the ditches and the tools have been taken away from them." He asks "why don't the state and county authorities handle the situation and why the necessity of the military doing it at this time?" He introduced *J. Bruce Kremer*, who is "familiar with the situation and has been in legal affairs of the mining companies for several years."

The speaker referred to the blowing up of the old miners union hall on June 13th, 1914. Then he rushed on: "It does not matter whether there is a strike on or not, the fact remains that men are not allowed to work. Industry is paralyzed, business is stagnant and the community faces a crisis that must mean financial ruin. Far greater and beyond that hunger and privation stands knocking at the door of many householders in this community— — — — — —.

**Any Methods**

"I believe it is important that something should be done.— — — —If it is apparent to us that the only way it can be established is to have the civil authorities step aside and the military authorities step in, then certainly that is the course that should be pursued.— — —I am satisfied that through the medium of the army officials anything that may confront it with reference to the method will be speedily faced."

Mr. *D. J. Charles*, banker, ex-county commissioner, was then introduced: "I believe that if the men are going to be beat up and families disturbed in order to keep men from employment, I think it has come to a point where something radical should be done.— — — —If these conditions are existing and the sheriff and the city authorities are not able to cope with the situation, perhaps this is the time to start martial law and allow people to be employed that want to work.— — — If this is the proper time, let's go to it."

*Judge Dwyer* (ex A. C. M. attorney) judge of the district court, was the next speaker. He reviewed 1914, and paid his respects to Muckie Donald, then said: "Going back to the cause of conditions, it is a little bit socialist and the rest radical element. In fact, it is a thing that was made in Germany for outside consumption and we are the consumers here. We have five thousand people in Butte at present who have no sense of right or wrong. They claim they cannot live on what they make but these men who run the miners off the hill, these Finlanders and others, sleep three shifts in the same bed and live on one dollar a day and save more than ever before heard of."

He then speaks of the high cost of living and adds: "There is no question but what on many things prices are high in this community and many working in the mines cannot live on the wages. These radicals seize on that as one of their causes and get to their support a lot of persons they otherwise would not get. The dangerous element to contend with here is those that know no other restraint than fear of law.— — — —I sometimes think it obvious, the principle of give and take. You cannot teach wobblies that principle. They have to be handled."

Mr. *Partelow*, secretary of the Montana Federation of Labor, was very non-commital. He merely revieved the dynamiting of the union hall in 1914 and closed by saying: "I have stated my viewpoint as a laboring man without authority to speak for my organization." (It might be pertinent to ask what he was doing among that bunch of labor haters?).

**The "Free Lance"**

We then have the editor of the Free Lance, a so-called "Labor Publication." His name is *F. A. Bigelow*, and he prefaces his remarks by a bow to his fellow fakir, Partelow, "As Mr. Partelow has just stated, a laboring man speaking at this time is in a peculiar position . . . ." However, he continues, "I say that I believe some drastic steps are necessary to rid the atmosphere at this time. If we could *get rid of* (emphasis mine— A. S. E.) one hundred men in this community it would clear up the atmosphere, so we could get along for possibly five years. . . . . I know that the civil authorities in this town can never straighten things up." (Mr. Bigelow is one of the best company men who ever worked on a labor paper).

It was plain that the Rotary Club was, as usual, in favor of strict suppression of all strikers. President *Charles S. Henderson* announced that at a meeting of the local members of the club on that same day, "The proposition was put up to them as to what was best to be done. The statement was made that as far as the bolshevists and wobblies were concerned they have practically done their work up to this time, paralyzed industry and stopped work. What more can they do? . . . The Rotary Club, composed of men of different lines of business went on record today and passed a resolution asking that martial law be started in this community as soon as it can be done."

*F. L. Melcher*, business manager of the Western Iron Works, and engaged in other capitalistic enterprises indicated that the rank and file of the unions had escaped from the control of their piecard artists. After describing the strike in the iron works, which included all departments, apparently, and telling of a few men who came back to work, and a few more who came back and offered to work if their wages were raised, he said, "There is one thing that came to my ears today. That officials at Washington had called representatives of labor there within the last two weeks. Those representatives have come back here. One of them undertook to talk last night to one of the unions and he was hissed and called down. They would not listen to him." Mr. Melcher seemed to think this was the crowning act of treason, for he further declared, "If this condition exists in this community it is time something was done. I suggest that we stop these things. Put the mil-

itary in power and clean this thing up. Find out who the disturbers are and get them out as soon as the law will provide."

### The End of the World

The strike of the workers on the street railway company was described by its manager, *J. R. Wharton*, as follows:

"Last Monday morning our men went to work and had four cars out of the barn. A mob of about four hundred men came down there and lined up in front of the gate. Watchman, who is a nervy fellow said, 'This is private property. Stop where you are'. Immediately called the sheriff's office. The sheriff got there with his force and some soldiers but they pulled our men off the work. The men told me they did not take the cars out and did not believe they could run the cars. I don't believe they could do it today except under your protection."

And the harrassed Mr. Wharton thinks the end of the capitalist system is in sight. "We have had strikes. We met the strikers in our own rooms and come to terms with them. But with the element now in control there is no talking. They are not trying to shut down the street railroad. It means it is no strike, it is revolution. They want a change of government and if they are not stopped they are going to succeed."

Then another labor fakir lifts his voice in the interests of his masters, once more betraying the men who elected him to office in their union. Says Mr. *Farrel*, Secretary of the Teamsters' Union: "Any man who is not in accord with the wild ideas or radical ideas of the wobblies or bolshevists is immediately abused and ridiculed and humiliated from end to end of the world as being opposed to the interests of the laboring classes and they use their best efforts to discredit those people. I speak simply as an individual. I do not pretend to represent the sentiments of the teamsters' union." It might be added in explanation of this diffidence on the part of Mr. Farrel, that his union had been asked to join the strike, many of them had walked off the jobs without waiting for a vote and Farrel was afraid that a reduction in the cost of gloves, shoes, and provisions was needed in order to quiet them. Still, he would do what he could to make them scab, and in this meeting he attacked the strike leaders vigorously. When he was with the strike committee he talked differently.

*Joseph R. Jackson*, the County Attorney of Silver Bow County (in which Butte is located) is introduced. Surprisingly enough, he admits frankly: "With respect to the men who are out in good faith they undoubtedly have a just cause for complaint as to the high cost of living and existing conditions. . . . I cannot see how the workingmen of the community have existed during the past year. It is not the retailer. The wholesaler, jobber, he is the man. He holds the community by the throat and calls the military to come in and kick the heads off the men that are down."

But this man is not as honest as he seems. He has a task to preform for his masters, and this admission of the justice of the strike which everybody knew anyway, is only his camouflage. The strike shall be broken by force, because it is a "revolution" not a strike. Never mind if they are striking against wage cuts, when they have to be shot, it as revolutionists they will be shot, not merely strikers. It does not occur to him to stop the revolution by granting the economic demands, which he admits are just. Instead, he reads the I. W. W. Preamble, and then says, "Take these men as undesireables, and deport them. Let's get them out of the community. . . ." He describes the impossibility of convicting any of the strikers under the civil law because, "in this town a jury is drawn entirely from our working people." So:

"I can say there is only one thing to be done and that the civil authorities cannot do. The thing to do is to put squarely all the power of the county into the hands of one man who is strong enough to handle the situation. . ." Evidently Mussolini was not very original.

### Others Chime In

A whole flock of little personages lift up parrot voices—probably sincerely enough, for their interests for once are the same. Colonel *Donahue* brags of his hard boiled tactics in 1914, when martial law prevailed, and advises it again, for "At the present time the (strike) movement here is composed of the Wobbly element."

*Raymond Ruhle*, manager of the McKee Printing Corporation, and Mr. Bigelow protest about the despicable acts of the printers, who were giving money to the Butte Bulletin, which supported the strike.

Mr. *Gillie* makes a peculiar statement, which if it means anything, indicates that some one was thinking of revenge on some prominent strikers, before they might possibly escape. He said: "I would like to call the attention of one point made by Mr. Jackson. If anything is done under military law it must be done right off. They will disappear like snow as soon as martial law is declared." Mr. Jackson, the County Attorney had outlined a campaign of arrests and persecution, to take place through Federal authorities, with the local jury system suspended.

And the voice of the Church is likewise listened to. A *Roman Catholic Priest*, who would not let his name go into the record, pleads the cause of poor and meek, thuswise: "Knowing, as I do, the good will of the company here employing labor to try to bring us over the period of difficulty that we are under just after the war, it is a case where people would become impatient. We must not delay to start these people (that is, the scabs. —A. S. E.) earning whose duties it is to provide necessaries for helpless children. I suggest that we handle this matter under the protection of the United States government."

Finally we have Mr. *John Berkin* who is introduced as a mine superintendent and businessman. In what other capacity he appears on the mine payroll when he is not superintending is not hard to guess.

He also refers to the 1914 disturbance and eagerly takes up the suggestion dropped by Gillie: "As soon as martial law is declared they will get out of this town. There is where we want to grab these fellows." He agrees with the man from the teamsters' union as to the cost of living and regrets that the cut in wages had not been delayed for sixty days.

### "Destroy These Men"

He states that five leaders control the strikers and that there are fifteen to twenty others that are "helpers or muckers to the man that works the machine," and refers to the majority of the strikers as aliens, placing the total out on strike at about 2500.

In 1917 Frank Little was taken from his bed in the dead of night by a gang of gunmen, company officials and businessmen whose names are generally known to the miners of Butte. They hanged Little to the Milwaukee trestle after battering his head with saps and otherwise maltreating him. Was that in the mind of Mr. Berkin when he offered the remedy following?

"*These five men you must destroy,* by what action I am unable to say. For all times take out root and core of this proposition. All right if they get me but I am going to get my part before I go. They got to walk over my dead body to do it. *Get to this Butte Bulletin and destroy it.* I know every man at the head of this organization. They are not going to do anything. If the street cars start tomorrow they will not molest the street cars, simply because the major is here.

"*Wait until the son-of-a-gun goes out of town then we will blow it up altogether.*"

So ends this mighty concourse of minds all burning with zeal for the cause of their master—the Anaconda Copper Mining Co.

Before going further we will point out a few discrepancies in their remarks. Berkin says there were 2500 strikers; Gillie states the district normally employs 18,000 to 20,000 men; J. Bruce Kremer says "industry is paralyzed;" the Rotary club man says, "they have paralyzed industry and stopped work." And the statements of several others make it clear that the miners were off the hill and that many other lines of industry were affected. But the company papers were insisting that a few men, revolutionists, had prevailed on a few hundred miners to strike; Berkin was following the lead of the papers, the others were telling one another the truth as to the extent of the strike.

The following morning martial law was declared. The I. W. W. hall was raided and cleared by a company of soldiers who charged in with bayonets fixed. One of the strikers, *John Kinnari*, was stabbed in the abdomen and his wife arrested when she "assaulted" the soldier who stabbed her husband. Martial law was proclaimed and squads of soldiers rushed along the sidewalks of the main streets ordering them cleared. They were not in the least particular as a score of business men and others not concerned in the strike were prodded with bayonets or beaten with rifle butts. The soldiers and the police undertook to drive the newsboy pickets off the streets. The boys ran circles around them and continued to prevent the boy scout scabs from selling or delivering the papers.

From the time the strike started returned soldiers took a leading part in it. Attired in their uniforms they acted as captains and lieutenants of picket squads and the picketing was very effective. Major Jones and one of his captains were particularly incensed on this account and many of these soldier strikers were seized, thrown into jail and stripped of their uniforms.

### Running Wild

The officers in charge went crazy and the soldiers under their command ran wild. Businessmen were actually ordered off the streets, pricked and beaten just as if they might be strikers. That would never do. Telegrams began to pour in on the White House and the Department of War at Washington, D. C. The morning following orders came from the war department that the imported soldiers were to protect the property of the mining companies, outside the city limits.

Although the soldiers on the hill and the police and gunmen in town made it hard for the strikers to maintain a picket line, very few tried to go back to work. But the engineers once more voted against joining the strike and the electricians followed suit. One by one the craft unions began to weaken. Then the miners, in order to maintain their organization, called the strike off after a ten day fight that was in reality a general strike.

Not long after the strike ended wages were again back at $5.75 a day.

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# ALL OVER THE MAP

By DANIEL TOWER

**ARTHUR BRISBANE is a profound student of cause and effect. In a column of his, syndicated under the title "This Week," Arthur tells about an unwise father who threatened to cut off the head of his four-year-old son, thus trying to teach him obedience. "On Monday," says the great Hearst editor, "James Brand got an axe, trying to carry out his father's idea, cut off the head of his little brother. He killed the brother."**

* * *

Spontaneity runs rife among the Rotary and Kiwanis brethren in Montana. The Daily MISSOULIAN, in telling of the impending return of Arnold Gilette, a local celebrity, declares that "he should be met with the greatest reception ever given a conquering hero. The university authorities, the chamber of commerce, the Kiwanis, Rotary and all other organizations should lose no time in getting together to arrange for a reception that will remain without parallel for its enthusiasm and spontaneity."

* * *

Editors frequently strain their intellects wrestling with the prison problem. E. B. Ault of the Seattle UNION RECORD, formerly a labor paper, voices this alarming fear: "If the prisons are made into real workshops and the inmates enabled to earn real wages there is likely to be an enormous increase in 'crime' on the part of the unemployed to insure themselves steady jobs."

We doubt it. Minnesota and California boast of paying high wages to their prisoners, but there is no evidence of any rush to break into the penitentiaries in those states.

* * *

**People are not properly considerate of the feelings of our industrial magnates. When the National Association of Umbrella Manufacturers met in New York, a hotel orchestra at one of its banquets played "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."**

* * *

Aimee Semple McPherson, the Los Angeles evangelist, feels hurt because various persons are skeptical of her story about being kidnaped for $500,000 ransom. She is not the first to have such a tale questioned. We remembered an honest looking janitor of a flat building in Chicago who went around the corner for one beer and didn't come back for four days. He weighed 300 pounds.

When he returned he explained that he had been taken prisoner by some rough men, blindfolded and gagged, placed on a low rakish craft, and taken across the lake to Michigan. In a barn among the dunes, he asserted, his captors removed the blindfold and flashed a lantern into his face. "Curses!" they cried. "We have stolen the wrong child!"




Last year when we were in Los Angeles, a middle-aged woman who sat adjacent to us in a street car handed us a card. It bore an advertisement of Mrs. McPherson's temple. "She cured me of epilepsy," the strange woman told us. "She's perfectly wonderful."

* * *

**The woman on the street car spoke to us with the same impulsiveness that we once observed in a visitor who inadvertently gained entrance to the news room of a San Francisco daily. Somehow he had got past the office boy at the door, and walked straight to the city editor's desk. He had with him a small boy with a bandaged leg. "I'll show you right where the dog bit him," were his opening words to the city editor, and then he proceeded to unwind the bandage.**

* * *

"Indians and Soldiers Walk Arm in Arm Where Custer's Men Were Slaughtered." Thus a news headline. We've never been able to work up much sympathy for Custer and his outfit. They brought their deaths upon themselves by attacking the Sioux. That attack was part of a campaign to take land from the Indians. The kick-back of the

redskins was a lesson in thoroughness of purpose; every one of Custer's 1,100 men was killed. Hornets ordinarily won't bother humans unless one troubles them.

* * *

Boy scouts served as scabs in the British general strike. Lately the Scouts have aroused the indignation of Eastern citizens by injuring trees. They put up signs pointing the way to their permanent camps, and fastened these signs to trees with four or five nails each. And then they talk in their literature about the wisdom of forest conversation.

**There was once a bright boy in Toledo who took a lot of honors and finally worked up to be a Scout commander. He was employed in a wholesale house, the owner of which made annual contributions to the Scout organization upkeep. When this country got tangled up with the war in Europe the bright lad was summoned in the draft. In filling out a "selective service" questionnaire, he came to the question: "What department of the army do you prefer to be in?" And his answer was: "Manager."**



# *Your Headquarters in Chicago*

**Here are General Headquarters of the I. W. W., main offices of Agricultural Workers' Ind. Union, Lumber Workers' Ind. Union, General Construction Workers' Ind. Union, Building Construction Workers' Ind. Union, General Recruiting Union, General Defense Committee, Equity Printing Plant, Workers' International Educational Society and six I. W. W. publications.**



**This building is bought and partly paid for. It is useful to the working class, and especially to the revolutionary industrial unionists of which the I. W. W. is composed. Efforts are necessary to preserve it for this purpose. It is your headquarters, Fellow Workers, and you must do your share to keep it functioning for you. Read below to render assistance. Then give your aid.**

# One Day's Wages a Month

The General Executive Board of the I. W. W. has established a Debt Fund, to be kept separate from the other finances of the organization, to be administered by the General Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W. and three trustees, one of whom is the Secretary-Treasurer of the Workers' International Educational Society. The Debt Fund is for the purpose of paying the debts of the organization and to assist the Workers' International Educational Society to make payments on the headquarters building. No money can be drawn out of it for any other purpose, and no money can be drawn at all without the signatures of the trustees and the General Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W. Why not donate a day's wages a month to the debt fund until the I. W. W. is out of debt and the building is paid for? Why not loan money to the debt fund?

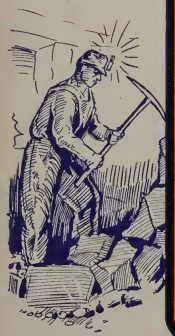
## *The*

## Workers' International Educational Society

**Why do we have a Workers' International Educational Society? Why not have the I. W. W. buy and own a building?**

**There are two reasons. First, the I. W. W. is not a real estate company, and its officials do not want to be and should not be continually pestered with financial difficulties connected with buildings. They are placed in office for the grand purpose of organizing the workers, and should be allowed to give their whole time to it. Secondly, experience has shown that when revolutionary labor organizations legally and formally own property, they are likely to lose it through the chicanery of capitalist courts, or through mob violence; and the same risk is not run in so great a measure by buildings used by the unions, but owned by a cooperative society of its members. The W. I. E. S. therefore has its function. Shares numbering 874 have been sold, already; why not more? Come on, Fellow Workers; there are some left!**

# MINERS JOIN--



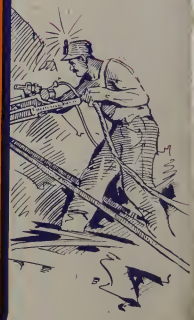
A press dispatch gives us the news that the Anaconda is soon to take over the control of the world's biggest zinc mines located in Poland, thus gaining control of the international zinc market. The millions necessary to close this deal were produced by the mine workers of Butte.

The average value of the Anaconda, Copper Queen and United Verde ores is high enough to insure a heavy surplus for reinvestment and fat dividends for parasites. And the coal mines are adding steadily to the millions already piled up by the Rockefellers and their kind.

And the miners in metal and coal mines get in wages only enough to provide them a meager living; the work is dangerous; they are driven to their tasks, their lungs corroded by the deadly dust; their protests are stilled by the blacklist.

The mining companies gained Power through Organization. To overcome that Power the mine workers must gain equal or greater Power. Organization will bring to the miners the Power they require. Industrial Organization, all mine workers in One Big Union, will give them Real Power.

ORGANIZE NOW! Join Metal and Coal Mine Workers' Industrial Unions 210-220, I. W. W.



## *Metal and Coal Mine Workers Industrial Union Nos. 210-220, IWW*

# The Industrial Pioneer

*An Illustrated Labor Magazine*



SEPTEMBER, 1926

*Price 25 Cents*



# PREAMBLE

## OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



# The Industrial Pioneer

John A. Gahan, Editor

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It should be understood by members and others who read this magazine, that it is the policy of the I. W. W. to designate as OFFICIAL, any articles or policies which have the regular official sanction. ANYTHING NOT SO DESIGNATED, IS NOT OFFICIAL. All other matter herein contained is the mere personal expression of the individuals, or individual writing or editing the same.

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# Editorials

The Real Cause of the Mexican Situation Is Economic and It Is Up to The Mexican Workers Economically To Organize and Overthrow their Masters of Both Church and State



MEXICAN WORKERS ON STRIKE AGAINST AMERICAN OIL COMPANY; THE CHURCH IS THE TOOL OF SUCH CORPORATIONS

**THE KNIGHTS ARE CRYING**—It's getting to be a heck of a world in which innocent, liberty-loving, inoffensive Catholics are denied freedom of conscience in Mexico, isn't it? So say the Knights of Columbus, whose leaders approached officials of the American State Department calling for aid on behalf of the suffering faithful across the southern border.

Seriously, was ever historic travesty so superlatively evidenced as in this parading of Rome garbed as a paladin of religious freedom? The heretic hunters, frustrated not in the exercise religious freedom, but in their intrigues for political preferment, feel hunted; the witch burners tremble lest a church pew get scorched.

When Catholicism ruled the Christian world, creating empires and kingdoms, how much mercy did it show the nonconformists whose consciences were too stubborn to be fixed by the Holy See? How the church exulted in breaking the body to "save the soul"! And now the apostles of mental night, the friends and makers of reaction, the sycophantic supporters of capitalism, driven into a corner by their own political machinations, are squealing like a lot of rats. They cry for free conscience. Shades of Savonarola, Huss, d'Arc, Galileo, Bruno! Can anything beat the supreme gall of Rome?

It is certainly unjust to prevent a gang of foreign, overstuffed "merry jokes" on an ascetic Christ to meddle in the internal affairs of a nation, now isn't it? But how about the Valle Nacional where 15,000 Mexican peons were killed by toil each year? The whole slave population was decimated annually and replaced by other condemned workers whose only crime was that of debt. What tears had the Knights of Columbus for them? What solace had the Mexican episcopate for these damned? The church profited by their slavery and said nothing. This is in line with the learned St. Augustine's teaching. He said that slavery was punishment for the sins of those enslaved. It is punishment only for the sin of being unorganized.

**CAN THEY EVER LEARN?**—The other day the writer was told that when the I. W. W. engages in free speech fights it leaves the economic path and takes to political highways. It is timely to check such confusion. When the I. W. W. fights for free speech it is fighting for the opportunity to get its message to the workers. The I. W. W. message is economic, not political. In a strike a worker may have to defend himself with a club against scabs, but he is still a unionist and not a slugger. We need free speech in our economic program, and when we fight for it such struggle is part of our industrial union activity and can not be characterized as political. It should also be remem-

bered that in our free speech fights the I. W. W. was not battling for free speech for the Salvation Army or the Y. M. Q. B's. There is nothing abstract about this matter so far as our organization is concerned. Free speech is a necessity to revolutionary industrial union propaganda. Fighting to obtain or maintain it is part of our economic course.

**A MOVIE STAR PASSES**—News paper headlines lately were carrying the news of a Hollywood idol's illness, and when he died whole pages of biography, pathos and pictures appeared. The capitalist sheets say that Valentino made a million dollars during the last year, most of which he spent. We are also informed that millions of women wept when he died, and that the nation mourned.

Altogether, we think the young man had a very enjoyable time with his painted women while life lasted, and the working class will be a lot nearer to economic freedom when it has more commiseration for its own kind and none for parasites, talented or otherwise. Right along there are thousands upon thousands of men, women and children of the working class, the only useful class, dying of diseases produced by poverty. Why not some tears for them? Or infinitely better, why not some industrial union organization to remove the poverty and bring plenty to all workers? It's the old story of "bread and circuses" for the people and the scenario shiek was part of the circus. He aided in supplying aphrodisiacal entertainment, with whose comfort the Scissorbillicus Americanus seems to forget about more important fare.

**A JUDGE ON LAW**—In a recent statement, Chief Justice William H. Taft, of the United States Supreme Court, attributes the increase of crime in this country to administrative defects in American criminal law. He thinks that judges are hampered by not being able to inflict sufficiently deterrent penalties.

This opinion correctly places the thought of the fossils who worm through the musty statutes. It is, moreover, very worthy of the man who, while campaigning for president, said "God knows!" when asked what he would do if he was unemployed and penniless and had a family to support. The chief justice says nothing of preventive measures other than heavy sentences. He dare not, even if he be aware of the truth, go to the bottom of the crime condition, because it results naturally from this crooked social scheme of which he is a prominent apologist.

"Society is the real criminal." Capitalism is thievery on a grand scale. It is murder of the most brutal and wholesale kind. It is all that is gigantically vile, and must be removed. Crime festers within it because the creature is environment's plaything and the world can not have justice, honesty, fraternity and equality until the workers organize and destroy this system.

Incidentally, it should be remarked that we have failed to see judges harshly restrained from inflicting the most atrocious sentences on class war prisoners. It is highly respectable for jurists to speak of salves for cancerous conditions. For class conscious industrial unionists to mention the major surgical operation of social revolution is positively treasonable.

**CONTRIBUTORS WANTED**—The I. W. W. press needs more writers. Already we have a number of very talented correspondents and cartoonists, but we need many more. We have the opportunity to cooperate and make the publications better than ever before. The Industrial Pioneer is foremost in the field of labor monthlies, but it can be vastly improved if a larger number of our members and friends who have the gift of graphic or literary expression get busy and submit their productions. Often our articles are too long, and it is not wise to tire the readers. We specially need newsy material without any excess of words, and photographs with the stories. Revising manuscripts is almost sure to result in improvements, and revision frequently reveals ways in which to cut superfluous language. Try your skill, fellow workers. This magazine and all I. W. W. publications are certain to benefit as our contributors become more numerous.

# The Harvest Isn't Over Yet



By FRANK THORPE
Sec'y-Treasurer, Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110, of the I. W. W.

**SOME of the workers, reading the undoubtedly true stories of the poor wheat crops in Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, and South Dakota, and hearing of the replacing of men by machinery, have perhaps jumped to the conclusion that there is "nothin' doin' any more in the harvest." To these, the word is, "There is as much to do as ever. All that we need is active workers in the field. There is going to be a successful harvest drive for the I. W. W. this year."**

One reason for the present situation is the fact that the poor harvest did not affect North Dakota, Montana, and Canada very much. Instead of thousands of men and hundreds of jobs, as in Nebraska, there is the reversed situation. John Farmer in North Dakota is looking for help. He prefers to hire his help on his own terms, paying perhaps $3.50 per day, but he has to have help, and if the boys demand more wages, he will have to come through.

### Wheat Crop Greater

The July wheat grain repots, put out by the U. S. government, show that although the **grain** crop, taken as a whole, is lighter this year by 380 million bushels than it was last year, and is 270 million bushels less than the average for the last five years, the **wheat** crop, taken alone, is 71 million bushels greater than last year.

These figures mean little to the ordinary person, far removed from the scene of action. But when it is realized that the increase in **wheat** crop affects most of all the harvest drive of the I. W. W., which does not get as much into the corn, barley, oats, rye, etc., as into the wheat harvest, something of their importance begins to appear. Then when it is remembered that there was a very light wheat crop in the southern end of the grain belt, and that the increase is practically all in the northern end, further light is thrown on the bare cold figures.

If you all could stand on the plains of North Dakota, and see the rolling waves of thick, tall wheat, showing part green and part yellow, and every day, every hour almost, turning from green to yellow, and see the anxious faces of the farmers as they discuss whether they will get enough men to get the wheat cut at just the right time, and shocked at the right time, and left long enough to dry ready for threshing, without waiting so long that it either shatters out of the head, or gets rained on, and mildews (as it will if it rains too much), then you see what this means.

It means that the farmer will not stand in the slave market and demand men with weak minds and strong backs; the farmer will be glad to take any men, and if he gets some intelligent, class conscious workers, who will join the I. W. W. and force him to pay a little

more than the going wage — he has to take that risk.

Another thing is that Harold Teen is getting blisters on his hands and going back where the Sheba Sundays bubble. Perhaps you saw that the comic artists took in the harvest this year? The callow creation of the high schools of the cities, quite well taken off by the faithful pencil wielder of the Chicago Tribune and other newspapers in its syndicate, is launched into the grain fields this year. There the capitalistic artist makes him meet up with the I. W. W. who call a strike, and out of the strike meeting young Harold Teen gets booted for making a speech to the effect that this is the grandest and freest and most wonderful country in the world, where everybody has a chance to get rich taking in the farmers' wheat. Of course the I. W. W. are all represented as bearded foreigners with Slavic names. (Seriously, did anybody ever see a Wobbly with a beard?)




UNORGANIZED, YOU'LL FIND THIS SITUATION BRISTLING AGAINST US

Well, part of the trouble in the southern end of the harvest region was that the real, true Harold Teens from the high schools did go out to make their fortune by shocking wheat. They have most of them got plenty of it by now, and been cheated by John Farmer in addition, or fired for incompetence. They are all going back to the cities from which they came.

They made things a little harder for the real workers for a while by cluttering up the slave market, and jumping at jobs that promised little more than board. But neither they nor the employers are satisfied with the performance. Our harvest drive is still a place for migratory workers, not vacationing jelly beans.

We speak of the "migratory" harvest worker. Practically all real harvest workers are migratory. The real harvest hand is a man who is without property, a true proletarian. Since the harvest will not stand still for him, he has to move along after it. He has to travel on the freight trains, and there is absolutely no shame or crime in this. If he did not move this way, the wheat would not be harvested.

### Hi-Jacks and Police

His life is filled more with hard work than with adventure, but he has the doubtful honor of being frequently the prey of railroad police, town constables, and "hi-jacks," or robbers. Frequently too, all these are the same. The railroad police or the constable dons overalls, puts his badge in his pocket, and approaches a string of empty freight cars filled with workers who have gained fifteen or twenty dollars apiece in the harvest so far. The hi-jacks come up to both sides of a car, flash their searchlights, flourish their guns, and rob everybody, then lock the car, and go on to the next one. They are absolutely ruthless, and will kill at the slightest provocation. Sometimes they ride the freights, and deliberately kill men they find in the car with them by crushing in their heads and throwing them from the trains, usually at night. The law affords the workers no safety from these fiends, often for the best of reasons, as stated above. When the hi-jacks are not in league with the police, they are in little danger anyway, because the authorities do not care what happens to migratory workers.

### Organization Death to Robbers

This year there is reported a great campaign of hi-jacking throughout the Northwest. During the first week in August, over a hundred men were held up between Spokane and Missoula,

all in a bunch. Against this sort of thing only organization and retaliation give any protection. The I. W. W. is the only organization that can drive out hi-jacks.

Wheat harvesting is rather hard work. The prevailing method is still, on prairie ground, to cut the grain with a binder, which the farmer or his son or some trusted house slave of a "monthly hand" usually drives. The binder not only cuts the grain by means of a notched knife, but by an ingenious piece of mechanism, ties it into sheaves, or bundles as big around as a man can conveniently hold under his arm, and with all the heads one way. The bundles are dumped out in a row, or a row of piles, along the cut over field.




ORGANIZED, YOU COMMAND CONDITIONS LIKE THIS

The first task of the migratory harvest workers is to take up these bundles or sheaves, and holding one in each hand, butt their heads together, and set them down with the heads up, and each bundle supporting the other. Then other bundles are packed or thrown on these, making a shock, a pyramid or cone of bundles or sheaves, all with their hands standing up. It looks like a criminal offense to the farmer if he sees you standing any of them the other way, as that causes the water from rain or dew to soak down through the bundles and make them mould. Yet the Herold Teens always want to stand a few of them upside down in order to make a more symmetrical shock.

After the wheat is all shocked, or as they say in Canada, "stooked," some of the crew move on for more shocking, following the line of the ripening grain up into the far Northwest. But others remain for the threshing.

Threshing machines are mechanical flails. A number of steel hooks are fastened on a revolving drum, turned by steam or gasoline motor power, and appropriately enclosed in a housing, moved on wheels. In front of this revolving drum an endless belt of canvass, the draper, carries the sheaves of wheat down into the whirling steel hooks, which beat the grain out of the heads.

A revolving fan and an arrangement of sieves separates the wheat from the straw and chaff, and all the latter is blown out the rear end of the threshing machine, the wheat usually coming down a spout in the side and into the tank, or box, set on wagon wheels in which it is carted to the grain elevator. In some western districts they run the wheat into sacks, each holding about two bushels. These jute bags, or wheat sacks, are one of the main products of the prison jute mill in San Francisco, California, though they do not all come from there.

The engineer who runs the gasoline or straw or oil burning engine that provides power for the threshing machine, and the separator tender or other mechanicians around the thresher itself are usually "home guards", though not always. They are often the owners or the farmer's oldest son.

The business of the hired migratory harvest hand during threshing is to load the sheaves of wheat on the flat bed hay wagons, and drive them up to the machine, and one wagon on each side of it, unloaded the sheaves on to the draper that carries them against the drum of the thresher. It takes a certain amount of skill to pitch the sheaves onto the wagon right, and still more skill to load them so they will not slip off the first time the wagon wheel drifts into a hole or hits a rock. The butts of the sheaves must be towards the outside, and a nice proportion must be maintained between the number thrown into the center and the number stacked up along the sides of the load. When the wagon is driven, an unskilled driver can easily turn too short and "break out the reach". This always moves the farmer to tears and profanity.

The "reach" is nothing but a coupling rod, connecting the front and hind wheels of the wagon and made of a piece of ordinary pine scantling, cut down a little here and there and with a couple of holes bored in it. But no far-



mer was ever known to have another "reach" ready to use in case of an emergency. It seems to be against the traditions of farming, some way.

When the wagons pull up to the threshing machine, there is sometimes a few minutes rest for one driver while another is unloading. There should be, if the workers realize **their** business.

The chief bone of contention at the threshing machine is when to stop, and turn it into the wind so the men unloading from the wagons will not be working in a cloud of dust. If the wind would only stay in one place, there would be less labor trouble around a thresher. But it doesn't, and the farmer hates to stop his machine and change its direction. The workers hate even more to swallow all the flying salad that those big winds in North Dakota bring to him, and so the class struggle goes on. It is really only a few minutes' work to change the direction of the thresher, and a well organized crew will compel this whenever necessary.

More and more harvesting is being done each year by combined harvesters, but there are still some places where the land is too rough, or the seasons require grain to stand in a shock and dry out. Combined harvesting has been described several times for the readers of the Industrial Pioneer, and we will not go into it here.

A kind of intermediate stage between combined threshing and the binder and shocking method of harvesting is that by headers and stacks. The header is a gigantic mowing machine which cuts the grain and runs it into a wagon. Loading a wagon under a header spout is one of the hardest jobs in the harvest; throwing the loose grain off onto a stack is the next hardest. When the stack is made, a thresher is used to thresh the grain, which is picked off the stack by a derrick, and large hay fork, or "hoed down" by men with forks shaped like hoes, or by both methods. A picture of "stack threshing" is on the front cover of this magazine.

No farmer ever wanted to work his crew less than from sunup to sundown, or at least thirteen hours. Without organization of the workers, the farmers will get away with that schedule, too. But in general, the hours have been beaten down by I. W. W. organization and by nothing else, to about ten. They could easily go up again if the danger of I. W. W. organization were removed, and a more complete realization of the need of organization by harvest workers would cut them still lower.

The fact that it is the I. W. W. that is getting the hours down and making the farmers change their machines around when the gale swings into the rear is apparent when we consider the efforts made to stop us. Every year the farmers' organizations and the county agents (really state officials) enter into a conspiracy against us. Their general program is to have all they can get of the delegates arrested right in the beginning, before the drive gets started. Then they announce the wages all over the state, and put them good and low. Then they fight hard to keep the farmers anxious to get their crops out, and anxious to use real harvest hands, not Harold Teens, to stick to the scale. It can't be done. If the crop is good, the harvest worker who is organized, and knows what is what, will always win. All the way from the great big Campbell Farming of Hardin, Montana to the smallest, one horse farm in Dakota or Minnesota, the farmers understand the trick. But we can beat them with organization; for if we refuse to work for low wages, and organize the crews for a strike, the farmer has to yield. He can't wait. Mother Nature will spank him if he does. The wheat has to come off at a certain time.

### Drive Just Going Good

So the harvest drive is just going good. It will not be over for a couple of months yet, when the last stragglers come down out of Alberta and Saskatchewan and begin to think about some of the minor crops. As the Wenatchee apples and the Montana and Idaho potatoes ripen, the numbers of men the wheat harvest has to find place for gradually diminish.

And as the numbers of men hunting jobs grow less, from now on, the chances of organization get better and better. From now on, conditions are ready for the I. W. W. in the wheat harvest — and the workers there need the I. W. W.

The first persecution has started, already in Minnesota, five of our delegates are in jail.* But that is the regular thing. Last year they put over a hundred in jail in Fargo, and had to turn then all out again. Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 110 of the I. W. W. has very good solidarity and finds a way. It may not be necessarry to flood any jails with men this year, but if necessarry, it can be done. Meanwhile, remember the words of the 110 Bulletin:

**"You, the membership of One Ten, must act! You must act now! Support your delegates! Put the drive over as you know how to do it when you stand together and meet all odds with your inspiring solidarity!"**

* Since this was written the delegates in Minnesota have been tried and acquitted. A frame-up against them failed.

# Is This Why Indians Go Blind?

By J. BAXTER

In the state of Nevada, there are many Indians, both in the schools, on the reservations, and at large; and a curious and unaccountable incident in the life of these unfortunate aborigines, is that after the age of 60 or 70 years they nearly all go blind. No one has ever been able to account for this strange occurrence and malevolent affliction upon the Indians. Scientists and anthropologists have studied their case, but without ever being able to ascertain the cause or source of their strange affliction.

When these Indians go blind, apparently their only source of livelihood lies in the source of begging, and they can be seen sitting on the stone sidewalks of Reno, Nevada, with a little tin can in front of them, soliciting alms from passers-by.

Curious to ascertain the source of these unfortunate peoples' affliction, the present speaker was one day walking down the main street of Reno, and, seeing a blind squaw sprawled out on the sidewalk with a little tin can in front of her, he stepped aside to where another person was standing and asked, "Say, Mister, what makes those Indians go blind?"

Turning and glancing at the squaw, the fellow said, "I dunno. That's always been a mystery. My belief is that they go blind watching for someone to drop something into that can."




SONGS

*To Fan the Flames of Discontent*

**PRICE TEN CENTS**

# Mendocino: --- Where Volstead Made Two Grapevines Grow Where None Ever Grew Before!

By SAM MURRAY

EVER HEARD of Mendocino—a Californoa? Ever heard of the small coast valleys in California? Sure I knew dam well you hadn't that's the reason I am writing this. Having been born in Iowa or Kansas or perhaps in Michigan or Ohio you think that Los Angeles is all there is of California. Of course "Los" would like to annex the whole state but about the only part she is likely to get in the near future is Eureka in Humboldt Co. (Even the I. W. W. in Eureka has gone emergency. That ought to be some indication.)

The worst part of a trip to the middle states is that they accuse you of being from L. A. Of course they all have a brother or cousin in the real estate game down there and are filled with the usual essence of bovine masculinity with which the sharks stuff the suckers from their home towns of the middle west.

Now if there is anything that gets the goat of a native of California when he gets back east it is for someone to mention L. A. It is just like asking him how his brother who is in San Quentin for stealing sheep is getting along. But it can't be helped; the people back there just can't understand that there is any part of California that L. A. hasn't annexed and staked out in lots.

Also, no natives of California ever come from Los Angeles. Nobody is ever born in Los Angeles —no native sons there—Fleas? Yes lots of them but none of the other kind. On account of the high price of real estate you haven't room to rock a cradle down there. That's why they get them all from Iowa where the hogs are fat and the yellow corn meal rich in albumen.

But to return to the subject: The small coast valleys and the uplands that border on them are in many respects the most interesting part of the state. For climate, diversified scenery and fruit I think they are far superior to the rest of this much overadvertised state.

Shortly aftr the gold rush days while California was still in the midst of her glory as the greatest wheat producing state some enterprising persons discovered that if they shipped California wine to France and labeled it with a French trademark it could be shipped back and our corned beef and cabbage connoisseurs, our newly rich aristocracy couldn't tell the difference. The Spanish Californians had cultivated the grape but only for home consumption so the only way California wines could break in on the market, having no reputation of their own, was to ride in on that of the French.

Now the wine grape is a very humble plant and does not take kindly to the deep rich soils of the valleys. Descended from the vine which has been grown for centuries on the barren cliffs of southern Europe where you have to carry soil up in a bushel basket to give it a foothold is just naturally can't stand prosperity in the shape of good rich loam. Likewise, the side hills and uplands surrounding the small valleys near the coast contain a vast acreage that heretofore produced nothing but scrub oak, madrone and manzanita and was thought to be useless except for a little winter pasture but with experimentation it was discovered that this otherwise worthless land was spagethi and mushroom sauce to the Italian wine grape. So many of these sidehills became dotted with vines and grape culture became a thriving industry. But the market was not extensive and as the grape land was almost unlimited before the culture had extended, very far a serious glut in the market was experienced. So there came an evil day for the wine growers. Wine and grapes became the cheapest thing in California. I can remember when a bottle of wine was served free with a ten cent meal in Frisco. If you liked grapes you could go down to the docks where the river steamers Napa City and Zinfendel came in and nothing was said so long as you didn't carry away the empty box. In vain did the wine growers try to educate the American public up to the drinking of cheap wine. They were descended mostly from a whiskey and beer drinking ancestry and besides there was the brewery and distillery interests. There seemed to be a conspiracy on the part of the saloons to prevent wine drinking for when the wineries were selling wine in the barrel for as low as fifteen cents a gallon the saloons were charging ten cents for a gill while a scoop of beer with a bowl of stew cost a nickle a throw. Quite a prejudice was worked up. They called it "Dago red," "Dago foot juice." "Red paint" and worse names, its very cheapness was against it and people were led to believe that it was a rotten drink—good enough for Italians and Portuguese but entirely unfit for consumption by the "supermen" of the "Nordic strain." These good beer and whiskey guzzling christians claimed that the last drink that Christ took before expiring on the cross was a disreputible drink and only fit for "Wine bums."*) However,

* The English translators of the gospels say that it was vinegar. I have learned lately that the simple language in which the books of the new testament were first written

a good drink like a good man can't be kept down forever and after the panic which preceeded the Spanish war had subsided the vineyard game began to show sings of new life. But the opposition continued to breed misery for the wine growers. Prohi's tried to rule it off the tables and through a system of high license came near doing it so that your bottle of wine often cost you a dime or more extra with your meals. Most saloons refused to handle good wine or to sell it at a reasonable price. Then came the war and the "Big drougth." Although the beer and whiskey interests had been behind the temperance agitators in outlawing wine from restaurants and bars they had never failed to enlist the wine men against the dry movement. Growers were told that if prohibition came they would have to plow out their vineyards and as the land was worth little for anything else they would be ruined. Now your vineyardist is a very unsophisticated person and when the eighteenth amendment went over he really thought it meant prohibition. He did not know that the government had a way of springing a great joke occasionally in the form of an amendment to the federal constitution. For instance: There is the free speach, free press and right to assemble amendment. Ha! Ha! What a funny joke. You can say what you like and assemble all you want so long as the American Legion don't object, the Koo Koo Klan tar and feather you or the cop pinch you. Then there is that one about the negro having the right to vote providing the white man don't get there first with his gun. The poor simple minded vineyardists really thought that the government was a law enforcing political machine. The truth had never occured to them, viz., that the government from the federal bureaucracies down to the dog catchers is nothing but a giant industry. An industry devoted to the collecting of taxes, imposing of fines and taking of bribes. A government by a ring retaining their power by force of arms —that is whenever the reptile press and the "moral" influence of molders of opinion fail to perform the job in a more satisfactory way. Of the people gainfully employed in this country, one in twelve are getting their living directly through this gigantic enterprise besides those indirectly benefitting such as lawyers, pensioners, bootleggers and a host of retainers that hang on the fringe of public office.

For fifty years the reformers had been kicking the yellow dog of a booze industry around and blaming him for everything from an epidemic of whooping cough to unseasonable weather. Restrictions sensible and otherwise followed one another in an endless procession of legal enactments and in the trail of each, there followed the usual shakedown and harvest of bribes by the "patriotic" enforcement officials. So they evidently figured that if twenty five per cent restriction was good for—say twenty five dollars in graft, that one hundred per cent prohibition should be good for one hundred dollars. So prohibition went over the top with a bang. In the opinion of the wine growers this meant the crack of doom for them. Some of them plowed up their vines while others simply neglected them for the time being hoping that something would happen—and it did. Home brewing become the most popular indoor sport. Everything from old shoes to Galwa grape juice was being put through all kinds of processes in an endeavor to develop a kick. Somebody conceived the idea of putting raisens in his home brewed beer. He then proceeded to beat up his wife, cleaned up on the policeman and when they finally succeeded in overpowering him he was out in the Golden Gate Park trying to break into the grizzley bears' cage. So the "Sunmaids" came into a new prominence and the popular California slogan. "Have you had your iron today?" was changed to "Have you had your scrapiron today?" Now the wine grape is not a raisen grape in the prevolstead sense of the term. However they can be dried and it was found that for the purpose of producing the bran new sensation they had the iron bound Fresno variety backed off the board and they began to appear on the market. Then you know, sacramental wine was permitted. Now, the followers of the lowly carpenter are only allowed a periodical sip along with their nibble of the "flesh" but the Jews have certain ceremonies which require the consumption of as much as seven gallons. So the Jewish religion became very popular. One of their "missionaries" opened up among the Roman Catholic Portugues in West Oakland and in a very short time succeeded in securing thirty five hundred converts who at once displayed a frenzied zeal for that part of their new faith which called for the drinking of the "Blood of the Lamb" although we are informed that the consumption of pork did not fall so as you could notice it. So when the next grape season rolled around the growers discovered that the product of their neglected vineyards had soared to prices never dreamed of in the old days. The bootlegging industry was in process of formation and as had been predicted an army of government functionaries were put to work to share the profits or collect the fines. Wine had at last come into its own; was expensive and hard to get and therefore popular. Again the grape business had secured a new lease on life and wine grapes which during the war had reached the unheard price of $25.00 a ton now rose to $82.00. Some idea of the extent of the industry can be gained from the fact that despite the large amount of grape produced in Michigan, northern Ohio and some sections of the south, California produces 92% of America's grape crop about two thirds of which are wine grapes

had a name for sour wine but no name for vinegar. When their wine turned to vinegar they still called it wine. So the translators use the word "vinegar" instead of the correct English word "Claret." What they gave Jesus on the end of the staff was a shot of "Dago Red."

absolutely worthless for any other purpose while several of the most popular wines are made exclusively from table grapes, for example, Tokay, and Muscatel.

Through all the years that the Americans had been in posession of California that part of Mendocino Co. which lies outside the redwood forests had slept serenely on her sunkissed hills (110 in the shade). Never had it produced anything except poison oak and beef cattle. Although it was ideal wine land something had always happened to the industry before it got that far up in the hills. There were Napa and Sanoma counties—rich it is true but with side hills near the market which produced the vine in abundance for former needs. Sanoma Valley—a great wine producer, is better known as the home of Jack Londen. Shortly after Jack became interested in Sanoma Co. real estate he wrote a booster story called The Valley of the Moon. Sanoma Valley has a southeastern exposure and the full moon after rising has a habit of peeking around the Napa hills and throwing a shaft of silvery light across the valley. Therefore they said that the Indians had called it Sanoma which they claimed meant the Valley of the Moon. Quite poetic! and it took well with the natives. Unfortunately there was still alive an old timer who understood the language of the extinct tribe of Suisune Indians and their traditions as well.

Dr. Vallejo, whose father, the general, had owned nearly all of the two valleys mentioned, until the Americans got them away from him, was living in retirement in the navy yard town that bears his family name and he gave the snap away. Sanoma don't mean "Valley of The Moon" at all. According to a legend of the Suisuness there once lived a tribe of Indians in this valley ruled over by a chief who sported a nose like Mutt. Sano means nose and the Ma part signifies "Land." "Country" or like the Spanish "*Pais.*" Sanoma simply means "Nosieland." However, though truth is sometimes stranger than fiction it stands no chance with fiction before the mob. So just as most American school children still think that Columbus discovered America the kids in Sanoma Co. are taught that they are living in the Valley of the Moon. If you were to go to Santa Rosa and tell the natives that they are living in Eaglebeaksprudderland instead of the land of the silvery orb of night you would be run out of town.

Well, at any rate the hardy wine grape has at last invaded the uplands of Mendocino Co. The hillsides are becoming mottled with the beautiful landscape effect of vineyards. One hill after the other is being cleared. John Farmer with the property complex is in his seventh heaven of delight. Land is cheap but a Madrone or Black Oak stump is at best a tough hombre and nothing short of dynamite will coax him out of the ground. The bank furnishes the dynamite and John furnishes the muscle so the hills are reverberating with the sound of the blast. It means several years of effort to get a place in bearing but at present prices a vineyard will sometimes pay the cost of land, clearing and raising of the vines in one crop.

Of course wages are low. There are plenty of homeguards to do the work except in picking time when some outsiders are hired. They pay from $3.50 to $4.00 a ton and they say it takes a good man to pick a ton a day. Of course you have to carry your own nosebag as California fruit farmers never feed or lodge their help. Since it generally takes a whole family to earn a day's pay the auto tramp is about the only person that stands a show.

However, since the price has been steadily dropping the last few years as the young vines are coming into bearing, I am of the opinion that the next slump will arrive about the time that the first of the mortgages are paid off. However, there is a silver lining in the dark cloud. They call it "Modification." Lately some newspapers conducted a canvas and it was found that the same people who were a few years ago a majority for preventing the other fellow from getting a drink are now seven to one thirsty. Of course to repeal the amendment would be a rather hard matter now that they have the bootlegging industry and the enhanced force of government officials to deal with so they are going to try modification. Great idea that! They are going to try to convince you that you are not soused when you are pickled on "Dago Red." Hereafter when you wax too hilarious over the birth of the Son of Man, Xmas Eve, or get too noisy in anticipation of your regular Newyear's swearoff and have to shake hands with the judge next morning all the council you will need is a federal constitution under one arm and an empty wine jug under the other. Since the stuff is supposed to be "Intoxicating in fact" it will be easy to cite precedents to convince Baldy that a fact, in this country, is harder to prove than a fiction.

In the meantime the farmers will go on pulling stumps and the banks will go on pulling their legs—but for all that, Mendocino is a wonderful country with the wild beauty of her Madrone covered hills and the greater domestic beauty of her vineyards, and the wine—Oh Boy! The wine! If T-Bone Slim had a shot of it he wouldn't say: "Prohibition is the worst stuff I ever drank."

**The October Pioneer will carry special articles on education for workers. Several such manuscripts are now here and will be recognized by all readers as products of the best minds of the revolutionary labor movement. Our next issue will be specially devoted to the Work People's College.**

**There will also be several book reviews, and other timely features which are sure to make the October number a real hit. Some fine articles are here now which could not be run this month due to reducing the magazine's size. They'll appear in October. Also look for a continuation of "The Empire of Oil."**



LUMBER WORKERS: It was not many years ago when you were universally known as timberbeasts. The organized bosses kept you in a bestial condition. You were compelled to work long, exhausting hours; to exist on near-garbage, and to sleep in the foul air of crowded bunkhouses infested with vermin and other pests. The I. W. W. message rang out through the forests. Many heard it, and being convinced carried it forward over every hill, into every camp, until there was no place that was not reached. The message was for better conditions all along the line; for the eight-hour workday; for higher wages. It touched a responsive chord in the hearts of lumber workers, and they showed the world what the solidarity of labor means and what it can accomplish. But now in the camps the old conditions will return unless you stand together again in a revival of organization activity. It is up to you. Will you join the I. W. W. and be men, or stay divided and be suckers for the boss? Read the article beginning on the next page, and follow the example that is being set by the Ontario loggers.

# ORGANIZING ONTARIO

By A. E. WINDLE

THE tons of philosophy and reams of theory with which many organizations have been bombarding the workers seems to have left the great masses of labor quite unmoved. While it is very true that every philosophy has its followers, every theory its converts, it is doubly true that philosophies are largely dreams and a theory, even at its best, is but a plan. While the verbose expoundance of a high-sounding philosophy may amuse the youth, and comfort those of the aged who still cling to their illusions—it fills no one's stomach. The soundest and most scientific theory, when inscribed upon parchment, and framed in mahogany, makes a beautiful wall decoration, but it does not and cannot supply the clothing and shelter that would enable one to smile in the face of a blizzard.

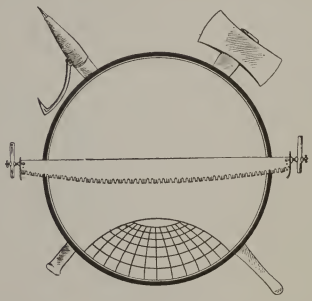
The practical application of the theory, the determined and thorough execution of carefully thought out and well laid plans, is what gets results. Ample proof of this statement is to be seen in the steady and healthy progress made by the I. W. W. in Ontario, a new district. While other districts have been marking time, Ontario has been forging ahead. After two years of struggling against all the obstacles that organizers meet in new territory, plus the disruptive tactics of a group of freaks who would like to control our organization, we have something worth showing. Our growing membership is most certainly something to shout about in this benighted country. Add to this a strong and enthusiastic auxiliary that never fails to make good when and where its services are needed, and that means always and everywhere, and you will agree that not only have we gained a foothold in Ontario—we are established!




Mark this well! Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 120 of the I. W. W. is **established** in the East. Not upon a philosophic, theoristic basis, but on a rock-bottom foundation of job organization. How has this been accomplished? By hard work, and lots of it! We are happily free from those twin gerrymanderers, the spittoon philosopher and hall cat legislator. Our members have put a literal interpretation upon the name, Industrial **Workers** of the World. Through ice-laden blizzards that bring tears to the eyes and cut the flesh, through cold so bitter it burns; over muskeg trails that sap the strength of the strongest, against the common foe and the damnable treachery of the self-seeking ego-maniacs in our own ranks they have fought, and fought with that bulldog tenacity we must all admire.

When they read they will laugh and say, "All that is commonplace, it is part of our life. We are nothing but common working stiffs and he tries to dress us up as idealists." They are idealists, and have this in common with all other idealists. Their ideal must remain a fond dream, a beautiful vision far off on the horizon, until their material needs are attended. They have

come to realize with the great Aristotle that, "It is necessary first to have a maintenance, and then to practice virtue." If you can imagine purest virtue having its abode in the same bunkhouse with double-pole bunks, a legion of lice, little or no ventilation, a grand array of stinking sox hanging over the stove, and a spittle-smeared floor, dear friend, you are wasting your talent in the lumber industry. You should be writing stories for magazines at a penny a word. These Wobs, idealists though they be, are practical idealists. They are bereft of all illusions. They refuse to place their faith in the age-old legend of the mythical Messiah who, some happy day, will come down to earth and lift them, body and soul, (pole bunks and lice), out of their present sorry state ,and carry them off upon his magic carpet to some etherial world where the sun is always shining. Wouldn't caulk boots raise hell with the gold pavements?



Before an ideal can become a reality, there must be a foundation to support it. This being a material world peopled by mortals who need bread for subsistence, the foundation for our ideals, the basis of our morals, must be one of bread—and plenty of it. Philosophers are found wanting and theologians have failed to show us the way to a better life, and so we must fall back upon our own resources—seek salvation in our own humble way. After all, porkchops are more often to be found in butcher shops than in temples.

Here before our eyes is the longest unbroken stretch of timber land in the world, extending from northern Quebec to the Pacific seaboard of British Columbia. It is rich in pine, spruce, fir and other woods. Potential wealth beyond the wildest dreams of avarice is here, but not worth a red cent until the fallers and buckers, the skidders and rollers, the rigging men and donkey punchers strut their stuff. Utterly worthless until Labor, creator of all wealth, plays its part. There is nothing etherial or philosophic about those trees. They are strictly material. They will submit to the assault of saw and axe, but never an inch will they bend before theologic cant and twaddle.

The organized lumber barons are as firm and unbending in the face of pleas and heartfelt entreaties as the trees of this great north woods are deaf to the most eloquent sermon. The fact that you need a new pair of shoes means nothing to him who has ten pairs of patent leathers. As the trees will submit only to saw and axe, so will the masters submit only to economic pressure. This is neither the time nor the place to philosophize. Prayers and humble invocations to imaginary deities may return to you the hollow mockery of their own faint echoes, but certainly nothing more. The master will laugh in the face of the worker who, moron-like, will kneel at his feet in humble subservience, begging a crumb from the table that labor's creative effort has overburdened with the good things of life. The same master would grovel in abject terror before an organized working class.

The Wobblies here know that philosophy will not fill their stomachs, and, the prayers they so trustfully offered up in innocent childhood being still unanswered, they are organizing their fellow workers to fight for the wealth they are producing and the fruits of which have been denied them. It is not the grandiloquent gestures and carefully-coined phrases of the orator, the Oxfordian compositions of writers; nor yet the "hurrah-boy" enthusiasm that vents itself in a wild burst of cheering at a propaganda meeting. It is none of these things that are building the I. W. W. in Ontario. It is that sincere, hard-working, day by day plugger, Fellow Worker Jimmie Higgins, Job Delegate, who is making the I. W. W. known and respected—hated and feared in this land where the hoosiers are no less than 1,000 per cent. It is out there on the job, there with his fellow workers in their own element, that Jim goes with his message of industrial unionism. Out there with object lessons on all sides with which to drive home his arguments. His task is no light one. He

is driven from camp to camp, usually penniless, often hungry, but never beaten. It is a revival of that spirit of '17 that established the 8-hour day in defiance of the guns and whips of sheriffs' posses. The spirit that wrote **Solidarity** on the cell walls of Everett County Jail will, carry One-Twenty on to another and even greater victory than that of 1917.

Most of the cards written out in this country were written on the skidway or the deacon-seat. And this in spite of all the master's stoolpigeons. Grim, though this fight be, it has its element of humor, which perhaps can best be illustrated by a business meeting held in one of the camps last winter. In this camp the majority of workers were Finns, and where you find Finns, there too, and only there, you find a bath-house. There being comparatively few members in the camp at that time, it was hardly advisable to hold a business meeting in the bunkhouse, so we held it in the bath-house dressing room. The dressing room was partitioned off into two parts, and while non-members who used the other room were having their bath, the business meeting was called to order. The chairman, who stood six foot one in his bare feet, was a noble looking specimen of manhood in his single garment, a large bath towel. The recording secretary was a striking figure, gorgeously attired in his robe of office: a green and black mackinaw tied about his middle. When it came our turn to get steamed, someone moved the motion: That this meeting adjourn for a bath, to reconvene in 30 minutes—which was carried and duly recorded with all the solemnity of parliamentary procedure. Before the spring breakup this camp gave over 50 new members to the I. W. W. Great though the difficulties be, to men who are doers there is always a way. Men who hold business meetings in bath-houses and use the skidway for a desk are the kind of men who can organize in any country.

Why do they endure hardships, smash their way through every barrier and never get discouraged? Because they have come to recognize and learned to face this hard, cold fact. There is nothing worth while in life for the wage slave; no hope for the future, until labor stands organized to fight for its rights—the rights that prayers and pleas have failed to gain. To you of the tall timbers of the West and the turpentine bush of the South, who are organized, we say: "Waste no time or energy orating at length upon your own imagined virtues and the shortcomings of your neighbor. Get out on the job and do YOUR part towards making One Twenty a name to be conjured with in the lumber industry. If you will only make up your mind to do it, all debts can be swept away like so much chaff and 120 become an industrial union of which you can be justly proud. And to the great mass of unorganized we say: Your knees must now be sore from cringing at the chancel-rail mumbling prayers that are never heard, much less answered.

With hours getting longer and wages ever shrinking, the most beautiful philosophy can no longer afford you any comfort.

Get up from your knees and fight like men! The I. W. W. points the way to emancipation and shows you how to get there, but it can not drag you along. You must stand up and walk, and fight every inch of the way. We give you no empty promises, but simply tell you that you will get what you fight for .

You have lived in poverty long enough —too long. Here before you is the world and its wealth. Is this a prize worth fighting for? It is?

**Then fight, fellow workers, fight!**



# SLINGS and ARROWS

By DANIEL TOWER

Navy representatives leave the forecasting field to God. Following the gigantic TNT blow-up at Lake Denmark, N. J., the New York TIMES stated this: "At 2 a. m., however, the magazines were still intact and officers at the arsenal said they did not know whether they would explode."

* * *

**Arrangements have been made for a physical examination of John W. Thompson, St. Louis contractor, to determine whether he is in a condition to serve a two-year sentence in Leavenworth. Thompson was convicted with Colonel Charles Forbes of fraud in connection with hospital contracts. United Sates Judge Carpenter of Chicago suggested the examination. If any poor men are ever examined to determine whether they can endure a prison term, the newspapers keep it a dark secret.**




* * *

As a special favor to a superstitious prisoner in the death house, the Maryland authorities have consented to hang him on the 12th of the month instead of doing it on the 13th. Our idea is that it is just as unlucky to be hanged on the 12th as on the 13th. But the authorities want to spare the man's feelings.

* * *

**Letters from Pontius Pilate to Herod have just been published in book form for the first time, according to an advertisement of a New York publisher. They were written following the crucifixion of Christ. We haven't read those letters, but doubtless they indicate what a California judge thinks about after he has sentenced a Wobbly to San Quentin on a criminal syndicalism charge.**

* * *

Each month's newspaper dispatches tell of the capture of one or more of the three D'Autremont brothers, always in some new portion of the country. The brothers are billed as I. W. W. members (although they aren't) in the police reward notices in connection with the Siskiyou train robbery in Oregon. You read that a suspect has been identified as one of the three, and then you don't hear anything more about that suspect.

News about captures of the D'Autremont boys is akin to the casualty statistics during the war in Europe. Some of the big newspapers and press associations killed off more Germans in their news columns that there were soldiers in all the armies on both sides.

* * *

When we hear super-patriots fighting the so-called "great" war over again, we take comfort in thought about a comment on it uttered by an old-time grocer in our home town in Illinois.

He was busy picking over sprouted onions when a traveling man came in, with two sample cases and a copy of a Chicago paper.

"They're having a tremendous battle over on the Marne," remarked the traveling man.

"Well, they've certainly got a good day for it," said the grocer.

* * *

**There was a stirring reunion of veterans of that war the other day in Dallas, Texas, with a leading hotel there as headquarters. The gathering occurred when the hotel clerk, who was a lieutenant in France, summoned the head waiter, who had been a corporal, and the captain of the bellhops, who had been a sergeant, and had them throw out an ex-colonel, who was cluttering up the lobby.**

* * *

One more great man has passed on, and another steps forward to take his place. Robert Todd Lincoln, who distinguished himself by being the son of Abraham, and by being head of the Pullman Company, payer of low wages to porters, is dead. Simultaneously with the demise of Mr. Lincoln, we read that Anton Friberg, manager of a copper company's branch office at Bisbee, Arizona, has worked up to the eminence of being the tallest man in the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks. He is 6 feet 9, and still growing.

* * *

**In the Hall-Mills murder case, lately reopened after four years in New Brunswick, N. J., it develops that a detective employed to investigate the crime shortly after its occurrence, carefully wiped with a handkerchief the spectacles found upon the slain clergyman and said: "Those aren't fingerprints; those are fly specks."**

**Jersey cops and Jersey justice are wonderful things. During the Passaic strike, a cop there arrested a picket in a hardware store and took him outside.**

**"Lemme go in and get my cap," said the prisoner, "I left it inside."**

**"Nix," answered the policeman; "you think I'm a boob, don't you? If I let you go in and get that cap, you'd sneak out the back door and get away from me. . . . You wait here and I'll go in and get the cap for you."**

We hear from Florida that the prohibition enforcement officials are falling over one another in their search for lawbreakers. H. B. Boone, an observant traveler who is sojourning in the great swamp state, writes from the town of Daizey describing how the searching is done.

"We do not often see a prohibition agent in Daizey," Boone explains. "I had never seen one before until I happened to be at the store in Daizey buying some groceries. The store is a new one facing, across the road, a clearing ready to be planted with orange trees. Behind it is a clearing with the young orange trees already in the ground.

"The agent drove up in a 1926 Cadillac. It was a hot day and he was a fat man. He breathed quickly. He addressed the storekeeper. 'Mr. Crawford,' he said, 'I've got a warrant to search your place. Somebody says you sell whiskey. I'm a government man.'

" 'Sure,' said Mr. Crawford. 'Help yourself.'

"The government man regarded his car. 'It's safe in the road, isn't it? It's a Cadillac.'

" 'I reckon so,' said the storekeeper. 'I've seen Renaults and Rolls-Royces parked where yours is. A Cadillac is like a Ford on this road. Will you have a cold bottle of Coca-Cola?'

" 'I don't mind,' said the G. A. 'Gee, it's hot! I've been in Sanford, and they sent me up here to go over it. What you got here, a wilderness?'

" 'Man, ain't this a clearing?' The storekeeper swept with his hand the palmetto-covered flat before them and the palmetto-covered flat to right and left. 'Go on with your search, fellow, I'm busy.'

" 'Say,' said the storekeeper, "weren't you a barber in Jacksonville?'

" 'Sure,' said the G. A. 'And weren't you a deputy sheriff?'

" 'Sure,' said the storekeeper. 'I graduated, and you ain't even what you was.'

" 'That's the truth,' answered the G. A. 'Well, I've been over this territory. I'll bet there's snakes in those palmettos. I didn't find any whiskey here, but I've been here, eh?'

" 'Sure,' said the storekeeper. 'Count on me to tell 'em.' "

* * *

We know a lawyer in Chicago who was a Department of Justice operative during the war. He resigned immediately after the Armistice, and says he almost broke his neck in his haste to get out of the service. He happens to be Irish, and he told us one day about the zest with which some of the D. of J. men performed their daily work. Here is one example:

A secret service man rings a doorbell of a flat out on the South Side. The door is opened by a red-haired man.

"Are you Mister McGinnis?" inquires the caller.

"I am that."

"Well, Mister McGinnis, my name is McGloggerty, and I'm from the Department of Justice. . . . Mister McGinnis, you never said that Woodrow Wilson was no good and ought to be bumped off, did you?"

"Well, I thought you didn't," says the D. of J. man, "but we've got to investigate all these charges. Excuse me for botherin' you."

* * *

**Blurb-writers on the New York TIMES wear seven-league boots at work. They announce an article on the discovery of a Viking burial ground and Runic inscriptions "near Seattle, Washington." Seattle, as we recall it, is some 300 miles from Spokane, where the graveyard and strange writings actually were found.**

* * *

From reading a want ad in the TIMES, we suspect that a mysterious slaying has lately occurred.

"$50 REWARD—Parrot, green, lost from 814 West 59th, answering to 'I Love You,' 'Oh, doctor,' and imitates children crying."

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# The Awakening

By RICHARD POWERS

THE modern slave now stands at bay
Awakening from the dream at last.
His chains are falling day by day—
He is breathing from the feudal past.
Crushed by misery, want and woe,
He hears his children cry for bread.
The masters say it must be so;
" 'Tis written in the book," they said.
But the die is cast; "the battle's on."
And freedom's star is rising fast.
The hope bequeathed from sire to son
Is dawning on the world at last—
A glad world siring like a dream
Free from poverty and from crime,
Where man will be at last supreme,
Lord of himself and king of time.


SLAVERY
ON THE SEAS

# The I. W. W. on a Full-Rigged Ship

By HARRY CLAYTON

A CONSIDERABLE amount of trade is still conducted in sailing vessels. These old relics of a bygone industrial era are, like other backwaters of capitalism, an opportunity for exploitation of labor to make up for technical inferiority. The fact that they can be still kept running shows that the power of exploitation is something marvelous. As I am now a slave on a "windjammer" and have not seen this particular part of the capitalist system recently exposed to the shame it deserves, I will take this opportunity to spread a little information about it, not new perhaps to the marine workers, but probably interesting to those who have never "gone to sea."

We signed on "The Star of Russia" in Tacoma, June 1st of this year and are now out at sea thirty days. During that time we have seen but one steamer, the "President Wilson," and have sighted no land except some island of the "Union Group"—these a long distance away over the waters of the South Pacific. How long the voyage will take depends entirely on the winds. A direct course to our final destination would be something like 6,000 miles, but we are apt to cover 10,000 or more because of weather conditions over which we have no control.

### A Venerable Old Hulk

The "Star of Russia" is a full rigged sailing vessel, formerly owned by the Alaska Parkers' Association. It has been sold by them to a French company in New Caledonia, a French possession, 700 miles off the north coast of Australia, where the French capitalist government maintains a penal and exile colony, and inflicts like blessings of civilization upon the native population. The French company expects to strip down our ship and use it as a barge in Noumia, New Caledonia.

Talk as you like about the famous old shell games, three card monte games, and other million to one chances to lose money which the gambling fraternity has invented, but those propositions were highly moral and fair compared with the deals handed to the workers in these days. Our case, that of the "Star of Russia," is one in point. The Alaska Parkers, a Guggenheim outfit, finds it convenient to dispose of this relic of the past, so they sell it to the Frenchmen for many times its original cost. But they are not satisfied with this, they must make still more profits and take out of the workers' hides the cost of delivering the obsolete old hulk. So workers in Tacoma load her with timber to be delivered and sold at ports on the way for a handsome profit, and this much more than pays the few dollars the crew get for delivering the ship itself to the buyer in Noumia. They put on 1,500,000 feet of lumber in Tacoma; 250,000 feet will be discharged at Appia, Samoa, our first stop, and the rest at Noumia.

### A Senator Speaks of Ships

And what do we get out of it? If you believe some people, we ought to pay for the privilege of living such a happy life. Senator Free, of California, in speaking officially on maritime affairs, said in substance that all that is required of those who man the ships of every sea is a strong back and a weak mind, and intimated that of course that is all they should be paid for. He was speaking in opposition to a raise in wages for American seamen. He arrived at this conclusion after making a few trips as a first class passenger on a steamboat.

This wordy congressman from the worthy state of California now knows full well that any lubber, himself included, can box the compass, keep the ship on its course in very troubled water, pull the braces, square and brace the yards, "jump up aloft" (sometimes 200 feet or more) and make fast the sails, launch the lifeboats without mishap to life or limb, splice wire and rope, set up standard rigging, stand by the fore bolling when the top sail is hauled in tacking ship, go up the old wooden gallen yard and put on a head earing without using the bull wunger. The good congressman is quite sure that any lubber, himself included, will know the difference between a bunt line and a gant line, and will realize when it is necessary to rig down a royal yard. Should the elements tear the sails to shreds, the expert Congressman Free will tell you that no skill or intelligence is necessary to distinguish between the roping of a sail and the flat seam in order to use a palm and needle; most any "hairy ape" will know how to put in a reef cringle when it is torn away; the seaman with nothing but muscle headgear to recommend his will keep cool and collected in times of trying emergencies when the lives of all on board depend on his executing complicated and technical orders with precision and exactness. Nothing need be said of the courage (perhaps the congressman doesn't know what it means) needed to face snowstorms and climb aloft to make fast sails while terrific gales are raging and when cold blasts have covered the rigging with ice.

Well, Congressman Free was discussing the wages

of sailors. He probably knows, but how many of the workers on land realize, how little a seaman has to look forward to when he reaches his voyage's end? Ordinary seamen receive $47.50 on Shipping Board Vessels, and "A. B.'s" get $62.50. Crews on other ships (they are in a majority) rate less wages —even as little as $20 a month on the Panamanian Line. One cannot be particular as to what flag he sails under as economic necessity knows no national boundaries. At the highest rates a seaman can earn $750 for a 365-day year, which means that he would have to have a steady berth, a thing that almost never happens; there is a long time of waiting between trips that must be spent "on the beach" is unremunerative idleness.

But wages are not after all our major interest, or should not be. One of the most deplorable features of the whole system is the fact that the workers in all industries measure their welfare almost exclusively in dollars, in the amount of wages paid them, neglecting conditions, and especially living standards. The workers as a whole do not yet realize that since they produce all the wealth that there is, they are entitled to the very best and finest there is in life. One who makes this assertion will still meet with ridicule from workers themselves. They think it a huge joke when anybody seriously affirms that workers should ride in Pullman cars instead of box cars and in first class cabins instead of stuffy, foul-smelling fo'c'sles, or if one says that workers should have choice cuts of meat instead of hamburger steak—and in general should scorn the scraps and crumbs of the social product and demand and take the best.



On ship board they may not even get enough scraps. On this particular ship we know what actual hunger is. As I write it is just past midnight. Those on the "graveyard watch" (12 to 4 p. m.) are on duty. The night is cold, the kind of a night when men would relish a warm cup of coffee, but we are not allowed even that. The table is bare with the exception of some dry bread. We would like to have that congressman here!

When we are fed it is nothing wonderful. There was a time, when I enjoyed the hospitality of the State of Sovereign Moronity, California, that I looked upon beans as a hateful abomination. But now pork has usurped the place of beans in my hierarchy of dislikes.

Our cook hasn't washed himself since the three wise men went to visit the savior; the crew has him marked for frying if we should ever be wrecked and cast adrift on some foodless island, for he is already larded. But our cook, God rasp his greasy hide, is a genius of a sort. He can think of more ways to cook pork than the bible has contradictions. We get pork plain, parboiled, souped, fried, made into cakes, as wet hash and as dry hash, and as a spread for bread. Salt, fat pork it is, without a streak of lean, for breakfast, dinner and supper, all these many days. It's ancient, too; I'm inclined to think that we are just now eating, on this voyage, the male of that famous pair of swine that was saved from the wrath of God at the time of the flood.

We begin to think kindly of cannibalism. It is said that these South Sea Islanders had only one domestic animal, the pig. What wonder that they went to any extreme to secure a change of diet? And these supposedly ignorant savages of New Caledonia and such places live on the most aristocratic meat in the world, man meat, while we poor sailors get the flesh of that mud wallowing, filth devouring, slime hound, the hog—and eat it right to the bristly snout! It's not fair.

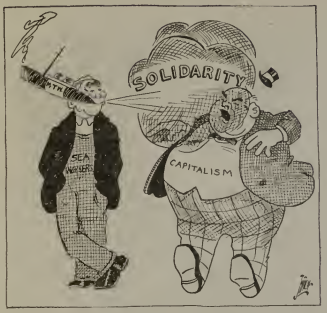
Of course, there is other food served to us. There is salt canned horse. Poor old Dobbin! After long years of arduous service, his well hardened muscles to be ungratefully stewed and dished out to us, his fellow slaves! This "hoss" we are eating now, I am persuaded, is the same identical one made famous so many years ago in song and story by Oliver Wendell Holmes—the "hoss" that pulled the One Hoss Shay.

Then, salt cod! Salt cod laid to rest in a hogshead when the art of salting was first invented, along about the time they built the Great Chinese Wall!

Looking forward to meal time is about as joyful as the last days of a condemned man.

Of this sort of diet we are supposed to work twelve hours a day in fair weather and any number of hours in bad weather, to be called from our bunks in the wee hours of the morning to help tack ship, or to climb aloft in the dangerous, shrieking dark. It is far-fetched imagination that can find any pleasurable romance in this. Poets sing the beauty of the stars, but men who work watches of four hours on and four off find themselves too fagged to enjoy anything but the tired doze of a beast. Even the impressiveness of the mighty Pacific Ocean palls on one when we see nothing but its vast expanse of water, day after day.

This sort of life is bad for men, and surely no-




body has to be convinced of it. But it was not until the I. W. W. came aboard this ship that anything was done to help much. On the last trip the whole crew was unorganized. There was a mixture of nationalities, and two men were part colored. The second mate, who is a born sucker, took every mean advantage of them and roundly abused them, calling the two mixed bloods, "Niggers," and "Black Bastards," flourishing a gun while he did all this.

Seven of that crew are still with us, but you can bet your sweet life that none of them are abused in the manner described, by mate, second mate, or skipper. As a matter of fact, the second mate now gives "orders" in a tone of apology. We made him realize right from the start that we were sticking together against those "aft" and that we would consider an injury to one an injury to all, resenting it with direct action.

This condition was brought about by the fact that soon after we came aboard, we lined up the seven old members of the crew, making it 100 per cent organized, I. W. W. We found that the old-timers on board had been working for less than the Shipping Board wage. We held a meeting, formulated demands for a uniform scale but didn't present them until the skipper came to give orders to "cast off lines." How could the master win and how could we lose with this kind of direct action tactics? He couldn't do anything else but give in. He has to submit or stand to lose many times the sum involved in the raise in wages.

It didn't take a ton of beef to convince the new members of the I. W. W. on this ship that the I. W. W. form of organization can deliver the goods. They may not all stay with the union, but the majority of them will, and they will be real social rebels. It is rebels we need.

The skipper may try some tricks on us at the end of the voyage, but we look to our solidarity to frustrate him. As I was writing the above he had the messboy in his cabin to feel him out about the crew. He asked the messboy, "Are you a W? You better keep away from them, Young Man, it's a good thing to keep clear of those W's."

But his whole crew are "W's" now.

# MY BROTHER

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

He is my brother who is thirsty
after love,
Who in the long gray days
ponders sad of heart,
And inly weeps for sorrows
passing by uncomforted.
Of me he is,
And I of him,
A sad, sad army of sadder
souls who lie in prison
cells,
And crouch by wayside tracks,
Tramps, vagabonds,
Thieves, prostitutes,
And workers racked with pain.
He is my brother who forever
cries out, I am my brother's keeper,
Who stands and boldly says,
This man is Christ and crucified for me,—
In jails, in penitentiaries, and
convict camps,—
Who cries, Mary, my sister,
Thou kneelest at a cross of
bartered flesh
Where purity hangs spiked
with nails of gold;
Let me raise thee up:
Who in the night hours wakes,
And feels all his manhood
surge to life for godlike
souls,
Starved, beaten, chained in
dungeons of oppression.
He is my brother!
Oh, that our strength were
one, our wills, our souls!
Then would the thunder roll,
The lightning flash,
The heavens open, and the
workers come!

# GOOD ADVICE



THE EDITOR:

Sir,—The verses of which I enclose a copy are, I think you will agree with me, worthy of reproduction and of the wide circulation your journal can give them. The piece is entitled "To Foreign Agitators in America," and the author is Glen Allen. M. A. E.

You and your fellows clutter up our streets
With soap-box orators whose shoutings vex us;
Now, turn about, we'd like to ask of you
Some questions that considerably perplex us.

The first thing we should really like to ask—
If we seem personal, you must excuse us—
Is this, Why did you come? Why leave your homes
And travel all this way—just to abuse us?

We have no tyrants here with heads to take off
No czar, no king, nor any potentate.
With sport so good at home, what brings you where
There are no tyrannies to agitate?

We have one ruler here and only one—
A sovereign we obey most willingly —
The Ballot Box! Its verdict we accept,
With calmness bow ourselves to its decree.

We never asked you here—so much is flat!
We could have worried on contentedly
It's gauche to mention it, but haven't you
Transgressed the laws of hospitality?

It's our intention to suggest to you—
And some might even call it plainly hinting—
We're weary of the kind of guests you are!
So—here's your hats! And are you good at sprinting?

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TO M. A. E.:

Sir.—The verses of which you enclose a copy are, I think all will agree with me, devoid of any original ideas, but since the mistaken notions with which they abound have already wide circulation, our journal will answer them with what publicity it can. The answer may be entitled, "To the Business Men of America."

We notice that our plain words seem to blister
You hundred-plus per cent of Yankee pride;
We grant that you're perplexed; we'll try, Sob Sister,
To more remember how much you must learn.

Why did we come? Perhaps first YOU should answer
Why did YOU come? No Sioux invited you!
His social body found you like a cencer;
You took his hills, his game, his trees, his life.

The goodly fruit of saw and plow and market,
The very street you now forbid to us,
Your conquering car, where'er you choose to park it,
Rest on the usurped land you rulers stole.

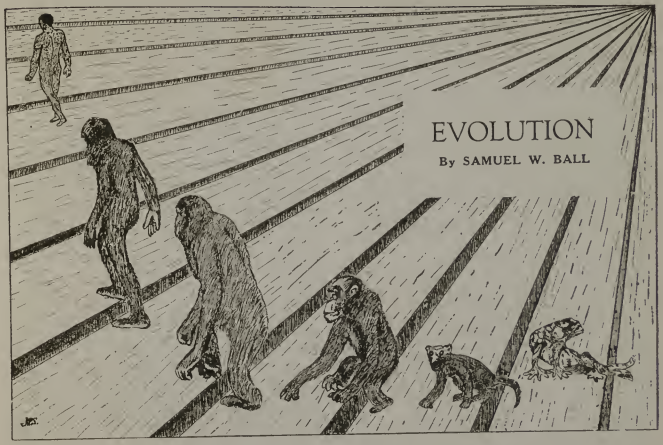
For you are rulers, yes; the ballot's flutter
But shows the steady slush fund's oozy drift
You golden kings stoop not to reach the gutter;
Your birth was there; in foulest ways you rule.

These little truths are hard for you to swallow,
Fat Bourgois of this fat America,
But while in products of OUR toil you wallow,
Remember OUR right here's as good as yours!

Our right to our toil's products better still—
Yes, some might even call it plainly hinting—
We're weary of the kind of hosts you are!
So—here's your hats! And are you good at sprinting?

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THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THE INDUSTRIAL PROLETARIAT IN AMERICA ARE EITHER FOREIGN BORN OR THE CHILDREN OF FOREIGN BORN PARENTS



# EVOLUTION

By SAMUEL W. BALL

A PIANO and a rifle, at first sight, seem to have no obvious relation, one to the other. No one, hastily thinking of either, realizes that both came from one generalized form or parent.

Such, however, are the facts. Both piano and rifle can in history be traced back to a common beginning in the bow and arrow. With the bow and arrow man discovered a more efficient means of obtaining action at a distance. This was gradually improved through the ages and culminated in the modern rifle, that kills at a mile or more.

The bowman, when he released the taut string, noted the musical tones as a result of its vibration. This knowledge and its subsequent additions gave rise to a whole series of stringed instruments, improved upon from time to time, with the result that we have the modern piano.

The bow and arrow being a generalized form gave rise to great progeny of inventions, all varying among themselves. This, in small, is a concrete illustration of the whole theory of evolution. It indicates the nature of the facts from which the theory of evolution has been substantiated.

The best definition of evolution, perhaps, was advanced by Prof. James Scully. He described evolution as, "A natural history of the cosmos, including organic beings, expressed in physical terms as a mechanical process."

Ever since man has attained to the status *reason*, some of his numbers have concerned themselves and speculated about how the world came to be. In addition they asked, how did it come to have the particular form that it now has? Man queried, "How did I and all other creatures come here? There must be some underlying cause and explanation for it all." How far back in history these thoughts and speculation go we cannot now know. Man's early past has now been all but completely obliterated, so much so, that we will probably never arrive at any definite conclusion regarding OUR beginning. What the men of earliest Egypt, Assyria, Babylon and other oriental tribes and nations thought about the world and man's presence here is at its best but conjecture; later, in those countries, creation myths diveloped.

Coming to the Greeks, the very lively, highly imaginative and free thinking race of the central Mediterranean, some definite non-mythical ideas begin to emerge. As early as 600 years B. C. some of their men had formulated general explanations for the beginning of the world, life, animals and man. Later, more audacious speculators in ideas began to question the origin of the habits, customs and institutions of man. In Ionia, on the mainland of western Asia Minor, three men, Thales, Anaximander and Anaximenes, sought to explain the existence of the world and life as generated out of some form of primordial matter. In this, these men of 2500 years ago resemble modern scientists. Both groups contend that this basic, simple substance has generative and transmutative powers which caused it to grow into all these more complicated forms.

Empedocles, who lived in the island of Sicily, improved and strengthened the idea of evolution. In fact, if we may so say, Empedocles was the Darwin of the Greeks. He did attempt, however vainly, to explain the beginnings of organic beings. The variations among the forms of life were theoretically explained by this man of Western Greece. As a reasoner, Empedocles was very fanciful, yet he did seek a mechanical and materialistic explanation for all things.

The next man of importance, in this seeking out of simplified beginnings of things, was Democritus. He was the originator of the Atomic Theory. In this he reduced the original substance to the last word of simplicity, the inference flowing from this conclusion being that once upon a time, all things came from this undifferentiated substance.

Aristotle, the heir to all the learning of Greece, is the next man of importance, being in and by himself a veritable encyclopaedia. No theory or idea brought forward in the 350 years of speculation prior to his time was foreign to this great thinker. He, also, made his contributions to evolution, most significant of which is that contained in his book on *Politics*. In this he demonstrates that human history has a naturalistic basis, is conditioned by necessity, ever changing and varying from day to day. Neither Aristotle, nor his precursors, probably ever used such a definite term as evolution, yet the essential idea, in germ, is contained in their works and runs through all their thinking.

The first act of the great drama of history was now finished and with the downgoing of the curtain the world of intellect fell into "dreadful night." Its place in the affairs of men thereafter was insignificant. During the darkness, while the second act was in process, embracing all the years from Aristotle to Bruno, the idea of evolution was vague and indistinct. All during this period men were hampered, not in speculation, perhaps, but in the expression of their ideas. It was not until after the discovery of the new world by Columbus that thinking came again into its early freedom and attained its pristine glory with Bruno.

When it was actually proven that the world is round, rotating daily, thought took on a new lease of life. With the discoveries of other lands and peoples, the increase of trade, growth of the middle class and merchants, the third act of the human drama opens, and comes to its culmination with Charles Darwin.

The significance of Darwin is not in the formulation of the theory nor in the discovery of evolution. The theory of evolution had been stated and stated over and over again, in fact it had been restated in one or another form, every generation for 2400 years, in rare instances even more clearly than by either Darwin or Spencer. Darwin's significance is entirely that he of all men actually proved evolution to be a fact.

The voyage of the Beagle, going to the Canary Islands, South America and Australia, carrying Darwin as naturalist, came back with the proofs of evolution and presented them to the people of England, later to be transmitted to the entire world. Upon his arrival home, Darwin began arranging his facts, which in 1859 were set forth in the epoch-making book the *Origin of Species*. Never before, in all the long history of the human intellect, had such an event, revolution, if you will, taken place. From that time forward, science, knowledge of the world and life, was to come to its full stature and march forward with a sure and steady step.

Evolution now become a tangible proven fact—it become the one, all embracing generalization regarding the world, its beginning and gradual development. Heretofore many "tools of the mind" had been devised or invented, but the greatest and most efficient was that of evolution as expounded by Charles Robert Darwin.

Darwin was the gatherer of the proofs. Soon after him came Herbert Spencer who took the "tool of the mind" thus efficiently made and applied it to every department of Nature's manifestations. Spencer applied the theory to suns and stars, to planets. He demonstrated how life came to elements. After life came feeling, leading to consciousness and intellect. Intellect gave rise to society in whose train came religion, philosophy, ethics, art, manufacturing and law. Spencer was the agency through which we came to know the inter-relation existing between the "fartherest star and every beating heart." So we may now quite confidently say that with the closing of the nineteenth century, man, in his intellectual progress; in his understanding of the world, passed to manhood. Heretofore, he had been a child, with the vague ideas and wonder of a child. Now he became a man with a clear, definite and determined purpose.

Prior to the nineteenth century the great majority of men centered their interest around some form of religious thought. Such wealth as was



PRIMITIVE CARVING ON FACE AND WEAPON OF TRIBESMAN

produced flowed toward religious institutions, and to these the aspiring man looked for a realization of his ambitions and the rounding out of a career. It came to be that religion monopolized the talent of the day.

With the coming of Darwin the face of the world of intellect changed. Now science, with its inductive method, superceded religion and philosohpy in the minds of the great thinkers. Men of talent and genius began to enroll themselves in the ranks of science. With this ever increasing army of workers every department of Nature was investigated. Now relatively few men seek careers in religion and philosophy, but the halls of science are crowded with eager aspirants. Those men realize, as we do now, and realize it more clearly as each day passes, that the fate and welfare of man on earth is indissolubly bound up with the development of science and its hand-maiden, evolution.

Since evolution and science have thus attained this eminent and foremost place, it will not, at this time, come amiss to devote some time to a discussion of their most salient features.

The anatomists know definitely that all animals, man included, have the same general structural plan. The plan is the same for fish, reptile, bird, mammal and man; the heart, the lungs of each function the same for each. The counterpart of man's skeleton, bone for bone, can be found in the horse, the monkey, the seal and the bat. The wings of a bird and the fins of a fish are like men's limbs. Of the five laws of evolution anatomy furnishes undeniable proof of the truth of the first, i.e., like produces like, or in other words, heredity.

We also know, not less definitely, that life results from the compounding of the chemical elements. Since those chemical elements of which life is composed could more easily mix in water than elsewhere, life very probably began in the sea.

The creatures gradually migrated from the water to dry land, and learned how to breathe air. In Africa, at the present time, there lives a specic of fish, *protopterus* or "lung fish." This creature differs from other fish in so far as to be able to aerate water, and maintain itself as an air breather when necessary. If there is much water it does not drown. In cases of long dry seasons it can survive. The lung-fish is an animal that is half-way between the water breathers and the air breathers. It is one of the missing links in the chain of life, and demonstrates the process by which life made the transition from water to land.

With the coming of life, came feeling, and out of the feeling grew consciousness. From consciousness came the intellect which has grown in acuteness and range through the ages, the creature having the best developed intellect being man. Since this is manifest it is of more than passing interest, and we should use some of the time at our disposal for a consideration of man's advent into the world.

In entering upon this phase of the subject we should keep steadily in mind the fact that the world was probably a billion years of age before man appeared.

After the appearance of the land, animals learned how to breathe air and came upon it. Thus began the age of amphibians or double-breathers. In the next geological age the snake, crocodiles and alligators appear. They are reptiles or true air breathers. The temprature of the land surface was lowered with the consequence that cold-blooded reptiles developed warm blood and feathers, transforming them into birds. The geological record demonstrates how slowly and impreceptibly this great transformation or evolution was accomplished.

The temperature of the earth's surface continued to lower, and as it did so the mammals or fur-bearing animals appeared, from which as a final term, came the anthropoid apes.

From this family of apes, the branch known as the catarrhines, came man. Environmental conditions being not suitable to him the intellect was developed as a counterpoise to untoward surroundings. With the aid of his large brain, man discovered fire, migrated, and in due time gradually disposed of the fur that once covered him. The results can be tabled by arranging them un-

der eight heads as follows: Age of fire, water, islands, reptiles, birds, mammals, man and invention.

So much for the story of our earth and its inhabitants. Now some will be disposed to ask; "Is there life in other parts of the universe? Of this we must confess our absolute ignorance. There may be on other worlds than ours, but of this we have no evidence. Some years ago a lawyer in Pittsburgh announced that he had found a meteor containing life. When examined minutely no evidence of life was found. Arrhenius, the very eminent Swedish scientist is of the opinion that life is communicated from one world to another by beams of light. However he submits no tangible proof of his theory. Schiaparelli, Italian astronomer, insists that there is life on Mars, and Camille Flammarion of France contends that life maintains on the other planets of the solar system.

No one of these men have, up to this time, submitted tangible proof. All that we have is their mere say so, and, since men are able to say anything, such statements should only be accepted provisionally. To prove is quite a difficult and different matter.

On this earth there is life, the proofs for this are reliable. Up to this time no one has proven that life exists elsewhere. Until that is done we can only confess our ignorance. Therefore, let us return to a consideration of life and its evolution upon earth.

In looking about us the most astounding thing about life is the great variety of its forms. There are hundreds of thousands of insects, 1500 varieties of men, and about half a million different plants. All are different, yet so much alike, that scientists have concluded that all came from one original source. The botanists have shown that all plants are related one to the other. Sponges are similar to plants; fishes and sponges are related. Amphibians are the direct descendents of fishes, reptiles follow amphibians, and birds are nothing less than feathered, warm blooded reptiles. The structure of bird and mammals is the same. Any man nowadays who denies or contradicts these facts has no standing in the scientific world. Denial, to be given consideration, must be substantiated by adequate proofs, none of which seems to be forthcoming.

At the top of this long line of life, the ultimate product of long ages of evolution, stands man, of the species *homo*, department *Vertabrata*, class *Mammalia*, and sub-class *Placentalia*. This animal, man, is like a whole tribe in having a back-bone, it suckles the young like tens of thousands, and feeds the embryo like other thousands. Tissue and flesh of man are the same as in other animals. In skeleton, muscles, nervous system, digestive apparatus, blood vessels and excretive system there is no difference worthy of note. He has the same number of limbs, eyes, ears and digits, works on the same principle, and functions like other animals.



BEFORE THE WHEEL WAS INVENTED

Fears, emotions, sensibilities are manifested by the animals. Dogs, cats, horses, chickens, pigeons, snakes and fish, as feeling creatures are beyond doubt closely allied to man. The body of the gibbon, hands of a gorilla, skull of a chimpanzee, head of an ouran-outang, and the face of the lemur, if put into a composite picture would be an exact resemblance to man.

Nor is this the end of the story. Astronomy, geology, biology; all, offer overwhelming proof of our theses, but the evidence supplied by embryology is even more convincing. In this branch of science we learn that man as an embryo and foetus, from conception to birth, passes through each gradation or step in the long history of the race. The history of man as an embryo, recapitulates the history of man as a race. The ontogeny and phylogeny intermingle and run their courses concurrently. Each man begins life as a simple primordial cell, which after becoming impregnated grows and becomes fish-like. Later, as it develops, it takes on the characteristics of an amphibian, and yet later those of a reptile. Following this in order are the bird and mammalian stages, culminating by its emergence into the world man-like.

The embryo of man, in the short space of nine months, begins as a cell 125,000th of an inch in diameter and evolves into a baby. Twenty-seven years later it is capable of formulating a philosophy,writing a great drama, or propounding a Darwinian Hypothesis. If such great and far-reaching transformations can take place in so short a time as thirty years what can we not expect from Nature who has an abundance of material and time at her disposal? Nature is and can well be prodigal and extravagant with the forms produced.

The development of man, his various transformations in embryo, has been named "The Law of Bio-genesis." It is only one of a multifarious array of proofs of man's animal ancestry—just simple plain facts. It is true such facts come unwelcomed. The average man receives them but re-

luctantly. This may be because he has an innate desire to be of and from the gods. To explain man's ancestry upon an animal basis is all too simple for him. He regards it as a rather coarse idea. Such being the case many generations of men will have to come and go before this truth is tolerated and entertained by the great majority. Owing to the systems of heraldry and long pedigrees of the Middle Ages, man has inherited ideas of his own importance and godliness. Science, therefore, has a long, arduous and thankless task ridding man of such superficial notions. However, great and difficult as the task appears, it will be in due time accomplished.

Science endeavors not to confound, but to simplify; to make all reasonable and understandable. But your average man has given his intellectual allegiance to the strange, marvelous and unknowable. All of us, in more than one sense, are metaphysicians. We are not satisfied with simplicity. Facts are unwelcome, and, perhaps the most unwelcome of all has been that of evolution with its inference that man has a long line of animal ancestry behind him.

Let us, is spite of this popular opposition, grant the truths of evolution, and if we can do this we can then postulate that at some time in some part of the world, a member of the ape family, gradually and very slowly, during many generations, acquired a large brain, the ability to vary his vocal sounds, began to walk upright as the arms shortened and fur disappeared, and came to have a double curved spine.

Picturing such a development to ourselves we can then imagine this creature walking on the ground partly erect. This much and no more would differentiate him from all other apes. Moreover, such exercise would have a tendency to increase and sharpen such intellect as he happened to possess at the time. That in itself, even so little as it may have been, would open the way for greater acquisitions in the same direction, and in due course would result in the full fledged man that we now see hereabouts.

If we examine and weigh the various brain masses of the animals beginning with amphioxide and passing in order to fish, amphibian, reptile, bird and mammal, with man as a final term, we discover a gradual and proportional increase in the whole series. Plants have no need for a brain. Nutriment for them is inorganic and is abundant in most every locality; they have no need of locomotion, they thrive where they are placed. With animals, subsisting upon organic food which is relatively scarce, the ability to move is essential to life. To move, sense and find food, requires a center or ganglion to record impressions. The necessity for activity gave rise to a brain, and having been developed it was enlarged by activity and exercise. As we ascend the scale of development we find that this has been the general mode of procedure. In this process there comes a time when the ape leaves the trees and begins walking erect upon the ground. Truth to tell the development from ape to man is simple as compared with the great strides taken from fish to ape.

Walking about, especially in habitats natural to apes, was, to say the least, rather hazardous. In such localities lions, tigers and leopards abound. They are large, ferocious and hungry. In their midst the defenceless ran the risk of being eaten. He could only compete with such large animals by wit or sagacity. On the basis of strength, the ape was outclassed. In sagacity and in agility he was their superior, and there is every reason for inferring that he did not neglect to use such ability as he happened to possess.

In addition to this, the food for the most part was in trees; quite out of his reach. This also required cunning or sagacity to obtain. Exercising such faculties as he had would have a tendency to increase and develop them. Thus the brain mass of the creature was increased and this in turn enhanced its qualitative effectiveness.

This would develop to the place where events and surroundings would give rise to the necessity for speech or language. In fact all the mammals, the fur-bearing animals, have well developed vocal cords. Most of the reptiles, on the other hand, are silent. This is well exemplified to the visitor at the zoo in New York City. In the snake-house all is silent as the tomb, while on the opposite side of the street, in either the bird or animal houses, there are noises and chatterings of all sorts. In fact, birds, which are high in the scale of life, are the noisiest of all animals. Passing to the mammals we find the vocal sounds more orderly and refined. Coming to man we find this carried to a higher degree of refinement and gradation. Man has now discriminated sounds in such manner as to serve purposes of communication.

Probably language among man began with gestures. Signs and gesticulation came before any word was distinctly uttered. Arapaho Indians and Bushmen, who have but the simplest spoken language, communicate almost entirely by gesture. Among them, and no doubt among all peoples using gesture language, there intervenes an obstacle—the darkness. After the sunset they cannot adequately express themselves. Since they have but simple and dim sources of light, understandable sounds become imperative. In due course mankind discovered or invented the necessary sounds. This in itself would increase man's intelligence. As definite words were formulated and memorized the effect would be to increase his knowledge. With such rude beginnings did language start and the vastness and power of present knowledge is due to its cumulation through the ages.

Communication by sound, though, has certain disadvantages. In this way ideas can only be communicated a given distancess. Man then is confronted with the problem of communicating at a distance. He solved it by the written word. With

the invention of writing, knowledge was not only deepened and strengthened, but widened.

In the meantime the arts of subsistance had been improved, men now traveled farther and farther from home. Population grew by leaps and bounds; man faced a third problem. Not only was gesture language inadequate, but sound and written language as well. More and more people had been brought into activities requiring rapid communication, and for this writing was found not to answer the demand. This man solved by inventing printing. Printing gave rise to a whole train of unforseen benefits. First of all it made it possible for all men to be brought to a given level of intelligence; it more rapidly and extensively communicated a greater fund of information or knowledge; it intensified intellectual competition up to the place where we see it in operation in our own midst. Just to contemplate this one phase of evolution is to be convinced of how we go forward by insensible gradations, that after thousands of years are so stupendous as to amount to a revolution.

Many persons are of the opinion that evolution is based entirely upon inference, and, since one inference is as valid as another, they dismiss the whole matter with a scornful gesture. And well they might if evolution was solely and exclusively a theory, hypothesis or inference. But such is not the whole of the matter. Evolution is based on actual, observable transmutations taking place right now in our very midst. New plants and animals come into existence every day, and having come into existence scientists watch their variations and directions of growth very closely. They note how many varieties grow from the one parent form. Thomas H. Morgan of Columbia University informs us that he knows of scores of new forms of fruit flies that had no previous existence. Only recently the Popular Science Monthly called our attention to the rather checkered but astounding career of the humble tomato. "Not many years ago," says the Monthly, "Tomatoes were called 'love apples', believed to be poisonous. They were scarcely fit to eat—mostly juice and seeds. To-day a dozen lucious varieties of varying shades and sizes have been developed from them. Again, the potato in its first known form was hardly larger than a walnut, hard and bitter. To-day there exists thousands of forms of animals and plants that reproduce their kind that did not exist a century ago. And science says too, we can see evidences of evolution in our gardens, among our children, in the marvelous machines developed for our uses from the crudest of implements—even in ideas that we conceive and unfold."

Barely seventy-five years have passed into history since the full strength and power of evolution came into men's consciousness. In so short a time as that no previous system of thought has ever drawn to itself such an array of fact and intelligence as has evolution. All the eminent men in all branches of science are now evolutionists, and no science is efficient without this magic formula, evolution.

To tabulate the names of all the eminent men now enrolled in this great intellectual advance would require the space of a large city directory. At this time we have not the space, but to give an outline of the effect of evolution on each of the major sciences is a simpler matter. First let us arrange the sciences in their order, thus: astronomy, geology, geography, physics, chemistry, biology, plasmatology, embryology, botany, zoology, psychology, sociology, anthropology, ethnology, philiology, and, last but not least, pedagogy.

Never before in the history of the world has any system of thought attained such a degree of uniformity and unanimity. Religion in its heydey was such a battlefield of opinion that the average man could make neither head nor tale of it all. In science with evolution as a guide such is not the case. Science is systematic, orderly and definite. Approach it from any side by any avenue and the inquirer is led at once to the heart or central fact. About this central fact there are no two opinions. It is one great unified and comprehensive system of knowledge without precedent or equal during the life of man on this planet.*

Perhaps your wishes can be best served by a resume or review of this grand army of the sciences marching forward, led by one all comprehending principle.

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# Labor's Magic Bootstraps

BY COVAMI

ORTHODOX American trades unionism has always preached the "mutual interests of workers and employers" as a cardinal principle of its faith. This much desired, if somewhat illusive state, was to be arrived at by "collective bargaining", or the wholesaling of labor power. This dogma became a religion with President Gompers and a social philosophy with Professor Commons, and their disciples have industriously added to and embellished the simple creed of the fathers. Today it is nothing to hear labor economists and leaders confidently proclaim from the housetops: "the higher the wages and shorter the hours of the workers, the fatter and more certain the interest, rent and profits of the bosses are and will be, World without end." It is all very beautiful, but just how the **workingclass** can pay an ever-increasing horde of parasites usury for the right to access to the Earth and the socialized machinery of production and exchange and at the same time continue to mainain its standard of living, much less improve it, no one has yet arisen to explain.

As I have said, illusions are all very beautiful, but they are also extremely dangerous to those who depend on them for salvation and a living. I know I've been there, and, right now, I would rather have some of my illusions with me than so damn many facts I can't understand or explain. Nonetheless it is the cold, hard facts that finally determine our destiny, for which reason, if for no other, we should show them considerably more respect than we usually do. All of which reminds me of the latest magic bootstraps being offered Labor as an aid to lifting itself out of the Proletariat into the Plutocracy. These brand new uplifters are called "Labor-Management Co-operation for the elimination of waste and inefficiency in industry". These magic bootstraps are being guaranteed to work wonders. It is said that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the B. & O. Railway Shopmen have all but entered Eden by using them as per directions. Maybe so. But—

Just what is the "Management" of industry, especially of trustified American industry? Is it a free and autonomous power any more than is "Labor"? It is not. The managers of industry are, as every child knows, or ought to know, nothing more nor less than the hired and hand-picked overseers of the capitalist class. Their "individual initiative" is about on a par with that of my grandmother's slave drivers. Like Labor they do what they are ordered to do or "get off the grass". Hence they who talk of the "Co-operation of Labor and Management" are either ignorant of the actual facts of the ownership and rulership of industry or, else, they are seeking to camouflage something from somebody. Not only is Labor not co-operating with management for the elimination of waste and the promotion of efficiency, but, organized as it is organized, it can learn nothing whatsoever of the **conduct** of **industry** — it can only aid in the **ordering** of the **job**. That, helping to more efficiently boss themselves for the boss, — that is all the workers are actually accomplishing under these so-called "Labor-Management co-operation" schemes, — for it is not with the hireling managers that the unions are in reality co-operating but with their masters, the ruling, owning, exploiting oligarchy — the capitalist class — and they are co-operating to their own emasculation and destruction and to the completer final enslavement of the working class.

My language is "too strong"? Possibly. Always there must be some co-operation between the classes if society is to function? True. But it is also true that as evolution perfects its work there inevitably comes a day when the Old is to die and the New is to be born. When that day arrives, there is and can be no question of compromise. The New either comes into being or else both it and the Old rot and perish. Further, always the Coming New must in every way seek to remove the Passing Old from its path. This, remove the Old Order from the path of the New, American Labor is most certainly not trying to do today. All its co-operation is, not for the purpose of gaining industrial control and exercising economic responsibility, but to prove Union Labor more efficient than open shop or scab labor. That is the danger of it — the servile spirit in which the Unions offer their co-operation to the Bosses. Instead of this spirit, every effort ought to be put forth to make the Unions so powerful in industry that it will be the Bosses who will have to offer to "co-operate" and, then, every such offer accepted by the Unions should be accepted only with a view to still further extending Labor's control over industry. This is the only way Labor Unions should "co-operate with Capital"—just, in other words, as Capital always "co-operates" with Labor—for Labor's final undoing.

The human race cannot possibly pay the ever-increasing toll the Capitalist class is demanding of society and at the same time elevate itself to a higher standard of living, either economically or spiritually. This being true, the Race cannot possibly co-operate with the Ruling

So say we all, of us radicals, but we do not say likewise, with Crosby, "I would abolish nothing except by discussion." Something stronger is needed, to accomplish even disuse—the capitalist will not cease to use his power over us because of Crosby's plaintive criticism.

—*V.S.*

**BROADCAST, by Ernest Crosby. Published by Funk and Wagnall's Co., 44—60 East 23rd Street, New York. Try and get it.**

**The Amazons: The First Rebels**

Radicals usually consider the subjugation of women by men the first actual breach in the social structure of the stage of primitive equality, the tribal organization of savagery and lower barbarism. Before the system began to break up, women were at least equal to men, and had certain ceremonial rights of their own, to have descent of both men and women traced through the women's side of the family, etc. They were not confined to one single husband, and were not under the orders of any husband in their family relations.

The change from maternal descent to paternal descent, and more or less at the same time, the change of which this is symbolic, the reduction of the women of the tribe to the less interesting sorts of work, and to lower places in the social scheme, was brought about by cultural development, creation of property, desire of men to have their own sons (not merely sons of wives they might share with other men), inherit their personal property, and the increase of the importance of war. Such a change marked a kind of humanly reactionary, but historically progressive, revolution.

We have now, in a little book "The Amazons," by Emanuel Kanter, a neat piece of research and a reconstruction by a process of historical detective work, of one phase of this primeval class conflict —using the word "class" in quite a loose way.

Kanter refutes a whole host of bourgeois anthropologists, historians, ethnologists, etc., who have denied the existence of the Amazons, and have tried to make them allegorical and mythological. Kanter shows by the analogy of the discomfiture of such people in the case of the pygmies and centaurs that things they called lies of the ancient historians, Diodorus and others, are now being rapidly established facts. He also quotes several little known travellers of the sixteenth century to show that Amazonian societies existed in South America and Africa down to quite recent times.

The groups chiefly discussed by Kanter are those of Asia Minor (the Amazons of the Greek historians and myth maker) and of Africa (mentioned by Diodorus in ancient times and by Father Alvares connected wih the Portuguese embassy to Abysinnia, 1520—1527.

Those of Asia Minor were part of a tribe of Scythians in the second stage of barbarism (Morgan's classification) with a gentile organization in which women were not yet subjugated. Many of their men were killed in battle; the women killed the rest, and maintained a society modeled somewhat on that of the gentile tribe or federation of tribes. They found it necessary to keep all men out of their territories because of the example of the tribes around them which had advanced to the patriarchial, hero-ruler stage. The women burned off the left breasts of young girls so as to be better able to handle the bow and weapons, and were terrible fighters, once having invaded the lands of the Greeks, by whom they were finally subjugated. They continued the population by temporary unions with friendly tribes around them, saved and reared the girl children and made away with the boys.

In Africa the same mutilation of women for the purpose of greater warlike ability was practised, but men were maintained in the society, in a subordinate position. The women were the warriors, the hunters, and the rulers. Men stayed at home and took care of the children, kept house, etc.

From these examples Kanter infers four principles of universal application: (1) The disruption of primitive communist society usually results in the division of the sexes into hostile groups each contending for supremacy—except where the whole society has been conquered and enslaved by some people of a superior culture, as were the Indians of Mexico and Peru; (2) Where the males are victorious, which is the usual case, there they establish a hero society, a patriarchial society, and finally a nation; (3) Where the females are victorious, as they were in the African case described, they establish a political matriarchiate as opposed to a patriarchiate; (4) Whenever a female group does not conquer the male group, or is itself not conquered, there they must live alone, manless, the individuals mating only temporarily with men of friendly tribes.

In a general survey of the position of women, Kanter's conclusion is that however humanly admirable the struggle of the Amazons was, it was historically reactionary, and foredoomed to failure. Women have remained subjugated (some elements of their subjugation he describes) up to the present time. Now, however, they are much on the plane of their men folks in the various classes, if subjugated, then to about the same extent as men, and not much more. Rich women have about the same rights to exploit proletarians as rich men, and proletarian women are not much more exploited; civil and social rights of most importance are about equal. The present fight is not a war between the sexes but a battle between economic classes.

—Card No. 794514.

**THE AMAZONS, A Marxian Study. By Emanuel Kanter. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Price, 60c.**

# The Workers International Educational Society Is Making Progress



**W. I. E. S. Receipts in 1926**

| | |
|---|---|
| Feb. | $ 395.00 |
| March | 400.00 |
| April | 440.00 |
| May | 604.00 |
| June | 505.00 |
| July | 1,195.00 |
| August | ? |
| Sept. | ? |



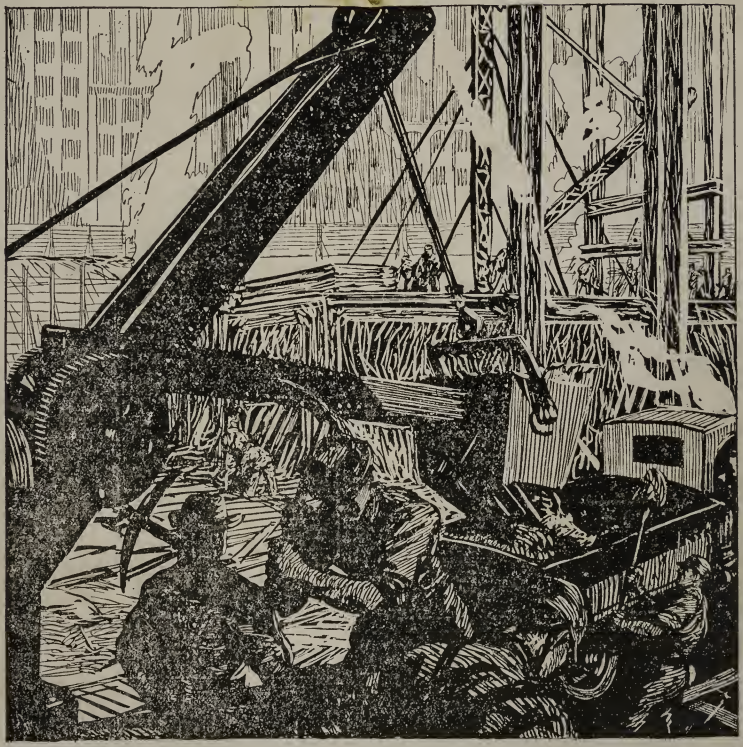
The Workers' International Educational Society is a corporation, but not a profit-making corporation. It exploits no labor. It is organized under a resolution passed by the last general convention of the I. W. W. approving of the creation of such a company in which membership is voluntary, and which has for one of its purposes the acquiring of a headquarters building which can give quarters to the I. W. W. general offices and offices of publications, etc.

The idea is that the union and general officials of the I. W. W. shall have their entire time free for organizing the workers, and attending to the routine of union business, without being bothered with the details of buying and managing a building.

As was to be expected, there was a certain amount of ignorance at first among the members of the I. W. W. and their friends, as to the necessity of taking this step, which showed itself in the lack of purchasers of the stock of the Workers' International Educational Society. The way in which the membership has aroused itself to the task of safeguarding their headquarters building is shown by the table to the left, of the monthly receipts of the W. I. E. S. Month by month as the need of the I. W. W. for financial aid comes more to the knowledge of the membership, they have joined the W. I. E. S.

At present the number of shares held by language groups friendly to the I. W. W. is 187; the number held by the I. W. W. unions themselves is 158; the number held by individuals is 697. Only six individuals hold ten shares each, no individual holds more than ten, sixty-eight individuals hold two shares each, and 395 individuals hold one share each. It is obvious that the W. I. E. S. is a democratic institution. Your purchase of at least one five-dollar share of its stock is really your duty to the cause of industrial unionism.

**Get a $5 share of stock in the Workers' International Educational Society. Write to JOSEPH WAGNER, Sec'y-Treas., 3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for all particulars.**



# WE BUILD THE NEW SOCIETY

And we build it with machinery. The I. W. W. is the only organization of workers which realized from its very beginning the revolutionary role of modern machinery. Craft unions, other unions, saw that the new machinery of production and transportation undermined their monopoly of craft skill by making that skill useless; they understood that the machine threw them out of work by making it easy for one man to do the labor that had formerly required many, and they fought machinery. We do not blame them, but we do not follow them to certain defeat. We welcome machinery; we will use it, for our form of organization is such that the destruction of one form of skill, one craft or one trade does not injure our members. All the workers in the industry are in one industrial union, an integral part of the I. W. W., the Industrial Workers of the World. We will combat the menace of unemployment by a fight for shorter workdays and higher pay. We will control industry and all its machinery, for use and not for profit, and when we do that, that will be the revolution. Our strength is in the industrial proletariat; as the industrial proletariat organizes into the I. W. W. we gain the power to accomplish our ends.

LABOR PRODUCES ALL WEALTH

ORGANIZATION EDUCATION EMANCIPATION

ALL WEALTH MUST GO TO LABOR

# Industrial Worker

AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

OFFICIAL ORGAN of the Industrial Workers of the World

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## By HENRY JONES

## People Do It!

A Useful Bump
One More Union Jeh
Maka World Safe for All
How to Get IOU's
Blood for Butter
By Working Capital

ONE CONCLUSION widely drawn from that election is that there is still some hope that angry members may use the bump on top of their heads back-home supposed to be for the purpose it is supposed to serve: thinking

* * *

Those pictures of the man in bed on top of the box-car didn't carry Proposition 2 in sunny Cal—to end the safety practices that railroad attorneys call featherbedding.

* * *

SAFETY IS A UNION JOB. The Air Line Pilots—still on strike at National Airlines—announce that as their current contention, over half the time pay will be devoted to a study of our safety and methods of fostering its improvement.

* * *

Some day we hope to see union conventions studying how to safely bow to make the job safe, but how to make the world safe for people. We've taught a mess of wars to try making it safe for democracy. Thing else.) There's little grounds to expect it will be safe for people, until unions start dreading what work they will do and for whom. It's doing the wrong work and doing our work in the wrong people that makes the world a mess.

* * *

WE OWE THE MASS WORK to ourselves collectively according to the Democratic Economy: That's a $250 billion public debt and a $150 billion private debt—both figures at set time high, that add up to one very national income. The only way it can be paid is up: more work for more hours, avoid work. Most of it was added up during the years when we were all busy producing more than ever, giving them a bad name—and then selling before the war more profits than ever on the buildings and machines than ever, and more funds than ever besides giving them all these IOU's. All they did for it was to use effort hoy to scratch the 'NO' off the 'No Help Wanted' sign. We did the rest.

That's the way this system works. Can you make the world safe for people and bank systems?

* * *

PARISIANS, who have run out of coupons for butter and sugar and of francs for black-market buying, go to the hospital, donate 300 grams of blood and are given a pound of butter and a pound of sugar in return. One pound of butter and the pound of sugar will not restore the 300 grams of blood to their bodies—but the hospitals are doing quite a business.

That practice symbolizes the whole process of European recovery. And if you propose making the most effective use of the man-power and resources of the world to end its gnawing want, that's subversive.

* * *

"WE have four billion more working capital now than a year ago. It runs close to $64 billion now without counting the banks and insurance companies which are hush too. Out of the $6 million who have jobs, there's about 40 million wage earners, and about 30 million who by most modern standards could be called "producers." That addition to working capital in one year indicates that each of these just for this group alone, produced $1,253 that he didn't get. We also produced a lot more that we didn't get, and did a lot of work there was no sense doing. That $64 billion isn't ours — but the whole world can't owe it much better off than we've been, could be ours if once we organize as the workers of the world to get it. Why not!

### Newsboys Get Half Cent

San Francisco news vendors get 2 cents out of the current nickel for a paper. When the papers are raised to 7 cents, they will get half a cent more, or a quarter of the increase—and are signing a two year contract.

Regardless of election or anything else, there is no disagreement in high circles that we must restore Free Enterprise in Europe. It's America's gift to mankind.

There are 15 million unemployed there, even before the recent strike wave—which was hurt for the sake of the Marshall Plan. Sensible men more striking just now than ever before, and even the French elections can't seem to stop Communism, even when they belong to the Marshall Plan union and get their wage increase. In Paris they trade blood at the black market for meat and sugar.

Planes, ammunition, military equipment—these things must use up enormous funds, dropping more to prevent the spread of Kremlinism into Europe. To prevent and to bring, and the best use of available resources, would seem more effective, but that isn't the way we prefer.

**Comic Books Fintasce**

For instance under the Economic Co-operation plan, Fawcett Publications will send to Europe—but none, that's a secret—as part of something they desperately want! No, it will send 10,000 copies of its comic books that authorities are convinced are a main influence in the to diminish juvenile delinquency. It will also send such other publications of American culture as Startling Detective, True Confessions and Movie Story—and be assured that the peasants of Europe will thrill to in those hard-to get dollars, by arrangement with Congressman Bernard McFadden will be there with his inventor-publisher Bernarr Mac-fadden—True Story on the same terms as Fawcett—not unlike the Free Enterprise. And General Clay will himself approve it on the grounds that these publications are not unsuitable from a security point of view.

We have killed French strikers and machine gun Free Enterprise as this issue goes to press.

## IN BRIEF

UNITED RUBBER workers are being sued for half a million by Armstrong Tire on the grounds that they struck while contract says "no contract remains in effect during negotiations." They have struck Armstrong since last August.

* * *

ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION has ordered GE to break up its relations with GM, Ford, Electrical Workers so far as it covers atomic workers's domestic affairs. In turning the order Lilienthal points out that the commission earned have unquestioned loyalty and have been absolutely investigated. Object of order is to ensure that all seem loyal to the United States.

* * *

Communism for a billion dollars damage.

* * *

NLRB reverses its position that it cannot take steps to hold election and certify a union where employer has declined to recognize it for bargaining. Now it declares that by employer does not make union card-proof, and it held a bar to the certification prevents unions from ever getting a bargaining certification. Policy inevitable. On previous ruling unions could not be certified, ers might not have inducement to become Taft-Hartley unions.

* * *

BRITISH DOCKERS on strike against Communist rule have also opposed by Communist longshoremen in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, France and Italy.

* * *

BARGE CAPTAINS and other barge craft workers threaten to strike Thanksgiving Day unless Years Eve, unless they catch up with the cost of living. And the deckhands have voted on last-offer ultimatum of three to strike if as this issue goes to press.

## Rail Wage Boost No Calamity

The 16 non-ops have answered the railroads talk of the calamity that would befall them if they paid wages closer to those paid by other industries and overtime for week-end work. They point out that railroad industry feels no standard behaviour of the carriers. During the 1946 rail fact got 18½ cents until strike action of BRT and RLE after seizure of the roads and the wage increase would cost them $900,000,000 it actually worked out to about a third of that.

For many of the non-ops weekend work can be avoided if there is a premium wage for it. This will cut down the figure estimated for the cost of granting time and a half the same as other workers enjoy for such work. An other way of avoiding overtime is to run like steel mills and adopt continuous process industry so that the same six weeks' work gets on Tuesday and others on Saturday and Sunday—and the railroad labor steadily cuts the cost of any wage increase. Under such employment stopped the 1947 wage increase from getting the figure carriers said it would cost.

### LIKE YOUR JOB?

Dr. Herbert A. of the Illinois State Employment Service, told the Chicago Conference of Illinois Chief 50 per cent of workers "are not satisfied with their jobs and would like to do something some older job finished. He says that is a big difference from a few years ago when 70 per cent of workers by the company on other lines.

### WITNESSES OUT OF JAIL

Two more witnesses in the investigation of subversive activities sent to jail by a judge who has a habit refusing to answer whether they knew the nature of the county officers of the Communist Party, were later released on bail on order of the Federal Court, while the decision was appealed.

## Pacific Coast Is It Peace?

SAN FRANCISCO—It may may have been the elections, or it may have been the persistent solidarity of workers. It may have been that these businessmen hit by their own class lockout had agreed not to weaken until after the elections, or it may have been that there would be an AFL longshore strike when the lockout began. Whatever the reason, the door of peace has been distinctly heard flutteringly above the waters of San Francisco Bay, an area that for over months has been stirred up by the sci strike, the maritime tie-up and other great labor struggles.

It's now Sunday Nov. 7, the CIO longshoremen had to take to redio to avert a misunderstanding that the maritime dispute was already settled. Next day came an announcement that a formula had been agreed upon for the settlement. At this writing this is understood to be such as to bring actual CIO into the picture before the next dispute arises, and to include a withdrawal of the demand of the employers that longshore work be performed by ships' crews and become Taft - Hartley unions That doesn't seem to be so popular any more. For the longshoremen it has also the virtue of simplicity. (Next week we will comment on how the longshoremen's union have facilitated the trend toward company unionism in their area and aide the union structure, to comply with the law and thus make it subject to the employers.)

One result of the strike seems to be the ousting of the local office of the Shepard Line, and an ILWU agreement with the line. The longshoremen have there might take a 500 to 1000 tons in the Australia trade.

Once this is settled there is a practically unlimited supply of stuff awaiting shipment

**Setback in Oil**

The united out previously, oil workers were up against something that no united labor movement could cope with—something that requires a greater solidarity of labor than has yet been built. Two days after election, the union settled with Sibell, and peace movements became general with all companies. The wage boost is the one they struck against, leaving wages much lower than in the industry elsewhere—pressured scabs will be freemen over them on their return, and those guilty of violence and of the law will not be re-hired. (If that last provision could be greatly extended it would seem necessary to replace management personnel with longshoremen on picket lines with locomotives and cars in their yards.)

These oil workers are going back on a contract which provides a real bond of solidarity acted out on the job can protect them from abuses by scale promoted to beat them down. But the oil companies union and companies are dropped in the strife—a blow to labor in forcing this settlement was the NLRB encouragement for elections to certify a union.

**East Coast Parlor**

As employers and maritime unions talked about peace on waterfront, the Federal District Court regretfully denied an injunction to terminate the back on a longshore strike after Nov. 9 Shippers were trying to get a decision that declaration of vessels before the deadline To have a decision that up would have created a greater pressure on the business class to settle. Perhaps that is why the dove is fluttering . . . but until no striker was board to regret that Rep Kersten, handing the committee to investigate this "subversiveness" in the unions didn't get back in Back East Paddy Ryan used to the longshoremen called all strike talk "subversive"

## Honest Cop of Mooney Case Dies

Draper Hand former San Francisco police sergeant who testified in the Mooney defense in 1921 that the trial of Tom Mooney had been framed and that he had been participated as a witness for the prosecution, died in San Diego of skull fractures. The source of these injuries is unknown. He was tried before the police commission for making this frame-up charge, and was acquitted.

## Kennecott Runs Cracked Record

Kennecott Copper has paid as much as $4.01 per day than in another record in some regions. Its employees average $1.50 Copper, struck 320 strong on the Utah - Bingham copper production. They have hearty support from the company unions, the company so ads and letters runs that "we are not fighting the union," but only "some wage demands." The company is making the essential fact that it a 30 cent an hour increase in wages with those paid the same number of workers by the company on other lines.

## Calumny on Joe Hill Refuted

### Analysis of Trial Record by Committee of Friends Gives Answer To Professor Stegner's New Republic Attack on Hill's Character

#### FOREWORD

In April, 1948, the Friends of Joe Hill Committee, including both members and non-members of the Industrial Workers of the World, picketed the offices of the New Republic, New York weekly, to protest publication of an article by Wallace Stegner, entitled **Joe Hill. The Wobblies' Trouble-dou**, published the previous January 5. The picketing was the culmination of a long history of the widely known IWW song-writer and organizer who was shot by a firing squad in Utah in 1915 for alleged murder, but who they declared was innocent.

Though admitting that the prosecution hardly proved Joe Hill's guilt beyond reasonable doubt, Prof. Stegner, formerly of Stanford University's faculty asserted that he probably was guilty. The gist of his belief was contained in Hill's character by two other writers who never knew the man, and by "old-timers" who claimed to have known him, but whose names were not given, so their credibility could not be checked.

At the time of the protest, the New Republic's editors, in conference with Prof. Stegner, Friends of Joe Hill agreed to give space in their pages for the committee to present the case for Hill from the IWW's viewpoint. The organization elected Hall, Ike Sasco and Yanzetti, was the unfortunate victim of circumstances in a stormy period, when the IWW, which the defendant was staunchly supporting, was being ruthlessly fought by industrialists.

Immediately the committee moved to obtain copies of the official trial record. Red tape and bureaucratic delay in getting these documents took many weeks. Careful study of them, and of other data, has now been completed. The record of the trial transcript, containing the defense testimony, was available, but Volume I, comprising that of the prosecution, has been mysteriously missing from Utah's archives at least three years. So for that part of the case Prof. Stegner and the writers of this article alike had to depend mainly on newspaper reports of the trial, the defense appeal brief, and the State Supreme Court review of the evidence.

Here is the result of the committee's study. When this statement was submitted to the New Republic editors, they found that they could give space only to a 3,500-word digest. That condensation appears in their current issue, dated November 15, timely because it marks the week of Joe Hill's execution 33 years ago. But the Industrial Worker, knowing the wide interest in the facts in that case, now publishes the committee's statement in full.

#### THE FACTS OF THE CASE

On Saturday, January 10, 1914, about 9:45 p.m., two armed men entered a Salt Lake City grocery store. G M Morrison and his two sons were closing for the night. Shouting "We've got you now, Morrison!" one gunman fired from the doorway of the store room. When he returned after the firing stopped, he found his victim lying mortally wounded on the floor. Behind the counter the revolver near his hand. One of six cartridges in this gun was empty. The murderer had fired all his shots. Acting had fired it, but no bullet to fit that cartridge was found.

Were both assailants masked with red bandanna handkerchiefs, or only one? Daily news reports stated they gave both ways. This vital discrepancy is discussed farther on.

The police force taking nothing, so the generally accepted theory was that their motive was revenge. Twice before Morrison had been attacked, and shot in out encounters. Empty cartridges found in the store ware "of the same kind" as those left on the ground after he was held up and fired for four months earlier by the same gunmen. Captain Hansel Chipman a few days before his death he had lived to regret that service. Hampel said Morrison had been a witness against the bandits. Moreover, the widow declared he lately spoke of two men he regarded as dangerous. "If anything happens to me, you may have to look them up." But neither was arrested.

#### Ex-Convict Sought

The official description of the slayers gave the height of both as 5 feet 9 inches, and their weight as 150 pounds. Neither of the suspects were quickly arrested — one near the murder scene, with a blood-stained handkerchief in his pocket, the blind beggar of on outgoing train; others in lodging houser. All wars later released. The police sought Frank Z. Wilson, ex-convict, seen in town that day. Peter Rhengren, railroad worker, saw a tall man mounting the ground about a mile directly west of the crime scene, saw him get up and walk uncertainly toward a street car line. This was about 11.30 p.m. That man boarded a car, but the conductor smelled no liquor on him. He understood his passenger was an ex-convict, of whom he was shown a picture.

Three days later Joe Hill, six-foot machinist and IWW organizer and song-writer (born Hillstrom in Sweden), was arrested in the home of friends named Eetlun in Murray, five miles south

(Continued on page 2)

## High Spots in a Frame-Up

In the conviction of Joe Hill for the murder of the grocer Morrison, did you know that:

1. The ONLY reason for arresting Hill was that he was wounded, a s d it was supposed that he had shot Morrison's assailants MIGHT have been bandits.

2. That the Supreme Court of Utah sustained the conviction as the nonsensical argument that he knew as he explained wound puts the lawyer of proof on the defendant the same as the possession of stolen goods.

3. That the bullet taken from the victim DID NOT agree EXACTLY as they would be if he was shot with the handheld high as in a stick-up.) Circumstance I is a friend with the ONLY reason for his arrest.

4. That the trial court would not permit Hill to call an expert on wounds, to answer the question whether Hill's wound could have been inflicted if he was in any other position than standing with his hands high.

5. Yet logic requires for a verdict on circumstantial evidence that ALL the circumstances point to the verdict and it was conceded that here all evidence was circumstantial!

6. That the Utah Supreme Court, without examination of Hill's wounds or related physical facts, disregarded this evidence and to sustain con-

(Continued on page 3)

ONE BIG UNION OF ALL THE WORKERS

# A Labor Paper to Serve All Labor

ABOLITION OF THE WAGE SYSTEM


**INDUSTRIAL WORKER**

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[illegible] UNION — ONE LABEL
ONE ENEMY

OFFICIAL ORGAN of the Industrial Workers of the World

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## Joe Hill and Your Future

The I W W has a past of which we are proud, but its reason for existence is your future

When occasion calls for a look back at the inspiring record of those who have battled for the solidarity of labor in the days gone by, as in this present issue so largely devoted to Joe Hill, some may think the I W W consists of aging veterans of the class struggle warming their hearts at the memory of heroic youth. But while we have and cherish our veterans, this is not the correct picture of the lads whose picket line at the New Republic last April gave occasion for the document that fills this issue, nor of the lads who cut classes at the university here to help pass leaflets at the Pullman shops recently, nor of the lads who are battling daily to preserve labor solidarity along the west coast waterfront, nor of most of those who keep the I W W flag flying. They belong to it because they look ahead.

And to you who as yet do not belong to the One Big Union of Labor that we are building, we propose that you join in and help us build, not because of a history that has happened but because of the history we are making and will continue to make

Whether we look at the Marshall Plan, at the puzzle of boom or bust, at the prospects of war, at the shooting of French miners, at the Taft-Hartley Act, or whatever significant thing we stop to look at we see the evidence of a disorganized world that needs organization, the evidence of an unsafe concentration of power that must be gotten back to those who are its source, the working class, the evidence of the misdirection of our work, and consequently of the history that can be born of nothing but our daily work, by a malignant minority

WHAT BETTER THING TO DO than build an organization of those who do the work of the world so they can do the work right and for their own good? If we do that need we fear the power that others have had only because we did our work the [illegible] they told us, and delivered our products where they said? [illegible] need [illegible] parasites [illegible] set us [illegible]

AND WHAT HOP[illegible] mankind apart from such solidarity of labor? Can national states, themselves anachronism, and designed for the one function of obstructing and damaging each other, end this disorganization of the world? Is there any indication of this in the mutual obstruction played in Berlin and China, in the scuttling and damaging of industry, in the enforcement of idleness throughout vast areas of the world in want? Can we solve the problem of an already unsafe concentration of power by giving more power to those who already have too much?

The basic problem of the world is not that of bread, or that of bombs, or that of law It is the problem of power. The foolish twenties and the threadbare thirties, the rise of fascism and the precipitation of war, the high cost of living and the threat of more war all these come from the fact that too few people had too much power None of them could occur otherwise.

THAT'S WHERE Joe Hill and the glorious past of the I W W come into your future They saw the solution for the problem of power They wanted a union to unite the working class Long before the days of the Labor Front they realized that such a union would be of use to the working class only if the working ran it instead of being run by it So the sort of union they build was that kind of a union. Out of that past has come an organization that by principle, by structure, by constitutional provision, and by tradition, is prevented from going scabby, going yellow, or going dictatorial It is not an untried plan on paper. It is not the first rough draft of a Utopia It is a body that through 43 years has proved itself and improved itself, working out in the battle of everyday life a form of organization that works, and it works not by compromising principle but by applying it This is the gift of the past to your future. It is there to be used, and the more it is used the more there is of it

## Repeal Taft-HartleyISM

From the 81st Congress can be expected a new labor-management law bearing some other name than Taft-Hartley When finished it will probably recall the old French formula: **"The more she changes, the more she is the same."**

The 81st Congress can repeal the law; but it can't repeal Taft-Hartleyism Unions can

Legislation to decrease the likelihood of strikes has been piling up steadily for many years, especially since 1888 It's nothing new It was the declared purpose even of the Wagner Act We expect more of it

This sort of legislation results from the endless conflict between workers who sell labor-power and employers who buy it, an irrepressible conflict that can end only when we arrange to do our work without selling our ability to employers To deny the worker selling labor-power the right to refuse to sell it except on terms acceptable to him is to make him a slave. Yet judges tell miners and railroad workers that to let them strike would hurt society too much The more the evolution of society makes our work interdependent and puts the man who says "No" to us beyond all pressures we can exert, the more the reason the judges will have for saying "Sorry, but it hurts too much to let you strike" **This situation was not created by the 80th Congress and cannot be repealed by the 81st.**

Congress can appease many powerful labor leaders by minor changes in the law that will continue the conversion of unions into Taft-Hartley unions Permitting the union shop without an election, enforcing its acceptance by an election; perhaps even permitting the closed shop to unions in trade for assistance in carrying out certain policies of governme[illegible] —such things as these are quite possible. **But they will on[illegible] cultivate Taft-Hartleyism, not end it. The long run tre[illegible] the subversion of bona fide concerted activity of workers, [illegible] to an instrument of government policy over workers.** One saw [illegible]at clearly in the WLB days before Taft-Hartley The basic ass[illegible]ion underlying all the evils of the Taft-Hartley Act is the d[illegible]rine that union officers are responsible, not to their members, but to the employer and "the public." This doctrine will not be [illegible]apped. Until it is scrapped we cannot have a labor movem[illegible] serviceable to labor.

It is impossible for either Congress or [illegible]r leaders to end Taft-Hartleyism. That's a job for union [illegible] The obvious procedure for doing it consists of such step[illegible] these:

1. **Press in each union for the revocati[illegible] those affidavits and a boycott of NLRB.** It has no service [illegible]er. It is useful only for promoting raids to disrupt labor [illegible]arity.

2. **Educate.** You can make resolut[illegible] but education is best accomplished by educating. We need [illegible]ucation to **expose the automatic frame-up that makes the st[illegible]ker appear as the** disturber of social wellbeing and hides th[illegible]ct that management's job is to prevent the possibility of a[illegible]ant living Such education will put capitalism where labor [illegible]unfortunately has been—on the defensive. A most effective [illegible]eans for this, as well as for improving our bargaining positio[illegible] the **construction of a flow sheet of all essential production** as [illegible] plan to live well with workers directing industry as an altern[illegible]e to living poorly with capitalist management misdirecting us.

3. **Build concerted action.** No union w[illegible] end Taft-Hartleyism alone. The fight to end it will be waged [illegible]ter in any union when it is plain that it is being waged in othe[illegible] That educational program, that flow-sheet idea, require conce[illegible]ed action from all fields of industry.

4. **Practice unionism.** Insist upon solidarity with your fellow workers in other unions instead of crashing their picket lines Insist upon helping each other win the fight of all And above all, remember unionism isn't a functio[illegible] of labor leaders—it is the carrying out on the job of a com[illegible]on understanding between those who work on it.

5. **Use the I.W.W.** It's very useful, and just what you need Its literature, such as this paper, can help your fellow workers see what the score is, and make it easier for you to get their co-operation in this fight. If you want to t[illegible] things over with members of other unions in your locality w[illegible] want to end Taft-Hartleyism, you'll find them at IWW mee[illegible] They are in it because while trying to do the best that the[illegible]n with the existing efforts at solidarity, they know they [illegible]ll need to build One Big Union to win the final battle. As [illegible] find more who are willing to build good unionism, get them [illegible] join the I W W too. **Picture the progress that you can make [illegible] your community if the more alert members of all unions meet [illegible]th you regularly as members of the I.W.W.**

Repealing Taft-Hartleyism is beyond [illegible]ngress or labor leaders even if they wanted to And they [illegible]'t want to. How labor will fare both from the 81st Congress [illegible]d from the large social forces that work outside of Congres[illegible]st depend chiefly upon how much action of the sort indicate[illegible] above is taken To stop the repetition of an unpleasant effe[illegible] is necessary to remove the cause.

## OFFICIAL NOTICES

### Ballots In Field

Ballots for election of General Secretary, G.E.B. Members and various Industrial Union officers are now in circulation Members not in vicinity of branch or delegate should write in for their ballot

J. A. Farley,
General Secretary

### LUMBER WORKERS' CONFERENCE

There will be a conference of Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No 120 held at 225 N Bernard St., Spokane, Wash., Dec. 24th at 9 in the morning. Members of other Industrial Unions in the district are welcome, so that the conference may discuss any possible way for putting the I.W.W. across in this district

Frank Grad,
G O C Member, I U 120.

### Meetings at New Oakland Hall

The next general membership meeting of I W W in Oakland, Calif. will be held in the new hall at 1010 Broadway, Room No. 4 on Sunday Nov 21 at 2:00 p m and on every third Sunday of each month thereafter Specially called Industrial Union meetings will also be at this address. Mail should be directed to the secretary, Claude Erwin, 1018 Jackson st., until further notice

Claude Erwin, Secretary

### HOUSTON NOTICE

Joseph Kerrigan has been elected secretary of the Houston branch of Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No 510. All mail should be sent him at 1316 - 75th st., Houston 11, Texas.

R. VAUGHN.
Outgoing Secretary.

### [illegible]ORDE[illegible] LITE[illegible]ATURE

[illegible]at new 32 page rai road pamphlet, price 20 cents, is soon due off press, also two types of Railroad leaflets, the leaflet "It's Poison"

## Book Reviews

THE LEGAC[illegible] OF SACCO AND VANZETTI, *by G Louis Joughin and E[illegible]nd M Morgan*. 600 pages, published by Harcourt Brace & [illegible] price $6.00.

In 1939 the L[illegible] of Massachusetts was changed [illegible]vide that in a capital case t[illegible]ole case on appeal is transfer[illegible] the Supreme Judicial Cou[illegible]r its consideration of the l[illegible]and the evidence, and the cou[illegible] order a new trial if sat[illegible]that the verdict was against [illegible]w or the weight of the evid[illegible] or because of newly discov[illegible]evidence, or for any other rea[illegible] that justice may require" Th[illegible] one of the more substantial r[illegible]s of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case

As Arthur [illegible]inger points out in the introd[illegible] to this book, most of us [illegible]recall where we were and wh[illegible] we were doing when the l[illegible] hope for saving Sacco and V[illegible] from the electric chair wa[illegible]t. and that few avents stand [illegible]n this way in the memory of [illegible]any people There have been o[illegible] cases where there was a widespread refusal to believe that the evidence justified the verdict — but they have left no such imprint [illegible]s. This book is primarily a s[illegible] of society and literature. us[illegible] case as key As a method [illegible] historical writing in this resp[illegible] is almost unexampled since [illegible]e Hammonds explored the m[illegible] of the rich in "The Town Labor[illegible]

As basis f[illegible] study, the evidence and law[illegible] the case are first scrutinized by [illegible]mund Morgan of Harvard Law [illegible]ool and a foremost authority [illegible] the law of evidence The tot[illegible]aterial contained makes it alm[illegible] difficult to review as an enc[illegible]pedia About the only thing bearing on the case and its handling t[illegible]s not explored is what the [illegible]munists did with the money t[illegible]ollected for it

The entire [illegible]ok, and especially Morgan's p[illegible] of it, deserve serious study [illegible] all who are concerned eithe[illegible]ith labor cases, or defendants p[illegible]t a disadvantage by any strong [illegible]ejudice It is painfully plain th[illegible] the men were not competently [illegible]ended. The case is given here w[illegible] scholarly impartiality [illegible] to cast sus[illegible] [illegible]eration, mak[illegible] the book [illegible] sharply wit[illegible] he strongly [illegible] vated argun[illegible] hitherto available. outside of [illegible]ix-volume "transcript" publi[illegible] by Holt in 1928 that few have read.

In brief what is the evidence? Against Vanzetti nothing worth consideration outside of his connection with Sacco Against Sacco what? Three witnesses that he was there before the shooting, two of whom had no chance for accurate observation while the third is completely unbelievable, and one witness to say that Sacco shot, who subsequently denied his testimony and who could not have seen the shooting according to the evidence given by his fellow workers Besides this, the bullet alleged to have killed Berardelli, and a revolver Sacco acknowledged to have been taken from him at the time of his arrest

The question of guilt or innocence thus boils down to whether or not that bullet came from that revolver According to Morgan's showing the inexcusable laxness of the defense in regard to the expert's testimony regarding this bullet seems to point to a hope of defeating it by trickery through the defense's expert To this reviewer the certainty of the prosecution that it came from Sacco's revolver, prior to examination, and in fact in the absence through the whole case of the most rigid examination possible, creates a suspicion that they may have been so certain from having submitted a bullet they fired in place of one from the body of the murdered man What's there to stop the prosecution from doing that sort of thing?

For appraisal of the evidence it seems hard to beat the conclusion of Gov Al Smith

> **"I haven't studied the case as I should have to study it if it had to come before me, but if I had studied the case, and it left me in such a state of mind that I had to call in a couple of college presidents to tell me what to do, I'd call that a reasonable doubt and let them go free."**

But this study also makes abundantly clear why this "common sense" view of Al Smith did not prevail. In the language of Robert [illegible] the Bo[illegible] Her[illegible] lishe[illegible] **order required the execution of S and V." It was this momen**tum" that made all rationality impossible. No one outside of Judge Thayer seemed to relish his part in sending these men to the electric chair Even the prosecutor who had arranged to suppress the testimony that the state's ballistic expert wanted to give, that the fatal bullet could not be said to have been fired from Sacco's revolver, wept at the verdict he secured. The legal steps to avert execution were vain appeals to men practically powerless under the procedure and tradition of the law, to look at the facts and do justice The 1939 change in the law of that state may remedy some of these difficulties, but it does not remove the "momentum of the established order" of which publisher O'Brien spoke When labor exposes a frame-up the problem always occurs. How can the state concede error and yet save its prestige?

There is in this book an extensive study of the literature relating to the case during its seven long years, and its subsequent legacy The extent of this literature is evidence of the social importance of the burning of this shoe-maker and fish-peddler Sinclair's Boston receives credit as the most painstaking study of the case, there is Well's "Mr Blettsworthy," Asch's 'Pay Day," Dos Passos'' "Big Money," Farrell's "Bernard Clare" to mention a few novels, there are plays like Anderson's "Wintersat" and "Gods of Lightning," and Thurber's 'Male Animal', poems beyond enumeration, of which the professor of literature who writes this section believed a dozen have the quality that will make them endure as literature — beside the voluminous technical and legal studies that have been written during and after the case

Much of this world becomes clear to one who understands the history of the prosecution of these two men so much so that this reviewer hopes to return to material in this volume on some other occasion, for it is one that helps make the world and its injustices understandable —F T

### C.P. TRIAL NOV. 15

The trial of the leading lights of the Communist Party is set for Nov 15, a month later than original date They are charged with teaching forcible overthrow of the government.

## The Case for Joe Hill

(Continued from page 1)

of the Morrison store on a tip to the police from Dr F N. McHugh He stated that Hill came to his office about 11 45 p.m., Saturday. Hill said he had been shot in a quarrel over a woman, that he was as much to blame as the other fellow, and wanted the affair kept quiet A bullet had entered his chest and gone through his body

### Doctors See Gun Handle

As McHugh finished dressing the wound, Dr A A Bird, passing, saw a light, looked in McHugh asked him to take Hill in his car to Murray, two and a half miles away. While Joe was putting on his clothes a shoulder holster containing an automatic pistol fell from his coat Dr McHugh handed it back to him The doctors **saw only the handle of the gun.** (All emphasis in this article is by its authors, and reasons for it will be obvious.)

Asked where that gun was, Joe said he threw it away when Dr Bird, who had engine trouble, got out to crank his car Morrison was killed by a 38 caliber automatic pistol, probably a Colt Hill declared that his gun was a 30 caliber Luger of foreign make Endeavoring to prove this shortly before his trial, he went with detectives to a pawnshop where he had bought his weapon. But the shop records showed only the purchase, not the caliber nor make The clerk who sold that gun was now in Chicago Telegraphing an inquiry to him, Joe returned to jail waiting hopefully for an answer An ironic sequel to that appears later in this narrative

Otto Applequist, also a machinist, who had been rooming with Hill, disappeared after the murders A police dragnet was put out, on the supposition that he was one of the assassins, though a photograph of his strikingly Scandinavian face was not recognized by any witness. The quest was futile.

### Jailed in Dock Strike

If the police did not already know that Hill was an aggressive IWW member, they learned it when they checked with San Pedro (Calif) officers One of the Eselius brothers told them he had worked with Joe there. Hill had served thirty days in jail for his activity in a San Pedro dock strike a few months earlier, he was strike committee secretary, the charge was "vagrancy," a frequent charge against strikers in California in those days Soon after Hill's arrest in the Morrison case, the press publicized his IWW connections.

Having no money to hire counsel, Joe acted as his own attorney at his preliminary hearing before a Justice of the Peace on January 28, 1914 He cross-examined the state's witnesses briefly No one could identify him as one of the killers, but some of the witnesses spoke of similarities between one of those men and the defendant Merlin Morrison said Hill resembled one of the two in general build. Joe then asked him "When you saw me in the jail the morning after my arrest, did you not say. 'No, that is not the man at all. The ones I saw were shorter and heavier'." Merlin denied saying this.

The doctors told their stories. Testimony about bullets was given, and about a red bandanna handkerchief being found in an alley near the Morrison store on the murder night and an[illegible] [illegible] "Many persons have red handkerchiefs and it is no uncommon thing to lose them"

Apparently Hill was unworried that night, though he was held for trial, and his confidence in being exonerated continued. In May he wrote Katie Phar, 10-year-old singer of his songs and daughter of a Spokane IWW member. "My case is coming up this month, and everything looks good."

### Insidious Forces at Wark

But insidious psychological forces had been working against him. Using "information" from the police, the local press had been evolving a shadowy picture of his alleged past, which helped convict him in the public eye long before his trial.

The Deseret Evening News of January 22, 1914, printed a letter from the San Pedro (Los Angeles) police to Police Chief Grant of Salt Lake asserting that Hill and Applequist held up a street car in 1913, that Hill was arrested, but that neither car crew nor passengers could identify him. Also that Hill was then sentenced to 30 days in jail on a vagrancy charge.

Two days later the same paper published another story with a grossly misleading and prejudiced two-column bold head:

(Continued on page 3)

## The Preamble

### of the Industrial Workers of the World

☆ ★ ☆

● THE WORKING CLASS and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of management of the industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

● IT IS THE HISTORIC MISSION OF THE WORKING CLASS to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

# Joe Hill Frame-Up Exposed from Record

(Continued from page 2)

"Hillstrom's Crime Record in California Sent Here" This topped photographs of Joe, "made after the arrest of Hillstrom and his associates as the car robbery suspects" Nothing was said about the failure to identify either man Undoubtedly men who later served on the Hill jury read those stories and were influenced by them, though such "information" was not used as evidence at the trial.

Actually Hill had been secretary of the strike committee during a dock strike and because of this activity an attempt was made to frame him for the street car hold-up When that attempt failed he was given 30 days for purported vagrancy. This was his only "crime record"

### Stage Set for Conviction

Earlier the **Salt Lake Tribune** reported that a cartoon of a masked man shooting a policeman, "thought to have been drawn by Hillstrom," was found by the police in a suitcase left by Applequist. But the **Deseret News** said that although the lodging house room where the two stayed shortly before January 10 "was searched carefully nothing to serve as incriminating evidence" was discovered. That cartoon is not mentioned by the Utah Supreme Court in its detailed summation of the evidence But without proof that it was made by Hill, it was one of the props used in setting the stage for his conviction

Offered aid by IWW members, Joe at first declined it, holding that his plight was a personal affair Not until April did the IWW enter the situation, when a defense committee was formed The first story about the case in the IWW press appeared April 18 in **Solidarity**, then issued in Cleveland.

It was a bad time for an IWW organizer to be tried for a felony in Salt Lake City Its public officials were hostile to the Industrial Workers of the World, derisively dubbed Wobblies. With that city as a center, IWW Local 69 had been notably militant in 1913 and 1914. Every construction camp, mine, stone quarry, and other industrial job within 100 miles had its little group of organizers—"agitators," the employers called them IWW street meetings drew crowds.

### Thugs Attack IWW

In June, 1913, there came a big successful strike at Tucker, 83 miles southeast, in which 1,500 "shovel stiffs" employed by the Utah Construction Company walked out. They had been building a grade on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, rising six miles to lofty Soldier Summit Joe Hill's songs, in the IWW's little red songbooks, were sung on the picket-line Solidarity of the strikers astonished the company heads, who quickly granted a wage increase from $2 25 to $2.50 a day Soon afterward thugs began to attack IWW groups in various parts of Utah

On August 12 Axel Steele, ex-deputy sheriff then head of Utah Copper Company guards in Bingham Canyon, led fifteen roughnecks, most of them using revolvers as clubs, in breaking up an IWW street meeting in Salt Lake City, causing a riot, which the fire department stopped with water from a fire hose. That meeting had begun with a Joe Hill song, **Mr. Block**.

Steele was not arrested, though his action and the use of guns by his gang were detailed in the newspapers But two IWW members who resisted the attack were jailed, accused of attempts to murder. One was J F. Morgan, a leader in the Tucker strike, where Steele had arrested him. He was speaking when the thugs converged on him and beat him brutally. The other was Tom Murphy, who fired some shots after being struck in the head A deputy sheriff received a flesh wound (For that act of defense Murphy served a year in prison.) Police Chief Grant and Mayor Park said the IWW could hold no more street meetings Steele boasted in the press that he would "assist in breaking up every public meeting the IWW's start in this city."

### Tense Scene at Trial

Hill was put on trial in June, 1914, before Judge M L Ritchie He was represented by two Salt Lake City attorneys, F. B. Scott and E D McDougall After several state's witnesses had testified, the defendant arose and addressed the court "May I say a few words?"

Without sending the jury from the courtroom, the judge gave permission, and Hill said "I have three prosecutors here. I intend to get rid of two of them" He told his counsel they were discharged.

In tense atmosphere, a long, heated argument ensued, involving the court, defendant, the two lawyers, and District Attorney Leatherwood. Despite Hill's protests Judge Ritchie insisted that the two attorneys remain in the case as amici curiae (friends of the court).

Since all this took place in the jury's presence, a fact undeniably prejudicial to Hill, properly the judge should have declared a mistrial, or delayed the proceedings until counsel satisfactory to this man whose life was at stake could have been employed by his friends. Not until later, when Joe made a second demand for discharge of his counsel, did Ritchie send the jury from the room. But Scott and McDougall still were permitted to stay in the case. Placed at a tragic disadvantage by the court's attitude, Hill now attempted, under great handicap, to conduct his own defense Because of that sorry conflict, investigation vital to meeting prosecution testimony was not completed.

### Why Joe Fired Counsel

"I discharged my attorneys," Joe explained in a letter printed in the **Salt Lake Telegram** August 22, 1915, "because they never attempted to cross-examine the state's witnesses When I asked why they did not use the points of the preliminary hearing and pin the witnesses down to their former statements, they blandly informed me that the preliminary hearing had nothing to do with (the trial) and that under the law they had no right to use said records I picked up a record myself and tried to look at it, but Mr Scott took it away from me, saying 'it would have a bad effect on the jury'"

Hill's second demand to be rid of those lawyers came the same day when Mrs Phoebe Seeley was testifying, and had altered the details she gave at the preliminary hearing Throughout her testimony, with both prosecutor and judge asking her leading questions, the accused had no legal protection.

Later another attorney entered the case to represent Hill in a special way Soren X Christensen came in at the request of O N Hilton, noted Denver labor advocate, to take exception to any rulings which might appear to be in error, as a basis for an appeal in the event of a conviction Hilton's aid had been enlisted by Virginia Snow Stephen, daughter of a former president of the Mormon Church.

### Three Alter Testimony

Hill was tried before a biased judge, who caused an "identification" witness to distort her testimony so that it favored the prosecution. Practically all the court's rulings were against the defense No motive for Hill to murder Morrison was ever shown At least three state's witnesses altered their testimony materially between January and June None of those who saw the killers would swear that Joe Hill was either of them The evidence against him was "entirely circumstantial," says the 1915 International Year Book

Morrison was killed by 38-caliber bullets from an automatic pistol, which could have come from a Colt. Hill insisted that his gun was a 30-caliber Luger When Joe's gun, in a holster, fell from his clothes in McHugh's office, both doctors saw only the handle. Dr McHugh testified that he picked up the holstered gun and handed it to Hill On cross-examination McHugh was shown two automatic pistols a Colt and a Luger both in shoulder holsters Dr McHugh could not say which most resembled Hill's gun At the preliminary hearing Dr Bird could only say that it was a black automatic. But at the trial he testified that the handle was similar to that of a Colt automatic 38

None of the witnesses could identify Hill as one of the killers, nor as a man seen fleeing from the store after the shooting All the so-called identification testimony was circumstantial, built up by indirection, by alleged similarities Though the official description of the two slayers gave their height as about 5 feet 9 inches (while Joe Hill was 6 feet tall), height in feet and inches was brushed aside by the prosecutor at the trial Questions then dealt instead with comparative tallness and thinness

### No One Identifies Hill

Merlin Morrison, 13, who saw part of the shooting, testified that the man who fired the second shot at his father was slim, and his impression was that he was about the same height as Hill, and the shape of his head "about the same", but he "couldn't tell his features because of the handkerchief over his face"

Under cross-examination Merlin admitted he didn't see the man's countenance nor the shape of his head, that it was a kind of a guess with him, that his observations were made when he was excited and scared, and that he might have been mistaken. In line with this, one newspaper had stated that the boy telephoned the police about the murders "in a hysterical, high-pitched voice," and told two different stories about the attack

Two women living across the street saw a man run from the store in a stooping position Mrs. Vera Hansen claimed to have heard him say "Oh, Bob!" or "Oh, God!" in a voice full of pain Nellie Mahan who looked through a window, testified at the trial that she heard him say "I am shot," though she had been very uncertain about this at the preliminary hearing Only two or three words were heard, and these witnesses disagreed on what they were It is entirely possible that the two, excited and confused by the shots and rapidity of action, heard the dying Morrison cry: "Oh God, I'm shot!"

Neither woman could identify Hill as the man they saw, though Mrs Hansen thought his voice, heard at the jail in ordinary talk, was like that of the man who cried out in pain Defense objection that she was not qualified to judge voices under the circumstances was overruled.

Margaret Davis told of meeting two men near the store shortly before the crime One wore a cap While others pictured the taller one as wearing a hat, she was "quite sure" that the taller man she saw was the cap-wearer.

### Description is Changed

Mrs. Phoebe Seeley was one of the witnesses who altered her testimony between January and June. Prior to Hill's arrest she told the sheriff's office that she and her husband, returning from a theatre about 9:15 p m. on January 10, passed the Morrison store, saw the owner and his sons inside, and then, about 235 feet to the west, met two men, who crowded the Seeleys off the sidewalk. Mrs Seeley asserted that she turned to look at them, and that one of the pair turned and looked at her. She and her husband both said then that his height was about 5 feet 9 (Joe Hill was 6 feet tall )

At the preliminary hearing, Hill recalled later in a statement to the Pardon Board, Mrs Seeley said that that man "'had small features and light bushy hair' This description did not suit the county attorney, so he helped her along by saying, 'You mean medium colored hair like Mr Hillstrom's, don't you?' After leading her along that way for a while, he asked, 'Is the general appearance of Mr. Hillstrom anything like the men who saw (and she answered) 'No, I won't—I can't say that'"

But at the trial, with both prosecutor and judge asking her suggestive and leading questions, she changed her description to make it more nearly fit Hill, though she still could not identify him

### Judge Aids Prosecution

Here is an example of how Mrs Seeley was examined, cited in the defense appeal brief It shows how Judge Ritchie questioned this witness and misquoted one of her statements made a moment before, causing her to alter it materially

Q How does Mr. Hillstrom, as he sits here, (the judge asked), compare in regard to his thinness with the man you saw that day?

A. His thinness is about the same, but his hair——

Q. You did not pay any attention to the thinness of his body, but the thinness of his face is just the same as the man you saw?

A. **Just the same.**

This is a remarkable distortion of testimony. The emphasis is given to show how the witness was led to change her phrasing.

Mrs Seeley admitted that at the preliminary hearing she had had "an honest doubt" about the taller man's identity and as the Supreme Court decision states, "would not testify positively (at the trial) that the man she saw was the defendant" Her husband, who also testified at the preliminary hearing, did not take the stand. It is a fair conclusion that he would not have corroborated his wife's altered testimony or the prosecution would have used him Or did it reason that such alteration by both would have been too obvious?

Actually, however, the testimony of Mrs Seeley, "the star witness," was unimportant, as she neither saw nor heard the shooting and did not see the killers flee She testified merely that perhaps thirty minutes before the murders she and her husband passed two men on the street near the store, that they had red handkerchiefs around their necks, and that one was tall and slim like Hill. Yet though she professed to have seen his face clearly she would not say it was Hill Even if what she said was true it was still unimportant, and the great lengths to which the prosecution went in getting her to alter her testimony showed how weak its case was.

Conceivably the pair she met could have been railroad men going home from work on the nearby D. & R G. Railway, or other passersby.

### One Masked, or Two?

How many masked men were there one or two? Patrolman Vance found a red bandanna handkerchief in an alley near the Morrison store After Hill was jailed, Detective Zeiss took a red kerchief from a table near his bed in the Eselius home On January 12, 1914, the **Deseret News** said "The red handkerchief (found by Vance) tallies with the somewhat mixed description of the Morrison boy, who said that one of the (killers) wore a red mask" On the 14th that daily recalled that Mrs Seeley told the police that "**one of the pair**" she saw had a red handkerchief around his neck Two weeks later, at the preliminary hearing, this woman testified that both men wore large red handkerchiefs, cowboy fashion.

Immediately after the murders the police sought Frank Z. Wilson, exconvict, seen in town that day. But when Detective Cleveland was cross-examined, the court would not permit him to tell what Wilson looked like, nor how his appearance differed from Hill's.

Testifying for the defense, Mrs Betty Eselius Olsen declared that the faded red handkerchief taken from the table near Hill's bed was one of a lot of such, known as "smelter handkerchiefs," used by the men in her family when at work in a smelter. She said she gave it to Hill next morning after he was shot, but he had used instead a white rag she also gave him.

### Police Attempt Trickery

Following Hill's arrest, she said, policemen repeatedly visited the Eselius home, where she lived. One of them asked for Joe's gun, asserting he had said he had given it to her When the defense sought to bring this out, and show that it was a trick based on a lie, the court would not let her tell what was said about the gun. Then the judge made the improper comment that "it would be remarkable if the state would be bound by every vagrant remark or act that every executive officer might do or say."

Robert Erickson, son of Mrs. Olsen, was arrested after Hill was jailed, presumably because Mrs. Hansen ... she heard one of the killers cry, "Oh, Bob!" or "Oh, God!" Mrs Olsen testified that a policeman told her Robert would be released if she could get Hill to confess. She visited Joe in jail and asked if he had taken part in the Morrison crime; he assured her he did not. Bob Erickson was freed next day when it was established he was in a theater at the time of the killings.

In an effort to prove that Arlington Morrison did not fire his father's gun, the defense called Patrolman Wire as a witness He testified that it was a custom among policemen to load a revolver with five cartridges and leave the sixth chamber empty for the hammer to rest in. But when the prosecutor objected, the court would not let him explain why, even though Morrison had been a policeman and naturally would exercise such a safety precaution E. J. Miller, firearms expert, testified that nine out of ten policemen left one chamber empty.

Supporting the state's contention that Arling had wounded one of the slayers, witnesses related that they found a gob of blood about the size of a quarter at the entrance to a nearby alley, and other blood spots in the alley. The state's chemist said he had analyzed scrapings of this blood, and identified it as "mammalian blood," but could not tell whether it was from a human being. Another witness told of finding blood-stained dog tracks that led to a dog with an injured foot. There was no blood where the killers trod in the store, nor in front of it.

### Gun Odor Not Proof

Detective Cleveland and a newspaperman who had not qualified as an expert examined the Morrison gun on the murder night; they testified that it had lately been discharged. Cleveland said is "smelled fresh with powder" But the expert Miller, for the defense, pointed out that the cartridges in that gun were loaded with smokeless or semi-smokeless powder, and said: "My experience tells me **it would be impossible** to tell with any degree of accuracy when a cartridge was exploded, from either semi-smokeless or smokeless powder. I have found a revolver shot a few weeks previous would show a decided smell of powder. That gun right now has a decided powder smell."

Joe Hill was shot through the left lung, the bullet leaving his body under a shoulder blade. But the bullet holes in his coat, front and back, were four inches lower than the wounds. So the defense contended he was shot while his hands were in the air It called as a witness Dr. F. M. Beer, who had made observations of the effect of bullets on human beings. Examing Hill, he had noted that when he stood erect, with hands high above his head, the holes in the coat coresponded exactly with the wounds in his body.

Then Beer was asked: "Would you then say, Doctor, it was possible for the bullet to have struck him with his arms in any other position than directly above his head and himself in a perpendicular position?" But objection was raised, and the court would not let the witness answer, a ruling unfair to the accused Numerous experiments by friends of Hill while this article was in process, failed to show any other conceivable position in which the defendant's wounds and bullet holes in his coat could have been received, unless he stood on his head.

### Mooning Suspect Seen

Peter Rhengreen, for the defense, testified that a little after 11 20 on the murder night he saw two men about a mile directly west of the crime scene. Snow covered the ground, and there was a moon. The men separated; the taller one walked toward

(Continued on page 4)

## High Spots In Frame-Up

(Continued from page 1)

viction relied on its imagination to assume that such bullet holes could be inflicted on a man perhaps lying on a store counter?

7 That there was no good reason for supposing Morrison's assailant to have been wounded or Morrison's gun fired?

8. That since the bullet that wounded Hill passed completely through him and his clothes it would have been left in Morrison's store if Hill had been wounded there, yet no such bullet was found?

9. That there was nothing about Hill's wound to indicate it was received from the sort of bullet that would have been fired from Morrison's gun if it had been fired?

10. That while all agreed the only possible motive for the murder was revenge, the trial court would not permit the introduction of evidence to show Morrison steadily feared he would be killed, or pointing to those he feared, and the police made no effort to arrest those who had such a motive—and no evidence indicates that Hill had ever met Morrison?

11. That Hill could not say who wounded him, for unless this person was willing to give the facts, his or her denial would only prejudice Hill further; and whoever wounded Hill, if willing to tell the truth, would have come forth anyway?

12. That if Hill were a crook, it should not have been difficult for him to fake a story to account for his wound, and arrange evidence to corroborate it; and if he were a crook would not have gone to a doctor?

13. That William Buskey swore to Seattle police and newspaper reporters that on the night of the Morrison murder he was with Hill up to 15 minutes after the time of the murder, and Hill was not wounded; that they were looking for work at a smelter; that when a detective heard him say he thus knew Hill was innocent, he was held in jail for 41 days and then told to keep out of Utah; that though the Seattle authorities held Buskey to be returned to Utah at the request of the governor of Utah, the authorities took no action to secure his return?

14. That Hill was defended by attorneys so unsatisfactory to him that he discharged them and was undefended during part of his trial?

15 That there was a simple and obvious way to settle the issue whether Hill was properly tried, namely to commute his sentence to life and then try him for the murder of Morrison's son, also killed on the same occasion?

16. That the same Supreme Court Justices who tortured and misquoted the evidence, and supplemented it with their imagination to support the conviction of Hill, also constituted the Pardon Board that could have in this way assured a fair trial, even without setting aside this conviction?

17. That from nine days after Hill's arrest, the local press conducted a campaign to build prejudice against Hill on the grounds of his union activities, and that the local police had previously and steadily shown vicious hostility toward the IWW to which Hill belonged?

Yet such are the FACTS. Hill had no motive to kill Morrison. The authorities had a motive to frame and kill Hill. Who is guilty of murder?

### AFTER 18 YEARS FREE

Cecil Wright is leaving Alcatraz He went there 18 years ago charged with stealing $2 43 in postage stamps He was denied adequate legal counsel at his trial He has spent the 18 years fighting his case as his own counsel On his 10th try he made it Who says justice doesn't triumph—if you can live in Alcatraz long enough and know your law?

## Do You Want a Joe Hill Pamphlet?

*We have set this study of Joe Hill's trial two columns wide to permit reproduction in the more durable form of a pamphlet If we make a pamphlet of it, we will want to include other material, the story of what is known of Joe Hill's life, some of his best songs and poems, the story of his funeral, something of the figure he has become in literature.*

*But Joe Hill said "Don't mourn for me boys — organize!" Accordingly it is not proper to spend one nickel of IWW money on such a pamphlet — we want to spend it all on the job of organizing*

*So if you want such a pamphlet send in the money for it We will give you copies to the extent of your contribution, if we do not publish the pamphlet, we will refund your money How about it?*

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY

# Guilty of Having an Unexplained Wound!

(Continued from page 3)

[illegible] then either lay down or fell down, moaning This [illegible] Eighth South Street and Eighth West Street; the Mor[illegible] was at West Temple and Eighth South Streets As [illegible] came to where he lay, the man got up and followed [illegible] a block; then boarded a street car. Rhengreen had a [illegible] look at his face; he was certain the man was not Hill.

J R. Usher, conductor, testified that about 11:30 that night a tall man "acting suspiciously" got on his car on the wrong side, near where Rhengreen saw the two. At first Usher thought he was drunk, but though close to him, couldn't smell any liquor on him. Usher understood he was W. Z. Williams, ex-convict, whose picture was shown to him, and which resembled the man. "The defendant is not the man I saw that night," Usher declared.

Hardy Downing, newspaper reporter, interviewed Morrison after a September 1913 holdup. He was ready to testify that Morrison told him it was not for robbery, but an attempt to kill him But the prosecutor objected, and the court would not let Downing tell what Morrison said about the attackers, who they were, nor why he feared them. This testimony, vital to the accused, was denied him.

### Vital Witness Absent: Why?

One grimly ironic circumstance was cited in Hill's statement to the Pardon Board. He told of going with detectives to the pawnshop to verify the buying of his gun, and of learning that the clerk who sold it to him was in Chicago. A telegram to that clerk, he said, brought an answer: "Remember selling Luger gun at that time. What's the trouble?" . . . Why was this all-important witness not brought back by the defense to testify? Was it because of incompetent attorneys, or lack of funds? Certainly Hill would not have cited that incident if it were not true, if false, it could have been easily repudiated.

The defense closed its case without Hill testifying But the prosecutor referred to Joe's story that he was shot in a quarrel over a woman, and assailed him for keeping silent. Attorney McDougall told the jury he had pressured him to tell the details, but that he preferred silence, whatever the consequences.

The court's instructions to the jury included these: "You are bound to presume the defendant innocent until he is proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. . . . A defendant has a right to refrain from testifying in his own behalf, and you must not in any manner be influenced by the fact that he did not testify. . . . In order to convict the defendant upon circumstantial evidence it is necessary not only that all the circumstances concur to show that he committed the crime charged but that they are inconsistent with any other reasonable conclusion."

### High Court Inaccurate

Hill was found guilty, and the Utah Supreme Court, in 1915, upheld the verdict. Misstatements occur in its decision. Dealing with Hill's gun, that court stated that "from the appearance of the handle they (the two doctors) gave it as their opinion that the gun was a 38 caliber gun, and that the handle was similar to a Colt's automatic gun" shown them. But both the Salt Lake Tribune and Deseret News reported that Dr. McHugh could not say whether it resembled a Colt or a Luger most.

[illegible] th[illegible] testi[illegible] sente[illegible] [illegible] gave it as their opinion that the bullet causing (it) was shot from a 38 caliber gun." But in the defense brief Dr. McHugh is quoted as testifying regarding the caliber of the gun, as evidenced by the size of the wound, "(I) should judge to be of large caliber, larger than 32, and somewhere from 38 to 40, or 41."

The Supreme Court concurred with Judge Ritchie's instructions that Hill's refusal to testify could not in any way prejudice him nor be used against him, but immediately contradicted itself by asserting that his unexplained wound put him in much the same position as if "some stolen and identified article from the store had been found in his unexplained or unsatisfactorily explained possession." This, however, is a strained and gratuitous assumption, in the absence of any proof that Hill was in the store.

### Protests World-Wide

Following the Supreme Court decision, Hill was sentenced to be shot by a firing squad. News of this was quickly spread world-wide by the IWW and the Socialist Party, and letters, telegrams, and cablegrams poured in on Governor William Spry, until they totalled more than 10,000. Mass-meetings were held in various cities, many labor unions joining in the outcry. President Wilson and the Swedish government intervened. Wilson was no soft sentimentalist, and would not have taken such action without substantial reason.

Meanwhile the defense had appealed to the Pardon Board, submitting a long statement from Hill, who avowed his innocence. He asked only one thing—a new trial, with counsel that he could trust. The board could have commuted his sentence to life in prison, and then he could have been tried for the Arling Morrison killing, without any danger to society, and if then found guilty executed.

The Pardon Board held a hearing, and Virginia Snow Stephen, who stood by Hill to the end, was a witness. Having watched the case closely and studied the testimony, she told the board.

> "I think the records show no true identification, only circumstantial evidence, and that leaving much room for doubt, and also no motive. I think the proceedings show prejudice—the prosecutor often referred to Hillstrom as belonging to that class that would rather kill than work—and in other ways prejudiced the jury. In my opinion certain evidence was ruled out that would have materially aided the case of the accused."

### 16-Day Reprieve Given

Governor Spry granted a sixteen-day reprieve "to give the defense opportunity to prove reasonable doubt" of Hill's guilt. But Joe simply reiterated his plea for a new trial.

All three Supreme Court Justices who had upheld the verdict against Hill also were members of the Pardon Board. In a lengthy decision, written by Chief Justice Straup, the board conceded that "there is no direct evidence, testimony of eye witnesses, to identify the applicant as one of the perpetrators of the crime." But it scored him for his silence, even though no law required a defendant to prove his innocence. It turned thumbs down on his plea, and the execution was set for November 19. Protests were now intensified, the American Federation of Labor convention topping the list. Again President Wilson asked delay, but this time was ignored; both Spry and S[illegible]me Court Justice McCarty resented his "unwarranted inter[illegible]ce."

On the night of the 18th, William Busk[illegible] migratory worker, told IWW members in Seattle he was w[illegible] Joe Hill on the murder date, that Joe had no wound whe[illegible] they parted at 10 p.m., and that the two had sought worker earlier at the Murray smelter. Busky, not an IWW member, m[illegible] an affidavit about this at Seattle police headquarters and [illegible]as telegraphed to Governor Spry. The prison warden asserted [illegible]hat he asked Hill if he knew Busky, and that he said no. Qu[illegible]e possibly, on being awakened and asked about that name i[illegible] those last desperate hours, Joe suspected trickery.

### Innocent, Busky Avows

Spry let the execution proceed, and [illegible] the Seattle police to hold Busky, as the state wanted to p[illegible]ecute him But the Utah authorities made no further move ag[illegible]t the man.

In a newspaper interview Busky said [illegible]met Hill by chance while hunting work He declared that after the murders a Salt Lake City detective heard him tell some one he knew Joe was innocent; and that he was at once arrested [illegible]eld in jail 41 days, then was told to get out the state. Desp[illegible] his charge, which reflected on the Salt Lake police, he was [illegible]ot brought back to Utah. Why?

Why was Hill found guilty? Many factors combined toward his doom—his silence about the wound; the news stories about his supposed "crime record"; the leading questions asked of witnesses by both prosecutor and trial judge [illegible]ltering of testimony to make the description of one of the kille[illegible] more nearly fit the accused; the judge's failure to declare [illegible] mistrial when an acrimonious scene took place in the jur[illegible] presence; and the failure of the defense, because of incom[illegible]nt counsel or lack of funds, or both, to conduct vital invest[illegible]ation of prosecution witnesses and members of the jury panel.

The attempt of Hill, reared in Swede[illegible] [illegible]d unversed in the ways of American courts, to defend himsel[illegible] after his discharged counsel had been given the nominal ro[illegible] of "friends of the court," placed him at the mercy of a relentless prosecutor who knew all the tricks of getting convicti[illegible] on circumstantial evidence.

### Juror's Father Slain

On the jury which convicted Joe, according to the defense appeal brief, was a man whose father had met death "by the same means as that of Mr. Morrison." Yet though that fact had been shown, the court refused to sustain a challenge against him for cause. No matter how honest such a man might be, how could he be expected to judge fairly in a hold-[illegible] murder case? "His own experience," the defense argued, "wo[illegible] always rise up and persuade him to resolve every circumstance against the defendant."

The foreman and two others on the [illegible]ll jury were never subpoenaed for it, Joe informed the Pardon Board A jury had returned a guilty verdict in another case a[illegible] Judge Ritchie discharged them all. "Then for some reason he changed his mind and told three of them to come back and [illegible]o up in the jury box to be examined for my case."

"When the motion for a new trial [illegible] argued," Attorney Christensen said publicly, "Judge Ritch[illegible] [illegible]emarked that if it [illegible] for M[illegible] [illegible]e he dis-[illegible] [illegible]rneys ne[illegible] him. Therefore we take it he became pre[illegible]ced aga[illegible] him

A positive case against Hill was so l[illegible]ng, and the prosecution so dependent on his explaining his wound, that he had been offered his freedom if he would account [illegible]r it. His friends hold that if he had been a crook, or as associate [illegible]f criminals, it would not have been difficult to have faked "e[illegible]dence" of a quarrel over a woman, and to make related [illegible]ture and a wound possible.

### Hill Did Not Flee

Hill's friends point out, too, that he had a good deal of intelligence. If he had taken part in a m[illegible]der, they argue, and had used a red handkerchief as a mask [illegible]ould he not have got rid of such incriminating evidence, and [illegible] left it lying in plain sight in his room? Such handkerchiefs were common in that area Hundreds of thousands of them were, and still are, used by workers in Western states.

It should be noted that Hill remained in the Eselius home and did not seek safety in flight or by hi[illegible]g with other friends. And he did not hesitate to go for trea[illegible]ment to Dr. McHugh, who knew him. Dr. Bird was a stranger. [illegible] Joe permitted himself to be driven all the way to the Eselius [illegible]ouse. If he had been trying to hide he could have had Bird d[illegible]p him elsewhere in Murray, and walked the remaining distan[illegible] He was physically able to do that, for be presently undres[illegible]d and got into bed without aid.

Hill arrived at Dr. McHugh's off[illegible] [illegible]wo hours after the murders. His "undershirt and shirt (were [illegible]turated with blood." (Utah Supreme Court, 150 Pacific 938 [illegible]s coat was "soaked with blood, which was still spurting fro[illegible] his wound." (Deseret News, Jan. 14, 1914.) These details sugges[illegible] an injury much less than two hours old. If Hill had been wou[illegible]ed two hours earlier, much of the blood would have dried an[illegible] [illegible]oked on his clothing. Could a man in such a condition have [illegible]ed about the city for two hours and traveled two and a half [illegible]les without any one seeing him and making that fact public [illegible]and without his collapsing from loss of blood?

### Many Lawless Attacks

Residents of peaceful communities [illegible]y wonder why Joe carried a gun. Many men in the Far West carried guns in 1914 Mining, construction, and lumber camps were "tough territory." IWW organizers had frequently been beaten and maltreated by company gunmen, and countless workers robbed by hi-jackers. Among numerous places where the IW[illegible] had been lawlessly attacked were Salt Lake City, Spokane, [illegible]ash , San Diego and Wheatland, Calif.; Grabow, La., and Lawrence, Mass.

From 1910 on Joe Hill had become [illegible]dely known for his songs and often appeared at public IWW meetings to play the piano and lead audiences in singing [illegible] labor songs he had written. He had been seen and heard by many thousands in Pacific Coast cities, and was too well known to ply the avocation of a hi-jacker.

To further offset the idea, attribut[illegible] by Prof. Stegner to unnamed "close acquaintances," that H[illegible] was a revolutionary Robin Hood or that the IWW tolerated [illegible]evolutionary bandits" or "expropriators," attention is directed [illegible]he war-time prosecution of IWW leaders in 1917-18, when al[illegible] [illegible]he organization's records—its files and account books datin[illegible] back to 1915—were taken from its general office and local u[illegible]ons all over the country, Salt Lake City included. Department of Justice accountants, after long investigation, testified that they found no evidence of any German gold being received by the IWW nor of any financial support to it outside of regular union channels.

### Why Hasty Execution?

Why was there such haste to execute this condemned man? Why didn't the Pardon Board let him be tried for the other murder? Because, Joe Hill's friends declare, the state's case against him was weak. They believe that the execution was speeded up to prevent exposure of the conviction as a frame-up through new evidence which the defense,with competent counsel, would have uncovered had Hill lived. Some of those who altered their original stories at the trial might have recanted, but once Hill was dead no perjurer would confess the terrible crime of having lied away a man's life. History shows only a few who have confessed the lesser wrong of lying away a man's liberty.

Commenting on the Pardon Board decision, Attorney Hilton, who had pleaded for Hill before it, said all but one of its members had already prejudged the case. "I had not spoken five minutes before they were all after me in violent and frequently raucous disputation At one time three of them were talking at once. (Hillstrom's trial) was the most unjust, wicked, and farcial travesty on justice that has ever occurred in the West. To an impartial board of pardons I could easily demonstrate such a fact without argument. Only time would be required to read the record once over."

### Dark Frame-up Record

But since the Pardon Board comprised the three Supreme Court judges who had upheld the jury verdict, the Governor, irked by wide criticism of Utah official practices, and the State Attorney General, denial of Hill's appeal could readily be anticipated. Nowhere in labor history has any murder conviction ever been reversed by an appeals court The Haymarket, Wheatland, Mooney-Billings, Centralia, Sacco-Vanzetti, Harlan miners—all these cases were frame-ups, and in all the appeals were rejected

Experienced labor lawyers and defense representatives realize full well that they must win their cases before the jury, and for that reason jury investigation is supremely important In Joe Hill's case, apparently there was no jury investigation at all. Judge Hilton made the sad mistake of depending on the appeals court instead of participating in the trial

Speaking at a Salt Lake City funeral service for Hill, Representative Emil Lund of the Utah legislature called his execution "legal murder."

Much criticism has been directed at Hill for not revealing the name of the woman, in a quarrel over whom he declared be was shot. But obviously he could not do this without her consent and her willingness to come forward in support of his statements. If he had told her name and she denied being present when he was shot, denied knowing who shot him, and even denied knowing him, his hope of proving his innocence would have been shattered. He would have had to prove the time and place of the shooting, either through testimony by the woman, or through a confession by the man who shot him

### Mystery of the Woman

Many women involved in clandestine affairs will go to any length to avoid admitting such indiscretions, and consider their [illegible] [illegible]thing [illegible]even [illegible]an life. But [illegible] not mean to let Joe be executed, that she waited through the trial hoping for an acquittal, waited for a reversal on appeal, intending as a last resort to come forward and save his life, but that she was killed by accident, died suddenly, or was slain by a jealous husband or lover to prevent her from interceding for Hill. Such a man might have murdered her far from Salt Lake City and disposed of her body, or removed all identification marks from it.

Mr Stegner, in his article, concedes that the state of Utah "hardly proved Hill's guilt beyond a reasonable doubt," yet he asserts that old-timers who knew Joe "admit" that he was a stick-up man But he does not give their names, so there is no way of checking their credibility. On the other hand, long-time IWW members and non-members who were in the West in the days of that case, conscientiously canvassed, never heard any such stories about Joe Hill (except from the Utah prosecution forces) until the Stegner article appeared.

### No Motive, No Proof

No motive for Hill's killing Morrison was ever shown. There was no proof that their paths ever crossed in the past. That revenge was the motive of the killers was evident from their words: "We've got you now!" as they entered the store and began firing. Morrison had spoken of enemies whom be feared to his wife and Police Captain Hempel, and told Hardy Downing, newspaper reporter, that the September 1912 attack was not a robbery holdup but an attempt to kill him. The court would not let Downing tell what Morrison said. Neither of the enemies he named to his wife was Joe Hill.

Their was no proof that Hill was ever in the Morrison store, and no tangible proof that either killer was shot, no blood being found where the slayers trod in the store, nor in front of it. There was no real evidence that Arling Morrison fired his father's gun, for no bullet from it was found. Yet the bullet which pierced Hill's body went clear through his coat. If he had been shot in the store the police would have turned up that bullet in their minute search. There was authoritative testimony of a police custom of leaving one revolver chamber empty. As a safety measure, experienced revolver users generally let the firing pin rest in any empty chamber or on a discharged cartridge.

### Travesty on Justice

None of the five so-called "identification" witnesses identified Hill as one of the killers. Arlington Morrison, 13, who saw his father shot, did not identify Hill. Vera Hansen and Nellie Mahan, who told of seeing one of the slayers flee, did not identify Hill. Mrs. Phoebe Seeley and Margaret Davis, who saw two men near by before the shooting, did not identify Hill.

Joe Hill had the misfortune of being shot on the night of the Morrison murders. The bullet wound in his chest was the only "evidence" against him. Because of it the anti-union elements in Utah were given opportunity to rid themselves of a fiery IWW agitator.

No unbiased person can read the record of the Joe Hill trial without being convinced that it was the worst travesty on justice in American labor history. The shameful and disgraceful action of the Utah authorities in executing Hill has been equalled only by those who now seek, after thirty-three years, to defame his memory with unverified stories supposedly told by a few unnamed persons.

FRIENDS OF JOE HILL COMMITTEE.

## Joe Hill, Worker, Poet

Joe Hill was born in Sweden in 1882 He came to America when he was twenty He knocked around the country making San Pedro his regular stopping place He had a knack for making parodies on popular songs, putting a working class twist to them His parody on Casey Jones, written during the Harriman strike, sometime in the fall of 1911, made a hit and was the front page song in the 1912 edition of the IWW song book

When he had first joined in with the IWW is not definitely established He was active in the fight—on the docks of San Pedro where he was secretary of a longshore strike committee, on the picket line of workers building the Canadian Northern, in mines, and even fighting down in Mexico against tyrnny there

His frame-up in 1914 split America like the Mooney and Sacco Vanzetti case, into those who sought the blood of a victim and those who sought justice. His funeral in Chicago was so vast that it surprised everyone, press, police and even those who had arranged it, there has never been another funeral like it His songs live, his memory lives and his work goes on

## MTW Members Urged to Visit Overseas Branches

Members of Marine Transport Workers entering Stockholm will be cordially welcomed by the IWW stationary delegate there: David Sund, Majstangsvagen 3, Midsommerkransen, Stockholm, Sweden

Those entering the port of London are requested to hunt up the I.W.W. secretary there, H. Hutchinson, at 90 Cranbourne Rd , Barking, Essex, between 6 and 7 p m.

## COMING EVENTS

### Chicago

**Friday, Nov. 12:** People Forum, [illegible]

This forum held every Friday. Current events discussed 7.30 to 8:30; speech of evening starts promptly 8.30.

**Saturday, Nov. 13: IWW Dance** and social at 4219 Lincoln ave , benefit of Industrial Worker. A dinner will be served

### New York

**Friday, Nov. 19: Joe Hill Memorial Meeting** at Rand School, 7 E. 15th St., at 8 30. Speakers will be men who knew Joe Hill personally.

**Saturday, Dec. 11, General Defense Dance** for benefit of Class War Prisoner's Christmas Fund, at Finnish Hall, 15 E. 125th St., dance and entertainment.

### Seattle

**Saturday, Nov. 20, 8 p.m., Meet** Seattle Labor at the I W W Rally at Finnish Hall, 1239 Washington St Speaking, singing, refreshments No admission charge

### San Francisco

**Sunday, Nov. 21, Lecture by J.** A MacDonald on Nature of Socialism at California Hall, 825 Polk st , corner of Turk Time 8 00 p m A series of Sunday lectures of interest to workers is planned.

### Detroit

**Saturday, Nov. 27, IWW Entertainment** at International Center, 2431 East Grand blvd Food, fun, good company. Admission free.

### Cleveland

(Study Class in Theory and Practice—watch for announcement of starting date for next classes.)

**Friday, Nov. 19, IWW Dance at** Sachsenheim Hall, 1400 East 55th st. Proceeds for local organization; admission 75 cents. Good orchestra; bring your friends

### Los Angeles

**Labor Education Class** every Friday evening at 7:30 at 223 W 2nd st., Room 202. All workers invited to study principle and application of Industrial Unionism.

Vol. II, No. 1 JANUARY, 1920 Whole Number 11

# The One Big Union Monthly




WILL YOU LET THIS HAPPEN?

PRICE, 15 CENTS

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WHERE IS YOUR HEAD?

VOL. 2, No. 1 CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, 1920. WHOLE NUMBER 11

# THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

Published Monthly by the General Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World,
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JOHN SANDGREN, Editor

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Address subscriptions, business communications and remittances to **The One Big Union Monthly,** 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. Other communications should be addressed to The Editor.

## Important Notice

**To All Subscribers, Agents and readers of The One Big Union Monthly**

**Beginning with the February issue the price of THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY will be 25 cents per copy. To bundle order agents the price will be 15 cents per copy. Subscription price $2.50 per year, $1.25 for 6 months. Non-returnable as before.**

**This change has been made by the Gen'l Sec'y-Treas. and members of the G. E. B. after consultation with the Industrial Union secretaries who have hitherto been handling the One Big Union Monthly at a direct loss, also to cover the great loss sustained through raids and confiscations, as well as through sabotage by the postoffice.**

**This change takes effect on January 15, 1920.**

**At the same time the price of our weekly newspapers has been raised to the uniform rate of $2.00 per year.**

**The change should furthermore not be unexpected, as prices of all materials and labor are constantly rising.**

**Bundle order agents should not allow this raise in price to cause any reduction in their orders.**

**At the same time The One Big Union Monthly is going to add four pages to its contents. In the future we will use a two-colored cover, which will make the volume more striking and attractive in appearance, as well as more substantial to handle.**

**Address all orders and remittances to**

**THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY,**
**1001 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.**

## I. W. W. 1919

"A good soldier never looks behind him," is an old saying. However it might not be amiss to throw a glance backwards over the life of the I. W. W. in the year of 1919.

The year of 1919 has for the I. W. W. been a year of open class warfare from the beginning to the end. The life of the I. W. W. has been a continuous battle from its very inception for that matter. We have never been allowed to sit down and rest for the last 14 years, but in the year of 1919 are crowded more of startling and important events than during any previous year of its existence.

As the ability to give battle to an enemy is a sign of strong life, we are justified in concluding that the I. W. W. never was stronger than in this year.

"The I. W. W. is dead," "the I. W. W. is crushed," is the howl that our enemies have raised time and again. They are raising the same howl now, but with the knowledge we have of the foundations upon which the I. W. W. is built, we can assure our enemies, that at the end of next year we shall have a story of much fiercer struggle and of much stronger life to tell.

The concrete signs of the activities of the I. W. W. during the past year may be divided in **internal organization work, educational work, the economic struggles, the judicial defense work,** all of it carried on under the most severe persecution, official and unofficial.

### The Internal Organization Work

One sure sign of vigorous life is the necessity of holding conventions and the ability to hold them. The I. W. W. has held many conventions this year. There was **the general convention** that met on May 5 in Chicago, lasting for 11 days, and resulting in an immense lot of work being done. In

addition there was a **convention of Lumber Workers** in Tacoma March 2 and in St. Regis, Mont., in the fall; a **convention of Agricultural Workers in Sioux City,** April 21; a **convention of Metal and Machinery Workers** in Cleveland, April 15-16; a **convention of Construction Workers** in Chicago April 24; a **convention of Marine Transport Workers** in Philadelphia May 24-29; a **convention of Agricultural Workers in Sioux City,** Nov. 3, and several other conferences.

The I. W. W. emerges out of the battle of 1919 with 21 Industrial Unions, three new ones having been added during the year, namely No. 1200, 1300 and 1500.

**Its present structure is as follows:**

Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 8.

Bakery Workers' Industrial Union No. 46.

Metal and Machinery Workers' Industrial Union No. 300.

Shipbuilders' Industrial Union No. 325.

Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 400.

Fishermens' Industrial Union No. 448.

Oil Workers' Industrial Union No. 450.

Rubber Workers' Industrial Union No. 470.

Furniture Workers' Industrial Union No. 480.

Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 500.

Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 573.

Railroad Workers' Industrial Union No. 600.

Shoe Workers' Industrial Union No. 620.

Metal Mine Workers' Industrial Union No. 800.

Coal Miners' Industrial Union No. 900.

The Textile Workers' Industrial Union No. 1000.

Hotel, Restaurant and Domestic Workers' Industrial Union No. 1100.

Printing and Publishing Workers' Industrial Union No. 1200.

General Distribution Workers' Industrial Union No. 1300.

Foodstuff Workers' Industrial Union No. 1500.

Besides, there is the General Recruiting Union.

In round numbers 50,000 new membership cards have been issued, but, due to the severe persecution, the growth in membership has not been startlingly large. In this connection may be added that our organization spontaneously is spreading to other countries, making it necessary to maintain offices in foreign ports or leading to direct co-operation with workers in foreign countries.

Our international connections during the year have assumed very promising proportions. Our ideas and our program are being to a greater or less extent endorsed and adopted by the workers of Russia, England, Italy, Spain, Scandinavia, Mexico, South America, etc., not to speak of Canada and Australia, where the One Big Union movement has got considerable headway. The I. W. W. is at present better buttressed up internationally than ever before.

One of the most important tasks of the coming year will be to further develop international co-operation and organization.

The General Executive Board of the I. W. W. has adopted a recommendation for the joining of the "Third International." This has, however, never been acted upon by the convention, and as the third international is largely a political one, more or less sincerely endorsing industrial unionism, the probalities are that a purely industrial international will develop out of these international connections in the near future.

The I. W. W. is neither asleep nor dead. It is right now about to engulf the whole world. In fact, the world is just beginning to discover that its only salvation from economic destruction lies in the I. W. W. program, which calls for the turning over of production and distribution to the people, organized industrially. These are facts. Do not be deceived by false reports or obituary notices in the kept press.

### The Educational Work

The educational work of the I. W. W. during 1919 is to a large extent depicted on the last two pages of the One Big Union Monthly, in the advertisements of its publications. From these it appears that the I. W. W. publications now number 22 as against 7 at the beginning of the year. Not the least important of these additions is The One Big Union Monthly.

Considering the rough treatment usually accorded to I. W. W. editors, which treatment tends to keep all but "rough-necks" away from us, it is undeniable that the I. W. W. has done very well in this line during 1919.

The list of books and pamphlets is long enough, but it is not what we wish it to be. For lack of financial resources we are at present holding back the publication of "The I. W. W. Handbook," by Justus Ebert, a very important book, designed as an introduction to a series of handbooks for all industries under the comprehensive name of an "Industrial Encyclopedia." The

Agricultural Workers donated $500 for the latter work at their last convention, and as time goes on the General Office will be able to take it up.

The educational work of the I. W. W. is bearing fruit, as witness the endorsement of our principles by workers all over the world.

As for the results of this work inside the borders of the U. S. we have every reason to be gratified, considering the obstacles we meet. During the year the political socialist movement has gone to pieces, resulting in 3 factions, all of which embrace industrial unionism more or less devoutly, or rather adding it to their arsenal of weapons for capturing political power. As a result of our activities the One Big Union idea has been adopted by the advanced elements among the Negro workers of the country in the course of this year, and as for the A. F. of L., it is cracking all over as a result of the educational work carried on through our press and our books and through the spoken word of our orators, delegates and individual members.

Has there been progress during the year? We should smile! For corroboration of this statement we refer to the "patriotic" leagues and the "American Legion."

In this connection let us call attention to another feature of our educational propaganda. We have to acknowledge the great assistance given us by the kept press.



**The I. W. W. Hall in New York as it looked after a police. Piano, typewriters and furniture sma recent "raid" by a department of the New York shed. Damage estimated at $2,500.**

Through the most lurid misstatements about us they have called the attention of millions to our existence. It is from these deceived, and later undeceived, readers of the kept press that our ranks are recruited, and it is among them that the number of our friends and sympathizers is increasing by the millions.

### The Battles of 1919

During the past year the I. W. W. has conducted several strikes and taken part in several others.

The great **general strike in Seattle,** which began Jan. 21, was in the capitalist press

called an I. W. W. affair, and 31 of our members were later arrested for "criminal anarchy" in connection therewith. But the strike was essentially an A. F. of L. affair with I. W. W. co-operation.

Then there was **the great strike in Butte** and other Montana cities. This strike was conducted by the I. W. W.

Both of these strikes were of sufficient size and importance to deserve a permanent place in the records of labor's struggles together with the almost contemporaneous general strikes in Belfast and Winnipeg. All of them were "lost," if it may be said that a strike is ever lost. Strikes are really the Chautauqua courses of the workers.

Next **the Textile Workers** were engaged in a big strike for the 44-hour week. The strike was a long one and a bitter one. Through A. F. of L. treason the workers lost, but what they gained in knowledge was worth much more than any concessions would have been.

The **Furniture Workers** next went on strike, on April 1. They wanted the 8-hour day and increased pay, and staid out for over two months, but did not get it. Still they gained some concessions. The importance of this strike is, that it has aroused a group of workers that seemed almost lost to the cause of the workers.

The I. W. W. **Lumber Workers** won a strike in the Fortine District in the Northwest in short order. It was a strike for 8 hours and $5 a day. In the fall they have practiced the intermittent strike in the Northwest against an increase in charges, etc., with varying success.

The **miners** in Park City, in Coeur d'Alene, in Tonopah and a dozen other places have also been striking, sometimes with winning, sometimes "losing." But no matter what the outcome, the I. W. W. always is the winner, for the workers think and learn while they strike and rest. And when the worker begins to think he becomes an I. W. W.

The last strike of the year in which I. W. W. has taken part with any considerable numbers is the **strike of the Marine Transport Workers** of New York. The strike was "lost," but, as usually, the I. W. W. won, coming out with its membership trebled.

To us the strike is an educational asset, which acts as an auxiliary to our propaganda by word of mouth and writing, much as an excursion to the meadows is an auxiliary to the teacher of botany.

What with the other tremendous strikes of the year, the stockyards' strike, the railwaymen's strike, the steel strike and the coal strike and the printers' strike, this has been a prosperous year for those who rejoice in the awakening of the masses. All these workers have learnt much themselves that they did not understand before, and all other workers have learnt an immense lot by merely observing the strikes.

All hail those strikers, whether I. W. W. or not! They are breaking ground for a complete industrial organization.

**The Business Affairs of the I. W. W.**

The financial condition of the I. W. W. at the end of 1919 is far from good. The general office has about half a million dollars to its credit with the industrial unions, but not a cent in the treasury. On the contrary, the general office has a deficit of nearly $10,000. This deficit is partly due to the purchase of a new printing press for $5,000 and of a new linotype machine for about $4,000, as well as a large stock of printing paper; also to the printing of a large stock of literature. But this unfortunate state of affairs is mostly due to the slowness of the industrial unions in paying for supplies and stamps, the money having been used for the purposes of organization expenses instead of for payment of bills. Unless this matter is quickly attended to by the unions through immediate payment of all bills and a forced sale of the organization stamp of $1.00, there is apt to be a real obituary notice in the kept press one of these days, stating: "I. W. W. is dead. General office is bankrupt. Doors closed. Rats are leaving the sinking ship."

As a matter of fact we know that it is enough to call the membership's attention to this matter in order to have it remedied. For the future great care should be taken that the experience is not repeated. By crippling the general office members stop the educational work of the organization and bring organization to a standstill.

We are confident that the coming year will see these shortcomings corrected. They are partly due to the numerous raids and arrests which have a tendency to upset the work as well as the inexperience of the members. In the future we are better prepared for such experiences.

So much for the positive and constructive work carried on by the I. W. W. during the year of 1919.

We now come to another chapter of our activity, which does not properly belong to the domain of an organization which proposes to organize the workers into industrial unions, but which has been forced upon us, and at the present moment is assuming tremendous proportions, namely the persecution and all that is connected with it.

### The Persecution Against the I. W. W. and the Legal Defense Work

The persecution against the I. W. W. has reached enormous proportions during 1919, and is at an unprecedented height at the closing of the year.

This persecution can all be traced to a common source, i. e., the machinations of the capitalist class for a plutocratic dictatorship, but in its exterior manifestation it has a two-fold character: the "legal" persecution and the extra-legal persecution. We will take up the extra legal persecution first, the one that is not camouflaged with the insignia of law and order.

### The Extra Legal Prosecution

The extra legal persecution has been in the making for years past, but it is only during the last year that it has sprung into full bloom and dared to claim for itself a semblance of moral justification.

It is manifold in its nature, but the forces participating in it are

Wall street, general director and provocateur and secret government of U. S.

The kept press.

The "high tone" clubs.

The "patriotic" societies.

The American Legion.

"Citizens' " leagues.

Chambers of commerce and other profiteers.

Priests and ministers.

Politicians.

"Detective agencies," stools, finks and gunmen.

"The under world."

Labor fakirs.

Knights of Columbus.

Ignorant and deluded people generally.

It is a tremendous apparatus of iniquity, always operating under the cover of the stars and stripes. Its chief weapon is lies and misinformation about the I. W. W. This side of the campaign of persecution is attended to by the kept press, partly through warped news items, partly through venomous and "inspired" editorials, partly by flaring advertisements, which of late are to be found in all big capitalistic sheets. This feature alone must cost the promoters millions of dollars, but it is necessary in order to turn the masses of the people against us, and besides, there is more money where these millions come from, for more wealth is constantly created by the workers. Contemporaneously the promoters carry on an "educational" campaign through the patriotic societies, who approach the people with tens of millions of letters and pamphlets and support same with the hell-slush of blood thirsty orators or hired liars, sometimes with the additional aid of framed up films.

The moving picture theatres offer these campaigners a great possibility, that is taken advantage of to its full extent.

Ministers and politicians and thousands of other mental prostitutes repeat the slander and the lies and the provocatory rantings, each one to his little crowd, out of cowardice, greed or general cussedness.

Thus the people of the country are being incited against us by these "respectables," and the fruit of it is now ripening and is being harvested. By patient work along this line they have brought it to the point where the public is about ready to condone any outrage against us, even if it is the most dastardly infraction of the law and the constitution of the country. Taking advantage of this artificial public opinion, created by the secret government, these spurious patriots don the U. S. uniform and raid our halls, wreck our pianos and typewriting machines, destroy our records and burn our literature, and finally club or murder our members and turn them over to the waiting police to be arrested for "trying to overthrow the U. S. government". Thus is being gradually built up a dictatorship of the plutocracy and a reign of terror by its servants, designed to crush forever whatever democracy has hitherto existed in this country.

We have before us a list of the I. W. W. halls raided during the year of 1919 with particulars, but it would take up too much space to enumerate them. Be it enough to state that this extra-legal persecution is country-wide, and in some parts, as in the Northwest, it embraces every important city and town, and some that are not so important.

The Centralia affair, where 4 "American Legion" men were killed while in the process of raiding the I. W. W. hall, is a typical example. Here these "patriotic' raiders, inspired by Wall street and more particularly by the lumber trust, lynched one I. W. W. member, an ex-soldier from overseas, Wesley Everest, and completely destroyed the hall, and afterwards established a complete reign of terror which still continues in full force.

Through the expenditure of millions of dollars for sinister purposes there has been created an artificial and hysteric public opinion which gives absolution in advance to brutal and rowdy elements who are being manipulated by the hired tools of the secret government for the purpose of

extinguishing liberty and making all the people willing and submissive servants to the secret government. It has gone so far that people no longer dare speak their mind on any question for fear of being blackmailed, bullied, clubbed and persecuted by the crazy or malevolent ruffians, who, like the black hundreds of Russia, drape themselves in the flag of the country, in order to disguise their foul deeds against the workers.

It will take years for the American people to free themselves spiritually and socially from this extra-legal reign of terror and regain their balance of mind and freedom of thought, speech and action.

### The Legal Persecution

The legal persecution may be traced to all the three branches of the government, **the legislative, the judiciary** and **the executive,** which all three are under the iron heel of the secret government. As far as **the legislative branch** is concerned, it has busied itself in a great number of states with the framing of "Anti-syndicalist" laws which on the surface are directed against certain acts of violence or conspiracy against the U. S. government. These laws are framed with the secret understanding that they are to serve against the I. W. W., the courts and the police being depended upon to conspire to bring us within that law. At the present time the congress has under consideration, it is said, 52 federal bills, all aiming at our extermination. It is in order to get a semblance of justification for such laws that all the rioting is being staged, all the perjury suborned, and all the lies in the press manufactured against us.

The secret government is thus preparing to turn a dastardly trick on the American people, designed to throw them in the chains of brutal tyranny for generations.

The part of **the judiciary** in this legal persecution is to do the bidding of the secret government. The trials given our members are outrageous, scandalous and farcical, the judges in nearly every case being unreservedly partial to the prosecution, and, finally, imposing sentences which are plainly acts of oppression and not acts of justice.

**The executive** part of the persecution is openly in defiance of the law. Arrests, raids and seizures, are in most cases being done without a warrant, the raids generally being more like acts of warfare than peaceful acts of law and order. We call attention to the photo herewith of the raid of the I. W. W. hall in New York by a department of the police.

Another feature of this activity is the brutal treatment invariably accorded our members when they happen to come in the road of these executives of both the secret and the legal governments. Clubs and other weapons are used without provocation or cause, and thousands of our fellow workers have been seriously injured by these clubbings and large numbers have been taken to hospitals and have been seriously injured for life.

The latest instance is that of Fellow Workers Kohler, manager of our printing plant, and Cascaden, a newspaper man, who both were present at the recent trial in Kansas City, Kohler as a witness and Cascaden as our press correspondent. Both were foully dealt with. Kohler was taken by court officials to one side, right in the court house, and terribly beaten up. As for Cascaden, a city detective came up to his room and beat him up, breaking his leg, in the brutal assault. The latter assault is admitted by the police, but they falsely state in the papers that the detective "acted in self-defense." Lies are used to bolster up a deed over which they and the other tools of tyranny are openly gloating.

These two instances could be multiplied by the thousands.

As a result of the co-operation between the legal and extra-legal persecution there are now about 2,000 I. W. W. men in jail, of whom several hundreds already are sentenced to terms of up to 20 years. The rest are being held as long as possible without trial, and all our prisoners are in most cases being tormented in a fiendish manner.

One feature of this persecution is the **deportation** of hundreds of our members. But as deportation alone has little terror, the members are wantonly and illegally being held in jails for months and years before deportation, in order to inflict punishment outside the pale of the law. In fact, the secret government is not anxious to deport the workers in mass. They want to keep them here, if possible, and crush them into willing slaves.

### The Defense Work of the I. W. W.

Under these circumstances it is easy to understand that **the defense work** for the organization has assumed large proportions. The General Defense Committee was about to collapse under the burden of its tremendous task, when William D. Haywood was finally released on bail and put to work as secretary and later as treasurer of the General Defense Committee in Chicago. Special defense committees have been active in the Northwest and California. It has been the task of these committees to

secure legal aid wherever possible, but we must admit that many fellow workers have been victimized by our fiendish enemies for lack of proper legal defense. However, many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been raised for bail, and a number of the imprisoned fellow workers have thus regained liberty, pending the appeal of their case. Tens of thousands of dollars have been raised for defense purposes, partly through subscription lists, partly through collections at meetings and partly through the sale of stamps to members. We have been put to the utmost to secure funds, and at the present time the means on hand are entirely inadequate, while many of our resources are being exhausted. Help is beginning to come from the workers in foreign countries, systematic agitation and collection being now carried on in Sweden and Norway and perhaps in some other countries, showing that international solidarity is something more than an empty phrase.

Protests from labor organizations are also pouring in from England and Holland and other countries.

However, in order to keep the defense work from breaking down entirely, the buying of defense stamps by members will have to be made our special order of business for a long time to come, not forgetting the organization stamp for the upkeep of the organization in these trying times.

Unless the defense funds are kept up our fellow workers will have to resort to the dismal tactics of "silent defense" used by our 50 fellow workers in Sacramento with disastrous results.

Such is the terrible, almost incredible story of the I. W. W. in 1919. Never in the history of the labor movement have the efforts of the workers to organize been met with such sufferings.

Freedom is dead in the United States at present and raw-boned tyrants rule.

But it is easy to understand that a society that can maintain itself only through such moral degradation cannot have many days to live. Some day the sufferings of the people will have reached a limit over which they cannot go. Then comes the dissolution like a cataclysm. We foresee this day and in order to save ourselves, our class, mankind generally and whatever is worth saving of our "civilization," we are against tremendous odds going ahead with the work of organizing the workers industrially, so that we may be able to continue production and distribution and keep society going.

That responsibility now rests on the shoulders of the working class.

Watch the I. W. W. in 1920! Our principles are immortal, and no human agency can destroy them, whatever they may try to do to our organization and our members.

# California, Kansas, Washington

On December 5 the McHugo case in California ended with a verdict of guilty. The charge was criminal syndicalism.

On December 18 the verdict of guilty was rendered against 27 of our fellow workers on the so-called Wichita indictment, the sentences ranging from 3½ to 9 years. The charge was conspiracy to interfere with the conduct of the war.

In Washington events cluster round the Centralia affair. Just how many hundreds of fellow workers are in jail in the Northwest we have not been able to ascertain.

It is estimated that altogether over 2,000 I. W. W. men are in jail at present.

There is not much use repeating here the details already known through our weekly papers. The detailed story of the raids and the arrests and the trials would fill several numbers of the O. B. U. Monthly.

After you have read one or two of these stories you know the rest. It is every time a story of trampling under foot of the laws and the constitution, arrests without warrants, brutal clubbings, holding of men for "investigation," formulating of trumped up charges, packed juries and ferocious sentences.

Instead of chronicling the events we wish to call the members to such action as is suitable in every case.

Our efforts at securing legal defense for the imprisoned fellow workers should be multiplied, but still not be made the main thing. The main thing must always be the building up of an organization, for without that there would soon be neither organization nor defense.

Finance the defense by buying the $5.00 Centralia and raids stamp. Finance the organization by taking in new members, prompt payment of dues, buying of the organization stamp of $1.00, and by selling literature **and paying for it.**

Now that many of the halls of the country are closed by force, the activity will have to be thrown almost exclusively on the job and in such business offices as it may be necessary to maintain.

The hysteria of persecution will peter out some time, but our principles and our courage will not peter out.

# The Plumb Plan

Those who read this article should not neglect to read another article in this number entitled, "The Labor Movement in Great Britain," by George Hardy.

A reader of the One Big Union Monthly wrote us the other day asking us if the I. W. W. endorses the Plumb Plan, and why we don't say anything about it. This inquiry, together with Fellow Worker Hardy's article on the Labor Movement of England, give us occasion to take the Plumb Plan into consideration. Our information about the Plumb Plan is derived from a leaflet issued by the "Plumb Plan League" and from the discussion in the press. We cannot here undertake to give a complete statement of the details of the Plumb Plan. We will content ourselves with a few of the most important points. From the leaflet mentioned we quote the following questions and answers:

*"Why is it called the Plumb Plan?"*

"Because it was conceived by Glenn E. Plumb, General Counsel of the Railway Empolyes of America."

*"What is the Plumb Plan?"*

"It is a plan for public ownership and democracy in the control of the railroads."

*"How does it propose to buy the roads?"*

"By issuing Government Bonds with which to pay for the legitimate private interests in the railroad industry."

*"How does it propose to operate the roads?"*

"By a board of fifteen directors, five named by the president, to represent the public, five elected by the operating officials, and five elected by the classified employes."

*"What becomes of the surplus?"*

"After operating expenses are paid and fixed charges are met, including the interest on outstanding Government securities, the surplus is divided equally between the Government and the men. The employes' portion is to be divided between the managerial and the classified employes, the former receiving double the rate received by the latter class"

*"What does the Government do with its share of the surplus?"*

"It invests it in improvements and extensions, thus adding to the value of the railroads without adding to the fixed charges. It retires the outstanding bonds, thus reducing the fixed charges. Ultimately the public will have its railroad service at cost."

*"Who determines the rate of wages?"*

"The Board of Directors."

These are the principal points of the Plumb plan. Summing it up we find that it means that the people should buy the railroads from the present owners, without paying for the watered stock. It further means government ownership and government control, modified by the prescription that ten of the board of directors of fifteen shall be elected by those engaged in railroad operation, five to be elected by the officials and five by the common workers. As a bait or inducement it provides that the workers should divide the surplus with the government and that the bonds be retired by the use of the government share of the surplus.. The reader will please compare this plan with the almost contemporaneous Nationalization plans for railroads and mines, in England, as related in the article mentioned by Fellow Worker George Hardy.

Now, in order to bluntly answer our inquirer, we will re-state his question, **"Does the I. W. W. endorse the Plumb Plan?"** Our answer is, **Most assuredly not.** Is the I. W. W. fighting the Plumb Plan? No. We have for years had our own plans for the taking over and the operation not only of the railroads but of every other industry in the country and in the whole world and we are going ahead with the work for the realization of these plans as if the Plumb plan had never been born. Our plan calls for the organizing of all railroad workers into an industrial union of railroad workers, consisting of local branches. By means of this organization we propose to establish the most far-reaching democracy and the most complete unity in the operation of the railroads. We furthermore propose at the same time that the workers of all other industries should organize in a similar manner to take over and operate their respective industries. The various industrial unions would, in conjunction with the railroad workers industrial union, solve the question of distribution. This is what we mean by industrial democracy, and the principal feature of it is that it entirely does away with wage slavery, making the workers their own masters collectively. As will be seen, our plan makes no provision for, or mentioning of buying the railroads or paying for them. In fact, we consider that part of the Plumb plan which calls for the buying of the railroads by the people a most outrageous proposition. The railroads have been built by the workers and are being operated by workers, but have been stolen from the people by unscrupulous politicians and profiteers. It is a matter of recorded history that the land grants for the trans-continental roads were largely obtained by swindling the government, and the owners of the railroads have ever since the invention of the locomotive been extorting billions of dollars from the American people in the guise of rent, interest and profit on the capitalization of this stolen wealth. To ask that we pay the full

social value to the robbers, in order to get it back, would lead to the most paradoxical consequences.

In this connection let us mention that the new Labor party has endorsed the Plumb plan without reservation. This party platform furthermore calls for the nationalization, not only of the railroads, but of the mines, forests, water-power, telegraphs, telephones, stockyards, grain elevators, natural gas and oil wells, cold storage and terminal warehouses. elevators, packing plants, flour mills and of all basic industries which require large scale production and are in reality on a non-competitive basis, these to be democratically managed.

We are justified in supposing that the reformers back of the Labor party would try to nationalize all these industries, that is, the bulk of the resources of the nation, according to the Plumb plan. That is, we suppose that the Labor party would propose to buy these industries by the issuing of government bonds. Let us consider for a moment what the result would be.

Carried out to its utmost consequences it would mean that the people would be the actual owners of all means of production, thereby precluding for all time the investment of capital in industrial enterprises. In a certain number of years, the capitalist class would be the holder of tremendous capital, the full cost price of all the industries of the nation sold to the government with no possibility of investing it. This means that their capital would be actually worthless. Does Mr. Plumb and the Labor party propose to swindle the capitalist class out of the means of production and distribution, paying them with worthless gold bricks? Of course, we have no objection to treating the capitalist class in this manner. "Go as far as you like." We consider no deal too rough for the capitalist class. But we dare not suspect Mr. Plumb, or the Plumb league, or Labor party promotors of the criminal ingenuity required to concoct a confidence scheme of such stupendous magnitude; at least, not without the secret motive leaking out. We are firmly convinced that it is nothing but a blunder in political economy, comparable to the blunder of the apple woman who was selling 3-cent apples at 2 cents, hoping to recoup her losses by doing business on a big scale at this rate. We class the Plumb plan and all other similar nationalization plans as one of the many quack nostrums which have been concocted since time immemorial by social horse doctors and witches who would evade the main question, namely, justice to the workers who have produced all wealth.

But, at the same time, the Plumb plan of buying back the industries would mean an insufferable burden to the present generation.

As far as the I. W. W. is concerned, we do not propose to come into the possession of the industries by any trick of social confidence men. We state openly and plainly that the capitalist class have stolen all their wealth from the people who produced it, that they are not entitled to the possession of it, that they should be dispossessed by the people without remuneration at the earliest possible moment; and, furthermore, we advise the people to organize industrially for this specific purpose and for the purpose of running the industries. So much for the acquiring of the railroads proposed by the Plumb plan.

As far as control and operation is concerned the Plumb plan claims that it has devised a system of democracy. We maintain that it has not. The control of the railroads would remain in the hands of people that would be controlled by the capitalist class. Even the representatives of the employes on the directorate would probably not differ from the regular type of craft union leaders now elected by the workers, and we refuse to acknowledge that those leaders are an expression of democratic control by the workers.

Democratic control must begin from the bottom among the working people themselves. Every railroad shop and every railroad line and every terminal should be directly controlled by the workers there engaged. And so on, up to the top of general affairs, leaving very few functions for a directorate. Only in this manner can the liberty of the people be safe-guarded and wage slavery abolished.

If you will study the article about the English labor movement, above referred to, you will find that this is no dictatorial ukase from the One Big Union office, but that it expresses the will and sentiments among the railroad workers and miners even in England, where these ideas have developed quite independently of the I. W. W. influence.

This does not mean that we are going to go out of our road to fight the Plumb plan league or the Labor party program for nationalization. As long as we have to swallow the capitalist pill we don't care how it is sugar-coated. We would like to be able to impress our readers with the fact that the solution of the social problem propounded by the I. W. W. is world wide in its scope and, so to speak, eternal in its outlook. Through our plan we do not propose mere-

ly to help the capitalist class solve a very delicate railroad question, which is about to bring a capitalist crisis, but to place the whole human household for all time to come on such a basis that a repetition of capitalism with all its horrors will forever be an impossibility. The thoughtless reader may smile at what he may consider the stupendous conceit of a bunch of ragged hoboes, but let us remind him that while the Plumb plan can claim six million supporters over night almost—supporters who have never delved deeply into the social problem—the I. W. W. plan has tens of millions of supporters throughout the whole world and is a dynamic force which is sweeping everything before it in spite of all the combined opposition of the forces of evil and ignorance. Great things move slowly. The elephant turns round ponderously, while the mosquito zigzags at a terrific speed and covers a large distance.

Our plan is to the Plumb plan as the elephant is to the mosquito. The Plumb plan may be adopted. The people of the different countries may resort to the folly of government ownership and buying out the capitalist class, but this will not solve the social problem. It will only aggravate its difficulties. Sooner or later mankind will, however, reluctantly have to turn to the solution worked out by the I. W. W. The human mind can conceive of no other permanent solution. Plumb plan or no Plumb plan, Labor party or no Labor party, the work of the I. W. W. for the building of industrial democracy goes on as if nothing had happened.

# The Steel Strike and The Coal Strike

The whole country is now familiar with the breakdown of the steel strike and the coal strike. To repeat the details in this magazine would be unnecessary.

Were the strikes lost?

Yes, they were lost to the American Federation of Labor, but to the working class at large they were not lost. The workers in both industries may go back to work under the most unbearable conditions, but they are now a different lot of men from what they were. They have learned that the capitalist class is as perfidious as it is relentless. There may not be any recognition of the steel workers unions, but there will be recognition of the class struggle, and this is the foundation of the work of the future. The miners may not have gained their 60 per cent increase and the 30-hour week, but they have demonstrated to their own and everybody else's satisfaction that there is no community of interest between mine owners and mine workers.

Both strikes have furthermore demonstrated the absurdness of the structure and methods of the A. F. of L. as well as the treachery of their leadership, particularly in the coal strike.

The only ones to benefit directly from these two strikes were the railwaymen, who gained the basic 8-hour day on the strength of the fear of the capitalist class of their going on strike with the rest. In true A. F. of L. style they grabbed the advantage and left the steel workers and the coal workers in the lurch.

The A. F. of L. may be strong in collecting per capita for the general organization, but when it comes to action on a large scale, as in this case, the different parts of this agglomeration stand as foreign to one another as if separated by oceans.

We suspect that the "One Big Union" is beginning to look good to the miners as they cursingly dig their picks into the coal, and also to the steel workers as they take in another hole in their belt. The same thing applies to the Packing House Workers, who recently got an "award" that stings them like an insult.

## BACKNUMBERS

**We are still in urgent need of backnumbers of The One Big Union Monthly for March, April and May. Anyone sending in copies of these will confer a great favor on us. We shall be glad to pay for them if desired.**

**Mail copies to**

**ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY,**
**1001 West Madison st., Chicago, Ill.**

## A NEW BOOK

"Evolution of American Agriculture," by Abner E. Woodruff, is now out and for sale. Price 35 cents per copy. $20.00 for 100 copies. The book has a foreword by William D. Haywood and is richly illustrated by Dust. It is what they call a "humdinger." Published by Agricultural Workers' I. U. No. 400, I. W. W. Every agricultural worker in the country should read it and every other worker as well. We believe it will be the biggest seller the I. W. W. ever had. Send all orders and remittances to MAT K. FOX, Sec'y-Treas. No. 400, 1001 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

# The Secret Government

From a circular being sent out by ex-United States Senator R. F. Pettigrew of South Dakota, we learn a few interesting facts which corroborate what we have previously said about the existence of a secret government with its capital in Wall street.

Senator Pettigrew quotes from the report of Chairman William J. Graham of the Select Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington on expenditures in the War department, as follows:

"I have been asked by the committee to prepare such portions of the minutes of the Council of National Defense as seem to be pertinent to the subject matter we are inquiring about. The matter being investigated by the committee at present is the general method that was pursued in the purchase of supplies for the War department during the war.

"An examination of these minutes discloses the fact that a commission of seven men chosen by the President, seems to have devised the entire system of purchasing war supplies, planned a press censorship, designed a system of food control, and selected Herbert Hoover as its director, determined on a daylight saving scheme, and—in a word—designed practically every war measure which the congress subsequently enacted—and did all this behind closed doors, weeks and even months before the Congress of the United States declared war against Germany."

For months before the United States declared war, Wilson was planning war with a secret committee of New York representatives of Big Business that he, Wilson, had appointed for that purpose.

This report proves conclusively that the war had been decided upon in advance by the secret government in Wall street before that government placed the matter before their tools in congress who are supposed to be elected by the people.

It is this secret declaration of war by the secret government that explains how E. P. C. Harding, president of the Bank board of the United States, could, on March 22, 1917 weeks before war was declared, have had the following statement published:

"As banker and creditor, the United States would have a place at the peace conference table, and be in a much better position **to resist any proposed repudiation of debts,** for it might as well be remembered that **we will be forced to take up the cudgels for any of our citizens owning bonds that might be repudiated."**

This corroborates our statement that the United States did not go to war to make the world "safe for democracy," but in order to help collect the bad accounts of the Wall street financiers who had staked many billions on the allied powers, then about to be overpowered by Germany.

In the light of the foregoing it is nothing but natural that peace also should be concluded by the secret government and not by the subsidiary "government" in Washington. That such actually was the case we may conclude from the fact that a copy of the peace treaty was in the hands of the head of the secret government in Wall street, J. P. Morgan & Co., long before the United States senate had a copy of it—a disclosure which created quite a "scandal" at the time.

The real government of this country sits in Wall street. The one in Washington, the one elected by the people is, to a large extent, only a dummy, largely composed of corporation lawyers, which carries out the mandates of the secret government. That the dummy sometimes is balky is more to be considered as play to the gallery, to make the people believe that they are participating in the government.

We are often accused of wishing to "overthrow the United States government by force." We do not wish anything of the kind. Knowing the real status of affairs, why should we waste our time fighting a dummy or reflex government?

The only government we wish to overthrow is the real one, that is, the secret government in Wall street, and that government we do not propose to overthrow by force, but through industrial organization. We propose to put an end to this industrial autocracy and establish industrial democracy. The dummy government will then adjust itself to circumstances and reflect the industrial democracy.

In due time the people will probably find that an industrial administration, based on universal industrial suffrage, better serves the people than a purely political government, and as soon as the majority of the people have come to that conclusion they will probably make a change.

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**I SEE UTOPIA**

**Far away I see Utopia,**
**But clouds obstruct the view,**
**And a river of blood flows between.**
**From the clouds**
**Machine guns thunder out**
**Death! Death!**
**But far, far away, I see Utopia.**

**—C. O. G.**

# All Together at Once!
# Get the Five Dollar Stamp!

**The General Defense Committee having exhausted all other possbilities for the present of raising funds for the Defense, has recommended the issuing of a**

## *Five Dollar Stamp*

**It is now for sale.**

**If every member buys this stamp AT ONCE, the question of Defense funds is solved for some time. This Stamp gives the members a fine chance to give a big pull in the same direction at once. It strikes everybody nearly alike. Something has got to move when we all get a hold at the same time.**

**The question of making it a day's wage stamp was discussed, but this method of a $5 stamp simplifies things and was preferred. Should the $5 hurt any member, he may feel justified in retrenching on something else until he has caught up. Should any member feel that it does not hurt him enough, he can put the balance in the hat when the hat is passed around.**

**The main thing is that we get a big sum at once so that we can take care of the Defense. The General Defense Committee is swamped with telegrams and letters from imprisoned members all over the country asking us to do something. It seems hard to have to answer "No funds."**

**With a couple of thousand members in jail all over the country, and several appeals pending, we will need a couple of hundred thousand dollars quick. Voluntary contributions and collections do not suffice any longer, BUT THE FIVE DOLLAR STAMP WILL DO IT!**

**Delegates and secretaries should take notice and lay in a big supply at once. Every member should make a rush for this stamp. If you are not near any delegate or secretary, send in your "V" to William D. Haywood, 1001 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., and he will send you the Stamp. Non-members may send in their five dollars to William D. Haywood, 1001 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., and they will get a receipt instead of a Stamp.**

**Let no one be a slacker this time! Two thousand members in jail are calling you! They are there for our common cause. The man that dodges his duty will have to take the responsibility if our members are railroaded to the gallows or the penitentiaries.**

**GET THAT FIVE DOLLAR STAMP IMMEDIATELY, EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO BEG OR BORROW THE MONEY!**

**Let no meeting pass without pushing the sale of it. This is no time for quibbling. If a member is absolutely broke and cannot get the five dollars, let him keep his peace until he can get it. Let no one pour cold water over this heroic effort to assist those that have fought for us and the One Big Union.**

**GET THAT FIVE DOLLAR STAMP IN YOUR BOOK! THERE IS NO OTHER WAY!**

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### OUR RULERS

When Frank Munsey gave a dinner to Lord Northcliffe after the latter had bought the London "Times," he had as his guests all the biggest financiers except Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, E. H. Harriman, Westinghouse, Widener, H. H. Rogers, and a glorious collection of others.

A newspaper man present said to Northcliffe: "The interesting thing about this dinner is that the President of the United States isn't here; there is no governor of any state, no member of congress, no judge, but the government of the United States is sitting with you at this table."—(Arthur Brisbane in N. Y. American.)

General Wood, presidential candidate, tells the following story: "A parson in West Virginia was asked what he would do with the 'reds.' His answer was: 'I would ship them, and I would send them home in ships of stone, with sails of lead, with the wrath of God Almighty for a breeze, and hell for the first port.'" Some religion to these people!

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Ole Hanson, the crazy clown who resigned as mayor of Seattle, is preaching revolution. He wants to summarily drive the present government out of office for its sympathy with the "reds." Some rascal put the presidential bee in his bonnet and he can't get rid of it.

# EASTERN AGRICULTURE

## The Farm and the Corporation

By JUSTUS EBERT

(Note—Agriculture is one thing on the prairie, another thing in the marshy lands of Louisiana, and still another thing in the orchard country of California or the Northwest. That agriculture should assume strange and hitherto unknown features around the great industrial centers of the East was to be expected. The writer here vividly portrays these novel features, illustrating them with statistical data. Always ready to adjust itself to conditions, the I. W. W. here finds a new, virgin field of activity.—Editor.)

### CHAPTER I

There used to be a time when the farm was the center of manufacture in this country. Within the farm house, or in little outbuildings erected especially for the purpose, the farmer and his family pursued a variety of interrelated occupations in connection with the cultivation of the soil. Flax and hemp, wool and cotton were spun into yarn, woven into cloth and made into garments for home wear or barter. Everything, from beds and pillows to farm implements and food preserves, was made and put up on the farm from its raw products.

Today there is a marked change—a revolution—noticeable. Textile corporations spin and weave and make garments for sale for profits. And in the matter of those products still held to be typically agricultural, the farm is often an appendage to some packing, canning, preserving, or milk company. Such a company may cultivate its own lands, or else command the products of the farm communities in which its plants and operations are located. These companies are corporationizing and industrializing many functions that were once held to be a part of farm manufacture and inseparable from the cultivation of the soil. They are dominating agriculture, dictating its prices and trend. They are, also, creating a working class in farm communities, are revolutionizing agriculture in fact, in conjunction with the bankers and the controllers of the system of transportation.

The revolution in agriculture is due to the invention of machinery and the steam railroad, combined with the growth of large cities, which have made agricultural-industrial corporations both possible and necessary. This is a significant condition, as agriculture is believed to be impervious to tendencies making for large production and a working class by means of corporations.

New York ranks high as an agricultural state. Unlike the great Western states, with their far-reaching prairies and extensive cereal farming, New York, with its rolling country and varied soil, is more diversified and intensive in agricultural development. Yet, notwithstanding these presumably favorable conditions, New York is acquainted with such widely different phenomena as the abandoned farm and great canning, preserving and dairying corporations. There may be no direct relation between the two, but the fact that they exist, often side by side, is worth notice.

Certain it is that many farmers have made attempts, for instance, to become independent of the big mill companies, whose bottling plants, creameries, condenseries, etc., determine prices in counties throughout the state, and whose corporate activities extend beyond the state into other states.

We recall, in this connection, the Six States Milk Producers' Association, formed in Orange county about 12 years ago. It died shortly after birth, while the "milk monopoly" which it was created to fight lived on and is now larger than ever before, having extended its operations to even more states and even operating its own farms, in addition to all its other phases of activity. Farm operation by corporations is the result of inefficient small farming, due to low prices. The large corporations, having squeezed the small farmer to the wall, is compelled to step in and become for itself the source of supply that the small farmer formerly was. Taken together, with all the other facts mentioned above, corporation farming indicates that farming in New York state is not the independent, self-reliant, self-sustaining pursuit that farming in general is said to be. New York state farming is very much hedged in, encroached upon, and regulated by corporations and corporate activities.

In 1913, the state of New York issued "The Industrial Directory of New York." This industrial directory has since been discontinued. It contains a factory register. One thing that strikes the student of this register is the large number of corporations and firms operating factories in more than one farming community. In New York state, the chain factory system is decidedly conspicuous in the industry where one is taught to expect it least, to wit, in the agricultural industry. This chain factory system spreads across many counties and embraces many branches of the industry.

In the most conspicuous instance, it even crosses into many other states. The Borden Condensed Milk Co., for instance, operates 51 factories, employing 1,638 persons, in 17 counties. A corporation that can operate 51 factories with an average of 32 employees each is not a small proposition even in cities. What then must it be in country places? In a variety of specialized products too! This, in itself, would be impressive enough, but the Borden Co. operates also in many other states. According to "Moody's Manuel," this $30,000,000 corporation operated upwards of 130 factories in the states of Connecticut, Illinois, Maine, Michigan, New Jersey, New York,

Pennsylvania, Washington, Wisconsin and Vermont—or in 10 states, all told. This was in 1913. Since then, the Borden Co., in combination with other companies, has expanded still more.

The Borden Condensed Milk Co. was organized in 1899 to succeed the New York Condensed Milk Co. It has been in the "succeeding," that is, absorbing, business ever since. In 1902, it acquired the plants of the Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., for instance. It originally engaged in the manufacture of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. But a recent booklet issued by it, gives a list of its present products as follows: Unsweetened Condensed Milk, Route Cream, Extra Heavy Cream, Certified Milk, Selected Milk, Pasteurized, Grade A.; Grade B Milk; Buttermilk, Ice Cream, Baccilac (Metchnikoff Scientifically Soured Milk) and Fern Brand Butter. This same booklet pictures the Borden pastures, cow barns, milk cooling houses, and bottling plants, with their big buildings, automatic machinery, various departments, and specialties; the interior of a milk railroad car, and the immense trucks and route wagons used in the distribution of the company's milk and dairy products. In brief, what this booklet depicts is not the old farm supplying only its own needs, but a big agricultural undertaking, that has grown and expanded, until now it controls its own sources of raw supplies, manufacturing plants, transportation facilities and distributive outlets, just as in the oil, steel, iron and other industries, we have similar corporations, with similar histories and functions.

The present indications are that the Borden Co. will broaden its scope still more. It has recently organized a $17,000,000 "Farm Products Co.," which will attend to the development of dairy-farming in all its phases, for the parent company. It looks as if the Borden Co. is taking a leaf from the book of the Armour Co., and is therefore intent on including all the products of the farm in its rapidly expanding growth.

There are other corporations with a chain of factories in New York state that are engaged in the manufacture and sale of dairy products. According to The Industrial Directory of New York for 1913, there are approximately 115 factories, with 3,500 employees devoted to the manufacture of butter, cheese, condensed milk, the pasteurization and bottling of milk, milk sugar, ice cream, casein, dairy products and dairy products preparations. Four companies control 65 of these 115 factories and exploit 2,500 out of the 3,500 wage slaves employed therein.

Many dairy companies exist that own neither farms nor bottling plants, but simply distribute the products of others. The wonder is, that in a city like New York, for instance, all of the dairy companies should be so few. It is doubtful if more than 50,000 persons, all told, supply New York's 5,000,000 mouths with dairy products. To such perfection has machinery and concentration attained in the manufacture, transportation and distribution of dairy products in New York state. Consider the number that the old methods would have required, and then score another one for the modern agricultural co-operation!

If we turn to canning, preserving, grape juice, and other agricultural-industrial fields in the Empire State, we shall witness therein the same inter-city, inter-county, inter-state and interwoven chain of factories and corporations as in dairy farming and dairy products. This we shall do in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

The central-northern end of New York state is its great agricultural-industrial section. Along the Central railroad, from Utica to Niagara Falls, with Rochester as the main center, will be found its packing, canning and preserving industries. Within this territory many corporations operate, most with only a local plant, many with only two plants and quite a few with a chain of plants extending beyond their own home towns and counties; and some with even their own farms. In this article, consideration will be given to those that overflow their own original boundaries and cultivate their own soil. Let us start, in true biblical fashion, with the last first.

For instance, there is "The Fort Stanwix Canning Co." According to "Moody's Manual," this is a New York corporation, organized in 1888 and reorganized in 1912, with a capital stock of $750,000 and assets of $1,058,754. *Also owns entire stock of Fort Stanwix Farms Co.* Makes a specialty of packing fruits and vegeables. Owns and operate plants located at Rome, Fulton, Farnham and Irving, N. Y., Glassboro, N. J., and Hampden, Me.; or in three states.

"The Industrial Directory of New York for 1913" gives the factories of the Fort Stanwix Canning Co., together with the number of employees, as follows, Erie county, Irving, canned fruits and vegetables, 17; Farnham, ditto, 130; Oneida county, Rome, canned goods, 74; Waterville, canned vegetables, 38; Oswego county, Fulton, canned goods, 87. Three counties, 5 towns, 5 plants and 346 employees are thus represented in the New York state factory operation of the Fort Stanwix Canning Co.

Next to claim attention is the Burt Olney Canning Co. Also a New York corporation, organized in 1902; capital $800,000. Owns and operates 700 acres of improved farm lands located, according to "Moody's Manual," contigious to the city of Oneida. Ketchup, peanut butter, porks and beans, and canned fruits and vegetables constitute its output.

The Industrial Directory of New York for 1913 gives the following facts concerning the Burt Olney Canning Co.: Madison county, Oneida, canned goods, 190 employees; Orleans county, Albion, canned goods, 221 employees. Two counties, towns and plants, with 441 employees, are embraced in this company's factory operations.

"The Investors' Information Service" in The New York American of Nov. 24, 1919, shows that the Fort Stanwix Canning Co. and the Burt Olney Canning Co., united in Sept. 1918, with Winters and Prophet Canning Co., Cobb Preserving Co. and the W. H. Osborne Co., to form the New York Canneries Co., with a capital of $3,250,000. The American says of the new consolidation: "It packs and distributes a complete line of canned vegetables, also condensed milk has been added to the company's list of products. It has twenty plants, seventeen of which are in New York, one in Maine, one in Maryland and one in New Jersey."

From all of which it appears that concentration in agricultural-industrial corporations is not confined to those handling dairy products only.

Out of Rochester, two big companies radiate, that are worthy of notice. The Curtice Bros. Company's main plant in Rochester, Monroe county, employs 618 persons. At Springville, in Erie county, 52 more are added to the company's force of profit makers. At Bergen, Genessee county, 57 meet the same hard fate. At Vernon, Oneida county, 40 more wage slaves complete the list. Four counties, cities, towns and plants, with 767 employes make up the total of Curtice Bros. Co's factory operations in the Empire state, according to the Industrial Directory of 1913.

The American Fruit Products Co., a $1,125,000 corporation, has three factories in Rochester, devoted to canning, vinegar making, and apple evaporating respectively, with 312 and 24 and 46 wages slaves respectively, or a total of 400 in round numbers. Other factories are located at Hamlin, Monroe county, evaporated apples, 32 employees; Pittsford, evaporated apples, 21; Gasport, Niagara county, evaporated apples, 24; Lyndonville, Orleans county, evaporated apples, 29; Waterport, evaporated apples, 35. A total of 3 counties, 7 cities and towns, 9 factories and 550 employees.

Two more corporations are also worthy of notice. First, the Fredonia Preserving Company, with plants and employees for the canning of fruits and vegetables as follows: Chautauqua county, Forestville, 92; Silver Creek, 134; Niagara county, Modeltown, 98; Newfane, 15; Wilson, 55. Total, two counties, five towns and plants, and 394 employees. The second is the most diversified company of all, namely, the Merrill-Soule Co. It operates, in Albany county, at Little Valley, a powdered milk and butter company, with 25 employees. In Madison county, at Chittemango, it has a vegetable canning factory, operated by 29 wage slaves. In Onondago county, at Fayetteville, the same sort of plant is run by 17 more people. In Syracuse, same county, the company shows its versatility further, by making mince meat, by means of the labor of 141 wage slaves. In Wyoming county, at Arcade, milk products are turned out by 55 exploited workers. In Chautauqua county, dairy products consume the labors of 29 more creators of wealth. Summed up, the Merril-Soule Co., manufactures 6 different kinds of products in 5 counties, 6 towns and cities and 6 plants, with 296 employees. Some diversity and territory, not to mention the wage slaves.

The Industrial Directory of New York for 1913 tabulates approximately 100 fruit and vegetable canning factories with 5,558 employees. Six corporations, namely, the Fort Stanwix, Burt Olney, Curtice Bros., American Fruit Products, Fredonia, and Merrill-Soule employ 2,900 persons, or more than one-half of all fruit and vegetable canning workers.

The Industrial Directory for 1913 also tabulates 222 evaporated apple, fruit and cider factories, with 4,207 employees; 46 bean and pea sorting factories, with 1,05 9employees, and 8 grape juice factories, with 300 employees. Thus there are about 16,000 persons employed in the five main divisions of New York's agricultural-industrial development treated in this and the preceeding article.

This is not an imposing figure. In view of the immense population fed, it indicates an extensive use of machinery. Also, in view of former primitive methods, a complete agricultural revolution.

This revolution is likely to proceed further. In Chautauqua county, in the so-called grape belt, developments are now going on worth noting. At Westfield, the half-billion dollar Armour Co. has gone into the manufacture of grape juice, in competition with the $1,000,000 Welch Grape Juice Co. and lesser companies. Other "outside" corporations, like Libby, McNeil and Libby, and the H. T. Heinz Co.—of "57 varieties" fame—have also entered New York state and are helping along its agricultural-industrial development.

For one thing, in New York state, they will have no union labor restrictions to contend against. The agricultural industries are notoriously anti-union. "Statistics of Trade Unions in 1914," a book dealing with unionism in New York state, gives absolutely no trace of unionism in either the cities or towns in which these industries are located.

There has been much agitation and legislation affecting hours and conditions in the canneries. In certain seasons, the canneries are large employers of labor, consisting mainly of women and children from nearby cities. They are employed in sheds, at wages and hours and amid conditions that have aroused the indignation and activity of woman and reform societies. The latter have sought to alleviate conditions through legislative enactments, but, apparently, without success. New York has its Wheatland, too. But, up-to-date, it is without its Ford and Suhr.

The dairy corporations, especially "Bordens," also vigorously combat unionism. Their urban factory employees are not known to have ever exerted themselves in their own behalf through their own organization. Only recently have their drivers and city

employees taken the bit in their teeth, with very good results to themselves. Will the city employees' success impel the urban employees to action? It ought to!

Many I. W. W. men are familiar with New York's agricultural-industrial districts. The apple-producing sections especially are not unknown to them. Why shouldn't they renew the acquaintance, and get on the job in the interest of Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 400, I. W. W.? With Rochester as the base of operations, there is a big field for 400 in upper central and northern New York state.

In conclusion, let us repeat a belief, oft expressed, viz., that New York state is leading the way in the revolution of agriculture on a medium-sized scale. There are no 150 mile Taft farms in New York, as in Texas. The development is smaller—more intensive—and more thorough and far-reaching.

# The Passing of the Small Farm

At the present there are two classes of farmers; the well-to-do farmers who have large tracts of land, and the dissatisfied and restless ones, who have very little. The one thing needful to successful farming is more and more land, consequently we see the selling of large tracts of land to capitalist syndicates, and the migration westward, where whole sections can be bought for the price of an Eastern quarter. To find a farmer satisfied with a quarter, which is considered sufficient by Uncle Sam for a homestead, is very rare; in fact, it would be as difficult to find a manufacturer who would be satisfied with a hand coffee mill. So rapidly is the transition from the small farm to the big bonanza farm going on, that soon a homestead will be almost useless to a man, even if he manages to retain it.

A large number of the small farms are mortgaged, but it should be remembered that where the small man loses his quarter, usually the capitalist gets it. Land speculators go into a community and buy up large tracts of mortgaged land, or buy it up as soon as the mortgage is foreclosed. The individual who loses his land often saves enough to get himself a small truck patch or a chicken ranch. This fact has been responsible for the idea that the farms of the future are to be small farms. Far from being the pioneers of a new system in farming, these small truck patches are merely the last despairing effort of the ground-down farmer of the lessor bourgeoise to prevent themselves from falling into the ranks of the wage-earning proletariat.

That the interests of the large farmer or landowner are capitalistic is not hard to discover, and it is easy to see that he will always work in the interests of the capitalist class, but very often the interests of the small farmer is far from being clear, even to himself. If he has little land, he desires to accumulate more; if he is in a position where he can hire but little help, thus getting but little surplus he wishes to climb to a position where he will be able to hire much labor and retain much surplus. But once he is deprived of his property altogether, once he becomes a proletarian with nothing but his labor power to sell, then it is possible to show him that his interests are the interests of the working class, to oppose the inroads of the propertied class, and overthrow property rule.

It is true that one sees as miserable conditions on the small farms as are to be seen in the cities among the crowded proletariat. They have fresh air outside the house—the average farm house is a miserable affair and unsanitary—but their bodies are poorly nourished, for the small farmer must convert every salable article into money, and live on that which cannot be sold.

It is also true that the small farmer is being ground down to an existence as low if not lower than that of the workers; it is a mistake to think that he can set his own price on his products; he has to accept market prices.

And in the meantime the landlord squeezes him for rent, or the money lender squeezes him for interest, and one way and another he gets the worst of it all around. And this all arises out of his property relationship to society. He is small fry, and the capitalists will give him the worst of it.

Capitalist production has been carried on on the farms for some time, although it has not been recognized as such by the farmers or the bourgeois economists. The farmer's largest salable product depends upon the working class to save it. Every year tens of thousands of men are needed during harvest. Where do they all come from? Do men at the call of the farmers drop steady jobs and fly to their assistance? No! It is from the ranks of the unemployed proletariat that the farmer gets his help during the busy seasons of the year, and thus the unemployed "problem" shapes toward the farmer's advantage.

If those who try to tell us that the interests of the wage earners and the farmers are identical would go into the harvest fields and hire out to Mr. Farmer and work from daylight till dark for the lowest possible wage that John Farmer could get men to work for, and then be invited to sleep in a straw pile, he would begin to realize that there was a decided clash of interests. It is an undeniable fact that the farmer gets surplus value out of the hides of his men, just as any other employer; it is true that the commission houses and the loan sharks steal it from him, but that is not our lookout. If we are to be exploited what difference does it make who exploits us? Many will say: "If the farmer got fairer treatment himself he could pay more wages." Undoubtedly, but the question is not could he, but would he? Of course not, unless a shortage of labor power or a strong economic organization of the workers forced him to.

The thinning, weeding and marketing of beets, gathering of cantaloupes, harvesting and threshing of wheat, plowing and gathering corn, picking hops and digging potatoes, all these and many other important duties of the farm fall upon the traveling "hobo."

The farmer is very glad to see the "hobo" when he needs him, but as soon as his services are no longer required, he is very prone to drive him out of the community with a shot gun. As the farmers' machinery develops the need for hired men becomes less; but on the other hand, as the unemployed army threatens to grow larger among the harvesters, the desire for organization, shorter hours, better wages and more sanitary conditions grows also. The harvester organizes in obedience to the law of self-preservation.

But as in other industries, as the machinery develops and becomes more expensive, the small farmer is squeezed out; unable to buy modern machinery, he fails to compete with the capitalist farmer who operates a large tract of land on a machine basis. And as he loses his property he soon is forced to ride the rods in search of those jobs that he knows best how to do.

The farmer of today exploits his wife and children, especially the latter, for in any farming district it is all too common to see children kept out of the schools to pick cotton, plow with a riding plow, mow hay, and perform various other work beyond their years or strength. In this way their bodies are dwarfed and deformed, their minds dulled from the monotonous drudgery, and very often their lives crushed out by the machinery they are incompetent to handle.

Farm life leaves a lot to be desired, even under the best of circumstances, and the chances are that when capitalism fully develops on the farm the land owner will not need to have his own home on the farm at all. The list of absentee employers will be increased.

If the smaller farmer cannot afford to pay decent wages, grant decent conditions and reasonable hours to the men who do his back-breaking work for him it is time for him to go out of business and make room for someone who can. Let him get out and make room for the man with the steam plow and the five ton motor truck. It will not be very long before he will be working for the common ownership of the land and the tools of production.—The Forge.



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**DEER COMING UP TO THE HOUSE, DRIVEN BY HUNGER**

Just so are the workers often driven by hunger and exposure to come up to the master, to beg for a chance to live, as long as they are not organized to take over production in order to create what they need.

# The Packing House Industry

By A WORKER

The meat packing industry as carried on in the great establishments of the country is one that deserves some attention from every worker, who at one time or other must depend on such sources for his food supply.

So the writer, in conjunction with some other workers like himself, will here endeavor to give a description in a brief way, and offer some suggestions that may prove helpful to those unacquainted with such matters, and perhaps furnish some information to those already engaged in the industry in one way or another.

As all such establishments handle Cattle, Sheep and Hogs, it will be necessary to take each separately, commencing with the Killing.

We begin with the Cattle, which are driven from the Stock Yards into pens convenient to the "Killing Beds," into which they are driven as many at a time as the "Beds" will hold. When open the "Beds" look like a long narrow alley. When the required number of animals have been driven in, this alley is found to be divided up into compartments, each compartment containing two animals. Then all is ready for the "Knocker," who, armed with a long-handled hammer, walks along a platform arranged for that purpose, smashing the skulls of the animals as he does so. As the animal falls in the pen, by an ingenious arrangement another worker is able to open the doors of the pen, the floor of which rises upward, so that the carcass is dumped out on the Killing floor. Here the carcass is hoisted up by a chain attached to the hind legs, when the head is skinned by a butcher whose work this is, after which the body is allowed to drop down again, when the feet are skinned and the legs broken off at the knee and hock joints. Each function being performed by a different worker. Next the process of skinning begins, "the floorsman" taking the sides, "the backer" the back, "the felse cutter" the hind quarter, and "the rumper" the rump or butt as it is sometimes called. The carcass having been disemboweled, or "gutted," as it is usually called, is hoisted up and the "drop" or neck is skinned by the "dropper". The carcass is next put on a chain carrier, which pulls it along slowly. During its journey it is split into two parts by the "Splitters," after which, still on the chain, it is washed before being sent to the Coolers. The hide is sent to the Hide Cellar to be cured. The entrails being divided up, the Gut Shanty or casing department attends to the cleaning of the bowels and the curing of the same, preparatory to their being used in the manufacture of sausage, while in another place the fat from the same is washed before being sent to the Oleo department. Such scraps as are considered unsuitable for same are sent to the tank to be rendered into tallow. The liver, after being trimmed, is sent to the offal cooler, and the tripe or stomach having been cleaned, is either saved to be used as a food product or sent to the tank to be rendered into tallow.

The head, after being trimmed of meat, which is saved to be used in sausage, and after the tongue is taken out, is sent to the offal cooler. The jaw bone is broken off, the remaining part of the head being thrown into a crusher and there broken up before being sent to the glue tanks. The feet, with the hoofs pinched off, are also sent to the glue tanks, where Neatsfoot Oil is obtained from them. The horns, when there are any, are sent to the Bone House.

The conditions under which men work in this department are trying. The work is continuous and the clothes become wet and dirty, while in most cases an oil apron and rubber boots are necessary, which have to be provided by the worker at his own expense. And then there is the incessant noise made by the machinery and the animals about to be slaughtered.

The beef sent to the coolers, is allowed to drain for some time in a place provided for the purpose, before being transferred to other coolers, the floors of which are covered with sawdust, and there it is allowed to remain until shipped or sent to the Cutting Room. The coolers are usually kept at a temperature of about 38 degrees Fahrenheit. In the casing room are a number of machines used in the cleaning of the casings as well as the fat from the same. Here the Bladders and Weasands are also taken care of, which are used after the same fashion as the casings. To work in this place an Oil Apron and Rubber Boots are necessary. The work in this place is disagreeable, and there is an uninviting smell about the place. Skill and experience are indispensable at the work. Here some women and girls are employed.

In the Beef Coolers, the quarters are kept in lots in the same order as they have been purchased and slaughtered; this is done by means of tags attached to the quarters when they are weighed before entering the cooler. In this way it is possible to trace each animal from the Stock Yards, where it has been purchased, down to the market where it is sold, the difference in price showing the profit or loss in the transaction.

The Offal, that is to say the food parts, comprising Livers, Kidneys, the Heart, Tripe, Cheek meat and other Trimmings, are kept in a cooler until they are shipped out or sent to the Freezer, to be held in Cold Storage for future use. Much of the Cheek meat and trimming is, however, used on the premises in manufacture of Sausage.

In the Hide Cellar, the hides are weighed up in lots after the same manner as the beef, in order to compute their value as part of the product of the animal in figuring out the gain or loss. After weighing they are salted in piles, known as "Packs,"

in building which some skill and muscular strength are required. In those "Packs," they are allowed to remain about thirty days, or longer, before being taken up for shipment to the Tannery, at least thirty days being considered necessary to allow the shrinkage to leave the hide.

The working conditions in the Hide Cellar are bad, there is an evil smell about the place, and the work is hard and continuous. As this is a part of the Packing House that is immune from Government Inspection, no attempt is made to clean the place, so dirt and stench are allowed to have full sway. Like the Fertilizer, this is one Department much avoided by men who know such places.

At the "Bone House," where the bones are only cooked long enough to take the grease out of them without softening the bone, which is sold for the manufacture of knife handles, buttons, etc., it is hot, very hot in fact, especially so in the summer time. It also is strenuously avoided by those who can do so. It is usually conducted as a part of the Tank House and Fertilizer Departments.

The fat sent to the Oleo department, after it has been washed, is dumped into a vat or tub of cold water, where it is allowed to chill before being hashed. After it has been ground up in the "Hasher," which is constructed something after the fashion of an ordinary meat grinder, it is taken to the "Kettles," where it is melted. The product so obtained is run into "Cedars," where it is allowed to chill to the point of softness necessary to allow it to be worked up in the Press Room, where the oleo oil is extracted from it. This oleo oil is used in the manufacture of "Oleomargarine," while the "Stearine" is used at the "Lard Refinery" in the manufacture of an article known as "Compound," while some of it is shipped out to be used in the manufacture of Soap.

At the "Cutting Room" the sides of beef as they left the Killing Room are made into various Cuts. The better grades being made into Ribs, Loins, Rounds and Chucks, in which shape they are shipped. The poorer grades are cut up into small pieces to be used for sausage or canning meat. However, when this is done, the beef hams are usually saved in this process, as well as the beef tenderloins. The Beef ham being divided into three parts: the Inside, Outside and Knuckle.

The working conditions in the Oleo are not agreeable or healthful. In the room where the Kettles are, in which the fat is melted, it is very hot, especially in the summer time, and often some worker is obliged to quit on account of the excessive heat. In the room where the fat is chilled, it is cool and more agreeable. The same may be said of the cellar where the Oleo oil and Stearine is stored. In the Cutting Room it is cool, the place being kept at about the same temperature as the Beef Coolers, 38 degrees Fahrenheit. In these places warm clothes and a white frock are necessary. The work though heavy and cumbersome is not continuous, except in the case of the Beef Boners, many of whom do Piece Work.

From the Beef we now will pass on to the Sheep Kill, this work being usually done on the same floor as the Beef Killing. The animals are driven into the Shackling Pen, where the shackles are attached to their hind limbs, then the shackle is attacked to a large revolving wheel, which carries them up until they reach a rail, on which they drop and slide down to the sticking pen. Here they are quickly dispatched by the "Sticker," after which they are skinned, gutted and washed, before being sent to the Sheep Cooler, which is merely a part of the Beef Cooler. The casings, such as are considered worth saving, are handled in about the same way as the Beef Casings. The fat, such as is not allowed to remain on the carcass, is sent to the Oleo Department, while the Sheep Pelt is sent to the Hide Cellar, where it is salted with fine salt and not with the coarse salt used for the cattle hides. The scraps and other refuse go to the Tank, except the head and legs, which find their way to the glue house, while to the Offal Cooler are sent the cheek meat, heart, lungs, liver and kidneys.

The working conditions in the Sheep Kill are about the same as in the Beef Kill, only that the work is not quite so heavy.

In the Hog killing department the number of animals slaughtered is usually in excess of that of either Cattle or Sheep, and by many considered of greater importance. This is especially true so far as work is concerned, as only a small portion of the carcass is used in a fresh state, which leaves the greater part to be cured and sometimes smoked before being shipped out for consumption.

In the killing process the animals are driven into the pen where they are shackled with chains designed for the purpose. This shackle being attached to a revolving wheel, the hog is hoisted up until it drops on a rail, which runs into the Sticking Pen, where the sticker sticks it in the throat, running his knife clear up to the heart. Having bled to death, or nearly so, it is pushed on to the scalding tub, which is filled with hot water and in which it is kept until the hair is sufficiently loosened on the skin to pull off easily. Then it is run through the scraping machine, which takes off most of the hair, what remains being scraped off with knives. The process of gutting and splitting performed, they are carried on an endless chain carrier to the hog coolers. Here they are usually allowed to remain from 36 to 48 hours before being sent to the Cutting Room. Hog Coolers are usually kept at a temperature of 32 degrees Fahrenheit. Most of the fat from the hogs is rendered into lard. The fat being stripped from the bowels is known as Caul fat and Ruffle fat, and there is also fat from the "Bung Cut" and from the "Pizzles." The stomach of the hog is also used in the lard. The hog casings are cleaned and handled after about the same fashion as those of the cattle and sheep.

When the hogs have been the required time in the cooler, they are sent to the "Cutting Room," where they are cut up into the various cuts, which

have been established as standards by the men engaged in this business. Such cuts are named about as follows: Hams, Shoulders, and Sides, which are again subdivided into pork loins, fat backs and bellies. In the lighter grades the side, after the pork loin is taken off, is split into a fat back and a belly. When only the loin and ribs are removed, such sides are known as "Clears," or "Extra Clears." Where the rib is left in, they are known as "Extra Ribs." In some instances the heavy sides are allowed to go to cure without either the loin or ribs being removed, when they are known as "Rough Ribs," or "Hard Ribs." From the neck or jowl another small piece is saved, which is known as bean pork. All the fat from which the lean has been trimmed, that has accumulated in the cutting process, is sent to the tanks to be rendered into "Steam Lard," as distinguished from "Neutral Lard," which is obtained by rendering the leaf lard and sometimes the fat backs at a low temperature, which varies around about 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

At the Tank Room are the Tanks, which are steel cylinders about six feet in diameter and varying in depth from 14 to 30 feet. Some establishments having the larger sizes and some the smaller. The tank capacity is usually estimated at a thousand pounds to a foot, when such computation becomes necessary. At the top, which usually comes about a foot above the floor, is an oval shaped opening by means of which the tank is filled. When this is done a manhole cover is allowed to pass into the opening by means of a chain. Then it is drawn back in its place, covering the hole from the inside. This done it is firmly bolted on by means of "grabs," so as to be air-tight, after which the steam is turned on and it begins to cook. Tanks are only supposed to be filled within three feet of the top, and are cooked from six to ten hours at a steam pressure, varying from 40 to 50 lbs., the length of time varying according to the matter to be cooked, and the steam pressure varying according to the size of the tank and the steam outlet or feed.

At the bottom the tank is closed by a valve, worked by a long rod having a wheel at the end, while underneath is a vat, usually an iron box-like affair, large enough to hold the contents of the tank. This is also furnished with an outlet leading to the press room.

When the contents of the tank are cooked, and the exhaust steam blown off, the head or manhole cover is taken off, when the rendered product, be it either Lard, Tallow or Grease, is drawn off through a valve, which is placed about the middle of the tank in its side. Such products, before mentioned, are allowed to run into iron containers, known as coolers.

In the press room the tankage which remains in the vat, after the tank water is allowed to run off, is allowed to run out on cloths spread over wooden plates; in this way the press is built up in layers, until it has reached the required height, when it is placed under a hydraulic press and subjected to pressure until most of the water and grease is forced out of it. Next the press is pulled down and the pressed tankage dumped into a carrier which carries it onto the "Dries," of which there are many different patterns. But when the tankage leave the "Drier" it is dry and ground up into a coarse powder, in which state it is sent to the "Fertilizer." The blood of the various animals, which is saved after being steam cooked for a short time, is pressed and dried in the same manner as the tankage.

The tank water, which remained after the tank had been cooked and allowed to run out of the vat before the tankage was taken out, is held in a container from which it is pumped through vacuum pans, by which process a dark, thick fluid is obtained, which is known as "Stick." This is mixed in with the tankage in the drying process. At the Fertilizer, the tankage is sorted out into Hog tankage, Cattle Tankage, Meat Meal or Stock Food, and Steam Bone, which is obtained from the Glue Tanks. Each of these products on chemical analysis must show certain ingredients, and have to be mixed accordingly. The dried blood is either sold separate, or, being rich in Ammonia, is mixed in with the lower grades of tankage to make meat meal. When the tankage shows a too high percentage of Ammonia, Fullers Earth, the waste from the Lard Refinery, is usually added to it, and in some cases coal dust.

The working conditions in both the tank room and press room are of the worst kind. The heat is oppressive and an abominable stench pervades the place. This is true in all seasons, but especially in the summer time, when the temperature in those places keeps around 130 degrees. When the men there can only work in short spells, as it impossible to remain for any length of time in the place. In the Fertilizer, while the heat is absent, the dust and stench in the place make it even worse. As all fertilizer products have to be run through the mill, before being either filled into sacks or shipped out loose, the air in the place is usually so thick with dust, as to make it impossible to see more than a short distance. This dust is injurious to both the eyes and the lungs, so that those who are obliged to go there soon leave, or are obliged to do so on account of the work being injurious to health.

At the Lard Refinery, the lard which has been pumped there from the tank room, is treated to a refining process, which consists in mixing "Fuller's Earth" in with it, after which it is pumped through a filter in which the earth remains and the lard come out cleared of such impurities as this process can remove. Then when cooled to a point where it is soft and thick, it has a fine white color. In this state it is filled into containers of various sizes, ranging from a five pound can to a tierce holding about four hundred pounds, when it is ready for shipment. At this same department is also made an article which resembles lard in appearance,

known as "Compound," which has before been referred to in connection with beef products.

In the way of curing meats there are two distinct processes known as "sweet" and "dry salt" respectively. In the sweet pickle, brown sugar, granulated, white sugar and molasses are used in the brine in which the meat is cured; hence the use of the word "sweet." In this department the smaller meat cuts are cured, such as hams, shoulders, bellies and Picnic or California Hams. During the curing process the meat is kept in large wooden containers known as "Vats," where it is kept for a period ranging from three to nine weeks. During this time it is "overhauled" three times, except in case of the lighter cuts, such as bellies, when the operation is performed only twice, as they cure in a short time. The "overhauling" process, consists in transferring the meat from one vat to another, an empty one being placed in the row for this purpose. When cured, the meat is either shipped out in this condition or sent to the smoke house to be smoked before shipment. In the "dry salt," the heavier meat cuts, namely the side cuts before alluded to, as well as some heavy shoulders and heavy bellies, are put. Here the meat is rubbed over and sprinkled with salt and is then piled on the floor, until it reaches up to a height of some six feet or more. In this condition it is allowed to remain until it is overhauled or shipped out. The overhauling process consists in pulling down the pile and transferring it to another pile in reverse order, so that the pieces that were on top come in the bottom. In the first instance this is usually done after the meat has been salted about a week or ten days, and after that at irregular intervals. In both sweet pickle and dry salt all the heavy meat cuts are usually pumped up with a strong brine prepared for this purpose. Also this is frequently done when the meat is being overhauled.

The pork cuts which are not sent to cure, such as pork loins, pork butts, skinned shoulders and spare ribs, are either shipped out in a fresh state or sent to the freezer, where they are frozen and kept in storage.

As to beef, only a small portion is sent to cure, most of which is what is known as canning meat, beef hams and plate beef. The canning meat consists of small pieces of meat which have been cut from the bones or large pieces, which cannot be used otherwise, and so are cut up for this purpose. Brown sugar is used in curing canning meat, while granulated sugar is used for beef hams. In curing plate beef, sugar is not used.

Meat that is suitable only for sausage, which has not been used in a fresh state, is put to cure. This includes hearts, livers and kidneys, such work being usually done under the supervision of the sausage department.

At the Packing House, it rarely happens that any meat, except trimmings of one kind or another, are used in the manufacture of sausage, there usually being a sufficiency of the same for this purpose. Such meat, of course, is of much less value than regular cuts, but when worked up into sausage, it becomes much more valuable than those same cuts. This is partly owing to the fact that corn meal is mixed in with it. This, however, is shown on the labels under the name of "Cereal." Also a quantity of water is added to it. The amount of "Cereal" varies according to the kind of sausage made, and there are many kinds. The amount of water added to sausage meat in the process of manufacture varies from ten all the way to as high as forty per cent. Nothing is allowed to appear on the labels or containers to indicate its presence. There are of course some grades of sausage in which water is not used, especially in "Summer Sausage" and a few other high priced grades. But that it is one of the most profitable branches of the meat trade is fully shown by the number of outside concerns that engage exclusively in it.

In the Packing House the Dressing Room accommodation provided is simply disgraceful. The writer, from all he has seen and from what he could learn, must say that there are few if any such places that are not overcrowded, so that the men have to take turns in getting a seat to change clothes. In many places there is not even standing room for the number of persons required to use the place. But worst of all are the lockers, in which the men have to keep their clothes. They are made in sets of about six compartments in one piece, having an iron frame, the sides being composed of wire netting. The compartments, which two men are obliged to use for their clothes, measure in dimension about fourteen inches square and stand about forty inches in height. Even though the worker as a rule has not many clothes (and from the accomodation provided by his master, it is evident he thinks he should not have), it is easy to see that those miniature compartments are usually crowded. This, however, is not the only grievance, as, should a worker have some good clothes, he is obliged to put them into the same locker, where he has to keep his dirty, foul smelling clothes, and there they very soon become contaminated with the same bad smell, so that he himself and his apparel become a nuisance when he goes in a public place. Worse still is it for the unfortunate worker whose clothes become wet at this task, and this is especially true of workers in the "sweet pickle" and the "dry salt." Having to wear extra clothing in those places in which they work, their wet clothing cannot dry in the miserable lockers, even when heat is provided in the dressing room, which is not often the case.

The Labor Unions have endeavored to remedy this and some other evils, but apparently without effect, as nothing has been done so far, and at

present the prospects for any improvement are very doubtful.

What the Packing House needs at present, and needs badly, is the "One Big Union," and it is coming, because if any results are to be gained, it must come.

**In so far as the running of the plants by the men is concerned, if it were to happen tomorrow, the change would hardly be noticeable, as the men to a great extent are doing it already,** and for the most part are well aware of the fact, as the foremen and other supervisors placed over them have but little experience, and in some cases none at all. Of course, there are some exceptions, but those are not many. From the point of view of educating the worker, nothing could be better in order to show him his own importance, than to place in authority over him another man who does not know what he is doing. This is especially true where skill and experience are required, something which is indispensable in a great many cases.

As a direct result of such incompetency, there is much waste in the handling of the various products as well as in other material and supplies. An instance of this is the thousands of pounds of meat and meat food products annually condemned by Government Inspectors. A change in system and arrangement would easily save most of this, which can only be done by giving the workers a greater share in the management and in the profits of their labor. In doing this, more men would be employed for shorter hours and a more efficient and economical system would at once arise. The masters knowing this are at present seeking to introduce a profit sharing plan, while of course having only their own interests in mind.

Assuming that the Cattle, Sheep and Hogs would continue to be obtained from the farmers, which of course would probably be the case, as there would be no other way to dispose of them, the next important problem would be the distribution of the food products. The capitalists, however, have already provided for this in having established branch houses in all the large cities, and have records of the amount of such foods used from day to day, so as to prevent anything like a large surplus accumulating at any particular point. The same course could be followed, provided the transportation facilities would be available. On this everything would depend.

Outside of labor power, the Packing House needs coal and water in large quantities, so that their operation depends much on the coal miner. As for water, this is usually obtained from the city water supply of the cities in which the plants are located, though in some instances the plants have their own water system, which usually consists in a number of wells operated by either steam or electric power, which feed into a reservoir, from which the water supply is obtained. In the way of other supplies, a large quantity of lumber is needed for making boxes used for packing, wrapping paper and stationery as well as cordage of various kinds are also indispensable. Also salt, both coarse and fine, is largely used. Cooperage in the way of tierces and barrels of various kinds are also much used, being brought from factories outside and refinished by the coopers of the plant. Hardware and other mechanical supplies are also much used in repair and new work by mechanics, of which every plant has a number.

It will therefore be necessary for the Packing House worker to get in touch with the various workers on the outside, with whom contact will be necessary in order to obtain such articles as may be needed to carry on the business. This ought not to present any serious difficulty, as a mutual exchange on the basis of food supplies will not meet with opposition, provided that such supplies are available. But even the dullest among the workers usually has foresight enough to look ahead in the way of getting something to eat. This he has always done, unless prevented, and will continue to do so. As a last word let us get on the job and learn all we can, no matter when it may be necessary to use our knowledge. Any person wishing further information on the subject will be answered by the writer through the magazine columns, that is if the editor is willing.

Editors Note:—A handbook covering the Packing House Industry is an urgent necessity. While the individual worker, as the writer points out, may know exactly what to do in his particular place, it is absolutely necessary that this group of workers should collectively have a complete understanding of the whole industry as well as its relations to other industries and society in general. Such knowledge is indispensable in order to enable them to take over the whole industry and run it with greatest possible efficiency through their union.

Each establishment should be organized as a branch of the Food stuffs Workers' Industrial Union, and each branch should organize in such a manner that the workers may be able to operate and run it in conjunction with the other branches when that time comes.

What these workers now are familiar with is mainly the technical side of the work. Of the administration of the industry they know little or nothing. This they must learn in order to enable themselves to take the responsibility of feeding mankind. There are at present no books written on this subject. It remains for the I. W. W. to do it.

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## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

When sending in reports or news items to the I. W. W. press on matters of general interest, it would be well if the sender would mail a separate copy to each of the I. W. W. publications, English as well as foreign. Everybody connected with the I. W. W. press is loaded down with work to the limit, and the means available do not permit of the employment of a special person for the purpose of writing out a number of copies of such matter. It would greatly help us out if all correspondents would divide this burden between them by sending copy, where possible, to all the publications advertised on the back page of The O. B. U. Monthly.

# Revolutionary Syndicalism in France Still Alive

By GEORGE ANDREYTCHINE

The great massacre that broke out in August 1914 on the European continent swept away all pretense and hypocrisy from the revolutionary labor movement. It produced the high treason of German Social Democracy and the connivance of French Syndicalism, as represented by its officaldom, to the shameful "union sacrée," the emasculation of the working class for the benefit of its age-long enemy—the exploiters.

The war was a stunning blow to all revolutionary groups and only very few of the militants of the labor movement were immune to this scourge that raged and still rages in the ranks of the working class. The honor of revolutionary stability belongs to the Russian Bolsheviki and the Bulgarian revolutionary Socialists, "the narrow," who as bodies can claim it. In Italy a more or less anomalous situation produced the "intransigency" of the "offical socialists," of whom only a small minority is revolutionary and class conscious. "The Italian Syndicalist Union," a small body of insurgents from the conservative Confederazione del Lavoro, who separated themselves from it before the war, was also demoralized by the treason of its most able and prominent militants, Rossoni, De Ambris, Corridoni, Massoti, Maia, Bacchi and their followers.

This cleaverage demonstrated clearly on whom the proletariat can rely in its ardous struggle; and the war, with all its monstrous consequences, has rendered us a great service, taught us a unique lesson: THAT WARS CANNOT BE PREVENTED UNTIL CAPITALISM IS DONE AWAY WITH and that the old slogan—*the emancipation of the working class must be the work of the workers themselves*, must literally be carried out.

In the Confédération Générale du Travail confusion reigned supreme after the declaration of war. Its officials had attempted to secure a promise and definite engagement from Legien and the other leaders of the German Trade Unions for a general strike in case of war and were bitterly disappointed with the openly imperialistic attitude of those "Marxians." To recite the story of Jouhaux' speech on the grave of the assassinated Jaurès, the trip to Bordeaux in the ministerial train and the acceptance of the governmental office by him and his cohorts, will only add to the revolting memory of the past and our disillusionment.

However, there was one man, who formed a nucleus of tempered and tried militants, who held the torch of revolutionary syndicalism high above the foul breath of jingoism; who kept the red banner of the working class undefiled by the hands of Judas. And if France holds the record with Germany for having produced many Judases, it has the honor of having given birth to the first Liebknecht of the world, Pierre MONATTE. To him, Lenin and the Zimmerwald Conference paid tribute as the true son of the working class, who remained faithful to it and its traditions.

His bi-weekly little review *"La Vie Ouvrière,"* published for many years before the war, had in its folds the names, brains and hearts of the most brilliant fighters in the C. G. T. In its annals you will find the classic blow to the Taylor system, written by a powerful intellect of a simple working man, Albert MERRHEIM; the story of the life and work of the coal miners, brilliantly written, illustrated and full of statistics, by the pen of another working man, Georges DUMOULIN; the history, illustrated, of the heroic battle of the Cheminots (the railroad workers) in 1910; the famous accusation, which turned to be prophetic, against the German Social Democracy, by Andler, the thorough and scientific analysis of the "Imperialistic Tendencies in German Socialism," which brought a shower of denunciations against Monatte, from the pen of Kautsky, Bebel and the now infamous Grumbach, "Homo," who used to write for L'Humanité from Switzerland*); the elaborate studies of syndicalist economics by Francis DELAISI.

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*)In February and March 1913, Monatte published a lengthy article written by Charles Andler, the able historian and student of Marx, author of a "Commentary on the Communist Manifesto" and a volume on German Social Democracy, an article which most astonishingly predicted the shameful betrayal of the working class by the so-called Marxians of Germany. The article bore the title "Le Socialisme Imperialiste d'Allemagne Contemporaine" (Imperialist Socialism in Contemporary Germany). Jean Longuet, grandson of Marx, leader of the fenceriding center of the French Socialist party, a man who voted all the credits of the bankers war, indignantly asked Monatte to publish "the crushing reply" (la reponse ecrassante) of comrade (?) Grumbach which appeared in Neue Zeit, together with some vile attack by Kautsky and Bebel.

Grumbach's "crushing reply" reads in part as follows: "German Social Democracy is done for! Bebel becomes chancellor of the Empire, Scheidemann minister of Foreign Affairs, Gerhard Hildebrand, perhaps anew received in grace by the party, to direct the administration of the Colonies, Noske in charge of the Ministry of War.

The military, colonial and naval credits shall be voted by the socialist deputies without hesitation and with glad heart; Kautsky is charged to justify the necessity of it in theory" * * * etc. All in sarcastic tone.

This remarkable prophecy, made as reproach to Monatte and Andler, is now almost pathetically true. They went so far as to call Monatte's "Vie Ouvrière" "a monarchist review." Albert Thomas defended the German Social Democrats in the Chamber of Deputies. They all, Grumbach, Kautsky, Longuet, Thomas, went on the other side of the barricade, Monatte remained true to the working class.

In *"La Vie Ouvrière"* appeared the story of the General Strike in Belgium and many others, with spicy editorials, by Monatte's faithful co-worker Alfred ROSMER; there the burning questions of education, carried on by syndicalist teachers, were directed by George AIRELLE, women in industry and what not. La Vie Ouvrière was the workshop where the very best of the syndicalist movement was extracted. It was a school for the young and old alike. And in that school Monatte was the teacher, humble, modest, a man that cannot be replaced.

When the bloody thing came, Monatte and "La Vie Ouvriére" remained the only oasis in the jingoistic maelstrom where the ideals and traditions of the Syndicalist movement were faithfully adhered to. At 96 Quai Jemmapes, its headquarters, gathered the remains of the once formidable organism, and now dispersed, revolutionary battalion. There came even the Marxian Socialists Ferdinand LORIOT, LOUZON, Louise SAUMONEAU, and Leon TROTSKY. This group sent MERKHEIM and BOURDERON to Zimmerwald and published the now famous documents, "The Open Letters to the Subscribers of La Vie Ouvrière," the work of Rosmer, Rakowsky's biting pamphlet, the resolutions and proceedings of Zimmerwald, etc. They were printed by the great Metal Workers' Federation, whose secretary was Merrheim, and which as a body opposed the war and issued the famous manifesto for May Day, 1915, calling: "Let us sabotage the war."

Monatte was silenced. He was taken to the trenches, in the hope that a German bullet would put an end to such an obnoxious enemy of the capitalist regime. In the meantime, others took up the battle and the revolutionary workers were again



A GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARY SYNDICALIST DELEGATES AT THE LYONS CONGRESS

Sitting in front row, from left to right, are: Lepetit, lately of Clairvaux prison, delegate from the excavators; Dejonkere, of the railroad workers; Sirolle, of the Left Bank Railways of Paris; Monatte, editor of "La Vie Ouvrière" and delegate from the Teachers of Firminy; Loriot, teachers of Paris; Monmousseau, railroad workers; Sergent.

Standing: behind Lepetit, Louis Bouet, secretary of the militant Teachers Federation; behind Sirolle, Olivier, railroad workers of Perigueux, who read the Russian Soviet's greeting to the Congress; behind Olivier, to the left is Leon Midol, "the man of the one minute strike" on the P. L. M., on Midol's right is Marie Guillot, and still further to the right Julie René and Lucie Colliard, three militant girl teachers.

solidifying their ranks. After the Russian Revolution of March, a wave of strike epidemy sapped the rear of the French army. Revolutionary demonstrations took place in Paris, St. Etienne, Lyons and other industrial centers. The red flags of the many thousands of girl strikers in Paris could not fail to infect the soldiers on leave, who now understood that the strikes were not treason against them, but that they were trying to end the bloody slaughter.

Mutinies happened at the front, in which 75 regiments of infantry, 22 battalions of chasseurs, 12 regiments of artillery, 2 regiments of colonials and other military detachments took part. These are the figures furnished by M. Gaston Bruyant, director of the Moral Service of the army headquarters. Then America came to the rescue of the French bourgeoisie. The revolution was averted.

Next May, 1918, we witness a still greater strike, that of the metal workers, and munition workers, of which 200,000 in Paris were out demanding the end of the war. But this time the French bankers and financiers found an ally in the face of Merrheim, the Zimmerwaldian, or as Lenin called him in his paper after that conference, "the symbol of the class struggle in France." Merrheim assumed upon himself the role of saving the imperialists and war gods. He practically consented to the wholesale arrests made by the military, which included our valiant Fellow Worker Raymond Péricat, once secretary of the Building Workers' Federation.

The revolutionary syndicalists then represented a formidable minority in many powerful unions, especially the metal workers, railroad workers and excavators. But these savage jailings and expeditions to the trenches of "undesirables," weakened their ranks, especially after the shameful desertion of Merrheim and Dumoulin, who wielded a tremendous influence over the workers, thanks to their revolutionary past, Dumoulin having been 13 months in jail during the war, and Merrheim's pilgrimage to Zimmerwald.

A few months later Péricat was released and so were many others who were arrested with him. He started his brilliant weekly *"L'Internationale,"* and it played the role of a magneto. In a few weeks again the shattered forces of revolutionary syndicalism were getting together. We must not omit to mention the splendid work of *"Le Libertaire,"* the anarchist organ of the revolutionary railroad workers, metal workers and excavators, whose four contributors served sentences in prison for clandestine issues of the paper during the great mutinies. Many of its collaborators are still in prison. That paper is one of the most influential weeklies in the country.

Few months after the armistice, Monatte was demoblizied and on May Day this year, he again published *"La Vie Ouvrière,"* this time as a weekly paper. Two weeks later, the railroad workers' federation, counting 245,000 workers, had its first convention since the beginning of the war and the revolutionary syndicalists, lead by Monmousseau, Sirolle, Dejonkère, Midol (the man who called the one minute strike in January on the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway and was sentenced to one year in prison and immediately reprieved), scored a singular victory when 108,000 railroaders voted the revolutionary motion of Monmousseau, repudiating the officials and their collaboration with the government and masters, and calling for the abolition of the wage system.

Monmousseau is heart and soul with Monatte and contributes stirring articles to "La Vie Ouvrière." Monatte and his nucleus of excellent organizers, orators and writers, started the big campaign for the coming conventions in September. The Metal Workers had their convention just before that of the Confederation of Labor, and here Monatte's Fellow Workers Verdier, Coron, Vergeat, Andrieux scored a great success. One third of the unions completely repudiated Merrheim and Lenoir, their federal secretaries, and as Fellow Worker Coron says in "La Vie Ouvrière: "The vote of confidence to our officials was rather a vote of sympathy." Sympathy and regret for their heroic past.

When the great confederal congress came in the middle of last September, the eyes of the French workers as well as capitalists were trained on Lyons, says "The Irish Statesman." And it was true. Even Russia, struggling and bleeding for the world proletariat, was aware of this congress and sent its greetings to the assembled workers' delegates, which was read by Fellow Worker Coron, and greeted lustily.

Over two thousand delegates, seated in the great hall of the Exposition in Lyons, were quite nervous and agitated over the plans and intentions of the formidable minority, which had called a whole day meeting of its ranks on the eve of the congress and decided on some method of procedure and systematic work.

MILLION opens the congress with a short historic sketch of the growth of the C. G. T. "In 1901 we were only a handful of militants meeting again in Lyons, in the Labor Exchange. Now we represent two million organized workers." Then he pays tribute to the memory of PELLOUTIER, "the most representative man of French Syndicalism." He examines the task of the congress and predicts many passionate and violent battles but counsels calm judgment so that positive results should come out of these deliberations.

The congress sends greetings to all peoples in revolution, to the military and political prisoners, and demands amnesty for all.

In the afternoon session the battle starts over the moral report of the confederal bureau. TOMMASI, the revolutionary delegate of the Aviation and Vehicle Workers, starts the fire. He is a young and powerful orator. Even the bourgeois press pays tribute to his able discourse. He denounces the members of the administrative council for their insidious manoeuvres during the fateful July 21 delib-

eration and the shameful abandonment of the Russian and Hungarian struggling workers. He says that the officals did not desire the strike and they sabotaged the rank and file by sending it off.

Jouhaux then announces that the congress will discuss the whole confederal politics during the war. Monatte demands the reason for the absence of all the proceedings and official documents of the Confederal Committee.

Louis BOUET, the secretary of the Teachers' Federation, declares that ever since the beginning of the war, his federation has joined the minority and has remained true to its attitude. He repudiates the actions of the confederal bureau. He shows the deplorable effects of the abandonement of the July 21st general strike. The organization is now completely disqualified to speak in the name of the proletariat.

When the Credentials Committee reported, they found only one contest: Perrot, the secretary of the Union des Syndicats of the Seine department, allowed only one vote to the 20 railroad workers' unions. The reason was that they represented the revolutionary rank and file and would vote for the revolutionary minority. But Perrot's pretenses were too paltry and the minority scored a victory by compelling the congress to accept the 20 unions.

The next morning the congress opens with a hot critique of the attitude of the C. G. T. during the war, by Meric. But the animation starts with the mounting of the tribune by Fellow Worker Gaston MONMOUSSEAU, the spokesman of the militant railroad workers. He said that he was one of those who in 1918 voted the resolution for unity. He had expected that the C. G. T., pushed by circumstances, would enter again the road of syndicalism. "I gave my confidence to Dumoulin. I thought things would change. But since then, nothing has changed. The same politics continue. Jouhaux we saw sitting next to Loucheur at the Peace Conference. The working class had other things to do: it ought to have exerted pressure on the peace conference from without. Syndicalism has nothing in common with the League of Nations."

"But the revolutionary forces are growing. They are growing among the railroad workers and the metal workers. And the revolutionary spirit is a fact." The congress is warmed up. One feels that the blows are falling on the right place and taking effect. The majoritaires are attentive; the minoritaires applaud warmly their orator.

Then he comes to July 21: "We thought," says he, "that it will mark the beginning of syndicalist action. But once more we were deceived * * * When the C.G.T. had only 400,000 members it could liberate Rousset (a victim of military injustice in Africa) and now we count two millions and still the sailors of the Black Sea mutinies are in prison. As for the Russian revolution, whenever it was mentioned, it was to desolidarize yourselves from it. There was a conspiracy of silence everywhere. And we accuse the C. G. T. of having been, by its silence, an accomplice of the strangulation of the Hungarian revolution.

"Once Dumoulin ridiculed the yellow International and said that on that road toDamascus we shall meet Karl Legien, Sam Gompers and Ben Tillet, in company with the agents (men of affairs) of the international bourgeoisie. We shall go to the workers of all countires and rebuild the Workers' International. But Dumoulin *went* to Amsterdam. And he met Gompers, Legien, Appleton. Together they rebuilt the International of collaboration of the classes. For us there is only one Internationale, THAT OF MOSCOW."

This brings a thunder of applause. Monmousseau ends his speech with an exposition of the minoritaires' conception of the revolution: "Yes, we are revolutionists, but not rioters * * * They tell us always that the masses are not ripe for a revolution. What have you done to enlighten it? Those who have lost faith and have become sceptical, let them get out from the movement. We repudiate the C. G. T. for its attitude during the war, for its new methods which sidetrack syndicalism from its historic mission. We denounce the C. G. T. for failing to pit the working class against our capitalist class and those of other countries, which are trying to strangle the Russian revolution, after the Hungarian, so that they could easier crush our own revolution."

Monmousseau descends from the tribune amidst the cheers of a great part of the congress. After him Le Troquer defends feebly the officials. The majoritaires have a strong card in the person of BOURDERON, ex-Zimmerwaldian, a member of the Socialist Party. But he hardly touches the moral report of the bureau. He speaks of the different periods of the war. "I do not retract a word from what I have said in 1915 and 1916." In 1918, he says, he thought it was his duty to make the two factions approach each other. He recognizes that the hopes he laid in Wilson have deceived him. "One must say whether he is for unity or separation. I do not know whether I am a majoritaire or a minoritaire. Minoritaires, if you are men of action, I am with you."

Fellow Worker VERDIER of the metal workers of Aveyron then takes up the battle against the renegades. "We must go further than Proudhon's formula: *"The workshop must displace the government."* The inside government of the shop must be assured by the union against the master." Then he attacks the National Economic Council and says: "Not this we need, but the dictatorship of the workers' organizations. And this dictatorship cannot be secured but through the general revolutionary strike." Verdier had just come from the metal workers' convention, where he fought the majority to exhaustion and his voice is very low.

Then JACQUEMIN, who by the way belongs to the confederal bureau, mounts the tribune and declares that he does not share the opinions of the majority. "I was an anarchist, and anarchist I re-

main. I have tried to find out why do men change, but I have not found the explanation yet." He believes, however, that the differences are not so great and it suffices only to come again to the old methods of direct action and anti-militarism, in order to bring about revolutionary unity.

Fellow Worker DEJONKERE, of the railroad workers, is one of those who last year voted against the unity resolution. Unfortunately, he says, I have nothing to regret on account of my vote. The same politics of class collaboration and abdication continue.

At this point, the congress decides to limit the number of orators on the moral report to five for each tendency, while in fact the majority had seven, for Jouhaux and Dumoulin concluded the deliberations.

Rougerie, a member of the Socialist Party, acts as the great conciliator. Last year at Clermont-Ferrand he prepared the *rapprochement* of the two tendencies. It took him a long time, he says, to decide whether he was a minoritaire or a majoritaire, for he has taken in the Socialist Party a position that does not coincide with his position in the C. G. T.

After this manoeuvre of the astute politician Rougerie, comes the first orator of the minority, our valiant MONATTE. He reviews the attitude of the officials ever since the first day of discord, which was caused by the jingoistic speech Jouhaux delivered on the grave of Jaurès. Then he mentions the trip in the ministerial train to Bordeaux. On this point Gauthier, of St.-Nazaire, says that this is not true. "It is true," says Bourderon. The congress is on its feet. Arguments are started. One feels that Monatte's critique touches the essential, the sensitive points and he will be without mercy.

Monatte reminds the congress of his letter of resignation from the Confederal Committee and the reasons thereof: Jouhaux commissaire of the nation, his lecture tour on behalf of the government. He reads the letter he had received from Million, the secretary of the Union des Syndicats of the Rhone district, which admirably analyzes the effects of the traitorous attitude of Jouhaux and his clique. "In this period, we are looking at the sabotage of the ideas that were dearest to us and of the working class organism in which we had placed all our hopes and for which we have sacrificed our freedom and our lives. However, I believe that this is only a momentary departure and that the clarity of our international thought will dissipate all confusions brought about by the 'revolutionary neo-nationalism.'

"This letter has its importance and shows that, in the first months of the war, the panic was not general.

"*The war was the condemnation of the capitalist régime and its greatest crime.* It has no more right to lead the world after it has brought it to the slaughter. What bitterness, in this moment, to see Jouhaux on the side of the governments and the co-responsibility charged to our central organism." And Monatte cries: "*The men that have done that are not worthy any more to interpret the thought of the French labor movement.*" The congress applauds him warmly. This part of his speech produces a profound impression. He then goes into the reorganization of the administration of the C. G. T. He accuses the officals of having atrophied the function of the Bourses du Travail (Labor Exchanges), in order to secure them the hegemony over the central organization. He blames the officials of having transferred the direction of the movement from the rank and file into their own hands.

After a skillful blow at the confederal bureau, whose climax was the malicious statement of Marcel Laurent, a joint secretary of Jouhaux, the congress is again in turmoil. Laurent attempts to answer, but the delegates hoot him and he sits down.

"The confederal leaders have associated themselves with the government in its need of peace. We do not desire to help the bourgeoisie to save itself. It has condemned itself and we condemn it."

Some one shouts: "Then this is disorder."

Monatte replies: "Disorder, the capitalist regime is disorder. There is the abyss. We must jump over it. Some people, who like us, know that the bourgeoisie cannot save itself, still hesitate. This is the case of Merrheim."

"We shall follow the wave and will try to be what true militants ought to be. Renan, in 'The Life of Jesus,' studying the psychology of Judas, writes: 'In him, the administrator had killed the apostle.' The administrator and the apostle ought to make one body. Too often does the administrator kill the apostle."

The congress, which follows the discourse with great interest, applauds long. Monatte concludes with the following: "At present we have a great duty: it is the salvation of the revolution which is already in the world. Amongst you has been distributed the appeal of the Central Soviet of the Russian labor unions. The answer that we must give them ought to be the practical conclusion of this congress. For as Robert Smillie, the president of the miners federation of England, has said, *at the present moment there is no greater labor question than the intervention in Russia.*"

Monatte ends. Long applause resounds in the tremendous hall. And then, spontaneously, THE INTERNATIONALE rings out. All the delegates arise, the majoritaires follow reluctantly; only the confederal secretaries remain seated. Whatever the congress decides, says Rosmer in "La Vie Ouvrière," we have scored a great victory.

The Socialist and Bourgeois press pays tribute to Monatte also. They say that no other delegate ever received such an ovation as Monatte. His career, his spotless past and his uncompromising attitude ever since his entrance in the labor move-

ment contribute to the respect and confidence he inspires in the hearts of the workers. Even Dumoulin pays him homage by saying that he has felt the beauty of his discourse. "What you have suffered, I suffered also. What you just did now, I did in 1918."

Marty-Rollan, a majoritaire, does not dare to speak right after Monatte, for his talk will be ineffective, so the congress adjourns for the next day, when he speaks and then Ferdinand LORIOT, of the teachers federation, Lenin's friend and one of the few true Marxians who is a Bolshevik. After him Bidegaray, the conservative secretary of the railroad workers, who makes a naive and humorous speech. Then Fellow Worker Raymond PERICAT mounts the tribune and delivers a philippic against the renegades, accusing them of abandoning him and his co-workers, when they were persecuted by the government.

Bartuel, the miners secretary, defends feebly the confederal politics. After him comes the young and fiery LePETIT, of the Parisian excavators' union, who had served, until last April 10, a two years sentence in Clairvaux. He animates anew the debate. He says that he was one of those who, in the beginning of the war, answered the call of Merrheim and Bourderon. He had worked with Merrheim, who for a given moment incarnated French syndicalism. "I asked him, on my part, why he had repudiated his ideas, why did he repudiate Zimmerwald, and why he deserted his friends of the minority." "Bourderon demands to know if we reproach him with having gone to salute the great democrat Wilson at Brest." Yes, we accuse him of having saluted the man that Lenin calls "the greatest hypocrite." Lepetit finishes his live speech as follows: "We refuse to bring our stone to the capitalist edifice. We desire to create the worst difficulties for the capitalist regime."

The majoritaires have one great trump card in the face of MERRHEIM, whose past role and the beautiful traditions he had left in the C. G. T. make him quite an impregnable fortress. He is, or rather was, the most probable leader of the coming French revolution. Lenin, Trotsky and Tchicherin played him strong, but he proved to be a timid and calculating labor leader, who has no prototype in any other country. If he had remained with the minority, as well as Dumoulin and a host of other younger militants, Clemenceau might have sung his swan song a year and half ago, during the great strikes and mutinies. But Clemenceau was shrewd, and though he hates and fears Merrheim more than any other man and threatened to imprison him while still in opposition, he switched around and left him unmolested. A better policy could not be applied: a Merrheim in prison would have been worth 10,000 Merrheims out of prison.

His defense is remarkably sincere. After Zimmerwald, where he met Lenin and had an eight hour private talk with him, he says: "I did not betray the working class; the working class betrayed me, by following the jingoes and renegades." He accuses the working class of having fallen in materialistic immorality, which is manifested by the demand for wages and more wages, instead of more fundamental principles.

Fellow Worker Henri SIROLLE, the much heralded one by the American yellow press, then, as the last of the minority orators, resumes the attack upon the officials' citadel. He is a young and able orator, an uncomparable organizer of the Left Bank railways of Paris, a man that has done a great deal for the mustering of the revolutionary forces of the railroad workers.

Dumulin and Jouhaux, almost in tears, apologize, equivocate and shrink under the leashing of the militants of the minority. The defense, however, is quite effective, because through a manoeuvre and a trick, they steal the program, a valuable portion of it, any way, of the minority, and put it to a vote before putting to vote the moral report, so that the delegates will think that they have become revolutionary. The deception is quite successful, for few delegates, like Marchall of the railroad workers, though instructed to vote against it, approve it by a large vote.

The resolution of the majority recognizes the class struggle and is for the expropriation of the capitalist class and establishment of the communist order. These are pretentions but very effective for the time being. They defend the Russian revolution and engage themselves to stop all ammunitions and arms for Koltchak and Denikin and condemn in the strongest terms the imperialistic designs of the Entente.

Five hundred and eighty-eight of the largest unions of the most strategic industries vote against the moral report of Jouhaux. The vote stands 2 to 1.

Monatte, Rosmer, Monmousseau and Sirolle think it was a great victory for the minority. Numerically, their victory is much greater than it appears. Our syndicalist friends do not believe in the proportional representation system and thus their strength is not so evident. Judging from later developments, they can claim greater numbers.

Since then their ranks have been flooded with new recruits. Jouhaux and Dumoulin have lost the last vestige of confidence, because they betrayed the workers again by coming to Washington and not keeping their solemn engagements to save the Russian revolution.

The minority have 9 delegates in the Confederal Committee, which is composed of 30. Their delegates are: Marthe Bigot, a girl teacher, good rebel and brilliant writer, Bouyé, of the metal workers, Lepetit, of the excavators, Loriot, of the teachers, Monatte, Monmousseau, of the railroad workers, Roux of the postal, telegraph and telephone workers, and Tommasi, of the aviation and vehicle workers.

They have started a live agitation for a general strike to save the Russian revolution and demand complete amnesty (which was voted but did not include the sailors from the Black Sea mutinies).

Already the "Union des Syndicats of the Seine" (Paris) district has begun that agitation and compelled the whole C. G. T. to consult its members on the question.

The minority is doing a remarkable work and feverishly increasing its effectives.

We can rest assured that they will do thier duty by the Russian revolution by, as Monatte says, making one at home.

# The Labor Movement of Great Britain

BY GEORGE HARDY

The Labor movement of Great Britain presents, both politically and industrially, a complicated outlook. There are no less than eight parties who run candidates for parliament claiming to represent labor alone. Industrially there is the unofficial and official side to the trade union societies, wielding as much influence as either of the above groups.

The Labor Party, to which is affiliated the I. L. P. (Independent Labor Party), cannot be said to be out for any great radical change in the capitalist system. Capitalist exploitation is not denied by the great bulk of its members and representatives in parliament. They do not even measure up to that "alluring" program sent out in 1918, which has helped to deceive lots of progressive workers in the United States into believing the L. P. is a revolutionary body.

State capitalism is about the highest conception they have of what they term "socialism." Hence, Mr. Arthur Henderson does not have the influence imagined by the world of labor outside Britain. The most that can be said for them is that they do draw attention to pending legislation injurious to the worker, as in the case of the "Industrial Courts Bill" recently introduced, but owning to labor's hostility may become a dead letter. (This bill has now been passed. No objectionable clauses were withdrawn. Not even the Laborites in Parliament were unanimous on it. This means that a separate court now will be set for strike cases.)

On the other hand the large unions such as the miners' and railwaymen's have a different conception of nationalism, to that of a bureaucratic state administration through the Ministry of Transport or Mines.

Although the railwaymen's executive seems to have accepted the government's offer of joint control of the British railways by five railway company officials and five appointed by the unions (three from the National Union of Railwaymen and two from the Locomotive Engineers and Firemen's Union), there are many groups of railmen who do not agree with such a program. J. H. Thomas, the general secretary, says: "It is the first step to complete control." It is no exaggeration to say if a campaign had been carried on for the abolition of capitalism equal to that carried on for nationalization and joint control there would have been a possibility of an industrial republic coming into operation in the last rail strike.

The proof that the miners are against even the program of nationalization brought forward by their own executive can be gathered by association with the miners in their homes and lodge meetings (branch meetings) where one hears discussions of control by pit and colliery committees.

The Miners' Federation of Great Britain, headed by Robert Smillie, have embodied in their plan for control and nationalization that the miners' representatives shall control half the committees and the community representative the other half, with the mines owned by the state, even though it is a capitalist state.

The miners on the other hand have issued a pamphlet (unofficially) that is widely read and studied and voted on in branch meetings and conferences. Their idea of control is to abolish capitalism entirely, leaving no evidence of private ownership. They seek to use the M. F. G. B. as the instrument of control. They would appoint a coal controller through the union whose function it would be to deal with distribution at home and abroad.

The coal controller, working through the miners' executive, would place the national production in their hands, who would then distribute the orders to given areas. These areas would also have executives who would allot orders to the various colliery districts in their area, according to their productive capacity. Thus the branches would have jurisdiction over who would elect a colliery committee which would be absolutely responsible to the branch.

The colliery committee which would be elected by the miners would work in conjunction with pit committees which take care of the coal getting processes. Always safety would come before production and the speed up methods of today would give way to the safeguarding of human life. Needless to say the technical management of the collieries would have to be appointed and undergo a rigid examination. These, however, the miners insist should come from the ranks of the industrial workers in the mines.

The government is fully aware of this preparation to run industry for use instead of for profit. It may be added that they are carefully watching the full time teachers of Marxian Economics and Industrial History, who are paid by the miners themselves. The railwaymen also have the same

educational system, which is a part of the Central Labor College.

It has now leaked out that while Auckland Geddes, a cabinet minister, was speaking at a secret meeting of employers in Manchester, he made a very bold statement that was not intended for public consumption, in which he said: "The clash was bound to come between trade unionism and the government," and that "The government would use all the powers of the state." The lord mayor of Manchester was at the meeting and being new at "playing mayor," delivered a speech, later giving out the above statement. Capital is now being made of it to build up a machine to cope with anything the government may do.

It may be said that definite strides are being made for publicity in strikes through the Labor Research Bureau which did such good work during the late rail strike. Machinery was also existing in the railstrike to deliver food to the workers from the co-operative societies' warehouses by the Vehicle Workers' Union, whose members own many thousands of the taxis, etc.

It will be shown that very definitely the workers are formulating a program of industrial communism that will ultimately clash with the Kerenskys in the Labor party. The high feeling is very pronounced at present and must become more and more so as time goes on. So, although the movement may seem complicated, it becomes very clear as you get closer to it. All in Britain ask what are the Americans doing? I say to the Americans, answer them by doing as the British workers are doing, which is identical with the I. W. W. program.

Join the I. W. W. and build the future Industrial Republic.



(Underwood & Underwood photo.)
Ex-service man in England going about in chains, to signify that he is jobless and breadless.

## Song of the Beast

I have dug you deep mines
To the heart of the earth.
And made you sweet wines
To foster your mirth.
I have built you great ships
To master the seas.
I have slaved 'neath your whips,
While you lived in ease.
I have toiled in your mill
And gathered your grain.
I have sweat at your will
In the sun and the rain.
But I am tired of you now;
You must leave me alone!
For myself I will plow
And reap what I've sown!
So give me my right!
Keep out of my way!
The past was my night,
But this is my day.

—C. O. G.

## Two Men Are Leaving the Prison Today

Two men are leaving the prison today—
Two thousand watch them go.
Two men smile as they walk away—
Two thousand caged-in men must stay,
Two thousand still in woe!

Two men are leaving the pit of hell,
But they leave two thousand there,
Who rush like mad at the ring of a bell
And crawl off to sleep in a dirty cell
And breathe in filthy prison air.

Two men are leaving the prison walls
With a five dollar bill to spend—
Two thousand men in the cells and halls
Turn back again to the bugle calls,
Like galley slaves to the end.

Two men shall see their homes again—
Two thousand men shall not!
A few shall go who die self-slain,
A few shall break and go insane.
But all of the men shall rot!

—C. O. G.

# Sowing the Seeds of One Big Union in Mexico

By IRWIN GRANICH of Mexico City

Mexico is a small notion, undeveloped and at the mercy of a larger imperialistic neighbor whose mouth is watering for the rich spoils and resources of conquest. It is from this angle that every thinking worker's sympathy and support goes to the victim. American labor must fight any action that would strengthen the power and plans of the imperialists at home. This is proper, and yet I would warn every labor man to suffer from no delusions as to the revolutionary ardor of the Carranza government. There has been a lot of nonsense on this score printed in both capitalist and radical papers. On the one hand this cry is made a means of blackening the Mexican government in the eyes of American conservatives. On the other side, Carranza press agents are conducting a deliberate and tireless propaganda to capture the sympathy of American labor for their regime. To do this they speak of all the great laws and glorious benefits Carranza has brought labor. They hint at nationalization and other such radical measures, but after a year and a half of personal observations here in Mexico I assure you it is all bunk. Let us all fight intervention in every way for the sake of the Mexican workers and for ourselves, but let us have no false notions as to the radical deeds of Carranza.

I will just give a few details of his attitude toward labor and then pass to the more hopeful story of how slowly and surely a powerful current toward industrial unionism is setting in and how in a few years I believe Mexico will have an I. W. W. organization greater perhaps than the parent body in the United States.

The Mexican revolution was conducted by a middle class element of farm barons and business men who had tired of the feudal autocracy of Diaz and who wanted the usual bourgeois liberties—free press, free commerce, the vote and a chance at office. This class, as in the French revolution, rallied the workers to fight for the victory of this cause by writing all sorts of social promises on their banners. "Land and Liberty" was the catch-word that whirled the workers into the ranks of battle and made them fight and die in thousands for what they conceived to be a social revolution. When the revolution was won and sealed in the blood of the toilers, the bourgeois liberals stepped in and gathered the fruits, as usual.

It is a long and complicated story, and I shall not tell it here in full. Enough to say, not a single pledge of the revolution's program has been redeemed by either Madero or his successors. If the present regime still talks about nationalizing the oil fields, for instance, it is only that the oil fields may be taken from American capitalists and given over to Mexican capitalists. Large tracts of land were confiscated by the revolution, but the peons failed to get a clod of it. It all went to the generals and other saviours—as usual. So on along the line.

A lot of resplendent and "progressive" labor laws were put on the books during and since the revolution, but they are all scraps of paper. They are not enforced. The average working day is still some ten hours in the cities, and the pay is about from $1 to $3 per diem, even for the most skilled labor. Unemployment dogs the footsteps of every worker. There are no statistics on the subject, but talking to hundreds of them, I would estimate that every Mexican worker is out of a job about half his active time. The truth is the average Mexican worker, everywhere, is in about the same fix as the migratory workers of the United States, with the same wages and status, and the same feeling of insecurity—even the same clothes. The revolution

It has brought them, if anything, a repetition of the oppression and slaughter that they met under Diaz. For instance, about five months ago the school teachers of Mexico City went out on strike. They had not been paid for three months, and Carranza issued a manifesto calling them traitors for having struck. All the unions of the metropolis called a general strike in sympathy. The newspapers failed to come out, the cars stopped running for a day—and then ran at normal, every car manned by a scab. They didn't have to import these scabs, either; there are always thousands of unemployed in the city.

Carranza brought out machine guns and police and scabs and broke the strike. He turned the fire hose once on a meeting of women school teachers—something that wouldn't go above the Rio Grande. He acted just about the way Wilson would have acted in a similar crisis, despite what his propagandists say in the United States.

There was a general strike in Tampico among the oil workers. Military and machine guns again, and Carranza troops killed five Mexican workers and wounded many others for striking against the hated American oil corporations.

Yucatan was the only place in Mexico where the social hopes of the revolution were being worked out in reality. Every worker there was organized into a Socialist union, under the leadership of the greatest and most honest man in Mexico—Felipe Carrillo. The red flag waved over the government offices, and the workers did not need to strike; they took everything they wanted in the way of wages and conditions by mere announcement. They were always held back from complete confiscation by the United States on one hand and the central Carranza government on the other. Were it not for these two factors there would be a Soviet republic in Yucatan today.

As it is, Carranza is now busy wiping out by murder and riot whatever little good there was in Yucatan. There is an army of occupation now in Yucatan. They have executed about a hundred Socialists in the past few months. They stepped in

and took over the last election by force of arms. Carrillo has been shot at twice in the streets. The co-operatives have been broken up and the next step all feel will be the suppression of the unions which are organized on industrial lines.

In Tampico all the union halls have been closed by the military. The Casa de Obrero Mundial, which is the Mexican Industrial Workers of the World, has been closed down. A curious phase of the situation is that the suppressions are in charge of a Col. Orosco who was a Huerta general and lately turned to Carranza.

At the battle of Celaya, which was the turning point in the Carranza revolution, he led the Huerta forces. Arrayed against him, fighting for Carranza and the revolution, were the Battalones Rojos or Red Battalions, formed by thousands of workers mainly from the Tampico oil fields. They won the battle for Carranza and now Carranza has sent the old reactionary they fought and defeated to put them down. It is a striking symbol of what the Mexican revolution has degenerated into.

This, however, is the government's side of the class war. On the side of the workers there is something as powerful stirring. The workers had been aroused to a climax of hope by the revolution, and when nothing materialized went through a corresponding reaction of pessimism. In the past two years, however, there has been a renaissance of hope, stimulated directly by the example of Russia and by the influx of hundreds of young Americans of industrialist and Socialist affiliations who escaped here during the war period.

To begin with, one must understand that Mexico has not even an A. F. of L. movement as we know it in the United States. Labor is organized on a regional basis, along almost industrial lines. The workers around the Tampico oil fields, for instance, whatever their craft, belong to the Casa de Obrero Mundial, and maintain relations with the factory workers of the Orizaba section, who have their own industrial union or the farm workers of Zacatecas, who have another powerful sectional union of their own. There is no central national body, and no definite affiliation with the American Federation of Labor.

Every one of these unions is in the control mainly of radicals who call themselves anarchists, Socialists, I. W. W. and what-not. They issue revolutionary manifestoes, make appeals for the class war prisoners in the United States, hang red flags in their halls, pledge their support to Russia, all independently of each other, all in different terms and degrees. Tactics and program are all hazy in the midst of these various groups, and one finds nowhere evidences that there is a clear-cut policy of any sort linking the nation's workers together.

There is utter confusion of doctrines and ideas, no strong central organization whatever, and what is more, not even a knowledge that this is what they need most of all.

The only hopeful element is that the Mexican worker is almost unconsciously radical and ready for the message of One Big Union. He has none of the bourgeois delusions that have been bred into the American worker; he has not the slightest itch to put on a white collar and to strut up and down the plaza on Sundays posing as an "intellectual." He is virgin soil, and what is more he is always a worker and wears his blue overalls to dances as well as to work; and you can't shock him with any new idea. He is willing to learn and listens with native sympathy to anything having a working class dialect.

Talking the situation over with workers here many of us felt that the greatest need of the nation was some sort of solidarity and program on which all the labor forces of the nation could unite. Regionally, they were doing nothing, only winning or losing a sporadic strike here and there. Nationally organized they could present a solid front to the enemy; could take concerted action and determine the revolutionary ends on which they could all work in common.

This step was taken through the First National Socialist Congress of Mexico, held in Mexico City from the 25th of August to the 4th of September, 1919. Delegates from every section of the country came, and from every division of industry. It was like an I. W. W. convention in many ways; the delegates came by freight—some of them; they slept on the benches of the hall, and ate there. It was a workingman's convention—oil workers, farm workers, miners and city proletariat came in their blue overalls and straw hats.

Now the Socialist party, through which the convention was called, was not bringing these workers here to convert them to political action. No worker believes in political action in Mexico, for they have tried it again and again and it has rebounded on them most evilly. Every political party, even the Socialist, in Mexico, is filled with elements who are there merely to swing the workers over to the support of some general or lawyer, not a Socialist, who happens to be running for some office. The workers know this and refuse to be used.

The Socialist party, dominated by I. W. W. elements, had called the congress because there was no union able to call it. It was called for the purpose of bringing to the workers the message of One Big Union and to help them create a national body based on industrial lines.

This it succeeded in doing, despite the sabotage at the convention of such elements as Luis Morones, the Gompers lieutenant in Mexico, a fat, big, bediamonded labor faker on one hand, and Linn Gale, an American adventurer and labor provacteur who has a shady past and has just organized a so-called Communist party of six or seven members for some sinister ends.

This Gale is worthy of a word at this point. Being way down in Mexico, far away from the American movement, he has been able through columns of words to impress good people in the north with

the illusion of his sincerity and radicalism. He is really a nonentity, dangerous only because he is trying to bleed the movement for money, and because he is of the type that will ultimately sell out and turn spy—if he has not already achieved this profitable end, as the Soviet Bureau in New York believes.

He began his career in New York by running a Tammany Hall weekly and working on one of Glynn's newspapers upstate. Then he fled the draft and landed here. He immediately set up a "new thought school" and proposed to heal incurable cases through Jesus Christ at so much a cure. Tnis didn't pan out and he started his magazine with Carranza money, as he himself acknowledges, and professed Socialism. It is needless to go into the history of his career here. He has run a matrimonial agency, a bill collecting bureau, an English school, a real estate office, a book reviewing syndicate, a new thought laboratory, a Church of the New Civilization, a book store for occult literature and so on, all at one and the same time. When he espoused Socialism his first announcement was to the effect that now the Bolsheviks of Mexico had a leader, which made some of the older Bolsheviks a little mad, of course. In his magazine he calls himself the future Trotzky and Lenine of North America, and so on.

Despite his insidious lying, such as telling Mexicans that some of the other foreigners were spies, and so on, and despite Monores and his open sabotage, the convention adopted a revolutionary program which affiliated Mexican labor with the Third International at Moscow, and with the I. W. W. of the United States.

**The first clause of the platform states that the unions of Mexico must organize industrially and nationally and must maintain relations with the I. W. W. of the United States. Later in the platform this is elaborated in detail.**

The delegates went back to their various regions and reports of the congress have been printed in all the regional labor papers, also as a pamphlet. Two new newspapers were started as a result of the congress—"El Soviet" in Mexico City, and the "Industrial Worker" in Vera Cruz. In every section of the republic now the message of the congress has been heard. The general secretary will write for I. W. W. charters when things have been whipped into some sort of shape. The I. W. W. constitution is being translated for the use of the delegates in the various regions, and already several tentative locals have been formed. The big job, however, that the delegates are concentrating on is to get the great regional unions now in existence to unite with the I. W. W. and adopt tactics and aims of this organization.

They are bringing it up at every meeting and in all the labor papers this discussion now rages. The consummation of this work is not far in the future, and when it is accomplished there will be an organization that will fear neither American nor Mexican capitalisms, but will walk steadily on the path that leads to One Big Union all over the world.

(Editor's Note)—In a previous number we published an article sent us by Linn A. E. Gale who is here so strongly condemned. Said article reported the formation of a "Communist Party" in Mexico which also is supposed to have endorsed the I. W. W. The only point upon which the two reports agree is that one Morones is an agent of the Gompers interests. It appears at this distance that the workers of Mexico are having their first experience with the political parties of Socialism. A short period of such experience will probably teach them the necessity of following the example of I. W. W. and organizing apart from all political movements purely as an industrial organization that will include only actual wage workers. Co-operation with political groups will be disastrous in the end.)



# The Elements of the Socialist Movement

BY HENRY VAN DORN

Broadly speaking, the elements which today compose the Socialist movement of the world may be divided into two groups: First, the Socialist patriots, or the reformist political Socialists, who are most prominently represented by the German Majority Socialists and the Russian Mensheviki. This group went on record at the Berne Conference as being opposed to Bolshevism. Second, those Socialist and labor organizations that participated, or at least were invited to participate, in the Communist International which met at Moscow on March 2, 1919. This latter group include the Russian Bolsheviki, the Spartacans of Germany, the Italian Socialist party, the Communist parties of America, the I .W. W. of all countries, and the Syndicalist organizations and Communist parties of various European countries. Here should also be included the One Big Union movements of Canada, Spain and Australia.

In order to properly understand the importance and true status of these various elements in the Socialist movement we must first ascertain the reason for the sudden and ignominious collapse of the Second International at the outbreak of the World War. How is to be explained the appalling fact that after many arduous years of education and organization along these lines of scientific Socialism, the many millions of European Socialists, with but insignificant exceptions, forgot at the first sound of the bugle all about the universal brotherhood of the working class and were swept body and soul into the camps of nationalism and imperialism?

The answer is simple: The Second International was not at the outbreak of the war a revolutionary, militant working class movement. Instead, it had developed into a reform movement led by professional middle class journalists, politicians and theoreticians. Acting as the high priests of the movement, they had by over-subtle arguments led their followers from the highway of direct revolutionary action aimed at the quick and complete overthrow of capitalism into devious zigzag paths of petty reforms, political action and compromise with the powers that be, all of which could end in nothing but perplexity and dismay.

The Social Democracy of pre-war Germany was a gigantic institution with a large treasury, which owned hundreds of newspapers and buildings of assemblage, staged entertainments, lectures and concerts, attended to the people's educational and social wants, sent representatives to the Reichstag and embraced within its membership workmen, peasants, doctors, lawyers, small business men, actors, journalists, politicians, in fact everybody and anybody except bankers, big capitalists and big landed proprietors. Its spokesmen and theoreticians were members of the professional and middle-class who had either long ceased or had never had anything to do with the working class, with its trials and with its misery, nor did they possess, as, for instance, the Russian Revolutionists, the advantage of having suffered for their convictions. Consider the careers of Singer, Bernstein, Kautsky, Scheidemann, Legien, David, Haase. So we see that the German Social Democracy prior to the war was not a proletarian revolutionary movement. This applies also to the reformist orthodox Socialist parties of France, the Scandinavian countries, England, Russia, etc.

Although the leaders of pre-war Socialism constantly cavilled over the interpretation of the teachings of Karl Marx, neither they nor the movements which they represented were Marxian either in theory or in tactics. For instance, they sinned against each of the following three cardinal principles of Marxism: Against the economic interpretation of history, in its practical application to the situation confronting them, against the dictum that the liberation of the working class is the work of the working class itself, and against the postulate that the transition from capitalism to Socialism can only be accomplished through the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The economic interpretation of history clearly shows that the shape which the social, judicial, legislative, religious, political and other institutions of any period of society assume is determined primarily by the economic structure of that period of society, in other words, by its mode of producing and distributing the means of livelihood. The implication from this is that the political state under capitalism exists by virtue of its being of service to the capitalist system of production and that it cannot operate in any way except to the benefit of that system of production. With the disappearance of capitalism would disappear also the capitalist political state, but up to such time that state could not possibly be anything else than a capitalist state. Yet these pre-war Socialists, in direct contradiction to the economic interpretation of history, were naive enough to believe that they could use the capitalist state as an instrument for the abolition of capitalism itself, which end they intended to attain by voting and by parliamentary action.

As for the dictum that the liberation of the working class is the work of the working class itself, surely the middle class intellectuals at the head of the Socialist movement at that time could not be expected to liberate a class to which they did not belong, namely, the working class. The personal equation plays a much larger part in the class struggle than is commonly supposed. When a workingman is sent to congress or to the house of commons or to the reichstag or gets elected a high official of a large labor organization such as the A. F. of L., and thereby attains an income about ten times the size of his wages, he ceases to be a wage

earner and becomes a member of the middle class, his personal struggle with the world for a livelihood has been brought to a successful end. Henceforward he lives in a state of economic security, subconsciously, at least, he works for a continuation of such a blissful state of affairs, and unless he be a man endowed with an exceptionally forceful character and keen intellect, he is bound to become more conservative day by day. The result is that instead of being a help he becomes a hindrance to a progressive working class movement. If this be the case with an official who springs from the proletariat, how much worse would it not be when the man springs from the professional or the middle class?

There are instances without end to illustrate the truth of the above contention. The rank and file of any working class movement is always more radical than its leaders. As soon as Millerand, Briant, Vandervelde, Guesde, Thomas, rose to the position of cabinet ministers they turned traitor to the working class. When it comes to being reactionary, most of the high salaried officials of the A. F. of L. some of whom receive as much as $10,000 per year, outstrip their capitalistic brethren. It is sickening to think of the number of strikes that they have sold out. The A. F. of L. will always be an incubus on the backs of the workers of America until it gets rid of these high salaried officials. None of the American Socialist renegades were members of the proletariat: Spargo, Walling, Russell, Stokes, Bohn, Wright, Sinclair; one and all they were either clergymen, journalists, gentlemen of leisure, or what not, anything but workingmen. What could illustrate plainer than this that a non-union workingman cannot be trusted to fight the battles of the working class when the crucial moment comes? The only solution seems to be the policy of the I. W. W., which pays its officials, from the highest to the lowest, a uniform salary somewhat below the average wage of an ordinary worker. Then one may be assured of the unswerving fidelity of these officials, since they are working for an ideal and not for money. And yet the pre-war Socialist movement was in the hands of high salaried, non-working class leaders.

That there might ever arise the necessity for a dictatorship of the proletariat was considered by these political Socialists a laughable impossibility. Why, said they, we will simply vote ourselves into power and then, being the strongest party, we will abolish capitalism and establish Socialism. As easy as falling off a log, said these "Marxians."

Then came the war and the feeble-kneed bourgeois Socialist parties of the Second International went to pieces. They evaporated, faded away into the atmosphere, were simply nowhere around. There were no longer any German Socialists, French Socialists, English Socialists, Belgian Socialists; there were now only Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Belgians. A sadder, more disheartening spectacle our long-suffering earth had never witnessed.

Of course, there were factions which had not so entirely forgotten the mission of revolutionary Socialism. These minorities of the Left Wing of the Second International convened in the fall of 1915 at Zimmerwald, Switzerland. But the conference again split into two camps, the Social Pacifists, led by Kautsky, and the Communists, led by Lenine. From that time on the Communists gained rapidly in numbers and in power, the climax coming with the Russian Communists, or the Bolsheviki, seizing the reins of government in November, 1917.

The Social Pacifists developed into the Independent Socialists of Germany, who with the fall of the Kaiser, began to play quite an important role in German political life. However, being infused with characteristic middle class indecision they have vacillated between the reactionary Majority Socialists and the extremist Spartacans. In the future they are bound to identify themselves with either the one or the other of these opposing forces.

The Italian Socialist party was the one noteworthy exception to the collapse of the European Socialist parties at the outbreak of the war. Notwithstanding the treachery of Mussolini, former editor of L'Avanti, the party's daily organ, and of De Ambris, leader of the Syndicalists, the party officially never came out in favor of the war. To this day it has unflinchingly stood for the principles of revolutionary Socialism and for the proletarian revolution, war or no war. That is the reason why the Italian Socialists may be reckoned on doing great things once they get started in cleaning their country of capitalism.

Ever since the Bolsheviki came into power the French Socialists have been drifting more and more towards the left. Prior to the war Jean Longuet was the leader of a negligible minority, but from the 1918 party congress he emerged as the leader of a radical majority. He in turn is in danger of being overshadowed by Loriot who is an out and out Communist and will have nothing to do with the moribund Second International. The Berne conference was the occasion for forty-one social patriots, headed by Albert Thomas, breaking away from the radical majority—and a good riddance it was! So we see the Communist sentiment growing stronger in France every day, and the time may not be far off when the French Socialists will stand solid for the proletarian revolution.

The decisive role in France will be played, however, by the Federation Generale du Travail. On its policy depends the future of the revolution. With its two million members who are becoming imbued with the spirit of revolutionary industrial unionism, it will decide the fate of France.

The English worker is also steadily drifting towards Communism. The Shop Stewards' Movement is a sign that the workers are beginning to take things into their own hands. The purely political Socialist group in England is an insignificant one, and we must look to the big industrial unions for the overthrow of capitalism. This cannot be ac-

complished by political action in any country where capitalism has attained a high stage of development.

The Russian, German and Hungarian revolutions proved beyond the shadow of a doubt the utter futility of parliamentary action. The Kaiser, the King were not overthrown by the ballot, but by the bayonet. In other words, by force. And again, when the Bolsheviki superceded the feeble, blundering bourgeois Socialist government of Kerensky they did not vote themselves into power. They simply took that power. Ever since that memorable day of Nov. 7, 1917, the criterion by which to gauge the usefulness to the working class of the various Socialist and labor elements throughout the world has been their readiness to use direct, uncompromising mass and industrial action for the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of industrial democracy. Let me mention here in passing that Bolshevism or Communism is nothing more nor less than dynamic Socialism, or Socialism in practice.

Even since 1903 when the Bolsheviki became a distinct party in the Russian Social Democracy they have maintained a policy of no coalition and no compromise. Everything or nothing, was the their watchword. But nevertheless they were a political not an industrial organization. Their success was due mainly to three factors: First, the incredible corruption and rottenness of the Tzarist regime, second, that they early recognized the futility of pure political action and directed their efforts toward the seizing and organizing of the industrial bodies known as Soviets. As is well known, Trotzky was the president of the first Petrograd Soviet, organized in 1905. Third, that Russia is an agricultural country with only a small percentage of the population engaged in industrial pursuits, has no middle class to speak of, but had a large, illiterate, inert peasant population which by being given land, bread and peace was won over to the side of the Communists. Under these circumstances the Bolsheviks went over the top for Socialism. However, let us not make the mistake of supposing that the tactics which succeeded in Russia will succeed in other more highly developed capitalistic countries, which present an entirely different industrial and social complexion.

Let us take, for instance, Germany. Upon the overthrow of the Kaiser the Majority Socialists captured the political state. But since the industries continued to be owned and operated by the financiers and capitalists and the land by the junkers, the capitalist political state, which only exists by virture of being serviceable to capitalism, could function only for the preservation of the capitalist regime. Thus, notwithstanding its Socialist office holders, it was an obstacle in the path of the progressing working class. And so we come across the sorry and paradoxical spectacle of the Socialist Noske slaughtering his fellow Socialists by the thousands upon the streets of Berlin and in every nook and corner of Germany. The Communists, under the leadership of Liebknecht, Luxembourg and Mehring, put up a brave fight, but wave after wave of Spartacan uprisings was ruthlessly put down in Berlin, Hamburg, Bavaria, Dusseldorf. From the latest reports it seems that the German workers are coming to realize that by simply following the Bolshevik tactics of mass action they will not get rid of capitalism, and are now organizing in revolutionary industrial unions. When these unions will grow strong and efficient enough to take over and run industry then will the proletarian revolution in Germany become an accomplished fact.

The same cleavage which developed between the Majority Socialists and the Spartacans in Germany, between the followers of Albert Thomas and those of Longuet in France, has developed between the Socialists of every other country. The Socialist party of the United States by its St. Louis platform took a stand alongside the Italian Socialists as being wholeheartedly opposed to the capitalistic war. The social patriots, traitors of the ilk of Spargo, Russell and Bohn, were thus gotten rid of early in the game. Nevertheless, sooner or later the party had to take issue with Bolshevism, with the inevitable result that the Left Wing elements were expelled from the party by its standpat, political action high priests, who are the American counterpart of Ebert, Scheideman, Kerensky, Thomas and Henderson. Thus were born the Communist parties of America.

Slowly, but surely, Socialist workingmen are emancipating themselves from the fallacy that wage slavery can be abolished through parliamentary action. Reluctantly they part with their hope of political power, but as the final collapse of capitalism approaches they begin to discover that industrial unionism is the solution of the social problem.

## EXPLOITERS OF BODY AND MIND

**He who takes life's necessities**
**Because he is strong,**
**And whips into submission**
**With the lash of hunger,**
**IS NO WORSE**
**Than the man with the distorted mind**
**Who raves of hell and damnation**
**And seeks to bind the weak**
**To the fear of God.**

**—C. O. G.**

## INCENTIVE

**Waiting for a street car**
**Dinner pail on arm,**
**In the greasy, smelly, smoky bottoms**
**Of Kansas City**
**Was an old, old man.**
**And the look on his face**
**Was the look of a man**
**Lost in a deep forest,**
**With a great fear of starving.**

**—C. O. G.**

# The Plight of the Clerical Workers

By JOHN SANDGREN

From Harvey's Monthly for November we quote the following:

*"Are there, then, any real sufferers from the war and the war's aftermath reactions? Ask the teachers, the clergymen, the clerks, the writers, the editors, the tens and tens of thousands of professional and semi-professional men, the men and women of small incomes sufficient for their modest needs before this orgie of high prices, but now cut to half and less than half in purchasing power, and at this day spelling deprivation to the verge of want where before they spelled a modest independence. These are the real after-the-war sufferers. Their name is legion.*

*Compared with current living expenses, the salaries paid to clerks, to teachers, to writers, to editors, to clergymen are derisory. Likewise they are an infamy.*

*Where other salaries and other wages have gone up, here they have either stood still or increased by figures that are niggardly. Men and women of learning, of the highest attainments, those on whom depends the education of American children, the moral guidance of the American people, are paid salaries that a hodcarrier or bricklayer or a stevedore would scorn. It is this submerged, unorganized, inarticulate middle group, the very flower of the country's intelligence, the group on which we all depend to maintain the Republic through clear thinking and staunch fidelity to basic American principles and traditions—it is upon these that the present-day burden of living-cost falls with crushing weight. It is they who shoulder their disproportionate share of the ever-increasing load shoved upon the consumer's and the rent-payer's shoulders by the granting of extortionate labor union demands; by conscienceless profiteers; by reckless waste of Government funds wrung from the country's overburdened taxpayers.*

*They have been a patient lot thus far, these real sufferers from the war's inevitable consequences. Their voices are seldom heard in complaint. They are inarticulate and unorganized. But the thing cannot go on forever. Either salvation must be worked out in some way and soon for this vast group, or we shall pay the penalty by seeing them join the turbulent forces of unrest and disintegration. And when that happens, sheer ruin will not be far away. When such Americans as these cannot earn enough money to live their frugal lives and educate their children, then indeed is there danger ahead."*

The fellow worker who sends us the above clipping writes underneath: "Moral: Organize or starve."

For our part we cannot suppress a vindictive "serves you right," even though we should not give vent to any vindictiveness towards any group of wage workers.

Why this vindictiveness on our part against the high-collared gentry?

The teachers we have harsh feelings against because they have refused to organize. As a result of their disorganized state they are not only kept down to starvation wages and abject slavery, but they have also lost something much more valuable, namely their independence as teachers. For fear of losing the pittance by which they live they are helping the masters to poison and warp the minds of our children in order to make them submissive slaves also. It certainly is a crime and a disgrace to allow those who teach our children, to suffer from want and care, but that is what the teachers get for licking the boots of profiteering hucksters and the property owning class in general, with which class they have absolutely nothing in common. The masters always treat with contempt the cringing slaves who do their bidding without protest. They have done the same with us all while we were as foolish as you are. Look at us agricultural workers, lumber workers, miners and construction workers before we started to organize. We were driven to desperation and hopelessness and perished by the thousands from want and suffering and we were hunted like wild animals and a bounty was set upon our heads as vags. We were treated as criminals and outcasts. Since we started to organize this has changed for the better, and we now would "scorn to work for your wages," as the writer in Harvey's magazine points out.

We have not accomplished much yet, but we feel that we owe you no sympathy. Do as we did. "Organize or starve." But we are particularly anxious that you teachers should organize, not merely in order that you might obtain the freedom from worry and care that a teacher absolutely should have, but principally in order that you might regain your spiritual independence in order that you may be able to teach the children the truth and nothing but the truth. If all the teachers were organized, the criminal capitalist class would not be able to pollute and poison the sources of knowledge from which the child or the young people gain their knowledge. In the interest of our children and of all mankind we have the right to demand of you that you organize and make yourselves absolutely independent of all the influences that seek to control you out of impure motives. We want you to to teach our children to seek truth instead of cramming them full of vicious misinformation and crippling their intelligence and enslaving their spirit to the masters.

The clergymen!—Why should we, the workers,

care whether the clergymen starve and worry? Have they not always been the contemptible tools of a criminal master class? Have they not always been trafficking in spiritual values in order to keep the workers meek and contended? Have they not always resisted us when we sought to lift ourselves and our fellows out of the mire of poverty, ignorance and oppression? Have not they nearly always, with very few exceptions, taken the rich man's part against the poor, all the while collecting the widow's mite for their own support?

We will not consent to class the clergymen as teachers. We class them with the other "stools" and the "finks" that the capitalist class employs in order to keep the workers down. By teaching science and honest truth-seeking we hope to shame them out of existence some day.

The clerks!—That's another story. Hundreds of thousands of clerks are entirely unnecessary, but that is not the fault of the individual clerk—it is the fault of the system. When capitalism falls, these clerks as well as their masters will be out of luck, for they will be out of a job. For the present all clerkdom is an important social factor to count with. We for our part have discovered the importance of the clerk, but he has not discovered it himself. As a rule the high-collared pen pusher feels immensely superior to the man with overalls and callouses, but that superiority is all vanished when he steps before the boss. Before his master the clerk is generally the most abject, fawning, humiliated creature on earth. He may be half starved, he may be on the verge of desperation from poverty, but he seldom dares to ask for more pay, much less assert his manhood or independence. He obliterates himself as a rule completely and does whatever the master tells him without a murmur of protest.

And still clerkdom holds it in its hands to dictate terms to the masters. All they have to do is to organize and stand together and the roles will be reversed. They will command and the master will obey.

However, we are not particularly interested in clerkdom for its own sake. We want the clerks to organize with those who work with their hands into the industrial union of their industry. Together the manual and clerical workers could as a body take over and run their respective industries without the capitalist. All alone the clerical workers amount to nothing. Together with the manual workers they could have everything their own way against the boss.

Without the clerks, we, the manual workers, sometimes make a mess of our struggles, but if it comes to the worst we can get along without them. The clerks on the other hand can do nothing without the manual workers when it comes to taking over production. The clerks are collectively in possession of the knowledge required for administering the industries. It will be a great day both for them and for us when they break with the boss, who is working them almost to death for a starvation wage and join the manual workers in the same industrial union.

May that day come soon!

Of course the clerk has not the courage just yet to join the I. W. W. The very idea of it is apt to make him drop dead from fright. Still, that is what it is going to come to some day. The clerk will find no other way of salvation for himself.

The writers and the editors!—Well, "the dirtier the work the poorer the pay," is an old saying. That is why the writers and editors often are miserably paid. They do the dirty work of the capitalist class. They are the ones who dump the dirt into fountains of knowledge in order to deceive the people. What do they expect? Any low-down creature is good enough for that kind of work. Many a time we of the I. W. W. have suffered on account of the lies that these writers and editors have told about us. In fact, the tremendous persecution we are now exposed to is almost entirely the result of the lie-campaign in the kept press. This campaign waged against us by paid mental prostitutes has only one bright side for us, and that is that the vile creatures who carry it on are despised and kicked by their own masters and allowed to suffer want.

However, what we have said of the teachers also applies to the editors and writers. We have the right to demand of them that they organize, not for the purpose of getting "a fair day's pay for a fair day's lying" but for the purpose of regaining their freedom, so that they may become men and be able to speak the truth and refuse to speak anything but the truth.

As long as these wretched workers are employed in commercial enterprises they belong in the Printing and Publishing Workers' Industrial Union. When the dissemination of knowledge has ceased to be a commercial function they will properly belong with the teachers.

The high cost of living is driving millions of people to think. It is to be hoped that it will drive the clerical workers to think and open their eyes so that they may see what miserable slaves they are. It is to be hoped that it will drive them to organize, not only for the sake of the pittance that will keep them alive as slaves but for the purpose of taking possession of the earth in common with their brothers and sisters who do manual labor.

### THE BIRTH

**The Gods had gathered all the blood**
**That for freedom had been shed,**
**And dipped within a cloth of white:**
**Thus came out a flag of red.**

**The gods then gave this gift to man,**
**Bequeathed it unto slaves,**
**That it should strengthen brotherhood**
**In every land it waves.**

**—C. O. G.**

# The Labor Party and the I. W. W.

By JOHN SANDGREN

A fellow worker dropped in on us the other day and laid his spiritual troubles before us much in the manner as a sinner goes to confession. He was under a terrible pressure when he came but he was light of heart when he left. It was all due to a misunderstanding on his part.

"I don't care a rap what the I. W. W. says," it came in a torrent, "but I am going to vote for the new Labor Party. I do not give a rap for the program of the Labor Party either. I don't want any of their government ownership, or their Plumb plan, or their initiative and referendum, but there has got to be a change in the personel of officialdom and pretty quick, too. Look what these tools of Wall street are doing with us I. W. W. men. They are trampling the constitution under foot and openly defying it. They have now put over a thousand of us in jail. They are making a mockery of justice. They are using it to 'sandbag' us with. They are clubbing us and murdering us and are holding us for months and years without trial. Their courts are hotbeds of iniquity where we are given the rawest kind of a deal. I say, we must put this whole bunch out of office, or they will slowly but surely torment our organization to death. They are in cahouts with bogus patriots who raid our halls and club us and rob us and lynch us. Did you ever see one of those raiders punished by the officers of the law? Nary a one! We have got to drive them out soon or they will get our goat."

He paused for breath, and then continued:

"I have no use for the A. F. of L. leaders neither as unionmen nor as politicians, but they can't be worse than those now in office. Most of them have been actual workers so there is always something good in them to fall back on. Besides the A. F. of L. men have been persecuted pretty badly themselves lately, and the rank and file is pretty anxious to get the constitution of the U. S. in force again. I'd like to see them win. They can't be worse than the republican or democratic office holders but chances are they will be better. I believe they will release all class war prisoners and stop railroading more of us to jail. I believe they will sit down on the raiders of halls and restore free speech, free press and free assemblage. That is all I want of them. The rest of their program is all bunk as far as we are concerned, but this is something worth while. I am going to vote for the Labor Party even with the risk of being denounced by the I. W. W. men. That's all there is to it. We can't lose by it, but we might gain a lot if those A. F. of L. men win out with their party."

Having said this, our fellow worker seemed to be greatly relieved. He had confessed what he thought to be an illegal act or a crime according to the I. W. W. law. After a moment's rest he went on:

" I know you are after politicians like the pound man is after stray dogs, so I thought I would come up and tell you, as I don't want to go and vote on the sly."

Now was our chance to answer.

First we read the preamble together. There it said that we must come together in industrial unions to improve our conditions and abolish wage slavery. But we did not find a word about voting for political parties.

We went through all the pages of the constitution, but still we found nothing to stop members from voting for any party they like to vote for. On the contrary, we found in By-Laws, Art. I, Sect. 1, the following: "No workingman or woman shall be excluded from membership in unions because of creed or color."

Now we went on to explain:

"While the word 'creed' probably was intended to mean religious conviction, it may readily be construed to mean also political creeds or ideas, and convictions in any other field.

"All that the I. W. W. demands of its members is that they sincerely endorse the principle of industrial unionism as the frame work of a new society, and that in their actions they act upon the principle that 'an injury to one is an injury to all.' A member should also pay his dues regularly and do his utmost to build up the organization, but for the rest he surrenders none of his freedom.

"You can vote for whatever you like, and expound your beliefs as long as you do not work against the best interests of the organization.

"Any member who thinks he can help the boys in jail by voting, or hopes to stop the persecution against us and restore the constitution into full force by voting for the Labor Party or any other party is perfectly at liberty to do so, as far as the I. W. W. is concerned.

"As an organization we cannot go into politics of any kind, for it would immediately break us up as an organization. Supposing we organize a mining camp of 1,000 men or more and make it 100 per cent I. W. W., as we have in many cases. While these 1,000 men are almost sure to sincerely endorse the industrial union they are very likely divided into several political creeds. Very likely there are those who vote republican or democratic tickets or socialist tickets. There are sure to be many anti-parliamentarians among them. If the I. W. W. were to demand of these 1,000 men that they should all vote for one certain party, we would be sure to burst the union, or we would hold it together only by terrorism.

"You are, consequently, perfectly at liberty to vote for the Labor Party if you see fit."

"If, on the other hand, you were to come out and agitate for the Labor Party program and tell the workers that industrial unionism is no good, but that they should instead work for the realization of government ownership of public utilties as a means of solving the social problem, then you would come in conflict with our program and the proper thing for you to do would be to withdraw from the I. W. W. Should you be in a 100 per cent organized camp you would get into trouble, as your action then would be a breach of solidarity.

But as long as you content yourself with voting merely in order to get a change of offcials, we have no objection. There is a great difference between voting for certain persons and agitating for a program that ignores or combats industrial unionism.

"In regard to the Labor Party we wish to state that in our opinion they really have good prospects of winning out in some industrial centers, provided their votes are counted. Their program has taken up practically every demand made by liberals, reformers and socialists. It is a regular Christmas tree. They will probably get the votes of everybody who is dissatisfied with the republican or democratic party, and that is about one half of the people. For comprehensiveness there never was a program like it. They are even getting at least one I. W. W. vote, namely your own, by taking up in their program 'amnesty for political prisoners, repeal of the espionage law, free speech, free press and free assemblage.' They are apt to get several I. W. W. votes besides your own on this point. You need not apoligize at headquarters for voting for them.

"Whether you will be disappointed or not is hard to tell. We still remember how the 'Labor Party' administration in San Francisco, in 1906, sent a large squad of police to club and disperse a labor demonstration of some 10,000 people, mostly A. F. of L. members, who were protesting in behalf of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. Australia has had labor governments for years, and still the I. W. W. and other workers are persecuted. Germany has a social democratic government that is drowning in blood the efforts of our fellow workers as well as of the left-socialists. The Labor Party is apt to be as tyrannical as any. It might go back on its program when once elected.

"To most I. W. W. men the question of voting is of little concern. By looking through the list of our industrial unions you will see that most of our members are migratory workers. These seldom have a chance to vote, as they are unable to comply with the residence qualifications. For the rest a considerable number of our members are foreigners, who now are denied citizenship on account of their membership in the I. W. W. And, besides, the general tendency is to distrust politicians and parliamentary action. But, let us repeat it again, the I. W. W. as an organization does not try to prevent anybody from voting according to his conviction. We simply have nothing to do with politics as an organization.

"The spirit of our preamble drives many of us to give ourselves entirely to the main thing, the building of the new society inside the old, through industrial organization, dropping everything else as non-essential. We have become a world power through this concentration upon one point, but the cost has been terrific. Many thousands of us have lost our liberty in the last 14 years through this spirit, and we have sacrificed it cheerfully, disdaining the use of the ballot to stop the persecution. The situation is now changed, however. We have millions of friends who would like to free us and to stop the persecution against us. It appears that these friends of ours have made common cause with the Labor Party in order to accomplish this and to restore freedom in general. They consider it better to capture the courts bodily than to plead in them. To ask our own members, who have a vote, to refrain from voting with these friends would be to drive our disbelief in parliamentary action in absurdum. It would be like violently resisting those who would save us from a burning house and allow the flames to consume us, just to prove our already undisputed courage.

"However, the I. W. W. members should make themselves no illusions in regard to the success of the Labor Party. There is 'the solid South,' where the workers are mainly black. These cannot vote. Then there is the country population. The farmers are said to control about 40 per cent of the vote. The Labor Party will get little of that. The farmers may be opposed by 'big business,' but they prosper with the profiteers.

"The Labor Party will get the vote chiefly of the workers in industrial districts and of a large element of liberals, socialists and communists from all classes. But as a large part of the workers are disfranchised, the Labor Party vote is not apt to be overwhelming. Besides, there is in the A. F. of L. a considerable American Legion or 'patriot' element who by orders from above will denounce and resist the Labor Party as 'bolshevik' and un-American and thus split the vote in favor of the profiteers.

"The eventual success of the Labor Party may or may not mean the release of some of our fellow workers in jail, and it may mean free speech, free press and free assemblage at least, but in the final analysis we have no reason to deviate in the least from our program of industrial organization. That work must never stop, and cannot stop.

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**PROPHESY**

**On the face of the rebel**
**Is writ a prophesy.**
**Could the exploiters read it**
**They would tremble**
**And hurriedly**
**Build more machine guns!** —C. O. G.

# The Story of the I. W. W.

by HAROLD LORD VARNEY

## CHAPTER 11.

### Aftermaths of a Great Strike.

The winning of the Lawrence strike was stunning in its significance. It revealed new vistas of opportunity. Ten weeks before, the I. W. W. had been a vaguely defined social theory, emanating from the West and grappling half-heartedly for a hold in the East. In the light of the Lawrence victory, it stood transformed. The innocuousness of obscurity was shed. In less than a hundred days, it had become a household word and a national issue. An editorial writer in the Survey Magazine hailed the Lawrence strike as the greatest victory that labor had ever won.

The result, of course, was soon felt in terms of numbers. The hordes of the faint hearted who are ever on the wait to discover the winning side, began to swarm in. Before the strike, St. John estimated the entire paid-up membership of the I. W. W. as 10,000. After the strike, the membership shot up to almost 100,000. This growth was mostly felt in the East, a portion of America where the I. W. W. had never previously gained a foothold. The natural habitat of the I. W. W. is in the West and the most prodigious efforts had never before succeeded in transplanting it. But, as long as the glamor of the Lawrence victory lasted, the entire policy of the I. W. W. was reversed and turned eastward. The members believed that such victories could be duplicated in all the large unskilled industrial centers of the East. Intoxicated with optimism, they believed that Lawrence heralded a tidal wave which would sweep millions into their organization. It was nearly three years before they fully realized their mistake and its cause. Famous as it was, the I. W. W. had not even yet matured. It was to go through still another transformation.

There were several reasons why the I. W. W. of the Lawrence-Paterson period went down in failure. First, it over-estimated its strength. The Lawrence victory was no criterion of its possiblities although it was interpreted as such. The Lawrence victory was largely accidental. The hideous blunders of the mill owners, gave the I. W. W. an advantage. The fact that the organization was new and unknown, caught the employers' association off their guard. The cleverness with which Ettor and Haywood played for and won popular sympathy, was an immense factor. This favorable conjecture of advantages might win a victory once, but it would be unreasonable to expect it again.

Another reason which many members attribute, lies in the form, itself, of the organization. The I. W. W., like the W. F. of M. in its early days, never signs contracts. When a strike is won, it depends upon the individual action of its members to maintain a closed shop, rather than upon a mandatory contract with the boss. Now these tactics, like all labor union tactics, is of varied value. In the West, where it originated, it is both possible and sufficient. There, employers are small and disunited. The western worker is militant, often migratory, and trained in individual action.

Conditions just the opposite prevail in the East. Gigantic combinations of employers must be defeated. The workers are timid and often cowardly. The unskilled are largely foreigners. Such workers are only militant when they move in groups. For the individual action of the West, we must substitute mass action, when we come east. It was by mass action that Lawrence had been won. Only by a mandatory mass unionism could the fruits be retained.

The mistake of the I. W. W. probably lay in its endeavor to stretch the western tactics to cover an opposite eastern condition. Only the spur of compulsion would have held that great polyglot mass of strikers in the union, once the spell of the strike was forgotten. Their individual initiative was too undeveloped to be relied on.

Perhaps unionism, without contracts, could be secured in the East by a powerful and wealthy union. It certainly could not be won by the I. W. W. as it existed in 1912.

This conflict of the practical and the ideal has arisen again and again in the struggles of the organization. It is a tribute to the sincerity of the I. W. W., to acknowledge that it never has sacrificed the ideal to adopt the practical. But, in the sense that the end justifies the means, perhaps it would have been better had they sometimes done so. The hard fought fruits of Lawrence and McKee's Rocks might have remained in their grasp. The volatile hordes of the mill towns might have been bound to the I. W. W. by chains too powerful to break. Individual initiative, on a great scale, comes after organization; it never precedes it.

As it was, the results of this period were lost by overconfidence. The phase of the I. W. W. that characterizes the years 1912-15 was the revolutionary phase. During this period, the I. W. W. presents itself as a great strike leader, rather than as a great organization. Wonderful and dramatic struggles were waged. But the close of the period finds the I. W. W. just as small as at the beginning.

But, at first, it seemed as though Lawrence was going to be the making of a big organization. Some 7,000 members were initiated in Lawrence, alone. Other textile centers fell in line. The settlement of the strike had automatically raised the scale of wages in all the other mill towns. In Lowell, the I. W. W. had called a strike in the middle of the Lawrence struggle. The bosses in Lowell had immediately granted an increase to all their 25,000 employees. Thousands of workers in Fall River, Nashua, Holyoke and other textile centers found themselves earning higher wages because of the Lawrence victory.

Naturally, these workers furnished a willing field for I. W. W. propaganda. The National Industrial Union of Textile Workers began to boom. A general office was opened in Lawrence with William Yates as general secretary. Locals sprung up in every city in New England. Probably 25,000 to 30,000 members came into this industrial union. Elsewhere, and in other industries, the same spirit of growth was felt. A number of small and successful strikes were waged during this period.

The sharpest and bitterest of these strikes broke out in Little Falls, N. Y. Although the number of men involved was not large, it is doubtful whether any struggle of the I. W. W. was ever waged with more passion and desperation than characterized this strike.

Little Falls is a little industrial city, seated between a mountain and a river in the northern part of New York state. Its sole industry is its big knitting mills. Here, a large foreign population find employment. Everything was peaceful until a reduction in pay stirred up the smouldering fires

of discontent in October, 1912. This reduction came in precisely the same manner as it had in Lawrence, by an enactment of a state law reducing the hours of labor. Learning of the reduction, the 1,500 foreign workers rushed spontaneously out of the mills. Some of the leaders immediately sent for the I. W. W. and Benjamin J. Legere was sent in to take charge. Legere, who had taken an active part in the Lawrence strike, acted as chairman of the strike committee. Associated with him were Fred Hirsch, Philip Bochino, an Italian organizer, and Ben Schrager, a Polish organizer. The strike committee and the chain picket line, the two essential tactics which had won the strike in Lawrence, were here employed again. An almost perfect discipline was instilled into the workers.

Of course, there was little sympathy for the strike among the English-speaking citizens of Little Falls. The majority of the English-speaking workers remained in the mills and scabbed. Chief of Police Long, imported 30 gunmen and commissioned them for strike duty. The old story of brutality was enacted again. But in outside support, the strikers were rich.

One of the first visitors was Mayor Lunn, of Schenectady, who came to Little Falls with a large delegation of Schenectady socialists. Standing up on a box in Clinton Park, near the mills, Lunn endeavored to address the strikers. He was pulled from the box and placed under arrest and a large group who followed him were sent to jail with him. The city officials quickly receded in their policy toward Mayor Lunn, although they continued to be consistently abusive toward all I. W. W.'s. Chief Long blatantly announced, "We have a foreign element on our hands. We have always kept them in subjection and we intend to in the future. We will allow no outsiders to butt in." Thoroughly did he keep his word. He kept away the outsiders at the point of the gun and the club. He choked the jails with his victims. And with the loyal support of the "respectable," he succeeded, once more, in thrusting the foreign workers back into their "subjection" to a $7 a week wage.

On October 30, Chief Long precipitated a riot. One of the young girls was beaten to the ground as she passed the Phoenix mill in the long picket line. Quickly, the other strikers sprang to her defense. A terrible fight followed, in which the strikers, men and women alike, were clubbed into insensibility. Two shots were fired, one of which struck one of the gunmen in the leg.

Using this melee as a pretext, Long raided the strike meeting that night in Slovak Hall. Legere was the man whom he sought but, to his chagrin, he found that both Legere and Schrager had suddenly disappeared. The officers indulged in a regular "rough house." The audience was clubbed and huddled against the wall. Furniture was smashed. The instruments of the Slovak brass band were wantonly beaten and battered. Pictures were stripped from the wall. All the members of the strike committee were arrested and dragged to jail.

A curious incident in connection with this raid was the fact that Legere and Schrager were in the building all the time. Upon the first rumor that the police were approaching, they had rushed upstairs and concealed themselves under the eaves of the roof. The police had completely overlooked this possibility and the two organizers remained in concealment for hours, not daring to climb out for fear that the place was still guarded by police. The next morning, Joe Schmidt arrived in Little Falls and, knowing nothing about the raid of the previous night, proceeded directly to the Slovak Hall. Recognizing his voice, the two fugitives hailed him and he released them from their hiding place. They escaped from Little Falls unobserved and Legere sent away necessary instructions to the General Office from Utica. He then returned to Little Falls, but was arrested immediately upon arrival and charged with being accessory to the shooting of the policeman. Bochino was included with him on this charge. After the conclusion of the strike, Legere and Bochino were convicted of this offense and served sentences of a year and three months in the Auburn penitentiary.

Instead of breaking up the strike machinery by their wholesale arrests, the city officials only strengthened the determination of the strikers. Many outsiders, undaunted by Legere's fate, came into the city to help. Big Bill Haywood came for a few days and helped to shake the strike committee into shape. Matilda Rabinowitz, Legere's sweetheart, came from Bridgeport and did splendid work in operating a relief station. John Macy, the well known author and educator, himself a member of the I. W. W., threw himself into the fight. Helen Keller, the blind prodigy, lent her influence in the fight by writing a beautiful letter of sympathy to the strikers.

The city officials became more and more tyrannical. All parading, all demonstrations, all picketing, was broken up. To continue the picketing, an ingenious scheme was fixed upon by the strikers. Nearly all the scabs were being imported from Utica. Picketing was, therefore, transferred to Utica and was carried on spectacularly, at the terminal.

The evening strike meetings were the only open means of keeping the strikers together. A wonderful skill was demonstrated in the conduct of these meetings. Of oratory, the strikers soon wearied. In its place, programs of amusement were given at which latent talent of the strikers was fully encouraged. All were given a part to do and so, through the twelve weary weeks of the strike, their interest never flagged.

Golden's organization, the U. T. W., reappeared in Little Falls and attempted the same disruption which they had practiced in Lawrence. Several A. F. of L. men joined Chief Long's force of sluggers and tried their utmost to defeat the strike. The outcome of Little Falls was not completely favorable to the I. W. W. In the settlement, the strikers won the wage concessions which they had sought. But in spite of all the energy which was expended, there was no permanent I. W. W. organization left in Little Falls. The active I. W. W. sympathizers were discriminated against and driven from the district.

Little Falls attained a publicity altogether disproportionate to the size of the strike. The significance of it lay, not so much in the number of men involved, but in the militancy with which the fight was waged. In Little Falls, the I. W. W. tactics were developed to an extreme degree of efficiency. Had the I. W. W. gained job control, we could characterize it as a perfectly conducted strike. At least, it helped to diffuse, still further, the fearsome reputation of the new union.

While Little Falls was still in progress, another chapter was being written in Lawrence. The settlement of the Lawrence strike had left Ettor, Giovanniti and Caruso still in the clutches of the law, charged with the unbailable crime of murder. As an aftermath to the strike, the resultant defense campaign was remarkable in its immensity and success. Every resource of the entire I. W. W. organization was thrown behind the defense.

A defense committee was chosen, immediately at the close of the strike. The names of the members

of this committee will give an indication of the ability of its persons. William D. Haywood was chairman, William E. Trautmann was secretary and William Yates, afterwards Fred W. Heslewood, was treasurer of the committee. Other members were Thomas Holliday, Edmond Rossoni, Ettor Giannini, James P. Thompson, Guido Mazerreli, Francis Miller, August Betellemire, Ben J. Legere, Josephine Liss and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. Great mass meetings were arranged all over New England. Local defense councils were formed in all the large cities. Defense fund tours were made by those members of the committee who were speakers.

A publicity department was established under the charge of Justus Ebert. So efficient did this department become that, at one time, a thousand publications were being supplied with daily copy. Much support was given the case by Italian papers and organizations, who felt a particular sympathy for the defendants because the race issue had been exploited against them.

Political pressure was also employed. Italian socialists rallied to the occasion in Italy. Giovannitti was still an Italian citizen and the Italian government was petitioned to come to his assistance. Socialist deputies brought the case up on the floor of the Italian Parliament and a clever propagandic move was made by nominating Giovannitti for parliament in his old home district. The Swedish syndicalists also co-operated by proposing a general boycott of American made goods, in case Ettor and Giovannitti were convicted. This suggestion was amplified by the transport workers of France and Australia, who voted to refuse to unload American ships. As the agitating progressed, it seemed as though it was fated to develop into an American Dreyfus case. But, through the nine long months, while agitation was raging without, Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso sat nonchalantly in the Salem jail. Ettor prepared a propaganda pamphlet while Giovannitti employed his time in developing rare abilities as a poet

In Lawrence itself, the sentiment was all for a general strike, for the day when the trial opened. On Sept. 12, 1912, a great mass meeting in the Common was thronged by thousands who shouted for a general strike. But the I. W. W. leaders feared that a general strike would be a body blow to the future of the organization. The union was not yet organized thoroughly enough to secure the support of all the mill workers. Less than half the workers carried cards in the I. W. W. If the strike were called and proved a failure, it would mean the end of the I. W. W. in Lawrence. The splendid organization that they had worked so hard to build, might be swept away.

On September 25, a great general mass meeting of all the workers was called for a discussion of this subject. Thousands packed the streets and surrounded the big hall where the I. W. W. had its headquarters. In view of the inadequacy of the hall, the meeting was held in the street and the speakers addressed the crowd from the open windows. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Carlo Tresca, in English and Italian, urged the workers to avoid a strike.

But the infectious temperament of revolutionary unionism is unrestrainable. It broke out into a strike, even over the decision of the central committee of the union. A rumor ran amongst the workers that Ettor and Giovannitti themselves had appealed to them to strike. Although the rumor was groundless, it broke all the bonds of restraint. In a great spontaneous surge, the workers once more burst out of the mills in a three day demonstration. For the first time in the American labor movement, workers struck for an ideal. The sordidness of economic motives was set aside. The political general strike, the famous tactics of European revolutionists, was rearing itself, for the first time, in America. In this respect, the second Lawrence strike, stands alone in its significance.

But, as a general strike, it was a failure. Two reports had gone out, one that the workers must strike, the other, that they should remain at work. In the confusion bred of this contradiction, many of the workers remained in the mills. Only about 8,000 responded. In other textile cities, similar walkouts occurred.

A great memorial parade was held on Sunday, Sept. 29, in honor of Anna La Pizza and John Rami, the two victims of the first Lawrence strike. Hundreds of workers came in from other cities on special trains in order to participate. The strikers turned out en masse. Banners and streamers carrying the words, "No God, no Master." Bands of music marched in the procession. At the head was Carlo Tresca, the famous Italian agitator. The police determined to halt the parade and break it up. A big squad of police were concealed on a side street and deployed suddenly, before the advancing parade. Forming a human wall, they blocked Essex street from sidewalk to sidewalk. The strikers advanced, not a man wavering. Tresca marched along as though the street were as clear, ahead of him, as it was behind. Through the living mass of police, the great body of paraders hurled themselves. There was a riot. Men were beaten into insensibility. Scores were packed into patrol wagons and carried away. The parade broke up in the melee.

Spurred on by their success in this affair, the politicians and mill owners commenced a campaign of terrorism. Hints of the formation of vigilante committees were noised about Lawrence. The conclusion of the three day strike did not quench this movement; it seemed to enhance it. A great so-called "patriotic" meeting was called by Mayor Scanlan, in which an orgy of abuse ended in open incitements to violence. It is a miracle that murder was not committed by the frenzied mill owners and their dupes. Father Reilly, the Catholic priest, incensed by the "No God" allusion on the banners, surpassed all others in the lawless vituperation that he hurled at the "outside agitators."

It was whispered about Lawrence that Big Bill Haywood would be lynched upon his arrival. Every precaution was taken by the I. W. W. to insure his safety. Vincent St. John had sent a message to the city marshal, serving notice that the I. W. W. would hold him personally responsible for Haywood's safety. This had its effect. A great crowd surrounded the station when Haywood arrived. His friends had an automobile waiting, engine throbbing, into which he could leap as soon as he alighted from the train. But a blunder was committed. Haywood got into the wrong car and was whisked away before his friends could reach him. Struck by consternation, the members feared that Haywood had been captured by vigilantes. It was several hours later when their suspense was relieved by learning that Haywood had been taken in hand by a body guard, detailed by the city marshal himself.

In the heat of the crisis, Scanlan and his "patriots" arranged a Flag Day celebration for Oct. 12, Columbus Day. A great parade was held in which workingmen were conspicuous by their absence. To avoid the possibilities of a riot, the I. W. W. called a counter celebration for the same day, at a park, three miles out of Lawrence. Here, in spite of a drizzling rain, 4,000 people gathered and cheered themselves hoarse as they listened to speeches by Haywood, Heslewood, Gurley Flynn, Tresca, Adamson and ex-Mayor Cahill.

Amid these tumultuous scenes, the trial at Salem proceeded. It was very difficult to secure a jury.

Many of the talesmen were obsessed of the idea that the I. W. W. would use violence upon the jury in case the verdict was unfavorable. Three weeks were spent in the examination of talesmen. An unusually favorable jury was at last empaneled. For five weeks, the taking of testimony proceeded. The I. W. W. was splendidly represented, legally. George E. Roeher of Boston, W. Scott Peters, John P. S. Mahoney and James H. Sisk were the local counsel. Judge O. N. Hilton of Denver and Fred H. Moore of Los Angeles represented the class struggle point of view for the defendants. From first to last, it was an I. W. W. case. The organization, rather than the individuals, was on trial. Ettor and Giovannitti recognized this fact in their attitudes.

The prosecution had no case at all. By misquoting and putting incendiary interpretations into the strike speeches of the defendants, District Attorney Attwill endeavered to fasten the accountability upon them. An interesting point developed during the trial, was the fact that, at the Wood mill, a decrease in efficiency of twelve per cent had been noted, since the strike. The effect of the I. W. W. in lowering the productivity of labor has always been held to be the most reprehensible of its characteristics.

It would be mere repetition to enumerate the points brought out in the trial. The evidence was but a resume of the leading incidents of the strike. Judge Quinn revived an old, obsolete custom by permitting the defendants to speak for themselves after the attorneys had made their plans. Ettor and Giovannitti were quick to avail themselves of this privilege and the jury retired with the fervent challenge of the I. W. W. ringing in their ears. The addresses of Ettor and Giovannitti were classics of their kind. They have since been published by the I. W. W. The note of compromise was never even approached. It was vindication that they sought, vindication not only for themselves, but for the great social ideals of which they were spokesmen. And vindication came in the form of an unqualified acquittal. On Nov. 23, 1912, the prison doors swung open and Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso stepped out, free men once more. They were greeted with an ovation by throngs of fellow workers who felt, as one of them expressed it, that "Ettor and Giovannitti belonged forever now to the working class, because the working class had bought and paid for them."

Back Ettor came to Lawrence, the scene of his great success and the beginning of his great suffering. Everywhere the grateful workers turned out to greet him. On Thanksgiving Day over 5,000 people stood for two hours in a raging snow storm and listened to his address. Ettor followed up his Lawrence reception by a great tour of agitation from coast to coast. Everywhere the significance of the victory in Salem was hailed and celebrated. The I. W. W. had won its second Lawrence battle.

The organization in Lawrence remained intact only a short time longer. The three-day sympathetic strike had drawn the line openly between the militants and the conservatives in the mills. Upon this basis the bosses began a clever discrimination. Group by group the leading spirits of the I. W. W. were let out. A rigid blacklist drove many of these men out of Lawrence. In order to scatter the men still further the Lawrence mills were shut down for a long period of time and the orders filled in other plants. When the mills reopened again there was no semblance of I. W. W. control. Powerless to defeat the I. W. W. in open combat, the bosses had accomplished their end with infinite ease by the astuteness of diplomacy.

The National Industrial Union of Textile Workers was moved to Boston and held its nuclei together in every textile center. But it was finding it increasingly difficult to collect dues from its members when once the glamour of achievement was subdued. Another great textile strike came in the very nick of time and revived the flagging interest. But before we describe the Paterson strike, we will pause to recount the progress of the other branches of the I. W. W.

## Alcatraz

**Rock o' hell of Frisco Bay,**
**Rock of the burning light,**
**Breaking the souls of men by day,**
**Crushing their souls by night.**
**Robbing the joy out of the hour,**
**Wasting good lives away**
**Deep in the dungeon under the tower,**
**Rock o' hell of Frisco Bay!**

**Rock o' hell of Frisco Bay,**
**Place of the living dead,**
**With every morning breaking gray**
**To another day of dread;**
**Sink far down into the deep**
**And hide beneath the spray,**
**You cause so many hearts to weep—**
**Rock o' hell of Frisco Bay.**

**—C. O. G.**

## The Planer Slave

**He fed the planer,**
**This man;**
**All day long he stood**
**Cramming frantically,**
**Feeding the iron beast**
**With flat pieces of wood.**
**The iron beast roared:**
**Faster! Faster!**
**The man hurried**
**And breathed lumber dust.**
**He made lots of money—FOR HIS MASTER,**
**But one day the iron beast was silent,**
**And the man never came back**
**To feed the thing that roared:**
**Faster! Faster!**
**He was a good slave,**
**This man,**
**And the good die young!**

**—C. O. G.**

# The Conscience of A Dum-Dum Bullet

BY QUASIMODO VON BELVEDERE

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## Chapter II

### In Which the Author Ventures to Feel the Pulse of the Proletariat's Temper and Scorches His Hand

I realized that if I was to become a great leader of the Reds and was to conduct their revolutionary scheme to a successful abortion, I must mingle with them; that I, to gain readily their confidence, in my external appearance, must resemble one of them. All this necessitated a comprehensive preparation; not only have I ceased to shave, but also to wash and to change my laundry; and I slept with my clothes on. Thus by the first of July, after I practiced proletarian habits for full six weeks, I acquired so wretched an appearance that I resembled the ideal of a Bolshevik even more closely than Nicolai Lenin himself, and I feel that I was in a sufficiently propitious shape to go to Chicago and shake hands with my unwashed "brothers." Everything was prepared for our journey and we entrained for Chicago on July 2. We traveled in an ordinary Pullman car with the common people and arrived in Chicago in due time.

Having ceased socially to exist as one of the great lords of industry I could not have resumed residence in my mansion on Sheridan Road; hence, I assumed a funny Russian name (which I cannot disclose here) and established myself in a regular hobo bunkhouse in North Clark street. In addition to securing these quarters, I had Matys to rent in his own name a respectable apartment nearby in which to conduct my business affairs, and to which I had Matys to transport secretly all my mail, such as required my personal attention.

During three weeks I associated with all sorts of rebelliously inclined working men, attended several of their meetings, but was unable to get a definite conception of their political aspirations. However, at the decline of the month of July, as I was perambulating up Clark street and meditating upon my future glory as the political Moses of the proletariat, and at the same time the saviour of my own patrician caste, my attention became attracted to a soap box orator and a group of men assembled around him at the miniature park in front of Newbery library. The man must have been preaching for a long time already because he showed symptoms of exhaustion. I only caught a few of his words about capital and labor having nothing in common. Then he announced that Miss Leshetitzky was released from the Federal penitentiary several days ago, that she was in Chicago and was scheduled that night to address this audience. "I am tired," he admitted. "I prolonged my speech only to hold the crowd here until she arrived; her time is past due, and it seems that something is delaying her, so if there is a speaker in the audience he is welcome to the soap box until she arrives." In a flash I got an inspiration that this was an opportunity to make my debut as a Bolshevik orator, and I threw up my hand involuntarily and exclaimed that I would like to take the rostrum for a few minutes.

My offer was accepted, but when I mounted the box I realized that I really did not know what to say. I was facing a serious embarrassment when I recollected the concluding words of the professional orator, so I annexed them as a nucleus for my speech. "Comrades and fellow citizens," I cried, "I come from Minnesota. I am a hunter and a trapper. The former speaker was right when he said that we have nothing in common with capital. Strabo and Aristophanes have said the very same thing, only in Grecian language—I won't repeat the exact words because you would not understand them. And when St. Paul commanded the slaves to obey their masters he did not mean to say that their interest was common. He simply was solicitous about the skin of the slaves, anxious to keep it from the harsh contact of the master's whip. If we obey our masters we simply do so to keep out of jail." I noticed signs of impatience in the crowd, so I thought I had better become more radical. "It it like this:" I continued. "When I am attending to my profession in the woods my interest is conflicting with that of the foxes and minks and the beavers—my interest is to get their skins and theirs is to keep them, don't you see?" The audience exploded into a tremendour applause and shrieks of bravo. When the applause subsided, I resumed my speech. "There is a similar discrepancy between yours and your bosses' interest. You ought to be careful how to vote. If I was to be elected to an important public office I would honestly look after the interest of the working man. I would boost your wages; I would fight for your personal liberties, see to it that beer and schnaps is restored to you, so that your could resume your pursuit of happiness. I thank you for your kind attention." I stepped off the box. There was only a feeble applause for the second part of my speech, which I deemed the best and the most important.

A big, black Negro mounted the box immediately after I stepped off. "I want to say a few words to the trapper from Minnesota," he cried, unceremoniously emphasizing his words with both of his fists, "as long as working men will continue to repose their hope of redemption from the hell of wage slavery into the fickle and treacherous hands of the politicians they shall remain wage slaves. Parliamentarism is obsolete. The proletariat has recently discovered a better remedy for its political and economic emancipation. We, the Industrial Workers

of the World, are already applying this new paregoric to all our social abrasions—and I will say to you, brother trapper, that it is as effective as a dum-dum bullet. So magically effective are our politics that the 'captains of industry', who always were after our skin, are trembling with mortal apprehension about their own. Before the props upon which the profit system rests are completely broken, the most effective way of exacting from our industrial vampires a greater fraction of the fruit of our toil is by keeping a brake upon production. On the other hand, we know that the surest way of inviting our enemies to step upon our neck is by creating over-production. I thank everybody who can understand me and who can read the signs of the times."

His speech was applauded with as spontaneous a fury as the first part of mine. I became dumbfounded to hear such anarchistic utterances, and from a Negro. This must have caused George Washington to turn over in his grave.

When the applause subsided the regular pulpiteer announced the arrival of Miss Leshetitzky and introduced her to the audience.

The woman was about 30 years of age. Her pale, haggard face was rendered prominently characteristic by a pair of lustrous eyes blazing forth penetratingly like the eyes of a wolf. Resting upon me, her sight eclipsed mine and made me feel strangely uncomfortable, causing my entire body to shiver. I wondered who could this woman be whose mere look causes me to tremble like a goat confronting a tiger. Were I no longer one of the most formidable sharks in the great ocean of this, Uncle Sam's democracy? "Dear fellow workers," the woman serenely addressed the audience. "Were it not for the black plague of capitalism the world would be a happy place in which to live, because the whole of Nature is a work of sublime ingenuity; likewise the mind of man is treblant with germs of romance and adventure. Naturally, I would like to talk to you about music, poetry or other noble arts; however, I am constrained to propound the old distasteful subject about the epidemic of profits and its, in recent years, increased virulence. I beg you to believe me that I can engage in such dissertation only with a supreme repugnance. The foremost point of my mission is to arouse in you abhorrence for work under the present system, because it is upon your toil that the dragon of capitalism is feeding; should you cease pampering it, that is to say, should you stop all production, the monster would die in a short time and you would be permitted to rise to the full dignity of man, to which you were intended by your creator. All the nefarious acts of capitalism are disguised by some attractive mask; liquor has not been taken away from you to enhance your morality but to make you more efficient. Cannot we summon enough courage to fling the gauntlet into the insolent face of the apostles of efficiency and profit? One by one your scant liberties and the traits of your manhood and dignity are being fed up to the moloch of profit. You can no longer make pretense to social superiority over domestic animals; to make hog or cattle husbandry a profitable business necessitates the unsexing of most of the male members of their breed. A similar efficiency scheme is now being experimented with upon man. I understand that some states have already adopted it, and are even now rendering your brothers into eunuchs. Your masters respect neither human nor Divine laws. They would not hesitate for a moment to extirpate your brains if their profits could thereby be benefited. In fact, hundreds of your brothers have already had their brains clubbed out of their head because they dared to interfere with their masters' profits." The woman paused for breath and immediately a deafening applause and savage shrieks exploded in the audience. I never witnessed such a spectacle before. The whole scene revealed to me the immense scope of human passion. I realized that when the temper in the mob becomes as grouchy as that, only machine guns can quiet it.

The soul of the entire proletariat was so completely possessed with the evil spirit of revolt that I also realized that my ambition of becoming their political pope was a fallacy; only a fool would attempt to pat a mad dog. I elbowed my way out from among the frenzied mob and went to my bunk house.

When I reached the hotel office I telephoned to Matys and ordered him to bring me a decent suit of clothes from my wardrobe at my mansion, and to have my chauffeur appear with one of my closed cars at the eastern entrance of Medinah Temple. (The reader can make a fair guess at my reasons for not having ordered the car to appear at the entrance of my "hotel"). The two hours, which were requisite for the proper execution of my orders given to Matys, I spent at a nearby barber shop. So when Matys came with my clothes he found my personal appearance again resembling a human being. Thus terminated my ambitious Bolshevist career.

(To be continued)

In the next chapter of the great Von Belvedere's autobiography will be disclosed the amazing secret of how his prodigious intellect was enlisted to combat the impending revolt of the steel slaves, and how he advised Judge Albert Garcia to have constructed in advance and stored in readiness a portable wooden bastile with a capacity for 10,000 agitators.

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### MODERN SHYLOCKS

**I saw an Ad in the paper**
**For a man**
**Who was strong**
**And willing to work.**
**I knew (and nothing was said of it)**
**That what was wanted**
**Was not one pound of my flesh,**
**But all of it.**

**—C. O. G.**

# Has the I. W. W. a Monopoly of Industrial Organization?

## A Letter From An Hotel and Restaurant Worker and the Answer Thereto

Fellow Worker:—

Your letter has been unanswered all this time, due to the pressure of routine work, which seldom leaves us any time at these headquarters for incidental correspondence, however important.

You take exception to a sentence in the report of Hotel, Restaurant and Domestic Workers' Industrial Union No. 1100, I. W. W., in the August number of the "One Big Union Monthly," stating that "the hotel and restaurant workers are deceived into believing that 'The International Federation of Workers in the hotel, restaurant, club and catering industry' is an industrial union."

To disprove this statement of ours, you quote from your own preamble: "The Workers must organize and combine industrially on the economic field on the principle of the class struggle." Further, you state that "the immediate aim of the federation is shorter hours, increasing wages, better working conditions, abolition of tips and 'to co-operate with all other workers who struggle for the abolishment of the wage system for the complete emancipation of labor.'"

You further ask some questions:

(1) Are you depending upon co-operation with us, or do you regard us as an enemy, the same as the A. F. of L.?

(2) What is your official attitude toward our organization? Do you mean to capture us by means of propaganda, education and leaflets, just as "left" tries to capture "right" in the Socialist Party?

(3) Is the I. W. W. holding monopoly in industrial union organization?

In answer, allow us to state the following:

The wording of your preamble, as quoted by yourself, is all right as far as it goes. But it does not go very far. It leaves out the most essential function of an industrial union. It advices the workers to "co-operate with all other workers who struggle for the abolishment of the wage system for the complete emancipation of labor."

We of the I. W. W. hold that there is no way of completely emancipating the workers and abolishing the wage system except by organizing industrially in such manner that these unions will be capable of serving as the productive and distributive organs of the new society, as organs by means of which the workers will be able to dispossess the present owners and take their place in the social system.

The wording of your preamble gives the impression that it was written by and voted for by political socialists or revolutionists without any real appreciation of the possiblities of an industrial union as the productive organ of the future. It leaves the impression that your federation pledges itself to support mainly the attempts of some groups of workers to achieve emancipation via the road of socialist or communist politics. Had it meant that the union was to be built as the productive or distributive organ of the future, it would probably have said so, just as the I. W. W. preamble states. It is in this important matter that we consider that your federation falls short of being a real industrial union.

We still have the impression that it is merely a trades union that is waving the red flag, presumably of political socialism, in its preamble, without taking any practical steps for the organizing of a new social order.

Furthermore we hold that no union can justly claim to be an industrial union in the proper sense of the term as long as it aspires to be a separate or independent body. A real industrial union must be part of a greater organization comprising the whole society. It must be in the ONE BIG UNION, as No. 1100 of the I. W. W. is.

Now to your questions. We will answer Question No. 3 first.

**Is the I. W. W. holding monopoly in industrial union organization?**

Answer: Certainly not. On the contrary, we realize that our resources and possibilities are quite limited, while at the same time we have raised such a storm of resistance against ourselves that we frequently are unable to get a footing in many industries. Not only do we not claim a monopoly of industrial union organization, but we are anxious that the workers everywhere help us to carry the terrible burden which we have taken upon ourselves. We fervently hope and wish that the workers in every industry will of their own accord and through their own efforts re-align themselves along industrial lines in real industrial unions. We positively rejoice in seeing such efforts. We know that when they have perfected their organization to real industrial unions, they will automatically and voluntarily join the twenty-one industrial unions which are now gathered under the battle-worn banner of the I. W. W. But such junction will and cannot take place before such unions have clearly understood that our purpose is to organize the unions as the framework of the new society. Unless and until they are so built and with that purpose, they do not properly belong with us.

Next we will answer question No. 2.

"What is the official attitude of the I. W. W. to our federation?"

"Do you mean to capture us by means of propaganda, education and leaflets, just as 'left' tries to capture 'right' in the Socialist Party?"

Our official attitude toward your federation is that we consider you as an imperfect industrial union somewhat imbued with class consciousness in contradistinction to the regular A. F. of L. trade unions. In fact, we consider it industrial practically in name only, but are happy to note that in your preamble

you give a partial endorsement to the industrial form of organization.

We are not particularly in a hurry to capture your organization. In fact, we never capture organizations. We sow the seed of our propaganda broadcast. In this manner we are making converts to our cause without number, converts who in most cases do not carry an I. W. W. card. You have hundreds of them within your organization. To the limit of their ability these cardless I. W. W. men work upon their surroundings, tirelessly, without end, until they have gained enough converts to either swing the whole body or start a new I. W. W. organization. The campaign of the I. W. W. union most nearly corresponding to yours is countrywide. New locals are being formed everywhere, even without organizers, simply under the pressure of economic conditions and guided by our agitation and education. Thus we foresee the day when your federation will come into the I. W. W., not as a captive of union warfare, but as a triumphant convert to our ideas and principles.

Finally, let us answer your question No. 1:

"Are you depending upon co-operation with us, or do you regard us an enemy, the same as the A. F. of L.?"

First, we want to correct your misconception, that we are the enemy of the A. F. of L. That is only partially true. We are the enemy of the craft union principle and of the principle that capitalism and wage slavery shall continue permanently. We reject absolutely such A. F. of L. principles, as you will understand from a study of our own principles. We are also enemies of such A. F. of L. leaders as have proven themselves traitors to the cause of labor, but as far as the membership of the A. F. of L. is concerned, we are very good friends with them, as a rule. With most of them there is nothing the matter, except that they are deplorably ignorant on the questions that workers above all, ought to know. In numberless strikes we have co-operated with them, sharing the victory or defeat. In numberless battles they have betrayed us and scabbed on us, but we still do not consider them as our enemies. They are just ignorant and therefore, sometimes, vicious. So we try to educate them, and we are making a great success. Craft unionism is breaking up under the incessant blows of our agitation and education. We look forward to the day when the mass of the A. F. of L. will stand on our own platform. It is slowly but surely going that way.

Do we regard your federation as an enemy? Indeed not. Will we co-operate with you? We will not co-operate with you in building up a trade union with leaning toward socialist politics. We will not co-operate with you either in parliamentary action or so-called mass action. But we will as individual members, co-operate with you in your struggles with the master class for the highest demands that you will make. The I. W. W. members and friends always fight to the finish in such cases. But we will not co-operate with you in building up your federation, seeing that it is not built on what we consider the correct principles.

Unquestionably you would all be with us, if we only had succeeded in making your members acquainted with the principles of the I. W. W. But that we have not done yet. As time goes on, your members will learn all about our principles and knowing them is accepting them.

For this reason we shall go ahead with our work as if your federation did not exist. Some day in the near future, we feel certain that you will understand us and you will then voluntarily range yourselves in the lines of Hotel, Restaurant and Domestic Workers' Industrial Union No. 1100, I. W. W., joining with us in preparing the workers of this industry for the taking over and running of this most important branch of human activity, as a part of the department of Public Service.

There are other so-called "industrial unions" and federations similar to yours, and we take the same stand towards them.

With greetings of fellowship to the members of your federation, I am

Yours for Industrial Communism,
ERNEST HOLMEN,
Sec'y-Treas. H., R. and D. W. I. U. No. 1100,
I. W. W.

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### HAIL TO THE FREE

**O but his strength is mighty now**
**And his voice is a thundering blast!**
**No master-knave can hold him slave**
**As in the nightmare of the past.**

**The terror of that shattered power**
**That once he fought in vain,**
**And the falling whip in the master's grip**
**Shall never rise again!**

**For now he's running free and wild,**
**With head no longer bowed.**
**Great is his wrath and broad his path,**
**Woe to the rich and proud.**

**—C. O. G.**

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### GIVE TO ME

**Give me the fire of the rebel's heart,**
**And I'll cleanse the world from shame,**
**And burn like weeds the filthy deeds**
**Of those who battle with the flame!**

**Give me the dream of the rebel's brain,**
**And I'll laugh to scorn the fools**
**Who dare not rise from the bed of lies**
**That the tyrant makes and rules!**

**Give me the strength of the rebel's arm,**
**And I'll have the strength to mold**
**A perfect place for the human race,**
**And freedom for the bold!**

**—C. O. G.**

# The Servant Girl Rediscovered

BY A. DELEGATE

At last the cries and complaints from the overworked and mistreated domestic servant has penetrated to the ears of the Women's Trade Union. They have suddenly discovered that this age-long goat of society is really a human being, and that she doesn't enjoy working fourteen hours a day and sleeping in an attic room or eating scraps.

And she who watched with longing and eager eyes from her attic window the swift march of her sisters in gay, yellow sashes, pushing on to political freedom, felt as one apart. She was not asked to join or take a part. True, on election day, her mistress took her to the polls in her limousine that she might instruct her on the way to vote.

Now this scorned and despised kitchen mechanic finds her wrongs and injustices of years held up indignantly before the public. Small wonder that she finds herself as speechless and bewildered as did the ragged little cinder maid when the fairy's wand had transformed her into a princess.

A few years ago these women who are so righteously indignant over the wrongs of the servant, delivered their tear-drenched pleas before the Illinois state legislature in behalf of their down-trodden sisters and succeeded in getting the nine-hour law for women. This same servant was excluded from the benefits thereof by cleverly prepared wording.

And so she turned, a little sullenly perhaps, to her kitchen, amid the shrieks of victory from her sisters employed in the stores and factories.

So she continued to get up at 6 o'clock and, while the girls employed in the industries were dancing or sitting in the theater, she was still washing dishes or pouring champagne for her master.

But the magic word has been spoken and the proper incantation has been made and, lo and behold, she is the center of attraction!

For the small sum of $2 she can have a real union, everything included, from an official looking card to a place to meet and talk about her mistress.

Has the Women's Trade Union turned "red?" Has the spectre of Bolshevism appeared in its ranks? That is the question that naturally arises to every mind on hearing this astounding news. But such is not the case. The new Housemaids' Union is just as respectable as the League of Nations. In fact, it resembles it so closely in some respects that one almost wonders if Lloyd George did that, too.

The program of the Housemaids' Union (one never says "domestic workers" in the Women's Trade Union), is a case of collective bargaining gone wild.

The conference scheduled between the housewives and the maids is a cleverly arranged affair. Each women's club is to send a delegate. Of course, no one ever heard of a domestic servant belonging to a woman's club. So the maids will be outnumbered to start. In fact, the housewives are bound to get the bargain, while all that will be left for the maids will be the collective. The whole affair is ball-bearing and perfectly oiled.

Some of the housewives and maids belong to the same union. Did you ever hear of anything quite so democratic as a union that includes both the boss and the worker. This is no lion and lamb affair. Both are lambs—twins at that. All differences are to be settled (no; there isn't to be any strike; I have the word of the organizer for that), through these conferences between the housewives and the maids.

One hears just as much, if not more, in these union meetings about the grievances of the housewives. It seems to be their aim to minimize the grievances of the maids for fear they may demand too much.

Can you imagine an official of the United Mine Workers or any other similar organization telling the men that the boss has just as many grievances as he has and getting away with it? But years of "Yes, Maming," has stifled to some extent the domestic's ability to think. And the most remarkable thing about it is that the majority of the maids joining this union are those who have left their youth behind! Their tired faces, lined with age and care, are mute evidences of the years they have rendered service to others.

We are told by the organizers that most of the employers favor such a union, so when the maid goes home and confesses timidly that she has joined the union, the mistress the breathe a sigh of relief and exclaim, "God bless you, my daughter!"

One must admit the strangeness of such a situation. But women are more given to strategy than men. Their social status has made natural diplomats of them.

When the slaves in the husband's factory or mill come to him with such a confession, he answers them with a company of soldiers and machine guns.

But woman is not so crude in her reasoning. In order to thoroughly understand the psychology of the housewife and the steps that led to her indorsal of a maids' union, it is necessary to look back a couple of years in industrial history.

In January, 1918, the I. W. W., under repeated pressure from the workers, formed the Hotel, Restaurant and Domestic Workers' Industrial Union, uniting all the workers in these industries into One Big Union. At first little progress was made, but with the gradual awakening of the workers all over the world to the need of solidarity, this union grew until today complete industrial control in this field is only a matter of time.

We are organizing to demand—not beg—for decent working conditions for the domestic worker, an eight-hour day, and humane treatment. We are a militant organization and are prepared to force these demands on the employers.

The girl who cooks the meals and scrubs the floors has nothing in common with her mistress who gives monkey dinners costing hundreds of dollars and who wears imported gowns costing more than her servant earns in a year of ceaseless toil.

These domestic workers are awakening to this truth and are lining up in the One Big Union. We are organized from New York to Los Angeles.

Now the mistresses are becoming panic-stricken. Something must be done to stop this rise of the lowly servant girl. A hurried conference was called and the result was that the Women's Trade Union launched the housemaids' union to save the servants souls from the hell fire of industrial unionism and the scourge of Bolshevism.

It is a deliberate attempt to frustrate true organization of the domestic workers. Since they must have a union, why not design one for them? is the housewives' slogan.

Wake up, domestic workers, before you are delivered, bound and gagged, into the employers' hands.

The Preamble of the I. W. W. says that the employing class and the working class have nothing in common. As long as society is divided into two classes—the employing class whose business it is to get all the work it can for as little money, and the working class whose business it is to get as much money as they can with as little work—there can never be industrial peace, and any attempt to delude the workers into thinking they have common interests proves that person to be a tool of the capitalist class.

So it is evident that any labor organization which the employers favor can never accomplish anything for the worker. So the fact that the mistresses approve of the housemaids' union proves that there is something wrong with it as a means of bettering the servants' conditions.

The employers of domestic servants do not entertain the officials of the I. W. W. at tea because we are true to the interests of the workers which we represent.

Don't be deceived, domestic workers! Organize you must if you ever hope to better your condition, but it must be into One Big Industrial Union that is prepared to force the employers to grant your demands by a strike in every industry.

You formulate your own demands. We have no business agents to betray your interests.



—Underwood & Underwood photo.

**Despair paraded before "royalty." Proletarian mothers at Islington Maternity Center, England, being "inspected" by the queen of Spain.**

# Finnish and Russian Workers Ask to Be Deported to Soviet Russia

**Finnish Workers Demand Deportation**

WHEREAS, the newspapers and periodicals owned and controlled by the American capitalist class, in their writings continually advocate race and national hatred against all alien members of the Industrial Workers of the World and against all radically thinking workers, accusing them of the broad unrest which is going on in the different industries over the country, the said unrest being caused by the high cost of living and unbearable working conditions, and

WHEREAS, the capitalist class has started a systematic blacklist and open boycott in many industries preventing Finnish members of the I. W. W. and other radical workers from securing work and forcing thousands of workers to the point of starvation because of unemployment, and

WHEREAS, we, the Finnish members of the I. W. W., as well as Americans and other radically thinking workers, have been deprived of all constitutionally guaranteed rights of free speech, press, assemblage and organization, so that the Finnish bloodthirsty Mannerheim government, which is ruled by the few, remains in shade when compared with the American censorship; and

WHEREAS, personal safety, life and property of the members of the I. W. W. and other radical workers are no more protected against such cruel outrages as have been committed by the gunmen of corporations, Liberty committees, Citizens' Alliances and American Legions. Their shameless, violent terror has appeared in Butte, Red Lodge, Everett, Bisbee, Tulsa, and the latest in Centralia; and

WHEREAS, federal and local departments of justice agents have again started wholesale arrests in which members of the I. W. W. and other radical workers have been imprisoned for months without any hearing, said confinement and prison torture excels that of the overthrown government of the Russian Czar; and

WHEREAS, the United States congress, department of justice, and especially the department of immigration has begun deportation proceedings against all alien members of the I. W. W. and other radical labor organizations, and

WHEREAS, we know that notwithstanding the fact that we are to be deported out of the country, the unrest and industrial unionist organization will unceasingly grow among the masses as long as production, distribution and natural resources remain in the hands of the few, so that the ever-growing profits and dividends enrich the said few while millions of able workers are thrown out of employment; therefore, we demand

THAT the United States department of immigration begin proceedings immediately to deport us Finnish members of the I. W. W. and other radical workers who are not satisfied with the American capitalistic profit system and the society which is constructed on the basis of wage and mental slavery; and, therefore, we further demand

THAT the United States government do not send us over to Finland, because the Mannerheim white terror is just as cruel as the above mentioned terror of American plutocracy; but we demand

THAT the United States government deport us over to Soviet Russia, and we will free the United States government from all deportation expenses; the ships of Soviet Russia are waiting to bring us over there; and we further want to impress in our demands

THAT if the United States government refuses to take into consideration our demands for deportation to Soviet Russia and will not free the unjustly arrested members of the I. W. W. and stop persecuting the members of said organization, we are forced to further co-operate with the American working class in constructing industrial unionism, with the aid of which we will form the new society within the shell of the old, finally changing production, means of distribution and natural resources into the hands of the working class.

GIVE US LIBERTY TO GO!

DEPORT US!

We, the hundred Finnish radical workers, members of the I. W. W. and citizens of Russia, representing 6,000 of our fellow countrymen and women in Seattle and vicinity, assembled in mass meeting, held on the 26th of November, 1919, adopted the above mentioned resolution concerning our deportation, threatened by the United States government.

JOHN KORPI,
PETE ANDERSON,
ALFRED LAMPINEN,
EVA RIPIINEN,
KUST KANGAS,
Committee on Resolutions.

These resolutions have been sent to Commissioner of Immigration White and to the department of commerce and labor.

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**AN APPEAL**

We are citizens of the Russian Federative vicinity in mass meeting assembled, and are voicing our protest against the unwarranted arrest of individual members of said colony for no other crime than their political convictions and natural sympathy with their native land and the Russian Soviet Republic, which convictions and sympathy none of us ever tried to conceal.

We, the Russian citizens, call the attention of the government of the United States to the fact that we (including those arrested for their loyalty to the workers' republic), do not want to suffer in your prisons. And if the government of the United States is inclined to regard us as undesirables, we request

that the boundaries be opened, the bars be lifted, and we be permitted to return to our homes, where our families and friends are longing for our return.

We are citizens of the Russian Federative Soviet Republic and declare it to be our inalienable right and duty to show our loyalty to our chosen Republic, as it is the right of the American people to be loyal to their Republic, and we stand ready to go to jail and even give our lives for the revolutionary proletariat of Russia.

We are proud of our brothers who in the name of honor and justice have fought against the bloody rule of the Czar and are now fighting for the preservation of the Russian Soviet Republic.

We are protesting against those who, in order to gain their personal aims, are trying to crush the Russian revolutionary proletariat, whose chief aim is peace and justice not only for the Russian workers but for all humanity as well.

We are in full accord with our freedom and humanity-loving brothers and declare ourselves to be what is commonly termed Bolsheviks.

If the solidarity with our Russian brothers thus displayed by us does not for any reason meet with the approval of the authorities we, as a committee, ask to be permitted to return to our native land.

PAUL GRIB,
EHIEL LEVITT,
FILIMON MATORIN,
S. CHINEVICH,
JOHN LEBEDUKE OTTO,
Committee.

The above resolutions have been forwarded to local and national government officials.

# Involuntary Servitude Whose Fault Is It?

Samuel Gompers is quoted in the press as follows:

"The government is going to lengths it never dared go before.

"Not only does it seek by injunction to prevent the performance of certain acts on the part of the working people—a thing we have seen before—but now by mandatory order it actually commands men to go out and do certain things, something never before heard of in this country.

*"In other words, the government of the United States is deliberately putting handcuffs on the wrists of American workers and driving them into involuntary servitude.*

"Our patriotism and loyalty has never been in dispute. Before the war, more than three weeks prior to the day President Wilson read his denunciation of the Germans, the American Federation of Labor publicly announced that it would stand with the government in the event of war. And the workers of America kept their word.

"But now, after the war is over, we find that there is not only no more freedom than before the war, but that *the freedom that we enjoyed then is actually being taken from us.*

"We find the government using its power against one side and in favor of another."

We have no fault to find with this statement. But whose fault is it that we now are facing involuntary servitude? Who else but Gompers himself is it that has delivered the workers bound hand and foot to the criminal capitalist class. Who has done more than any other single man in America to keep the workers in helpless ignorance? Samuel Gompers. And here the old rascal comes slobbering all over himself at the result of his life work. The workers will curse him as they rattle their chains.

# Show Your Card!

### SHOW YOUR CARD!

Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 11, 1919.

Members should show their cards to delegates or organizers. Many foreign-speaking members are in the habit of refusing to show their cards to delegates. It gives the non-members a chance to say they are members if they do not have to show their cards. It also gives those in arrears a chance of dragging along without being known to be in errears. ALWAYS SHOW YOUR CARDS TO DELEGATES AFTER SEEING THEIR CREDENTIAL.

Charles E. Berger,
Secretary Salt Lake District, M. M. W. I. U. 800.

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### GET READY NOW

The General Convention of L. W. I. U. No. 500 will take place on the first Monday in February, 1920. The place of meeting has not been decided upon yet, but there is no time like the present to prepare for this event. This will give the membership and the branches plenty of time to prepare their resolutions and instructions to delegates and to study up on the matters that will be passed on at that convention. Further particulars will appear in the Bulletin later.

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The soldier is an anachronism of which we must get rid. Among people who are proof against the suggestions of romantic fiction there can no longer be any question of the fact that military service produces moral imbecility, ferocity and cowardice, and that the defense of nations must be undertaken by the civil enterprise of men enjoying all the rights and liberties of citizenship, and trained by the exacting discipline of democratic freedom and responsibility. For permanent work the soldier is worse than useless; such efficiency as he has is the result of dehumanization and disablement. His whole training tends to make him a weakling.—Bernard Shaw.

# The Struggle for Emancipation Within the A. F. of L.

The outsider hardly realizes what a strangle hold A. F. of L. officialdom has on its members. The rank and file is in most of the craft unions as helplessly in the hands of the machine gangsters as the New York voters are in the hands of Tammany Hall. Occasionally there is a revolt against the gangster machine, but in most cases the revolt is put down by all the methods known to the rotten politician and the gunman.

At this writing there lies before us two proclamations of such revolts of recent date.

The one is issued by Local Union No. 188 of United Association of Journeymen Plumbers and Steamfitters, this local being located in Savannah, Ga. It is signed by President C. J. Glock of that union, by J. D. Gabe, Chairman of Executive Board, Edw. Ashland, Chairman of Grievance Committee, and by a job committee of three members from the Foundation Yard of that city.

We are particular about mentioning these signatures, as we of the I. W. W. are frequently accused of unjustly villifying A. F. of L. officers.

Now listen to some extracts of the manifesto issued by this A. F. of L. local.

*"Savannah, Ga.*

*"To the officers and members of the United Association of Plumbers and Steam Fitters, Greeting:*

*"The General Officers of the United Association of Plumbers and Steam Fitters have finally developed into an employment bureau and professional strike breaking agency for the employers' association.*

*"The General Officers of the United Association are in partnership with big industries to furnish Union Labor at a minimum wage, and send out its organizers to defeat every effort of underpaid and overworked mechanics."*

*The manifesto then goes on to state how the General Office, at the request of the employers, The Foundation Yard Co., sent one of its "organizers" down to Savannah, ordering the men back to work when they were about to win their strike.*

*It winds up by stating:*

*"Our headquarters are receiving money under false pretenses. We are paying the salaries of our employers' agents. Our organizers are our betrayers. Let us back them off on every occasion. Disorganize the Organizers!"*

*"If 'our organizers' are not on the payroll of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, they ought to be," etc.*

Now this is what the I. W. W. often has said about A. F. of L. officialdom. Such accusations have been called "scurrilous" and false. But here you have the rank and file of an A. F. of L. local repeating the accusations over the hand and seal of their elected local officers and committees.

The other manifesto of revolt that we have in hand is issued by the "Central Committee of L. U. 110, Norfolk, Va.," of "United Ass'n of Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters and Steam Fitters' Helpers." It is an argument in favor of certain amendments to their national constitution. On several pages the central committee goes on to show that the officers of the association are in a conspiracy against the rank and file. One accusation is *"that, without a doubt, headquarters have even tried to enlist the aid of Government officials to keep down our conditions so as to break the spirit and create dissension."*

Thus we see how the workers are trying to shake off the vampires on their back who are betraying them into the hands of the master class.

We have only recently witnessed a similar struggle on a larger scale in the printing industry of New York, where the insurgents against boss rule to the number of nearly 20,000 fought for weeks against their own officers, only to meekly return under the yoke.

Such instance should be sufficient to prove that the workers are doubly enslaved, first by the employers and, secondly, by the officers which they are supposed to have elected. The vampire machine is too strong for them.

The only way to shake off these vampires is for the workers to quit their A. F. of L. union and join the I. W. W., where there is complete democracy, where there are no leaders to order the members about, but where the members themselves decide everything.

To all these insurgents against the octopus of the Gompers machine we have only one advice: Without dues coming in the octopus will die—therefore quit paying dues to the A. F. of L. and form a union of the I. W. W. and be your own leaders.

The I. W. W. means emancipation both from labor fakirs and from wage slavery.

## NO FINANCIAL REPORTS

No financial reports of unions appear in this issue. To have had them set up would have meant the delay of this issue for an indefinite time. For this reason it was necessary to exclude them.

## NEW I. W. W. PAMPHLET

Hotel, Restaurant & Domestic Workers No. 1100 has just issued a 40 page pamphlet, written by L. S. Chumley and entitled "Hotel Restaurant and Domestic Workers, How they work and how they live". Price 15c, $10.00 per hundred.

Send order and remittance to Ernest Holmen, Secretary No. 1100, — 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago Ill.

Get it and spread it. It is fine.

# International Solidarity

## SWEDISH SYNDICALISTS GIVE POWERFUL AID TO THE I. W. W.

From a letter of Nov. 4 from John Anderson, a member of the G. E. B. of "The Central Organization of Swedish Workers" (S. A. C.), the Swedish counterpart of the I. W. W., we quote the following:

We have received some subscription lists from your General Defense Committee in Chicago, but as we find it difficult to do anything with lists that have English text, the G. E. B. of "The Central Organization of Swedish Workers" have had printed 2,300 lists of their own with Swedish text, as follows:

**Liberate All Class War Prisoners!**

Several hundred members of the Industrial Workers of the World and other workers are held in the jails and prisons of the United States. Some of these have been condemned to long terms in prison, while others, sick and broken down, still await trial. These men depend on you for their liberation.

Wm. D. Haywood, Secy., Gen. Def. Com.

**To the Workers of Sweden:**

From the Defense committee of our fellow workers in prisons in America we have received two subscription lists with a request for aid. Believing that the members of the S. A. C., as well as all other Swedish workers, wish to contribute according to each one's ability, in order that the American Syndicalists (among whom are many Swedes) shall get the aid they need for their trials and for comforts for those in prison, we hereby are sending out a number of lists for subscriptions.

The collected funds are to be sent to the office of "The Central Organization of Swedish Workers," Box 51, Orebro, Sweden, to be forwarded from there, and will be accounted for in "Syndikalisten" and "People's Daily Politiken."

Fellow Worker! In the name of international solidarity it is your duty to support these fellow workers in their self-sacrificing struggle by adding your contribution.

Central Organization of Swedish Workers,
Per General Executive Board.

## FRENCH SYNDICALISTS IN BEHALF OF IMPRISONED I. W. W. MEMBERS

"La Vie Ouvriere" (Paris) of December 5, 1919, reports that 107.00 francs have been collected till December 3, for our imprisoned fellow workers in Leavenworth. Fellow Worker Godonnèche, one of the most prominent militants of the minority in the Fédération du Livre (Printers' Union), is one of the donators, as well as the revolutionary Union of Metal Workers in Lyons, which gave one hundred francs.

Our thanks to the French syndicalist fellow workers and particularly to "La Vie Ouvrière" and "L'Internationale"!

## NORWEGIAN WORKERS COME TO THE AID OF THE I. W. W.

"Alarm," the organ of the Norwegian Syndicalist Federation, informs us that a "Norwegian-American Defense Committee" has been formed in Christiania, Norway. The committee has issued a stirring appeal in behalf of the persecuted I. W. W. and its members in prison.

The program calls upon all labor organizations to arrange public protest meetings everywhere against the terrorist regime in America; second, to send a protest to the American ambassador in Christiania; third, to appropriate money from the treasury of their organizations for the imprisoned fellow workers; fourth, to start collecting funds in every other way; fifth, to agitate for international action against this persecution.

The appeal is signed by Fellow Workers Eric Boman, Aksel Anderson, Nels Madsen, H. N. Fernstrom and Trygve Aakervik. The address of the committee is Box 4, Christiania, Norway, where subscription lists may be obtained.

## THE O. B. U. IN CANADA

During the first 4-5 months of its existence the One Big Union of Canada has issued some 36,000 membership cards. These cards are universal just as the I. W. W. card. In eastern Canada the old leaders are playing politics and are making a strong resistance to the O. B. U., particularly in Toronto. In spite of this the O. B. U. is making headway even in eastern Canada. Of late the French Canadian workers of Montreal have begun to take great interest in the work. Thus the leather workers have already joined and others are coming fast. O. B. U. literature is being printed in French.

The O. B. U. of Canada differs from the I. W. W. in that it endorses political action in theory. Instead of using a per capita tax for the financing of the organization, they propose to pool all funds in a common fund, thus doing away with separate treasuries, which have a tendency to develop into fences between the unions and frustrate the O. B. U. plan.

## SYNDICALISM IN SWEDEN

That the syndicalist movement of Sweden is progressing soundly we may conclude from the fact that it has during the year increased its membership from 20,000 to 30,000, mostly the same kind of workers as in the I. W. W. They now have their own printing plant from which "Syndikalisten" is issued twice a week. They propose to move their main office, on Oct. 1, 1920, from Örebro to Stockholm, where they have bought a house for 250,000 kronor. They expect to make "Syndikalisten" a daily paper from Jan. 1, 1921.

# Help for the Centralia Prisoners

**An Appeal to Workingmen**

Workers! Once again capitalism has struck at you, at your rights, your hopes and your aspirations. The bloody hand of Everett, of Ludlow, of Calumet, of Butte, Bisbee and every other outrage has reached out again. This time into the town of Centralia and in its murderous clutch it now holds eleven members of the working class whom they intend to destroy. They would destroy these workers because they are members of the I. W. W. and defended themselves against the organized violence of the tools of the Lumber Trust.

They would hang these workers because they by defending their meeting place in deed and in spirit, defended the meeting places of every workingman's organization in the country. They were defending all that is necessary to the onward march of labor, free speech and free assemblage.

The persons who would hang these men—these workers—are kin to those who during the war were lynching and terrorizing the land with their cries of pro-German. They are the same who gorged with the profits of war are now organizing mobs to descend on the halls of organized workers to crush their activities. They have four years of successful terrorism and unchecked murder behind them.

No one need recount their gloating tales in the newspapers during the war; of tar and feather parties, of lynchings and terror. The jails are full of their victims. These persons are the tools of capitalism.

The affair at Centralia in which five lives were lost was the inevitable climax to a reign of terror and murder. Here the natural law of self-defense driven to its furthest retreat, answered for all mankind the terrorism and violence of an insane system. The constitution of the United States, so long trampled under foot by organized greed, had at last found defenders, defenders, perhaps, ignorant of the text of the constitution, but alive to the spirit of freedom that animated its authors. For defending themselves from mob violence, for defending the rights of free assemblage, for resisting the damnable murderous clutch of capitalism the workers in Centralia are now lying behind the bars at the mercy of cruel jailers, helpless. Their only hope lies in you who are on the outside. To you whose rights they have defended they intrust their own defense. Are you going to ignore their trust? Are you going to leave them to the murderous profit-mongers who will murder them as a warning to the rest of the workers?

The workers charged with murder in Centralia must be defended. It is up to the workers to defend them by donating money to their defense.

If you wish to donate to the defense of these workers, these defenders of your rights, you can do so by enclosing your donation and send it to George Williams, 318 North Wyoming street, Butte, Montana, or to Wm. D. Haywood, secretary-treasurer, General Defense Committee, 1001 W. Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

## NIEUWENHUIS DEAD

From Holland comes the news that Ferdinand Domela Nieuwenhuis has passed into the great beyond, at an age of 73 years.

Nieuwenhuis did not belong to our class. He began his career as a minister of the gospel. He abandoned this calling and became a social democrat, but soon found that he was on the wrong path. He broke away from them and for the last many years he was a valiant fighter in the ranks of the radical labor movement.

Nieuwenhuis is sincerely mourned by the workers of Holland, to whom he unselfishly gave all his earthly goods as well as his long and useful life. He will be remembered by the international labor movement as one who sacrificed all for truth and justice, and as a teacher who has helped to shorten the road to a new society.

## NOTICE

Fellow Worker J. Sidney, late of Snohomish county jail, please communicate with J. Jacobson, 115 E. 10th st., New York, N. Y., care of Rebel Worker. Any one knowing of his present address kindly forward to above address. Important.

## ROUMANIAN FELLOW WORKERS WANT TO START AN I. W. W. PAPER

### An Appeal From Roumanian Branch of Metal and Machinery Workers I. U. No. 300, Detroit, Mich.

As you all know, literature is of the greatest necessity for propaganda and organization. For this reason we, the members of the Roumanian Branch of M. & M. Workers' I. U. No. 300, I. W. W., in Detroit, feel it our duty to try to establish a monthly or a semi-monthly I. W. W. paper. We have now in press Varney's "Industrial Communism—the I. W. W.," but we need more leaflets and papers.

For this purpose we need some funds. Our Branch has unlimited hope that it will receive moral and financial support from branches, members and sympathizers.

Roumanian workers! Take note! Wake up and organize industrially!

All letters, checks, money orders, etc., should be addressed to

*John Onika,*
2990 Orleans st.,
Detroit, Mich.

(Seal)

# Who is back of the Persecution?

Some people are apt to think that the persecution now being carried on against us by cut-throats in uniform is a genuine expression of outraged patriotism on the part of brave soldiers who have risked their lives for their country.

The fact of the matter is that these law breakers who invade and wreck our halls and brutally beat our members simply are operating in the guise of ex-service men in order to befuddle the people. They are nothing but the tools of "higher ups" who have made it their aim to suppress what they call "radicalism."

Back of all this persecution stand the same people who are the backers of the National Security League, which was recently investigated by Congress. It was then disclosed that the persons primarily supporting it were J. P. Morgan, Rockefeller, Dupont, Frick and Carnegie, etc. Since then, no doubt, the league has associated with itself a host of other people. Terrorism is its method, whether it is a question of enlisting new members or persecuting the Reds.

The following news dispatch tells the story of how this league has organized and how it operates:

### ANTI "RED" WAR IN 38 STATES

**Director Named in Each for American Education Campaign**

(Special to The Chicago Daily News)

New York, Aug. 18.—The nation wide educational campaign against all un-American radical doctrine, being promoted by the National Security League in association with the other leading patriotic societies of the country, is now actively under way in thirty-eight states, according to an announcement by the Security league today. In each of these thirty-eight states an influential citizen has accepted the appointment of state director for the immediate supervision of the campaign in his state.

This movement, in which the Security league and affiliated societies have the co-operation of prominent men and women in all walks of life in all parts of the country, is aimed at combating the disorganizing propaganda of anarchists, bolsheviki and international socialists by the popularization of the constitution of the United States. The campaign will culminate in the nation wide celebration of "constitution day" on Sept. 17, the anniversary of the signing of the constitution.

Two notable national committees are in general charge of the campaign—the constitutional celebration organization committee, which includes representatives of the National Security league and associated bodies and is headed by Dr. David Jayne Hill, and the constitutional celebration honorary committee, which includes in its membership the governors of twenty-two states and the mayors of more than 100 large cities.

Many of these spurious patriots and profiteers happen to carry the uniform. It is in their capacity of ex-service men that they have succeeded in enlisting the service of other ex-service men for the nasty deeds that they are now committing all over the country with impunity. Not only are their depredations tolerated by the authorities, but these are even directly co-operating with them, boasting of their law-breaking practices.

The raiding squads of soldiers are mostly ignorant dupes on whose avarice or passions the higher-ups are playing.

It is high time that the ex-service men of the working class begin to see how they are being fooled. As to the ex-service men of other classes, we know what we may expect from them. They are criminals parading as patriots.

# Capitalist "Efficiency"

Constantly it is being thrown into the face of the workers that we are "stupid and inefficient." All of us know, however, that these accusations are made to hide the fact that capitalism is a system that "saves at the spigot and wastes at the bunghole," while we at the same time are being prodded to increase production by means of Taylor systems and the like.

Here are two news items from the capitalist press calling attention to one serious, permanent leakage which continues to exist simply because the capitalist countries are largely ruled by ignorant and grasping profiteers. They both refer to the metric system now being used all over the world with the exception of England and America and their possessions.

### THE TWO STUPIDEST NATIONS

**(By John M. Gerry, Financial Editor, San Francisco Bulletin)**

The TWO STUPIDEST NATIONS!
No! Not Russia and Germany!
Nor even Nigeria and Timbuctoo!
But—GREAT BRITAIN and the UNITED STATES!
Now, what do you think about that. YOU don't believe it? They are the most enlightened nations.
They are and THEY ARE NOT!
In some things, YES! In one great vital essential of these times, NO!

For Great Britain and the United States are embarking upon the most colossal world competition in all history, with the WRONG KIND OF EQUIPMENT!

**They are tackling world trade with the wrong tools!**

Two hundred and twelve nations and countries are doing business together under the simple practical and universally understood METRIC system.

Two nations are attempting to do business with the 212 under the old-fashioned, cumbersome, obsolete GERMAN system.

These two old-fashioned, behind-the-times, dozing nations are Great Britain and the United States!

And the system they are using was DISCARDED AS WORTHLESS BY GERMANY half a century ago!

**The two greatest (?) nations in the world are trying to do business with German's cast-offs!**

This, no doubt, is precisely as Germany had planned. Having tied a weight to the heels of her greatest trade adversaries, this cleverly cunning country removes her own weights and skims into world commerce on the wings of a system invented by an Englishman—James Watt in 1783.

Think of the irony of it! An Englishman gives the world the logical, decimal system of measurement which Germany adopts to her tremendous acceleration in commerce and power and enrichment by BILLIONS OF DOLLARS. In return Germany fastens upon the land of the Englishman to whom she owes so much the cumbersome jungle of quantity expression that is a terrible handicap to Great Britain in her world enterprises.

But the REAL TRAGEDY is this:

**The United States slavishly follows Britannia in her weights and measures and retains them, while all the rest of the world, except these two, adopt the decimal system which everybody understands!**

It is under this tremendous handicap that the United States enters world trade. In all her dealings with the Orient, Oceania, Latin America and the remainder of the world outside of British possessions, this country must do business with two sets of measurements—the METRIC, to satisfy her customers the GERMAN, to humor the obstinacy of her own manufacturers. But that obstinacy is calculated to cost those manufacturers TENS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ANNUALLY in lost time and lost orders.

The other item emanates from The World Trade Club of San Francisco, Cal., and reads as follows:

### METRIC SYSTEM WOULD SAVE MILLIONS IN EDUCATION

America's greatest educators are supporting the move made by the World Trade Club of San Francisco to secure the adoption of metric units of weights and measures by Britannia and the United States. "The adoption of the metric system by the United States would facilitate teaching of mathematics and applied sciences in schools," wires President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University. President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia has also sent the World Trade Club a telegram of support. Dr. Joseph V. Collins, an eminent educator, declares that the people of the United States lose $314,000,000 yearly in education because of time wasted in teaching a system so much more complicated and difficult than the metric system.

# Another Letter to the Editor

BY COVINGTON AMI

Dear Editor:

I received the Monthly for November today, also Ford's Weekly for Nov. 8. In the last I find this extremely interesting statement: "Less than one-fourth of the soldiers of George Washington's army were native Americans; Scotch, Irish and English born soldiers made up the majority." Query: Suppose the "German King of England" had had a Secretary of Labor Wilson to deport them, whereinhel would we be?

Ford's also gives the reason why the salaried slaves are so hostile to unionization, viz., "Tight collars hinder the normal supply of blood to the head and thus affect the action of the brain," which bears out a Louisiana lumberjack's observation on the same class. He said: "It looks like just as soon as a man begins to wear white collars he loses all his backbone and brain," and now comes Ford with the scientific explanation.

However that may be, I do not wish anyone to get the idea that I am opposing ideas because they originated outside the land of the U. S. A., as some might infer from the publication of my letter, in the compilation of which I would have been more careful had I been writing it for that purpose. My only idea was to insist that we use terms our people were used to wherever possible, and I stand corrected as to your distinction between the terms Industrial Communism and Industrial Democracy. I fell into the error out of the habit we Southerners have of defining Democracy to mean "equal rights to all, special privileges to none," from which, just as soon as we really begin to think economics, we arrive at the conclusion that the only hope of saving Democracy in this country is to make the land, natural resources and socialized machinery of production, distribution and exchange the inheritance of ALL the people. In this connection, I want to say I agree fully with your fine article, "The Importation of Ideas in the Labor Movement," for I have always insisted that the native-born American movement had its roots sunk deep in industrial unionism which, to me, is our great contribution to the world movement.

Varney's article on the steel strike is simply splendid, and it bears out what I've been hunching from the beginning. But I hope Varney is wrong in this statement: "The tendency of the I. W. W. is toward higher and higher centralization. In this respect of form the I. W. W. is more closely akin to the German than to the French labor movement," for the main curse of the world today is too damn much centralization, as I see it, and too little local initiative and control, a thing Varney sees and correctly denounces in the conduct of the steel strike. And, what is the alleged German labor movement but a sublimated offshoot of that British-born insanity—craft unionism? If there's anything the I. W. W. wants to steer clear for good and all it's anything and everything savoring of German unionism, for the present woeful condition of that country is a total condemnation of its "labor movement." The "printer's devil" made me say, in reference to the "race war" over in Arkansas: "These gentlemen (the 'committee of seven prominent business men') are themselves nowise to blame; they never are, for the Proletariat can do no wrong," when what I said was: "For the PROPERTARIAT CAN DO NO WRONG," a thing later reports bear out, since dispatches in the local press state that forty-eight members of the Progressive Farmers' and Household Union had been "tried and convicted in THREE DAYS." Going some for Blind Justice!

Papers down here have been full of wild headlines and articles on the arrest of members of the "Russian Workers' Union" all over the middle west and east and of a "conspiracy" on the part of the I. W. W. to organize "German branches," which last is something new to me, as I always understood that the main "crime" of the I. W. W. was its attempt to organize ALL the workers INDUSTRIALLY, regardless of race, creed or color, into One Big Union, but maybe I have been only dreaming for the last fifteen years. This and the coal strike is taking up all scare space in local papers the last few days and I've got a notion into my head that I cannot get rid of—that the pyrotechnics in both cases indicate that the politicians of both the unions and the states are drawing red herrings across several trails; that it is all mainly a hurrah to hide their futility and failure to better social and economic conditions, a thing they were self-pledged to "after the war." Your article, "The Collapse of Capitalism," is also good, but I've about come to the conclusion that about all we can do is to point out the road out of chaos so that as many workers as possible will have some idea of what to do when the collapse does come, for recent history seems to prove that the declaration of independence is correct where it states that the mass of men never move out of an old order and toward a new one until necessity compels them to do so. Even Russia lost TEN MILLION MEN, dead and totally disabled for life, and her entire political and economic system collapsed before she finally moved out from under and flashed her epoch-making message around the earth. But however all this may be, one thing is certain: The chicken of industrial democracy has at last kicked several holes through the iron shell of capitalism and, however the mother hen may squall and scold, the youngster is destined to soon rule the roost!

## POLITICS DECLINING

### Gradually Giving Way to Economic Administration

A recent newspaper dispatch to The Chicago Daily News from Paris, France, states:

Paris, France, Aug. 1.—On the initiative of the ministry of commerce and industry twenty-one employer's associations, including practically all French industries, have grouped themselves into a big central organization under the name of the General Production Confederation. The first duty of this new organization will be to appoint employers' delegates and technical advisers to the international labor conference of the league of nations to be held in Washington, D. C., this coming fall. It will further appoint delegates to the enemy property commission attached to the ministry of justice, and delegates to visit the United States on the invitation of 1,700 American chambers of commerce.

The correspondent, Paul Scott Mowrer, makes the following observations in connection with this announcement:

Thus another important step is taken in the movement generally known as "syndicalism" and which tends to replace purely political by economic representation. Henceforth both the General Production Confederation and the General Labor Confederation may be expected to participate more and more directly in the administration of the nation's affairs. In the face of these great combinations of labor and capital the farmers have also begun to organize and may soon be expected to have their own big representative syndicate. Some observers believe that henceforth the government will find it impossible to take any important step without the approval of the nation's various great economic organizations.

#### Distrust of the Parliament

Concurrently with the development of the syndicalist idea the public seems gradually to be losing confidence in the parliament, which is regarded as a purely political body swayed by "false" political rather than by "sound" economic conditions.

## SPIRITUAL RAPE AGAINST CHILDREN

"Murder will out." Capitalism is trying to clamp the lid down tight, that truth may not be known. One of the latest instances is a plan proposed by the superintendents of the New York high schools, to deny a diploma to anyone who does not sign the following pledge:

"I will reverence my country's flag and defend it against enemies at home and abroad.

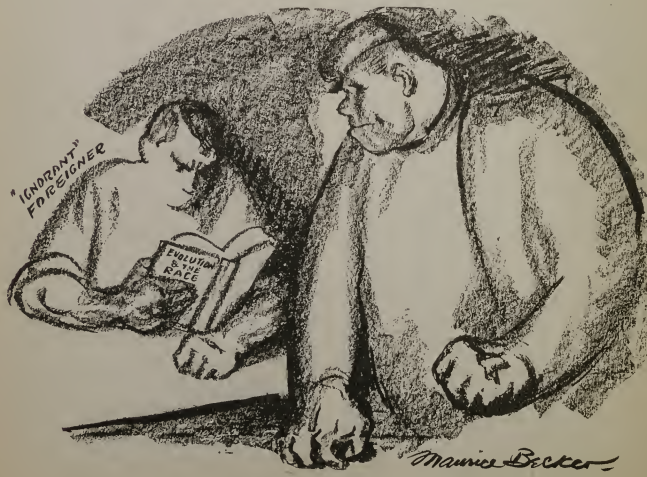
"I will respect and obey the President of the United States and the law of the land.

"I will support, in school and out, American ideals of justice and fair play, including the rights of unhampered opportunity under the law for all.

"I will hold the ideal of national patriotism above loyalty to any individual, political party, social class or previous national connection.

"I will actively oppose all revolutionary movements such as bolshevism, anarchism, I. W. W.ism or any movement antagonistic to the laws of the United States or tending to subvert the Constitution of the United States."

Thus the Juggernaut of profiteerdom tries to crush the spirit of the child and enslave it. "Take the oath or starve" is the brutal dictum of these morally castrated servants in the temple of Mammon. They cannot hear the steady tramp, tramp of the advancing proletariat, having punctured their ear drums so they might not hear the truth. Onward with the work to save our children from physical and mental enslavement!




"WHY DON'T YE BE A MAN AND TALK UNITED STATES?"

# PREAMBLE

**of the Industrial Workers of the World**

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



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**THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY** 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., $2.50 per year; 25 cents per copy; bundle orders, 15 cents per copy.

**THE NEW SOLIDARITY** 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., $2.00 per year, six months, $1. Weekly.

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## Industrial Union Papers Published by Stock Companies:

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**AHJO** (The Forge). Finnish Monthly. Issued by The Work People's College, Box 464, Duluth, Minn. $1 per year, 25 cents per copy.

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Vol. II, No. 6 JUNE, 1920 Whole Number 16

# The One Big Union Monthly




First of May Demonstration in Minneapolis of 10,000 Workers Following the Sign "ONE BIG UNION."

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

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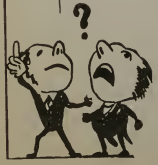
It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown.

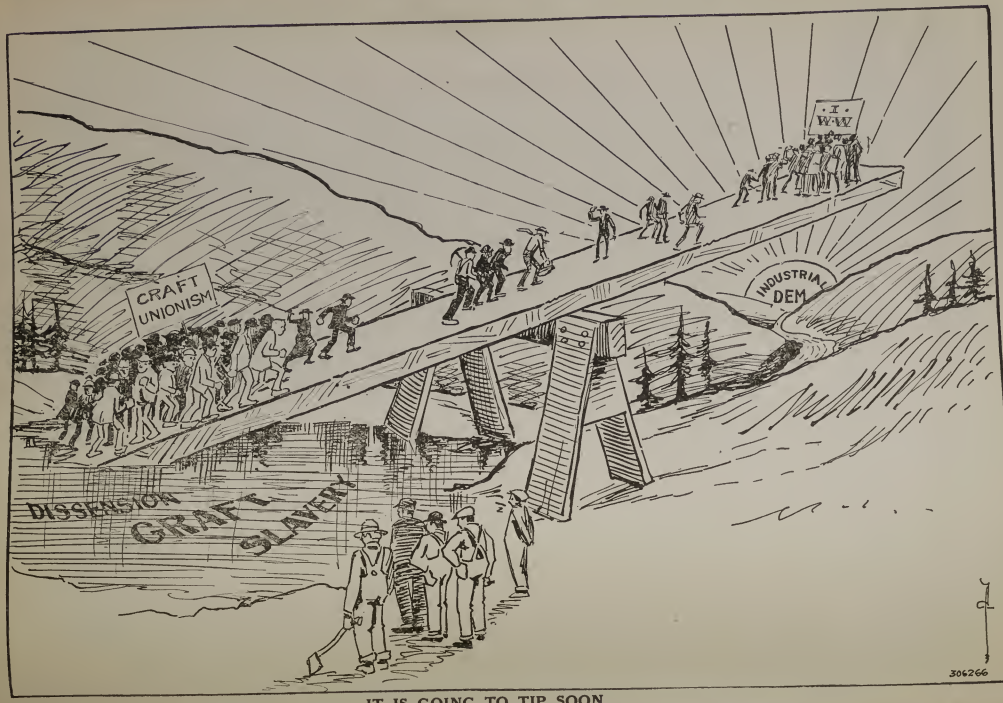
By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.




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IT IS GOING TO TIP SOON

Vol. II, No. 6 JUNE, 1920 Whole Number 16

# THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

Published Monthly by the General Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

JOHN SANDGREN, Editor

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Address subscriptions, business communications and remittances to **The One Big Union Monthly**, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. Other communications should be addressed to The Editor.

## The 12th Annual Convention of the I. W. W.

By GORDON CASCADEN

"Business, not talk."

If the Twelfth Convention of the Industrial Workers of the World were to hang out a motto to show what it is really doing it would be that quoted.

Fireworks are absent from its deliberations. Delegates differ, 'tis true. They aren't afraid to express those differences, but when they have expressed themselves they go ahead and vote. This does not mean that discussion is cut off without opportunity for debate. Every delegate has his or her chance. Then when all who would have had their say, those who want to clear up their previous speeches or to bring out new matter have opportunity to do so.

The speeches are short and to the point. They are made by men and women who realize that they represent militant wage workers who are in the front line trenches of the fight for industrial democracy.

Numerically speaking the convention is not large. It is representative, however, men and women from practically every industry and from every section of the country attending. They come right from the job and not from "soft," "easy" organizers' positions.

Various important matters are under discussion, the various committees having many resolutions to consider. While certain decisions have been reached, the ultimate result of the convention's deliberations cannot be described at the time of writing this short summary.

The dues question, however, has been settled—so far as the convention can settle it. The membership at large will vote on a referendum to increase the dues from 50 cents to $1 a month. Several of the largest organizations had instructed their delegates to introduce resolutions favoring dollar dues. The vote in favor was large, those voting against it all favoring an incr ase, however.

The Secretary-Treasurer of the General Defense Committee submitted his report, which summarized the activities and also the persecution of the organization from Sept. 1, 1917, until April 1, 1920. It tells a story of persecution unexampled in the industrial history of the world.

Yet this convention, realizing the torture of those who uphold the principles of the movement, refused to let a red herring across the trail swing it from its common sense. A communication came in which criticised the Executive Board for passing, some time ago, a resolution setting out clearly the organization's position in opposition to the advocacy of violence by the Industrial Workers of the World. The convention unanimously decided to reaffirm the position of the General Executive Board in this respect.

**(On pages 49-55 will be found some extracts from the minutes of the convention, obtained at the close of the convention at the moment of going to press.—Editor.)**



RESCUING THE FLAG FROM THE PROFITEERS
I. W. W. Secretary C. E. Lundberg of Minneapolis, a World War Veteran, carrying the Stars and Stripes at the head of May Day parade.

# First of May in Minneapolis

By E. W. LATCHEM

On May 1st, 1919, when the workers of Minneapolis attempted to celebrate International Labor Day, their parade was broken up several times by the police and other willing tools of the money interests, but they always succeeded in reforming and managed to continue their parade until their destination had been reached. All speaking was stopped by the police, but that did not seem to dampen the spirit of the workers, as will be seen from what happened on May 1st, 1920.

Only about two thousand participated in 1919, but as a result of police opposition all unions in Minneapolis took part in one gigantic parade on May 1st, 1920, with the result that close to 10,000 workers were participants in the largest and most enthusiastic May Day celebration that Minneapolis ever had. Not a word was said in regard to this by most of the local news perverters. Only one paper had the decency to mention the affair, in spite of the fact that it was one of the most important events of the day.

The parade was headed by the World War Veterans in uniform; next came a large thirty-foot banner inscribed "One Big Union." Other banners were: "The Kaiser in a Palace in Holland; Debs in Jail in the United States; Is This Justice?" "Political Prisoners Have Been Released in Japan, France, Great Britain and Germany; Why Not Here?" "We Fought for Democracy 'Over There' and Now Have to Fight for a Living Wage When We Get Back."

Most of the paraders marched by industries and left their craft banners at home as evidence of the uselessness of that form of organization. The only exceptions were the Printers, Bricklayers and Wood Workers and Cabinet Makers.

A donkey carried a placard inscribed: "I and all my relatives work in an open shop," which created quite a hit except among those who were put in the "donkey class."

Some of those in charge attempted to turn the speaking into a "campaign rally" to boost some local aspirants for different political offices and relegate all other speakers to the rear and have the crowd tired out before any genuine working class speakers could get the platform, and they succeeded to a certain extent; but when W. F. Dunne, editor of the Butte Daily Bulletin, managed to get the floor he lost no time in explaining how the Workers' International Labor Day had been desecrated by those who had no other desire except to get into office, no matter how, and that those who would stoop to misuse Labor's holiday would need watching.

This parade was handled by the Craft Unions and may be taken as evidence of the state of mind of members of those unions, who are beginning to see the need of a union that will fit in with the needs of present-day society.

The following editorial from the Minneapolis Labor Review, official organ of the Minneapolis Trades and Labor Assembly and Building Trades Council, fits well together with the parades, and the two of them together are additional signs that changed to make the Federation function most effectively. The annual convention of the Federation will be held in Montreal in June. There is among the rank and file of organized labor an almost universal demand for industrial unionism. It is bound to come, and it ought to come from the next convention. Business is organized into great industries. To emancipate itself labor must be organized industrially instead of by crafts.

Your International will have delegates at this convention. Has your organization sent



FIRST OF MAY DEMONSTRATION IN MINNEAPOLIS
"I and all my relatives work in the open shop."

the I. W. W. has not worked and suffered in vain for the last fifteen years:

"THE CHANGE MUST COME"

The American Federation of Labor is the organization which has brought to the workers of America the benefits which they now have. If it had done nothing else than to have obtained the eight-hour day it must be admitted that this is a long stride ahead from the times workers toiled from sun-up to sun-down.

But changing industrial conditions and changes in the organization of industry make it imperative that the form of organization be

them a resolution requesting that they stand for industrial unionism? Have you written the International a personal letter? You should do both. Make it so plain to the next Federation convention that the delegates cannot fail to understand the concerted demand for a change in the form of organization. Make it so unanimous that they can not truthfully say that they did not take the action because the rank and file did not want it.

And meanwhile, don't neglect to explain to the worker near you who may not understand, just why industrial unionism is NECESSARY, AND WHY HE SHOULD ADVOCATE IT.




MINNEAPOLIS BRICKLAYERS IN FIRST OF MAY PARADE
They are proud of the city they have built.

# NOTICE

**The convention has decided to increase the size of The One Big Union Monthly by using print paper of a different kind. Also to add a three-colored cover, making it 68 pages in all. The change will be made as soon as the desired print paper is secured, possibly with the next issue.**

**At the same time the price will be raised to 25 cents per copy; $2.50 per year; 15 cents per copy wholesale.**

**With the increased size and the attractive cover added the increase in price we were compelled to make in order to cover the cost should hardly be noticeable. Double your efforts to spread our magazine.**




**"JUSTICE IS DEAD"**
**Sign carried in First of May demonstration in Minneapolis.**

# The Picket Line of Blood

## Another Red Chapter of Labor History from Butte Mont.

By RALPH CHAPLIN

"The Richest hill in the world" has once more been stained with the blood of workers. Its arrogant industrial autocrats of Butte have again taken refuge in murder to shield themselves from the organized power of the union miners. The lynching of Frank Little has been paralleled by the massacre on Anaconda road. Butte—naked, barren, black—the city of gun-men and widows, of "sweat-holes" and cemeteries, stands out before the world today a blot on what we call civilization. Machine guns and searchlights command the city from the heights. Armed soldiers guard the approaches to the mines and gun-men loiter at every corner, or whiz up and down the streets at all hours of the day and night. There is one place on Anaconda road where everything in sight has been riddled with bullets. The blood of the dead and wounded has hardly dried in the dust. Miners have been told in unmistakable language that their constitutional right to picket means nothing and that the will of the copper trust is mightier than the law of the land. Bloody Butte! It is an ignoble title—ignobly won. But it is a fitting title.

The overlords of Butte will not permit their right to exploit to be challenged. Drunk with unbridled power and the countless millions profiteered during the war, with lying phrases of "law and order" on their lips, the blood of workingmen dripping from their hands and the gold of the government bursting their coffers they face the nation unreprimanded and unashamed—reaction militant, capitalism at its worst. The copper trust can murder its slaves in broad daylight on any occasion and under any pretext. There is no law to call a halt. In the confines of this greed ruled city the gun-man has replaced the Constitution. Butte is a law unto herself.

This huge mining camp is typical of the present stage of capitalism. The parasites of big business,

furious with the realization of their approaching doom, are striking at the working class more blindly, more ferociously and more frequently than ever before. Even their most savage anti-labor laws are proving themselves inadequate to darken the rising sun of solidarity.

The gunman and lynch-mob are more and more replacing the law as measures of labor repression. The old maxim "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad" is finding daily confirmation.

Holy grove, Ludlow, Calumet, Everett and Bisbee still stand as grewsome monuments to the White Terror in America. Butte has been added to the list for a second time. Armistice Day in Centralia is only a few month past yet we can no longer refer to it as "yesterday" but the day before. Yesterday was the massacre on Anaconda road. Nobody knows where the blow will fall tomorrow. Things are moving rapidly these days.

## THE STRIKE

On Monday the 19th of April the strike broke out. The miners and muckers, smarting under the high cost of living, the black-list and speed-up systems left the mines in a body and refused to return to work. They assembled in their union hall and drew up demands for a six-hour day, $7.00 wage and the abolition of the speed-up, black-list and "bonus" systems. Two men were demanded on all machines and workings. The class-war prisoners were not forgotten. The first move was to picket the mines which was done quite successfully. Very few miners had started for work and practically all of these returned home when the situation was explained to them. The strikers also appealed to the several craft unions employed on the hill to show their solidarity by striking against their common enemy. Hardly a man worked either in the mines or above ground during the first day of the strike. The mine operators were wildly indignant.

The following morning (Tuesday) pickets were met by considerable numbers of company gunmen. These thugs, without more ado, ordered the miners to "beat it down the hill". This command was emphasized by blows, curses and an eloquent display of weapons. The picket line was dispersed. An effort to resume picketing in the afternoon was thwarted in a similar manner. Dozens of men were beaten and slugged unmercifully.

On Wednesday morning the 21st of April, the determined pickets again started out to reestablish their broken line. At Park street and Broadway, which is the approach to the Pennsylvania mine, they were assaulted by gunmen and city police and eight or nine were badly beaten with clubs. At Centerville and on the Anaconda road and various other points it was the same story. At the corner of Wyoming and Granite Streets a man was slugged who was neither a miner nor a picket. The gunmen, drunken with license and power, were out to brutalize every workingman in sight. There was none to stop them and the copper trust papers were commending the sluggers for their brave and patriotic work.

The scattered picket lines were reassembled at the union hall. The men came trooping in a few at a time, beaten and bloody. Several had been slugged beyond recognition. Scarcely any had escaped manhandling from the inhuman mercenaries of the copper trust. The armed guards who had done the beating were rushing from point to point all morning in high powered cars looking for new victims. The laws of the state of Montana give strikers the right to picket and the miners were determined that this right should not be taken away from them by private gunmen of their employers. The matter was discussed coolly and thoroughly. The strikers decided to change their tactics. Instead of a number of groups attempting to picket a number of mines in the face of overwhelming odds, it was decided to consolidate their forces and picket one point on the country road and to remain there in a body. The Anaconda road where it passes the Never Sweat mine was chosen as the point of most strategic value. A little after four o'clock in the afternoon of April 21 the miners, almost five hundred strong, marching in orderly formation, arrived on the scene in a body. They were unarmed.

## THE MASSACRE

Almost immediately afterwards big dusty company automobiles loaded with gunmen began to purr up the road. The pickets parted their ranks and silently permitted the sluggers to pass. The gunmen got out of the cars and mobilized a short distance up the road. Sheriff O'Rourke next appeared with a squad of city policemen, plain clothes men and "deputies". These assembled between the miners and the gunmen. Altogether there were between fifty and sixty officers and sluggers.

Sheriff O'Rourke marched his squad down to where the miners were assembled. Some of the pickets had spread from the county road to the railroad tracks. The Sheriff explained to them that the tracks were company property and requested the miners to keep to the county road. The men consented to this and moved down the road below the tracks. The police and "deputies" tried to keep them going by pushing and jostling the crowd and telling the strikers to "keep moving". The pickets remonstrated with the Sheriff, stating that they had obeyed his orders in getting off company property but that they had a right to stay on the county road. Several even produced road tax receipts to show that they had been paying taxes in this very road. Others reminded the Sheriff that picketing was lawful in the state of Montana. Many of the pickets were Irish and the Sheriff being of the same nationality a great deal of witty dialogue ensued. O'Rourke assured the miners that he was there to protect their rights and would see that they got a square deal. When asked why he had not been there to protect them on the two preceding days he stated that he had been to Helena to take in a fight and was unaware of what had been happening. O'Rourke failed to state whether it was a dog fight or a prize fight he had been attending. Both are illegal in Montana.

The Sheriff and his "deputies" made another effort to get the miners started down the hill. One

picket stepped out of the crowd and told him that the miners were either entitled to picket on the county road or it was his duty to arrest them. O'-Rourke replied, "All right, I'll take you." The picket was seized and started for a waiting machine. The crowd, seeing what was happening, demanded that if one was arrested all should be taken to jail with him. Whereupon the sheriff thrust the miner back into the crowd saying "Get back there with you!" Two more cars loaded with gunmen passed through the crowd going upwards. A gate was thrown open in the dull red fence bordering the Never Sweat mine to the right of the road above.

### SHOT IN THE BACK

Mr. Alley suddenly raised his hand and shouted in a loud voice. "Go and get the s——s of b——s!" As if awaiting this signal the entire body of sluggers leaped at the miners, clubbing the foremost with billeys, and the butts of rifles and riot guns. Several of the gunmen fired point blank into the ranks of the pickets. Several miners fell to the road. A few tried to crawl out of the way. The remainder of the miners broke ranks and started to run down the hill in every direction. Volley after volley was fired at their retreating forms. Nineteen men were shot in the back with bullets and slugs from rifles



THOMAS MANNING
**One of the victims of the hired gunmen of the Butte mine owners.**

A number of gunmen appeared headed by Roy Alley, private representative of John D. Ryan in Butte. Roy Alley is a typical Butte mining official. He is at once an attorney and a "gunner". The day the strike started he declared openly:

"The Wobblies have got us tied up again. It wouldn't be so bad if they only quit themselves but they are interfering with our loyal men.

We need some more killings and hangings here, and if there were any red-blooded Americans in the camp it would be done."

Alley is an arrogant cowardly, wizzened-faced creature known to the miners as "Alley Rat". He always makes a point of obtaining with his six-shooter and thugs the things the law will not grant him. This "copper collared" gentleman spoke a few words to O'Rourke. Then he took a start to the extreme right of the company of mercenaries.

and riot guns. In addition to the fire from the gunmen at the railroad tracks a cross fire was opened upon them as they scrambled over gulleys and ditches toward Granite street. Gunmen had been stationed in advance at the Parrott Rustling card office and behind the fence of a nearby mine shaft. No other shots were reported at the inquest excepting those fired by the gunmen from the positions stated. A feeble attempt was made by a copper trust creature, named Templeton, to prove that the shooting commenced from the window of the Simmon's boarding house on Anaconda road, but this lie did not survive the inquest. It was nailed by testimony of O'Rourke's own crew.

A number of startling facts were brought out from the testimony of Under Sheriff Whalen at the inquest who was forced to admit that there was no justification or excuse for the shooting down of miners by company gunmen.

"During all the time that you were there, your attention was fixed on the crowd of strikers?" asked Attorney Donovan.

"Yes," replied Whalen.

"Did you at any time see anything that justified anybody in shooting into the crowd of pickets?"

"I did not," replied Whalen.

"In your opinion, as an officer, was there any justification for anyone shooting into the crowd of strikers?"

"Not that I could see."

"Did the Sheriff or any of his regular deputies or any member of the city police force authorize or order anyone to fire into the crowd of strikers?"

"As far as I know, no."

It was also brought out from Whalen's testimony that no effort was made by the sheriff's office to ascertain who fired the shots or what kind of weapons were used.

## SUCH IS BUTTE

Fifteen men were laid low by the treacherous volleys—each of them shot in the back. The strikers paused only long enough to pick up their wounded and help carry them to the union hall. Seven men were seriously injured from gunshots: Tom Manning, James Sullivan, James McCarthy, Peter Marovich and Fellow Workers Lavus, Falt and De Long. Young Sullivan as he was picked up shot through the spine, whispered this message to his fellow workers: "Tell the boys to fight to the bitter end; tell all the workers to keep off the Hill." About a dozen others were able to be about after the bullets and slugs had been extracted and their wounds dressed. The wounded men were stretched out on the floor at the union hall. The room resembled a field hospital in France. Tom Manning had died before reaching the hall. He was a strong, clean, intelligent young miner who was working hard to save enough money to bring his wife and baby from British ruled Ireland to "free" America. His funeral was the biggest and most impressive held in Butte since the burial of Frank Little. Little was lynched by the same bunch of corporation cutthroats that murdered Manning. Both are lying in their humble graves in the "Flats". Their assailants are still at large—unreprimanded and unpunished—still looking for new victims. Such is Butte.

Realizing that their efforts at peaceful picketing had been made impossible by the brute force of the copper trust, the miners again changed their tactics. Picket lines had been broken up but the blood of miners remained red on the dust of Anaconda Road. Here was the new picket line—silent, accusing, eloquent. "They may prevent us from remaining on the hill but our fellow workers whose blood has been spilled . . . are maintaining a stronger picket line!" So read the proclamation issued from strike headquarters the day following the massacre. And the miners did not return to work but came out in increasing numbers. The latest word from Butte is that the Workingmen's Union has struck in a body completely tying up the street car service of the city.

## THE PICKET LINE OF BLOOD

But the strikers, in spite of their deep bitterness, did not intend to carry on a long drawn out strike. If their demands, or a considerable portion of them, were not granted in due time they intended to "carry the strike to the job." So they returned to work with this intention. This is what the I. W. W. loggers did on the West coast in 1917. It won for the loggers then and it will win for the miners now.

The year after the Speculator mine disaster, when the lives of two hundred of their fellow workers were sacrificed to the god of profits, the miners went down into the "sweat holes" and dug up eighteen million dollars in dividends for the parasitical stockholders. The miners claim the massacre has opened up their eyes and that they will never be foolish to "fall" for the speed up system again. "Slow down" is the new slogan. Only the scab will step across the "picket line of blood" to hit the pace that kills and break his fool back to enrich a greedy gang of murderous mine owners. And if the Butte miners adhere to their resolution their pocketbooks will be just as full and the cemeteries in the "Flats" not nearly so much so—in the long run.

A Coroner's inquest was held over the body of Thomas Manning. Its purpose obviously was not to fix the responsibility for his death but merely to exonerate the gunmen and the sheriff of a possible charge of murder.

Imagine what kind of a verdict can come out of an inquest where the jurors are hand-picked "copper-collared" gentlemen and in which the Coroner himself was afraid to officiate; where one of the corporation lawyers defending the gunmen is a convicted jury briber and the witnesses who testify are miners who know the moment they take the stand they are being spotted for the black-ball or worse. Imagine an "inquest" held in a court-room literally filled with the very thugs who committed the crime—all seated—while the friends of the deceased remain standing because the chairs for their accomodation were purposly removed beforehand! One of the attorneys for the "defense," D. Gay Stivers, was recognized as one of the armed assassins on the hill.

The verdict of the Coroner's inquest was all that had been expected of it. Read it over:

"In the matter of the inquest held at the courthouse and St. James' hospital, Silver Bow county, Montana, from April 29 to May 13, 1920, before John Doran, acting coroner for said county, we, the undersigned jurors, find the following verdict: ...." That Thomas Manning died April 24, 1920, at St. James' hospital, Butte, Silver Bow county, Montana, from the effects of a wound caused by a .32-caliber bullet fired from a pistol in the hands of some person to this jury unknown. We find that there is no testimony tending to show where Thomas Manning was when shot.'

(Signed) GEORGE HAGERMAN, Foreman.
MARK EZEKIEL,
THOMAS DRISCOLL,
M. E. DOUGHERTY,
THOMAS FLETCHER,
R. J. DWYER."

The legal process of our courts, when dominated by property interests instead of traditional American justice, are as rotten as the capitalist system itself. They offend high heaven with the stench of their corruption.

## BUTTE AND CENTRALIA

Butte is in reality the aftermath of Centralia. To one familiar with both cases there is a remarkable similarity. At Centralia the loggers, justified by all the laws of man and nature in defending themselves from a lynch mob, were nevertheless convicted of murder by an intimidated jury. Furthermore, in the reaction that followed, union halls were closed and thousands of union loggers thrown in jail. Unquestionably the copper trust sought to operate on similar lines in this instance. The lives of a few of their gun-thugs meant nothing to them. Troops were called into the district three days before the massacre. The assasins were stationed with riot guns and rifles at three different points on Anaconda road. The stage was all set for a second Centralia. The only thing missing was a convenient shot from the ranks of the pickets. Everything had been done to provoke them into violence beforehand. As it was the copper trust made a weak effort to prove that the miners fired the first shot. The lives of a few of its degenerate mercenaries would have been a cheap price for the copper trust to pay for the orgy of repression and union smashing that would inevitably have followed. But the scheme failed.

As it turned out it was fortunate that the five hundred pickets were unarmed. Had a single shot been fired in self defense or a single gunman killed, there is no doubt the halls of the union miners would have been raided and closed. The capitalist papers would have carried screaming headlines about "I. W. W. outlaws in Butte shooting unoffending mine-guards in the back." Union officers would have been arrested and tried for murder and thousands of miners persecuted and hunted to earth, as was done to the loggers of the West coast after Centralia. Stool pigeons and provocateurs are trying to incite premature and hopeless acts of violence in all parts of the United States today. Patience, iron discipline are more important right now than any small deed of angry reprisal.

As a miner remarked to the writer a few days ago in Butte, "Let them have their inning now. We refuse to stop fighting the copper trust in order to battle with its hired thugs. We have our industrial power. They cannot take this away from us, and we intend to use it where it will hurt the most. Things won't always remain this way. Labor's day is dawning, and as for the 'killers'—they'll keep."

Butte bids fair to be a thorn in the side of American plutocracy for some time to come.

## BLOODY BUTTE

The Butte Building Trades Council has sent out thousands of the following significant handbills, printed in black and red. All union men—I. W. W. and others—will do well to read the message and take warning:

### STAY AWAY FROM BLOODY BUTTE

The Workers (on April 21, 1920), numbering fifteen, were shot down in cold blood by the hired assassins of the Anaconda Copper Mining Co.

In the guise of deputy sheriffs, and in the company of their employers, these men performed their dastardly deeds.

The constituted authorities of the city and county —the sheriff, his regular deputies and uniformed police—not only stood passively by watching the slaughter of the innocent workers, but several of them actually participated in the shooting.

The Workers, peaceably and quietly picketing avenues of approach to the places of employment, and strictly within the law, were mowed down by the incarnate fiends hired for this purpose.

Workers alone being shot, no arrests have been made.

Today tears of the orphans and widows are falling where lately flowed the blood of their loved ones.

Workers, keep away from Bloody Butte, lest you be their next victim.

All Unions of the Building Trades, who have been locked out since February 2, 1920, are standing firm against all odds.

Bankruptcy is stalking the merchants of Butte.

The Workers are withdrawing their funds from the banks of the city.

BUILDING TRADES COUNCIL,
Butte, Montana.

### AN APPEAL

The victims of the Anaconda Road—the men who were wounded and shot down by the hired murderers of the Anaconda Copper Mining Co. and Sheriff O'Rourke and his squad of regular deputies and uniformed police on bloody Wednesday, April 21st, —have been given every care and attention that medical skill and hospital service affords. Young Sullivan is still in a room at St. James' hospital, attended night and day by trained nurses and given every care that that institution can give. Several of the wounded who have been discharged from the hospitals are still under the care of the surgeons.

The charge for hospital services and surgeons' bills will run the expense considerably over a thousand dollars, to say nothing of the funeral expenses of Fellow Worker Manning. Butte Branch of the Metal Mine Workers' Industrial Union No. 800 has been taking care of the bills for these expenses as they are presented from time to time, but the strain on the treasury will be more than the branch can stand.

Besides the hospital and funeral expenses, there is the added expense for taking care of the strike sufferers, at whose homes the wolves of want and hunger have already come prowling. Thousands of the breadwinners of Butte families are on strike and many of them are in actual need now and on the relief list. These workers and their wives and children must not be allowed to starve. It is the hope that the companies will soon be forced to accede to all or a part of the demands of the strikers, but the need for relief exists now and will exist for some time after the strike has been called off.

We are taking this means of appealing to all class-conscious workers to contribute to the hospital and relief funds for this strike. Look up a delegate or member who has the relief lists issued by Butte district and give what you can. If there is no list in your camp or community send in and get a list and circulate it or send in your contributions to Nick Radivoeff, Secretary of Butte District, 318 North Wyoming St., Butte, Montana.

# Report of the General Executive Board of the I. W. W. to the Twelfth Annual Convention, May 10th, 1920, Chicago, Ill.

Fellow Workers—Greetings:

Your General Executive Board in rendering our report to this Twelfth Annual Convention cannot do otherwise than begin by recognizing that this convention is but another milestone on the road to industrial freedom. Many things have happened that have proved to be temporary obstacles in our path the last year. One chief obstacle to the General Office has been the lack of finance at various intervals, due largely to the general draw on the members and also on the workers who contribute funds to the defense of our fellow workers and others who are arrested for their principles of solidarity.

At the first meeting of the General Executive Board, convening on August 14th, 1919, and remaining in conference daily until August 30th, 1919, we found that the total cash in the treasury of both defense and the General Office was on August 1st, 1919, only $7,728.16 (seven thousand, seven hundred twenty-eight dollars and sixteen cents).

From that time on, the General Office funds have been fluctuating, sinking as low as $92.06 (ninety-two dollars and six cents). At the end of November, 1919, a condition existed which did not allow of replenishing the stock of the organization.

### Indebtedness of Industrial Unions

This condition can and must be changed immediately. First, is the indebtedness of the industrial unions, which show enormous figures of over $1,000,000. However, the assets of the industrial unions will probably reduce these figures to some extent, but not below the point of their **"Credit being bad."** If some means were devised to make prompt payments this would alleviate some of the financial stress of your General Headquarters. Another reason for the lack of funds is that the fifty-cent due stamp, with its fifteen cents per capita, has become too small to meet the financial requirements, even if the payments were promptly made. Your General Executive Board therefore recommends that this Convention take up the vital problems of ways and means to raise the necessary finance to meet an increase of between 200 and 300 per cent for supplies, etc.

### Industrial Union Financial Statements

We are of the belief that in order that the General Executive Board and the rank and file of the Industrial Unions may know the exact status of the various unions, in order to take intelligent action throughout the organization, that it is absolutely necessary that a report of the assets and liabilities of the Industrial Unions should be printed in their monthly financial statement at least every three months; we therefore make this a recommendation.

Our desire to have a basis for commencing on a solid foundation can be best judged by the passage of the following resolution, with the added rider, at the G. E. B. meeting held in August, 1919. The resolution was not lived up to:

> Moved by King, seconded by H. Bradley, that October 1 shall be set as date to check up all supplies on hand, in all Industrial Unions. Supplies on hand this date and supplies and stamps actually sold previously but not remitted for will be taken as a basis to start new accounts. Carried. **(Note**—We set this date ahead instead of back, like the Convention, because it is almost impossible to go back and get a check, where it would be easier to work ahead.)

### Publishing Costs

Your G. E. B. thinks it advisable to mention here that much of our literature and supplies are today being sold at an actual loss of from one cent to four cents. In one case we mention the new due book, which was figured out at 12 1-2 cents each, but finally cost between 18 and 20 cents, without overhead expense of handling it. Prices will have to be changed to make a balance on these items.

### Literature

Your G. E. B., while not making any specific statement of the abolishing of certain pieces of literature, realizes how urgent it is for modern, up-to-date pamphlets on industrial unionism. We believe that if each industrial union had a booklet or pamphlet dealing with specific conditions existing in each industry, which shows clearly every phase, evolutionary and economic, together with the human element, and the necessity of changing the system by organizing industrially within the shop, etc., that we would have literature of a more educational value than some of the old theoretical literature. It was intended to get out "Industrial Union Handbooks," but, again finances prevented us from doing so. We did, however, get out revised editions of some of our older pamphlets and a few new ones, together with several pamphlets in various languages and also many leaflets. We must impress on you the necessity for new literature.

New papers were published in the following languages: Bohemian, Roumanian and Croatian. Unfortunately, we had to suspend publication of the Croatian paper for lack of an editor, and the Spanish paper, Swedish paper and Polish paper were suspended for lack of finances. We have fourteen publications at present, nine of which are published in Chicago, four in New York, and one in Seattle. The Board also has given permission (at the request of the "Jewish Unity Conference," made up of I. W. W. members from various cities) to publish a Jewish paper in New York. The reasons are that there are more Jewish people in New York and because the Jewish paper has been a financial loss in Chicago. Your G. E. B. is also of the opinion that Industrial Union Bulletins are a drawback to the regular publications, and we therefore recommend the following, with the note of explanation:

> Moved by King, seconded by Miller, that editors of papers shall be instructed to put the following plan before the membership: That Industrial Union Bulletins shall be published in the various papers instead of each Industrial Union issuing a separate bulletin. Carried unanimously. **(Note**—The issuance of large printed bulletins by separate Industrial Unions tends to keep down the circulation of the Organization papers and takes quite a lot of money that could be used for other purposes. For instance, if the Industrial Worker acts as the official bulletin of the Industrial Unions in the Northwest, Solidarity for Industrial Unions in the Middle States and the Fellow Worker for those Industrial Unions in the East, we will avoid the publication of news items which tend to lower the circulation of the papers and will cut down the expense of the Organization as a whole. We must carry on our work as efficiently as any business firm if we wish to survive. Many leaflets have been printed in various languages at the request of those speaking the language. We find the demand has not been so great after the matter has been

gotten out; so, we recommend that those ordering such supplies should be held responsible for its distribution and the financial indebtedness caused by their apathy in circulating such literature.

In our endeavor to divide the items of literature and supplies into what we termed "direct charges" and "consignment charges" your board made a rule which should be adhered to rigidly, that all literature, buttons, pins, card cases, pennants, charters and seals, office supplies and delegates' supplies should be paid for on delivery, and therefore be classed as "direct charges." This does not include due books and due stamps, which should be paid for monthly, as they are sold. There can be no excuse for withholding charges on the goods sold during the month, which is against any Industrial Union.

### Charters

During the year many charters have been issued. Five Industrial Unions have come into being, namely: the Tobacco Workers No. 1150, the Shoe Workers No. 1250, the General Distribution Workers I. U. No. 1300, the Glass Workers I. U. No. 1400, the Foodstuff Workers I. U. No. 1500, together with the issuance of 115 branch charters to the following industries: 12 to the Construction Workers, 36 to the Metal and Machinery Workers, 12 to the Coal Miners, 3 to the Rubber Workers, 6 to the Foodstuff Workers, 2 to the Shoe Workers, 4 to the Railroad Workers, 5 to the Marine Transport Workers, 3 to the Lumber Workers, 1 to the Fishermen, 12 to the Textile Workers, 2 to the Printing and Publishing Workers, 1 to the Furniture Workers, 1 to the Tabacco Workers, 3 to the Bakery Workers, 1 to the Shipbuilders, 1 to the Glass Workers, 1 to the General Recruiting Union, 7 to the Hotel and Restaurant Workers, 2 to Metal Mine Workers.

### Resignation of G. E. B. Member

During the year three of your G. E. B. members resigned: Fellow Workers Jackson, Nelson and James King. Fellow Workers John Grady and August Walquist having received the next highest number of votes were called in to fill the vacancies. Grady, being under indictment in Washington, has been unable to function, and the balance of the vacancies will be filled as soon as possible.

During the first meeting of the G. E. B. they decided on two questions of international importance: The decision to send Fellow Worker George Hardy to England, and the affiliation with the Third International.

Fellow Worker George Hardy spent upwards of five months in England and Wales and Scotland and did a great deal to create an atmosphere of good will toward the I. W. W. Hundreds of resolutions of protest were sent to the president of the United States and the Department of Justice, almost half a million pieces of literature dealing with the persecution of the I. W. W. were paid for by the Trade Union movement of Great Britain. Fellow Worker Hardy was a delegate to the Shop Stewards' Conference, which resulted in their conference deciding to become linked up with the I. W. W., the official communication having been received by the General Secretary-Treasurer of the I. W. W., which was signed by George Peet, the National Secretary and the London Organizer, Dave Ramsey, of the Shop Stewards" and Workers Committee movement of Great Britain. Much more was accomplished that was reported in our papers, etc., including raising the question on the floor of the House of Commons. Fellow Worker Hardy was also instructed to attend the International Transport Workers' Conference at Christiania, but was prevented from doing so by the British passport office. Other delegates were present in the place of Hardy.

The Board believed in so far as the Third International was the only Workers' 'International that had ever come into existence throughout history that disagreed with the meek and mild parliamentarian programs, that we should show our approval of it as opposed to the opportunism of the Second International, and particularly so because we were convinced that our Russian Fellow Workers in Russia are only maintaining the political character of the first Soviet Government to hold and gain power temporarily during the transitory period from capitalism to industrial communism.

It is hardly necessary to mention that the bitter persecution of our Organization still continues. We know that most of the delegates present have been victims of the wrath of trustified capital. There are, however, many things we cannot leave out, while many very important matters pertaining to this organized persecution (by the various governing bodies, and particularly the state governments, which are using the "Criminal Syndicalist" law) will not be mentioned, as it has become so enormous as to render it impossible to embody it in our report.

Your G. E. B. feels it imperative to report in a general way the fact that the Wichita, Kas., case was lost, with the result of our Fellow Workers being sent to prison at Leavenworth after being held in jail for over two years. Then there was the Krieger case in Tulsa, Okla., with a hung jury and a retrial about to take place, and just as the Organization was making headway in the Northwest the conspiracy of the Lumber Trust, which led a mob of American Legionaries in an attack on the hall in Centralia, Wash., that resulted in the death of four of the attackers and one of our valiant Fellow Workers, Wesley Everest, resulting in the indictment, trial and conviction of seven Fellow Workers at Montesano, Wash., who were sentenced to from twenty-five to forty years in prison. Thirty-six of our Fellow Workers were sentenced in Tacoma, Wash., to from a fine of $250 to as high as fourteen years imprisonment, with several hundred now in jails in the states in the Northwest. In one c se, that of Sand Point, Idaho, we had better luck, having secured an acquittal for seventeen Fellow Workers, only one being convicted, whose sentence was comparatively light. Also an acquittal of three Fellow Workers in Bellingham, Wash., and several hung juries in the Northwest. Many other cases are being tried all over the country.

### Butte Strike

The Butte strike, now in progress, has been accompanied by disaster for our Fellow Workers looking to better their conditions, etc., and demanding the release of the political and industrial prisoners. Sheriff O'Rourke and the A. C. M. gunmen fired into 300 striking miners, resulting in the death of Fellow Worker Manning and probable death of three other Fellow Workers. We urge all the workers to stand behind the Metal Mine Workers' Industrial Union No. 800 in this fight for principle and their demand to open the jail and prison doors.

Your G. E. B. wishes to warn the Convention against such actions as were taken by Harold Lord Varney (the decamped "emotional" aspirant to become a "Great Labor Leader"), who without permission of the Organization Committee of No. 300, while he was functioning as their Secretary-Treasurer, took it upon himself to move the office of No. 300 to New York City. To some extent this caused disruption in the Metal and Machinery Workers' Industrial Union, which has been overcome to a great extent and normal conditions established.

### Industrial District Council

Your Board also decided to leave in abeyance the starting of Industrial District Councils, which were decided on in the last annual convention. This was done because no intimation was given as to

their function or how they were to be made up. The Board does, however, feel that these councils have a function when defined and put into operation and could serve as instruments to bring into existence district solidarity, also a stability of action inside the I. W. W. if adopted generally, with full approval of rank and file as to decisions arrived at.

### Appointment of Secretary-Treasurer of General Defense Committee

Some criticism was given the Board when they appointed Fellow Worker Haywood to the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the General Defense Committee. We wish to state the condition was such in the Defense Office that it was essential that some one with a knowledge of publicity and handling finance should take office immediately. We could not wait to select. We recognized that it was also necessary to have good speakers on the road, so, summing up, between the demand that Haywood go on the road and our urgent necessity for an efficient Secretary-Treasurer for the Defense, we chose the latter. However, we are glad to report that immediately a marked improvement was apparent, as you will notice in Fellow Worker Haywood's financial report. It was our intention to replace Haywood as soon as we had secured some one to fill the position, but, as you know, the events following made a successful tour of the country uncertain.

### Outlook for the I. W. W.

We have had many things happen in the past year that your Board had cognizance of. The many strikes that became national questions, such as the coal miners' strike, the steel strike, the New York Harbor strike, resulting in a break-down of solidarity, there was a marvelous spirit of solidarity shown by many groups. In the New York Harbor strike the M. T. W. I. U. No. 8 was on the job, and with the assistance of G. E. B. Member George Speed, who did good work, M. T. W. gained hundreds of members. The steel strike showed the futility of trying to organize hybrid industrial unions under the camouflage of the A. F. of L. The railroad strike proved the workers are tired of long drawn out negotiations that do not get the results the workers are seeking, and particularly so when, as shown in the recent rail strike, with the Brotherhood officials always on the defensive, while the workers are feeling the desire for action. This is a sign of the breaking down of the craft unions, with their inefficient tactics and methods. The Textile strike in New Bedford is an unauthorized strike, but it is a symptom of the never-ending struggle of Labor and a desire of the workers to do something for themselves.

The above is also a criterion of our own slowness and in some cases obvious apathy to our responsibilities. Your Board has watched this condition during the year and has been unable to move. We feel that if the Industrial Unions had paid their indebtedness we could have met with better results during the year. There is no reason for many thousands of dollars lying in an Industrial Union treasury when they owe General Headquarters many thousands of dollars. If our finances were kept circulating we could attend to many things which would bring results; therefore, we again remind you of the obvious duties of the Industrial Unions, in making prompt payments of their per capita and supplies.

The many O. B. U.'s that are being attempted in many industries are going to prove temporary obstacles to real revolutionary Industrial Unionism if we do not cover the fields open to us. Many attempts in the metal industry are being made to form an Amalgamated Metal Workers, and there seems to be no desire to form such a union by the workers. The same holds true of the railroad workers, but in the railroad shops a few have joined the O. B. U. and in some cases, thinking they were joining the I. W. W. We can meet this situation by perfecting our plans and organization to give the workers a tangible plan of unionism. If we do this, the O. B. U.'s will prove short-lived institutions where they are in operation, and the ones in embryo will never develop enough to be known in the field of unionism.

### The International Situation

Looking abroad, your G. E. B. thinks the international field has never looked better for a realization of a World International of the Industrial Workers of the World. From all parts of the globe come greetings and affirmances of a desire to adhere to the principles for which we stand. In most cases the organizations take other names, such as the British movement, who call themselves Shop Stewards and Workers' Committees; the Syndicalist movement of various countries, and the Maritime movement of South America, who have endorsed the I. W. W. Also an I. W. W. administration has been formed in Chile and Germany. We are glad that the Shop Stewards' National Conference, held at London, January 10th, this year, voted to become linked up with the I. W. W. It shows the prestige the I. W. W. has gained. These actions, and many other things, including the Australian move toward Industrial Unionism, are directly due to the influence of the I. W. W. propaganda. We might also add the O. B. U. of Canada came into existence because of the demands in British Columbia and the Western Provinces for an Industrial Union.

The coming year ought to be one of progress and one which will see the release from prisons of all the thousands of our fellow workers and of class war prisoners. This can only come about with security for the future by the co-operation of all the units of our administration. We leave the General Defense Secretary to give you a detailed statement of the numbers of our valiant fellow workers who have gone within the prison walls, and hope that a bounteous year is ahead for the realization of our aims—the abolition of the capitalist system and economic slavery, and the establishment of the Industrial Commune. With best wishes,

Yours for the I. W. W.,

GEORGE SPEED, Chairman,
CHARLES MILLER,
GEORGE D. BRADLEY,
AUGUST WALQUIST,
HENRY BRADLEY,
Gen. Executive Board.

## SPANISH PAPER REAPPEARS

Our Spanish language organ has reappeared after forced suspension for some months. It is intended to publish it once a month until such time as it can be made a bi-weekly, if not a weekly, with due co-operation of all concerned.

Prospects are good for better support than ever before, and from all Spanish speaking sections.

All bundle agents are urged to send in their orders at once, and all fellow workers or friends who can send us addresses of Spanish speaking workers should do so. We have a larger list than ever, but we want more names and addresses, and contributions will be acceptable to our fund for sending out sample copies.

Address SOLIDARIDAD, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

# More About Communism

By T. R. SPEAKMAN

The advent of the Third International, together with two parties of political communism in the United States, has provoked much discussion and controversy as to revolutionary methods. The significance of a rival in the traditional domain of I. W. W. theory should not be lost.

When the two parties (they are in fact one party, with merely a difference of official personnel) broke away from the Socialist Party of America their manifest object was the repudiation of the reformist and purely parliamentary tendencies of the parent body. The I. W. W. pointed out in a flash that there was nothing to repudiate save political action (here used in the sense in which it has always been used by the followers of the "syndicalist revolt," as meaning the capture of the class state). Perceiving the result of political methods in the stagnation of the movement of which they had been a part, there was only one course left for disillusioned Socialists, to align themselves with us, with the I. W. W., theoretically the product of a previous similar reaction from the same school of political socialism! The "break" was not fundamental and complete; the "Communists" were still obsessed with a political ideology, the product of their sojourn in the bourgeois Socialist party.

Despairing of capturing the state by parliamentary, ballot-box methods, the Communists resolved to capture it by "mass action," culminating in "the dictatorship of the proletariat," and, ultimately, in the industrial republic. But the spectre of the I. W. W. haunted their constitutional convention; they gave us a noncommittal endorsement and vehemently proclaimed the merits of **revolutionary industrial unionism** as a means of waging the everyday struggle and as the foundation of the structure of the industrial state of the future; but for purposes of revolution, of the transition from capitalism to communism, never!

Such a sweeping dismissal of the I. W. W. program of building the new society within the shell of the old, of industrial unionism as a "vehicle" of revolution, can only mean that we, in the eyes of the communists, were reformists. The question naturally arises as to what extent this opinion could have been consistently held in the face of the ability of the I. W. W. to demonstrate the soundness of its position and program. Communism must have encountered a real or fancied I. W. W. impotency to substantiate its belief that we were merely a labor union that made a lot of noise, that I. W. W. revolutionary attributes were due to our personnel and not "inherent" in the organization.

The "communists" are not altogether to blame for the opinions they hold. The I. W. W. has assimilated — and dispersed — many heterogenous elements, rebels and non-rebels. It has done little, if anything, toward actually building "the new society within the shell of the old." Various "conditions," of course, are responsible for this, but man may make his own conditions to the extent of his capabilities and out of the available material, within the limits imposed by forces beyond his control. The I. W. W. can "build," and under the conditions of capitalism, to the extent that it devotes itself and its energy to that purpose and **adapts the structure of the organization to the needs, not of wage slavery, but of the revolutionary transition.** The simply agitational and theoretical propaganda of the past is incompatible with this purpose, and the vengeance it has inspired has caused us to resort to justification and "defense."

"Communism" has also suffered at the hands of the law. "Communism" has no revolutionary and political "program"; its function is agitational propaganda, the negative phase of the revolution. When the national headquarters of the Communist Labor Party were closed by the authorities, there was no effort made to open them up again. "Communism" has taken to itself the function of agitational propaganda; signs are not wanting that it will relinquish its "program," and devote itself entirely to its present methods. In this respect and for this purpose, there is a place for the methods of "communism" in the American labor movement.

"Communism" does not contemplate being forced with the eternal necessity of million-dollar defense funds. This was the phase of the I. W. W. which prevented its being hailed by the Communists as a revolutionary body, the means, the vehicle, and the consummation of the aspirations of the proletariat of the United States. It is utopian to imagine that there is, or can be, free speech and legal guarantees under capitalism, which gobbles up "protests" with unimaginable relish, and with a working class which is impervious to "persecution" unless it feels itself persecuted. This feeling capitalism has prevented by providing itself with innumerable excuses and pretexts for its depredations. To deny it these excuses and pretexts by constructive propaganda, and to confound it with the methods now used by "communism," is the solution the working class will ultimately find for the problems of "defense." The opposition then encountered would present the issue so clearly and squarely that "persecution" would readily bring forth responsive protest and action on the part of the working class. It is a rather flat and empty glory to suffer for the inconsequential sin of carrying a card.

"Communist" objections to the I. W. W. program are ably summarized in an article entitled "Trades Unionism, Industrial Unionism and Workers' Committees," appearing in The Voice of Labor, clandestine organ of the C. L. P., for April 20th:

"Unionism, trades and industrial, must not limit itself to economic strikes, but must acquire the concept and practice of the general political strike —co-operate with the Communist parties to develop

the general mass struggle of the proletarian against the bourgeois state.

"The concept that industrial unionism alone is necessary for the conquest of capitalism must be decisively rejected. It is sheer utopia to imagine that all the workers, or an overwhelming majority, can be organized in industrial unions under capitalist economic conditions. The upper layers of the working class, being the impulse of laborism, will necessarily reject revolutionary industrial unionism, while the lower layers will not move very rapidly until thrown into action by the impact of revolution itself. Moreover, the concept that the workers under capitalism must in their industrial unions acquire the experience and technical management of industry, "growing into" the new society by the industrial unions' gradual acquisition of industrial control, is identical (although inverted in form) with the proposals of parliamentary socialism—that the working class must gradually "grow into" socialism by acquiring experience of state affairs and "absorbing" control of the bourgeois state. Each concept, in its own way, rejects the **fundamental problem of the revolutionary conquest of state power.**

"The conquest of the power of the state is the objective of the revolutionary proletariat. Neither the parliaments nor the industrial unions are the means for this conquest of power, but mass action and the soviets—mass action to rally the workers, organized and unorganized, in the open revolutionary struggle for power, the soviets to constitute the mechanism of the revolutionary proletarian state, the dictatorship of the proletariat. At the moment of active revolution the struggle becomes not a struggle for industrial unions, but for the construction of soviets.

"After the conquest of political power, and under the protection of the soviet dictatorship, industrial unionism comes actually to function in the economic reconstruction of society on a communist basis, and the stronger the industrial unions the easier the process of reconstruction. The government of soviets, of proletarian dictatorship, is political and transitory in character, the necessary agency of repression to expropriate and crush capitalism. While industrial in its constituents and representation, the government of soviets functions geographically and politically; but alongside of itself it constructs a central administration of industry, wholly economic in character, equality in representation and functions, perfecting the organism of proletarian control and management of industry on the basis of the industrially organized producers."

(In this connection the Editor wishes to call attention to the chart and article by George Hardy in this number, illustrating the I. W. W. plan of acquiring gradual control of the industries and absorbing the functions of the capitalist state by means of industrial unions and councils. These I. W. W. councils are the bodies which would make superfluous the "soviets" planned by the communists, thereby also making unnecessary the whole adventurous, nerve-racking program of "revolutionary" mass action., with attendant bloodshed and sufferinz.)

* * * * * * * * * * *

A poltical ("communist" definition) strike can be nothing more than a strike for social, as distinguished from purely economic ends. The general strike, if directed at the release of prisoners, the socialization of industry, or as a protest against governmental tyranny, would be called a political strike by the "communists."

The I. W. W. does not expect to organize all, or a majority of the workers under the conditions of capitalism. It would be a queer twist of mind that could conceive of capitalism as not having developed stratas of ignominy, incapable of organization now or ever. The I. W. W., to be true to itself, must organize with its functions so centralized as to prevent its spirit being smothered by a mere parliamentary majority, such as accompanies a rapid or sudden increase in numbers. New members, or any members, cannot be "educated" unless they are moved to educate **themselves.**

The "aristocracy of labor" have rejected revolutionary ideas. The "impulse" of "laborism," their present expression, is due for a rapid shattering in the face of the loss of skill by technical development and the pressure exerted on all classes of workers, including craftsmen, since the war.

The I. W. W. has put its faith, and will continue to do so, in its capacity for developing a minority with the idealism and ability to direct the movement in revolutionary channels.

The "impact of revolution" is the collapse of capitalism, not a mechanical collapse, but a collapse carrying with it the revolutionary movement of the working class.

The workers must qualify themselves to manage industry. The "communists" evidently intend to monopolize this function themselves, or leave it until the morning after the revolution, when they will emulate the Russian Bolsheviki by paying fabulous sums for bourgeois executives. The proletariat will be able to enlist the support of these bourgeois technicians when the new order is well established, but until that time it will have to depend on the talent from its own ranks. The success of this phase of revolution depends also on the development of a minority qualified to assume the initiative, and can be accomplished thru intensive education and centralization of function.

"Growing into the new society" involves a conception of social evolution, of evolution in general. We are not fatalists; evolution and adaptation may be inevitable—otherwise the universe has labored in vain, so far as man is concerned—but they are not mechanical or regular in the commonly accepted sense of "growth." Evolution is conscious, dynamic and cumulative to the extent of our capacity to make it so, to the extent that the evolution of the past is embodied in us. Theory, to be effective and worthy of the name, must be developed from practice and proven in further practice. The revolutionary climax of growth is analogous to "birth" in the organic sense.

The parallel between industrial and political growth does not exist. The awakening class-con-

sciousness of the workers finds coherent expression in the industrial struggle. Every victory imparts a taste of power of more potential revolutionary value than the desperation sought by exponents of the philosophy of misery. Parliamentarianism, on the contrary, does not merge itself in the life of the working class. Reforms, even industrial reforms, carrying with them a momentary reduction of surplus value, are absorbed by capitalism and turned to its own advantage. Increased efficiency resulting from improvement in the workers' physical and mental condition, is made the basis for increased exploitation by means of the introduction of new machinery and methods for which the loss incurred by the capitalist in yielding the concession furnishes the incentive. Reforms are incapable of concrete realization; their only value lies in the extent to which they can be made the means to the conquest of power and the establishment of working class control. No political reforms have this value (not even prohibition, a gift of the gods which we unscrupulously accept, without forgetting that it is subject to revocation).

The problem of the revolutionary conquest of power, when shorn of its emotionalism, reduces itself to a process of organization, allowing for the development and utilization of spontaneity. Nor is this in contradiction with the principle of centralized organization, anarchism to the contrary notwithstanding. Freedom of the units and cohesion of the whole are complementary, not antagonistic, unless freedom is conceived as a final truth, independent of time, space and condition. The conquest of power is fundamentally the "conquest" of self (or lack of self) by the working class, a development taking its departure from the conditions produced by the collapse of capitalism, deriving its momentum from the capacity and consciousness of the workers and culminating in the workers taking the reins of their destiny in their own hands. All of this is embodied in the fundamental tenets of the I. W. W.

Soviets, political and transitory in character, industrial in constituency and representation, and functioning geographically and politically, are not a genuine improvement on the transitional and administrative structure proposed by the I. W. W. Industrial unions are "political" (in the communist sense), they are industrial in constituency and representation, and they function geographically, or can function by means of local and district councils, already provided for in the I. W. W. program. (See chart on pages 32-33.—Ed.) As for the rest, "communism" admits that the I. W. W. structure and program is feasible **when it has had its day of glory!"**

Much of the contention between "communism" and the I. W. W. emanates from the interpretation of the terms "political action" and "political power." These terms, in a strictly scientific sense, did once mean what "communism" says.

"The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown." "Communism," and,, if reports are credible, the U. S. Department of Justice, sought to interpose a program and official thesis dealing with the overthrow, the "active moment of revolution," when the struggle will be for the extended construction and exercise of power by adaptive industrial union machinery, or "soviets," if "communism" insists on the importation of phraseology. "Communism" has not died; it has retired, and from its present position and by its present methods, forgetting its fictitious dual "program," can exercise functions which a revolutionary industrial union cannot undertake, and still maintain a rallying place for the working class preparing for the realization of its historic mission.

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# Hear - Me, War !

**By Covington Ami.**

**Shed your glamour and your tinsel, put aside your braid and plume,**
**The strutting stride of dress parade, the manners you assume;**
**Give orders that the bands shall cease, your chargers all dismount,**
**And in the face of youth for once your naked ego flount!**

**The fanfaronade and flags cut out, the incense and the priest,**
**The praise of perjured statesmen . . . and . . . show the maggots at their feast!**
**The dead boys on the battlefield, their bodies gnawed by dogs,**
**Their eyes torn out by buzzards and their hearts by starving dogs!**

**Appeal for once to reason, fiend, once only if you dare,**
**And let the soldiers in the trenches see the men who sent them there!**
**Yea! let the blinded boys behold the Lobbies and the Rings**
**That profit by the miseries that war to Mankind brings!**

**Quit prating of "democracy", quit making Christ your tool;**
**Let us hear no more of "kultur," "order," "law," or "golden rule":**
**Be man enough to tell the truth, O Mars! if you be brave,—**
**The truth that means you following slain millions to the grave!**

**The truth, and nothing but the truth, in truth's plain language tell,—**
**Of ruin, dearth and slaughter boast, deeds darker far than hell,—**
**You dare not, O dare not! lest to life's alluring call**
**The Soul of Man awakens and your bondsmen on you fall!**

*The Capitalist's*



*Is in his pocketbook*
*And he uses the*



*Over you so he can wear*



*By organizing right we*
*can give him a*



*With which to earn an*
*honest living.*

# The Labor Movement in Spain

## "EL SINDICATO UNICO"—THE SPANISH O. B. U.

By GENARO PAZOS

While I was preparing this article on "The Labor Movement in Spain," some other fellow worker appeared ahead of me with parts of what I was intending to add in this article. I was very glad to see in Solidarity, issue of April 3, an article entitled "Liberating Class War Prisoners—How they Do It in Spain," which is very important indeed. This was part of my work which I was reproducing from "La Voz del Obrero" (The Voice of the Worker), a bi-monthly paper published by the Local Syndicate of La Coruna. Also I notice that Delegate R-17 edifies the readers of Solidarity with the revolt in the Ninth Regiment of Artillery, and the Congress of the National Confederation of Labor, held in Madrid from December 10 to 17, 1919.

Many other cases are very interesting, but those two are the most important ones, first, because they show the demoralization in the ranks of soldiers, and, second, because they indicate the remarkable activities of Labor in Spain. I am informed that in many places the soldiers refused to obey orders from their officers when on duty, and when the army of Spain gets ready to revolt against their officials (and the facts below and above show it) then the revolution in Spain will soon take effect. It will be so, because the workers are ready to come out at any time, and when workers and soldiers, all members of the same family, act together, then—good-night, Autocracy!

Here are two facts to affirm my words: In La Linea, a town near Gibraltar, the bakers were on strike. A committee of soldiers appeared before the local federation, saying, "We were ordered to to talk with you first; shall we go or not?" The reply was something similar—"Boys, you know our situation and conditions. You are soldiers in military uniform. Analyzing our conditions and your own situation, act according to your own judgment." That was a reasonable answer, and the soldiers gave a no less reasonable reply: "All right, we won't go and break the strike." They refused to obey orders that were not on their own rules.

In some of the Castilian provinces, I believe it was, stickerettes were stuck up on posts inside the barracks. They were anti-militaristic, of course. The general saw it, and called the entire regiment to the yard. There he made a speech, and when he was through, he commanded: "Those who brought those stickerettes in, step forward!" And how amazed he was when the entire number, as one man, stepped to the front. In other words, every one was in accord with that campaign against militarism. All these things are growing more and more every day, and the blow will come soon, no doubt.

In Barcelona the bricklayers refused to work on the building of a jail, and although it is over a year the work is undone and there is no hope that it will be built.

Another act which is not less important is this: The captains and mates had a union, winning their demands through the transport workers' solidarity. When the longshoremen were locked out in many ports by the bosses, those deck officials showed their solidarity also. A ship arrived in Malaga, and the yellow syndicate was trying to discharge the ship; a "Red" committee went on board to explain the situation to the captain. Rapidly the order was sent to the consignee asking that the cargo should not be taken out of the hold except by men carrying Confederation membership cards. As the consignee was opposed to this, the captain wired the company owners, and the reply was that if the consignee continued refusing to take "Reds" then its consignee commission could be taken away by the captain. Many ships went from one port to another, returning to the port of departure without being unloaded, in order to force the owners and consignees to employ workers from the Syndicate and not non-union men.

These are facts which show the solidarity among the manual workers and technical officials.

As I said at the beginning, my intention was to make a condensed statement of the labor movement in Spain from the start; that is, ever since the first symptoms of organized labor appeared in Spain to this period. But, as Delegate R-17 intends to give information about the National Confederation Congress (which I recommend to every reader interested in labor developments) and also the facts of Zaragoza, I will limit myself to relate, with dates, the real facts of the revolutionary labor movement in that little parcel of land in the European continent, called "Spain."

But before I go any further I congratulate R-17 on his first article—not because we look for "tips," but for the simple reason that in North America the labor movement in Spain is either unknown or those who can get facts aren't willing to publish them. I recalled this because magazines and papers called "liberal" and "radical" never show any inclination to present the true facts of revolutionary attempts inside that country. Even during the miserable action of the Manufacturers' Association, with the so-called "lock-out" trying to force the workers to submission through hunger, they never succeeded in breaking the revolutionary spirit of class-conscious workers; but, even then, I said, nothing was printed. And allow me to say this: that the "lock-out in Spain, especially in Barcelona, was the last weapon used by the capitalist class to destroy the "Sindicato Unico," as the bosses state in a circular published in El Sol (The Sun), January 18, 1919, where they openly state that their aim was to destroy this union, which was a new form of organization adopted first at the Congress

of the Regional Confederation of Catalonia, held in Barcelona from June 28 to July 1, 1918.

A couple of words about this "Syndicato Unico." It is similar to the Industrial Workers of the World, with its industrial unions, but with more local autonomy in general. As a matter of fact, as I will point out later, the doctrine of Spanish labor is not centralization to the point of control by one single body which commands all. That is, in my estimation, the only difference between the I. W. W. in America and the Syndicalists in Spain, under the new form of organization. Which is right or wrong time will show. In tactics they are the same.

Now to give an idea of the working class movement in Spain, and in order to obviate any idea that this revolt of today is merely a spontaneous uprising, it would be advisable to go as far back as before the International. By doing so we can analyze the feelings, teachings and so on of the leading movement, either economic or social.

I will start with the following question:

Does there really exist an economic movement in Spain, or does there not? If it does exist, is it of any importance? I quote a paragraph or two from a series of articles which appeared in the columns of an Italian revolutionary paper in Italy in regard to the revolutionary movement in Spain, written by an Austrian comrade, I believe. He said this: "In Spain the two revolutionary poles, Barcelona and Jerez, are situated northeast and southwest on the Peninsula, as in Europe the two revolutionary poles, Russia and Spain, are at the northeast and southwest of the continent. They are not nations of intellectual culture or compulsory education, but it is true that from these two illiterate countries will spread the flash which will cause the explosion which announces the social revolution.

And what characterizes Spain the most is that, although it may have contributed least to the labor movement in a theoretical and literary way, from a practical point of view it is the best leader of the movement.. It is generally agreed that the Spanish workers were the first to put the general strike into practice, as well as other forms of direct action within the economic struggle.

The labor movement in Spain first appeared in 1840, when the symptoms of revolutionary syndicalism began in industrial centers of the country. The right of association was denied and the syndicates (unions) declared illegal. They were driven underground. In 1847 the first revolutionary Socialist paper appeared in Madrid but was suppressed very soon. The teachings were the Proudhon theory. About this period the first strike was called by the secret organizations in Barcelona and other parts of Catalonia under the banner of "Union or Death." This fight was for the right of assembly, the right to organize, like a few years ago in Seattle, when the free speech fight was on. The "legal" rights were granted but the persecutions went on. It was only a scheme to put the organizers in jail, because as long as they were forced to work secretly the authorities couldn't find a single trace of the movement.

In November, 1847, acts of revolution started in Valencia and Saragoza. The workers at the latter city took control of it, expropriating food and other important necessities of life from the warehouses and ships anchored on the Ebro river. The soldiers were in sympathy with the workers, "infected" with socialistic propaganda. Almost in every Castilian city, mills, warehouses and factories were attacked with a view to "expropriation."

The communistic idea was spreading all over Andalusia, with the theoretical expression of "commune Republic." With this very idea, in June, 1863, over 5,000 men fought under the slogan, "Long live Communism," but were defeated by government forces, who killed twenty revolutionists and deported more than two hundred.

Beside this economic movement, another revolutionary idea appeared. It was the "Federal Republic," with Francisco Pi y Margall at its head. The economic and federal ideas of Proudhon greatly influenced Pi y Margall. To the federalist propaganda the Spanish proletariat owes its opposition to the centralization idea, politically as well as economically.

For the first time in 1868 came to Spain Giuseppe Fanelli, intimate friend of Bakunin. He organized the International in Madrid with Anselmo Lorenzo as one of the first members of that group. In 1873 the opponents to the new organization calculated the number of members to be 60,000. In 1870 the First International Congress (Spanish section) was held in Barcelona, and there the program was "out of politics," thus making the movement a purely economic affair.

The first paper, La Federacion (The Federation), defending the International principles, came out in 1869 with F. Pellicer as editor; in 1870 came another paper, La Solidaridad (Solidarity), and in 1871 the third one, La Emancipacion (Emancipation), with Pablo Iglesias and Anselmo Lorenzo, both anarchists of the Bakunin school at the time. The first issue came out with this motto: "In religious matters we are atheists, in politics anarchists, and in economics we are collectivists."

Owing to this propaganda, and seeing that he was losing ground, Marx, in 1871, sent his son-in-law, Paul Lafargue, to see if he could stop the influence of the Bakunin idea. He attended the general meeting in Madrid, January 7, and, getting in touch with the La Emancipacion editors, succeeded in capturing Pablo Iglesias' sympathy. Pablo Iglesias and others were excluded from the Madrid Federation because they were opposed to the International (Spanish section) principles.

At the annual congress, in Zaragoza, April, 1872, those excluded were admitted again but were expelled for good later, on account of insisting on carrying on propaganda against Bakunin's principles. Lafargue, Iglesias and seven others organized a new branch of the International, the Madrid Federation, and, with a membership of nine, was

recognized by Marx, Engels and the General Council in London, when the old branch with 60,000 was declared false. In the same year (1872) The Hague International Congress was held, approving Marx's proposition to exclude Bakunin, Guillaume and others and recognize the new Madrid International Federation. At the same congress the participation in politics was adopted.

The Third International Congress (Spanish section) took place in Cordova, December, 1872, voting against the decision of The Hague Congress and in favor of the Saint-Simon Congress, which was against political action. The Marx followers were using their best efforts, but in vain. They were disappearing, while the Bakunin side was growing, with its seven radical papers in the field.

In 1874, when the Republic was overthrown, after only a few months' existence, to make Alphonse XII the king of Spain, the persecutions forced the International to work secretly. But in spite of it papers were coming out here and there.

Four years later (1878) Pablo Iglesias organized in Madrid the first Social-Democratic group, keeping it secret till 1881. Iglesias himself affirmed a little later in a review, "Our Time" (Nuestro Tiempo), that "the working class movement from 1869 to 1885 was conducted by the anarchist element exclusively."

In 1881 the reaction wasn't so severe as before, and the movement came out openly, beginning the publication of The Social Review with 20,000 in circulation, which was very strange in a country where the majority didn't know how to read. It looks different today, for, according to a statement by New York Congressman Siegel a few weeks ago in regard to Spanish immigrants, they are now found O. K. in their literary test.

From that time on the Federation was inspired with the modern Syndicalism principles. A year later, September, 1882, the second congress of the Regional Federation was held with 250 delegates, representing eight unions, 218 local federations and 663 sections, with 70,000 members.

Right here I wish to call attention to the fact that up to that time the anarchists were "collectivists" and the socialists "communists," but from that date on, the anarchists became communists and the socialists collectivists (showing the hairfine distinction between these two expressions). In May, 1888, two organizations were formed: "Federation of Resistance against Capital," under the control of Syndicalists and others, and the "Workers' General Union," handled by the Socialist-Democrats.

From 1878 to 1881 only a socialist group was in existence and it was secret; in 1881 there were four, and in 1885 five groups in different parts of the country. The first socialist weekly paper appeared in 1886, El Socialista, with Iglesias editor.

At the elections the Socialists polled 5,000 votes in 1891 and 25,400 in 1901. Barcelona only gave 400 votes for Socialist candidates. According to Iglesias' figures the "General Union" was 3,500 strong in 1889 and 42,700 in 1902.

In 1888 a strike took place in Rio Tinto, where more than 12,000 miners took part. Over fifty-seven strikers were killed and 200 wounded. The first of May, 1890, every toiler stopped work for two days and the authorities didn't make a move. March, 1891, a Federation Congress was held and decided to call a general strike for the eight-hour day. The very same day Pablo Iglesias and other Social Democrats paid a visit to Premier Sagasta to tell him that they had nothing in common with the strikers, and that they were heart and soul against the revolutionists.

From 1886 to 1888 there was published in Barcelona "Acracia," a revolutionary paper, with Anselmo Lorenzo as editor; later on the "Productor", also a review, "Social Science," "Ideal Libre" (Free Ideal), "La Protesta" and "El Corsario," in La Coruna.

In the spring of 1900 a congress was held in Madrid with 200 delegates representing 52,000 members. The Regional Federation was there organized with all the Syndicates in it. Their principles were the revolutionary general strike and "solidarity strike." Before this time, 1898, the "White Review" (anarchist) was published in Madrid with a daily supplement for information about the every-day struggle, and in 1903 a daily paper, "Land and Liberty," was established. In 1901 Anselmo Lorenzo published another paper, "The General Strike." During this period strikes went on in Sevilla, Gijon, La Coruna, etc., etc., where the authorities were using their weapons against the workers.

In La Coruna, May, 1901, the civil guards, without cause, discharged their guns against a group of strikers, killing one and wounding a few others. Next day over six thousand workers attending the burial of the victim declared a protest general strike. When the workers returned from the cemetery martial law was proclaimed, and at the very same minute the guards opened fire without warning or mercy on the workers, leaving eight dead and fifty wounded. Nevertheless, somehow, the workers on strike won out, returning to work victorious, with revengeful feelings against the Socialists for their cowardly denouncing of the rebel workers, while not a word was said against the action of the guards.

In February, 1902, the Metal and Machinery workers of Barcelona went on strike for the nine-hour day, and a general strike in sympathy was declared, including 80,000 toilers. Not a single vehicle was moved, and Barcelona was in the workers' hands. A congressman said at the time: "If this movement spreads to every province of the country the government wouldn't have enough machine guns to settle this revolution."

The general strike idea has been propagated in Spain since the first International group was formed, and every new organization formed has adopted the same method. More than any pamphlet or theoretical program, the general strike idea was in the workers' mind since the important movement in

Barcelona, and from that time on the activities were for general strikes. As usual, the Socialists were against such strike. A committee from the Socialist party went to the military governor to assure him that Socialists have nothing to do with those "outlaw" "revolutionists." They went further, saying that if such strike takes place they would go to the guards' side in order to establish order. This was in 1902, and eight years later, some of them were the worst enemies of the workers during the tragical week of July, 1909, in Barcelona.

The strike over, Barcelona was kept for a year with the constitutional guarantees suspended and the military tribunal functioned often. Despite all restrictions, in 1903 a revolutionary daily paper came out, called "Land and Liberty." There were three scientific and philosophical reviews and twenty weeklies published in a country of 18,000,000 inhabitants, with half of the population illiterate. P. Zancada published a book, "El Obrero Espanol" (The Spanish Worker), in which he stated that nearly 40,000 workers were either revolutionists or sympathizers. The most important centers of propaganda were Catalonia, Andalucia, La Coruna and Cartagena.

Another barbaric move was made by the Spanish government when Alphonse XIII was crowned. Premier Antonio Maure, one of the worst reactionaries in the country, was looking for "honors" and he found them in Alcala del Valle when the agricultural workers were on strike. Using the same old tactics, the guards shot down two peaceful workers merely to find some excuse to kill the movement. The people got so excited that they jumped on the civil guards and disarmed them, thus taking revenge for the victims. Soldiers were sent and more than a hundred young boys, women and old men were arrested and tortured. The methods of Montjuich Castle were put in practice with more vigor than ever. Oh, if the walls could speak. A woman in a state of pregnancy was beaten till she had a miscarriage. Others were condemned to hard labor for life.

A campaign protesting against such atrocities started in many countries of Europe. In Cette, France, March 12, 1904, the harbor workers refused to work on board Spanish ships until the Alcala prisoners were taken out of jail. The business men were forced to send a petition to the government asking to set the prisoners free, as otherwise Spanish commerce would suffer a great loss.

Then, after many minor troubles here and there, came the tragical week called in Spain "la semana sangrienta" (the bloody week), in July, 1909, when the Calatonian workers rebelled, protesting against the sending of more troops to Morocco, Africa. With the Spanish-American war vividly in mind, they were not willing to allow the departure from Barcelona of any more cannon food.

A revolution started in which all the radical and liberal elements took part. During a week the city was in the hands of the workers. Skirmishes were going on between the workers and soldiers without advantage to either side. It might have taken a different phase if the Republicans and Socialists had not deserted the rebel ranks, leaving the revolutionists at the mercy of the military forces then reconcentrated from everywhere in the country. This was the cause of failure, besides the fact that the other cities did not second the movement. In Alcira and Carcagante the commune was declared, being defeated, of course, after Barcelona capitulated.

This tragical week lives in the mind of every worker in Spain. October 13,1909, is never forgotten—the day when Francisco Ferrer, Baro and three other comrades, one 18 years of age, were shot inside the historic walls of Montjuich castle, with many others tortured and exiled.

Year after year ever since wonderful movements were developing, consolidating more and more the workers in their efforts. General strikes were declared against the high cost of living. A special congress was called by the National Confederation and the General Union. A general strike took effect for twenty-four hours, and it would have been longer were it not for the parliamentarian Socialists who were and are handling the General Union.

Many more columns could be used to give in detail the economic and social struggle in Spain. There never was peace. There were always causes that forced them to act.

Of late years the labor papers have been frequently suppressed, but the workers often managed to get out their papers in spite of it. Thus "La Voz del Obrero" of La Coruna, organ of the local Syndicalists, was still published in July, 1919, four months after it had been prohibited. The workers have a way of keeping in touch with one another that the powers cannot break down.

On June 28, 29, 30 and July 1, 1918, the Regional Confederation of Catalonia held its congress in Barcelona. Despite the situation in Catalonia the Congress was a success. After three consecutive sessions and hard discussion the "Sindicato Unico" was adopted. This adoption and its putting in practice brought on eight weeks of "lock-out" by the owners' federation against the newly adopted form of organization, as stated above. This congress was opened with the following declaration: "Taking into consideration the work done by our fellow workers of other countries, we want to prepare a superior form of organization to signalize the advent to power of the workers' commonwealth, and we wish to do this, if possible, before the fight that will undoubtedly soon take place to dethrone the bourgeoisie from their omnipotence.

At this congress more than four hundred delegates were present, representing every phase of work and every corner of the country, even a delegate from the Confederacao Geral do Trabalho of Portugal was present, representing 100,000 members. The number of members represented at the above congress was near to one million. Three months after it the membership reached over the million mark.

Lots of facts are reaching us now, either in capitalist sheets or in the mail from fellow workers, which are very interesting for the workers on this side of the water.

One thing that we are sure of is this, that the rebel spirit is with the workers there; they were, and are growing up under persecution, but despite all they never break down.

News that recently reached us indicates that the workers are determined to stick to their principles. The Sindicato Unico is declared illegal, but, as the Syndicalists said in a document that I have at hand, they will go ahead even if they are forced to work secretly. The Catalonia governor and other authorities were in accord to prevent the delegates from collecting any dues, but no matter what they (the authorities) will try to do, the spirit will exist.

The Sindicato Unico may be said to be the Spanish I. W. W., inasmuch as its program is to unite the workers irrespective of crafts, to enable them to take over production and distribution. From one of their resolutions we quote:

"We are going toward what the money-mad bourgeoisie calls 'Utopia.' We are going toward the liberation of human beings, economically, politically and morally."

## Prison Horizons

By MORTIMER DOWNING

**Beck'ning, beyond these cup like walls**
**Glow bright horizons, where love calls**
**Bravely; but for the self-pent mind,**
**To generous ideals blind,**
**All space is but a sepulcher.**

**Wide as man's hope extends this cell;**
**Jails rot bodies: free minds dwell**
**Where'er sense eagerly gleans seed,**
**Whence fecund thought may blightly breed**
**Unending generation's joys.**

**In dungeons rulers hatch Despair,**
**But Hope invades such fetid air**
**And hushes to a gentle rest**
**This monstrous nurseling of the nest**
**Prepared by Hate for Lucifer.**

**We brought the light! And shall we fear?**
**Why shall we cower at the leer**
**Of Wealth's high priest? Why cringe to fate**
**Invited? We challenged Greed to sate**
**Its lusts upon us! We rejoice.**

**Mind-lighted, wide horizons spread,**
**While verging worldward Labor's tread**
**Stalks on in pace with new found facts,**
**Till workers shout, "Our Might enacts,**
**Their products shall producers own."**

**These portents through the prison shine,—**
**They blaze! tho Law and Rage combine**
**To dim their splendor and to hide**
**From captives' eyes the kindly pride,**
**Socrates, Christ as traitors died.**

## The Last Laugh on Landis

By John E. Nordquist

**News Item—"Judge Kennesaw Mountain Landis last night took the measure of the Reds, Socialists, I. W. W. and others of their ilk in a talk before 400 newspaper men and women. For forty minutes he kept them in a continuous roar of laughter at the expense of the Reds."**

**Forty minutes of laughter,**
**Forty minutes of fun,**
**As they listened to law's greatest grafter,**
**Who'd end every red with a gun.**
**You lickspittle editors grinning**
**With K. Mountain Landis "the great,"**
**Don't you know that we reds are winning**
**As we laugh at your scorn and hate?**

**Ye cringing editor carrion**
**Who bow to the rich and grand,**
**Ye refuse to hear the clarion**
**And side with the just of the land.**
**What have you done for the nation,**
**Or to the proud profiteer?**
**Have you CALLED FOR HIS DEPORTATION?**
**Have you stilled his scornful sneer?**

**Laugh till your white lips redden!**
**Sneer your face out of gear!**
**Threaten with bullets leaden!**
**For the end of your laugh is near!**
**Judge "KILL MEN LANDIS" and his crew**
**Can't stop the REVOLUTION;**
**They'll jail, deport and shoot a few,**
**Still we laugh at their confusion.**

## NOTICE

**You wish you could do something to help put an end to capitalism. You wish you knew how. Well, let us tell you. The only way to permanently put an end to capitalism is to educate the workers in the building of a new society. You can help in doing that. Get subscribers for the I. W. W. publications. Take home a bundle regularly to sell. Take home a supply of our literature for distribution.**

# The Working Class Movement in Mexico

By JOSE REFUGIO RODRIGUEZ
Secretary of the Mexican I. W. W.
(Translated from the Spanish)

While our eternal enemies, the exploiting classes, are utilizing every possible means to deceive and betray the workers of Mexico more shamelessly than ever, a little but growing group of Industrial Workers, banded together under the Mexican Administration of the I. W. W., is carrying on its almost unnoticed work that is bringing results.

It would only tire you, my fellow workers of the north, were I to relate in detail many of the things we are doing, for they consist of little details that mean much to those immediately concerned but are boresome to others. Suffice it to say that we organized last fall a provisional executive committee, which was to take charge of the work of unifying the labor movement of Mexico in a Mexican Administration of the I. W. W. Where existing unions could be induced to alter their constitutions and rules so as to conform with the fundamental principles of industrial unionism, we agreed to try to secure such alterations and to have these unions unite with us. Where existing unions insisted on listening to the treacherous appeals of Gompers, Morones and their ilk, we were to organize other unions along industrial lines. Slowly but patiently and earnestly, we have been proceeding in this manner, and in most cases we have found few Mexican workers who would defend Gompersism. The work of unification continues to be far from as fast as we wish, for the Mexican is apathetic to his own interests and it takes persevering work and much revolutionary fire to stir him into activity. However, we add a union every now and then, and gradually we see a few more working class organizations brought into our movement of unification.

We have, of course, adopted the I. W. W. preamble and most of the rules that are in force in the I. W. W. of the United States, making only such incidental modifications as local conditions required. We constantly seek to instruct the Mexican workers in the importance of the "strike on the job" and of general strikes. We endeavor to impress upon them that while we are always anxious to strike for more wages and shorter hours, wherever an opportunity appears, we regard such strikes as mere practice preparatory to the final, supreme struggle in which we shall meet our enemies on the battle field of the general strike. If more wages are obtained, well; if shorter hours are gained, well also; but in neither case do wo expect any great betterment in the condition of the unhappy, wretched toilers who produce today the riches that others may enjoy and utilize. We know that only in the final, permanent defeat of the vile, abominable system of capitalism, will we find lasting, enduring peace, freedom and happiness.

Unfortunately for our propaganda and work, the presidential election is due to come in the month of July, and in these moments there is spread thruout the country the usual treacherous, deceitful dissemination of lies and smooth stories designed to persuade the workers to vote for one candidate or another. True to the principles of industrial unionism, we have repudiated unconditionally all candidates and warned all workers to keep aloof from all elections. We also warned them to have no part in the revolution initiated in the state of Sonora by followers of Obregon, for we see no difference between the various candidates and we know that all of them—Obregon, Bonillas and Gonzales—have been seeking the support of the American and Mexican financial interests. It appears today that Wall street is financing the Sonora revolution and is, therefore, using Obregon as an instrument; but there is little difference between any of the candidates. We refuse to work or fight or sacrifice for any of them. We will utilize our energies in organizing industrial unions and in no other way.

In a recent issue of your esteemed magazine, you made a query as to the work of Villa, Zapata, etc. This query can be answered briefly and effectively. Villa is no more and no less than a despicable murderer who once served in the American army and there learned completely the science of killing his fellow human beings. He has always been an instrument in the blood-stained hands of the capitalists and financiers of Wall street. His history is well known on the frontier and can be corroborated with little effort. He has, it is true, made various promises to the workers of Mexico at various times, but none of those promises have the slightest basis of truth. Like the politicians who now want the votes of the Mexican workers, he has shamelessly lied to these workers to induce them to fight in his army of butchery and treason.

One of my brothers was a close friend of Zapata and helped draft the "Plan of Ayala," which attracted attention thruout the world and was printed in English, Spanish, German, French and probably other languages. I know something of Zapata, therefore, from the most reliable sources. He was an honest man. He was an able man, considering that he had no education and that his ideas of communism and freedom came from the depths of an humble but unpurchasable heart. Yet the tales published in foreign periodicals about the wonders of "Zapataland" make us laugh and also make us shed bitter tears. We laugh because the tales were ridiculous and untrue. We shed bitter tears because we wish they were true. Probably Zapata's lack of experience with men outside of his own little realm, and, probably, also, his lack of education, would have doomed his experiment to failure, in any event. But as a matter of stern reality, he never had an opportunity. His "Zapataland" only existed over a few

hectares of land in the days of its greatest success. It was very crude, undeveloped, unorganized, and could not, therefore, last long. In the great land over which Lenin is the guiding figure and where Industrial democracy has come to remain forever, there is much of science, order, skill, wisdom and shrewdness, to match that of the capitalist empires without. But there was none of this in "Zapataland"—only honest intentions, high ideals, bad organization, big blunders and inevitable failure. We honor Zapata and we shall always remember "Zapataland" with reverence. But we know it was far different from what the radical world generally believes.

As for Carranza, he was at best only a Liberal. He would probably have nationalized the petroleum and other industries if left alone by Wall Street. This would have displeased Wall street but done little good for the workers of Mexico, who could have been little better off than now. Generals and politicians would have been the beneficiaries. But even the good intentions that Carranza did have—exaggerated as they were—were thwarted by threats of intervention. He would not have done much at best, I assure you, but he could not even accomplish the little that he desired. In the last few months he has made various concessions to Wall street in an endeavor to save his government from destruction, but his concessions have been pitifully useless. It was far too late and Wall street had already decided to support Obregon and to organize a new revolution.

In none of these men are we members of the Mexican I. W. W. interested. I only refer to them to reply to the query in the One Big Union Monthly for information about them. Our sole, only and permanent interest is in the organization of industrial unions in every part of this slavery cursed land of sunshine and shadow.

Permit me also, fellow workers, to say a word about the recent controversy that has raged in the columns of your magazine in regard to Mexican conditions. None of us know much about Irwin Granich. He says that he was a participant in the class struggle in Mexico, but if so, he participated so modestly and harmlessly that none of us knew it. I have seen him in a few meetings of the Mexican Socialists but nowhere else. I have nothing to say for him or against him personally, nor have most of us, for not many of us even know there had been such a person in Mexico until we saw his articles in a few American publications. I must say, however, with all emphasis and sincerity, that his attacks on Linn A. E. Gale were both shamelessly unjust and abominably ridiculous. Friends of Luis N. Morones, the Mexican agent of Samuel Gompers, have persistently tried to slander Gale, who has been merciless in his attacks on the Gompers machine, and the charges of Granich are but the repetition of these lies. We all know that they are false. Gale has made enemies unnecessarily by his fighting disposition and his bitterness toward his enemies, but they are not the kind of people that Industrial Workers would want for friends. His enemies are a credit to him and are a proof of his fearlessness. The Mexican radical movement owes much to Gale, and intelligent, sincere Mexican radicals resent attempts to blacken his reputation.

It is true, absolutely true, that Gale tried to induce the Carranza government to take revolutionary action and to ally itself with Soviet Russia. In this effort, he entered into intimate relations with certain persons in the government. But when he found that nothing revolutionary could be accomplished, and that the Carranza government only was willing to protect political fugitives here, but would go no further, he made no more efforts along that line. We were familiar with his efforts at the time and had no criticism to make. Being Mexican and knowing the Mexican politicians, we did not expect he would be successful, but we approved of the effort, believing that if it had been successful it would have been of great value to the revolutionary movement of the world.

But it is not with personalities that we are concerned. Our interest is in the powerful movement to which we have pledged ourselves and all that we now possess or may ever possess.

We are with you, fellow workers of the North, until the consummation of the dream that we cherish and the ideal that we support—until One Big Union covers Mexico from Sonora to Yucatan and industrial solidarity has stricken from our limbs each and every link of the chain of servitude that holds us in agony.

## Soft Stuff

**By Raymond Corder**

**Say, ol' scout,**
**Honest to Jesus,**
**Doesn't somethin' lumpy an' wistful**
**Rise up outa your chest**
**When you hear a baby laughin'**
**An' cooin' at its mother's breast?**
**Doesn't kinda yearny feelin's**
**Bother you for a while**
**Till you ditch 'em all as soft-stuff**
**With a half ashamed smile?**

### "FAKE BOLSHEVISM OR THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN."

After questioning the right of the Department of Justice to interfere with the workings of the Departmentof Labor, Ralston (counsel for Asst. Sec'y. of Labor, Louis F. Post, in impeachment proceedings before the House Rules Committee) said: "I shall offer proof of the fact that agents of the Department of Justice have been instructed, and have been instrumental in forming branches of the Communist party, and of inducing innocent men to join and take part in their work, in order that raids and arrests may be made by the department."

# Australian I. W. W. Activities

The following letter from Fellow Worker Mick Sawtell of Adelaide, South Australia, gives a brief and interesting review of Australian labor conditions at the present time, and brings a cheering message about the twelve Australian I. W. W. men who have now spent several years in prisons. Here the letter follows:

Adelaide, South Australia, March 14, 1920.

Editor O. B. U. Monthly:

Dear Fellow Worker—Thru the kind co-operation of Mrs. S— the issues of your paper have come to hand. The contents and news gleaned about the American I. W. W. in the paper staggered us here —to know that the I. W. W. still had seventeen papers and was organizing in spite of terrible persecution, and with two thousand fellow workers in jail was a revelation to us in this part of Australia.

Since and during the latter part of the war it has been very hard to get any news from overseas. The I. W. W. officially does not exist now in Australia. The jailing of the twelve and declaring the organization illegal was a great set-back for us. Between eighty and ninety did six months for being members of the I. W. W., and as far as I know not one fellow worker denied the organization. All the members who were not Australian born were deported out of Australia. However, the spirit still lives, and we now function under the name of International Industrial Workers. I send you copies of our two papers, "Industrial Solidarity," of Melbourne, and "Industrial Solidarity," Adelaide edition.

The great trouble in Australia is the scarcity of nonpolitical industrial union speakers.

We exist only for propaganda purposes. There are two other organizations endeavoring to function and appealing for membership as revolutionary industrial unions, but both are political. There are the W. I. I. C. (The Detroit I. W. W.) and the O. B. U. (Trades Hall). Altho officially these organizations stand for political action, the rank and file have little or no time for political action.

The old I. W. W., before it went out of existence, permeated the working class of Australia well with the right philosophy. Just at present there is an election on in New South Wales, and the release of the twelve I. W. W. men is one of the big issues of the election. The old conservative labor politicians are standing for a new and "fair" trial, but the new aspirants in the big industrial centers, sensing the workers' discontent, are advocating an unconditional release. The twelve have now done three years of their jail term, and the agitation for their release still continues, and whether the Labor party is returned or not, the twelve have a good chance of release, as the slaves are becoming determined that the twelve must be released. The Labor party would do nothing for the twelve unless the workers in the industries pushed the issue. The Labor party becomes more worthless and corrupt every day.

The workers of this country should have nearly learned their lesson regarding the utter futility of political parties. The price of all commodities is going up and up every day. The price of slaves is the only one that is stationary. Labor power, humanity, is very cheap at present here. Thousands of returned heroes are out of work, and when they paraded their woes before the government the war ministers referred to and looked upon the soldiers as nuisances. The soldiers are fast becoming disillusioned. There is plenty of unintelligent discontent everywhere.

The Broken Hill miners, the most militant trade union in Australia, has been out on strike now for nearly twelve months, and altho the strikers are suffering terrible privations their spirit of solidarity is not broken.

As the economic pressure becomes greater we expect to develop the right working class psychology to act in co-operation with our fellow workers in other countries, for the overthrow of capitalism.

Glad to hear from you at any time.

Greetings to all fellow workers in America from fellow workers in Australia. Yours,

MICK SAWTELL.

76 Pirie, Adelaide, S. Australia.

# I. W. W. in Australian Prisons

By M. S.

(In "Industrial Solidarity" of Adelaide, Australia.)

When the history of the Labor movement of Australia is written, one of the darkest pages will be the long and continued incarceration of the twelve I. W. W. men.

It is a standing disgrace to the working class of Australia that these men are still in gaol. The men have been in gaol over three years now, and the agitation for their release has almost died out. This speaks volumes for the cowardice and apathy of the workers. The case of our fellow workers has now gained international fame, and yet despite the widespread interest and knowledge of the cases, the men are still in gaol.

The "frame-up" against the men was cunningly and well stage-managed. Simultaneously in West-Australia and New South-Wales, just on the eve of the first conscription referenda, members of the I. W. W. were arrested on a charge of "Seditious Conspiracy", whilst the public mind, especially that class from whom juries are drawn, was inflamed against the arrested men, and the organization in general, as destroyers of property, etc.

After the first trial the twelve men, whose names are famous, received sentences of from five to eighteen years.

After a subsequent appeal trial, and later on a Royal Commission, which has proved beyond doubt that the Crown witnesses committed perjury, and that the whole of the case was a diabolical frame-up, the twelve are still rotting in gaol.

Now that the men have been found to be innocent of the charges laid against them, how is it, the average man will ask, that the twelve have not been released? Because, so far, the working class of Australia have not demanded our fellow workers release.

Governments don't mind Royal Commissions. No matter what evidence comes out, the judge, a member of the capitalist class, will give the verdict or finding his way.

Lawyers don't mind Royal Commissions, as it means big business to them.

However, we see in Royal Commissions a criminal waste of time, and a reactionary influence on the working class, debating whether the twelve are "Guilty or not guilty," according to the master's law.

Of course, intelligent workers who are revolting against capitalism are always "Guilty of Conspiracy," or by whatever other name the masters care to call that attitude of mind that does not and can not agree to wage slavery.

The question that confronts us today is: How are we to effect the release of the twelve?

The answer is plain. There is only one way to abolish any injustice against the working class, and that is by industrial action. Some of our political friends accuse us of sacrificing the men for the sake of a fetish or dogma, for, they argue, help us to put the Labor Party in and then they will release the twelve.

First of all there is no certainty that the Labor Party would release the twelve, unless there was sufficient industrial agitation to make the release a popular and burning question.

Again, political parties that are anxious to be returned to power cannot afford to lose votes by advocating unpopular causes.

To make the release popular again we have to fall back on to the workers' only line of defence, namely industrial agitation and action.

The release of the twelve, then, viewed from every angle, can only be achieved when there is widespread discontent amongst the workers.

This widespread and deep-seated discontent may come as the result of an industrial crisis, or it may come, and it will be accelerated, by our industrial union propaganda.

To this task the industrial unionists of Australia have set themselves; it is the only way to hope for a demand for the release of the twelve. In the meantime, on with our agitation inside the workshops of Australia; and let us hope the twelve will bear their cruel servitude with fortitude and without loss to their physique and to their mental and nervous energy.

# The Judge

By Covington Ami

Behold the Judge, my son; impartial, fair,
Unerring as the compass and the square
Are all his judgments. Just to rich and poor,
Alike to all who pass the courthouse door,
Is he. His august eyes mark not your rags,
Nor yet your foe's plethoric money bags.
Equal, before that blackrobed figure there,
The ward-boss, rebel, tramp, and billionaire.
Justice alone he sees, in justice deals,
Beyond her service naught to him appeals.
Benignant, calm, austere, the law his rod,
Legality his one and only god,
Above ambition, power, place and pelf,
He giveth judgment. (He says so Himself.)

# Join the Red Wobblies

By John E. Nordquist

Air: "Brighten the corner where you are."

Don't expect the tyrant bosses to be kind to you,
Do not wait for them to set you free;
Heed the message of the workers, to yourself be true,
Join the red wobblies—join today.

CHORUS

JOIN THE RED WOBBLIES—JOIN TODAY!
Join the red wobblies—join today;
If you are a worker then we need you in the fray;
JOIN THE RED WOBBLIES—JOIN TODAY!

All you toilers who are slaving for the greedy plutes,
Here's the message that we give to you:
Only thru the ONE BIG UNION plutes will shoot the chutes,
Join the red wobblies—join today.

Now's the time to soak the bosses while they're full of fear;
While we've got the critters on the run.
If you want to scare the runners, pitch in with a cheer,
Join the red wobblies—join today.

Do not waste your time in weeping—organize today,
If you want to see true freedom's dawn.
If you want to own the earth and drive all grief away,
Join the red wobblies—join today.

# Only a Gradin' Stiff

By John E. Nordquist

I'm only a gradin' stiff out on th' dump—
By everybody considered a chump;
Only a gradin' stiff—lowdowndest beast,
Who's worked the hardest and paid the least.

I'm only a gradin' stiff skinnin' th' mules,
Handlin' th' wheelers, fresnoes an' tools;
I'm buildin' th' grade fer th' shinin' rails—
When I finish th' job, its me fer their jails.

I'm only a gradin' stiff levelin' things,
'Round me the' pick an' th' dynamite rings.
I live in rag houses—cheerless and cold—
On tainted food an' bread full o' mold.

I'm only a gradin' stiff, but even at that,
I'm learnin' my lesson an' comin' out flat.
Th' rest o' th' gang are with me I know,
Tho they're bidin' th' time an' layin' low.

Every last skinner an' muckstick man
Lined up in The Wobblies with delegate Dan,
An' we're goin' on strike to boost our pay:
Yes I'm a gradin' stiff but no longer a jay!

# Shop Organization the Base of the I. W. W.

By GEORGE HARDY

### British Shop-Stewards

Much discussion is going on in the ranks of labor, as to what is the best form of organization to give power to the workers in industry. This is an indication of discontent with the American Federation of Labor, and all other craft forms of unionism, which in reality is not unionism at all. The primary cause for discussion can be attributed to the advent of the Shopsteward Movement in Great Britain, which was brought about during the war, because the officials of the great trade unions pledged labor's support to the Government, and who afterwards were prevented from participation in strikes, by the Defense of the Realms Act and the Munitions Act, thereby forcing into existence the unofficial movement, due to the abnormal conditions prevailing.

There has been a desperate attempt to make this shopstewards' system fit American conditions by all and sundry. Especially is this true of some of the bourgeois and semi-bourgeois minded people, who claim to be revolutionary; while on the other hand, the members of the Shopstewards' Movement in Great Britain **state frankly, they would be in the I. W. W. if resident in U. S.** However, the Shopsteward Movement does fit British conditions, because of tradition etc.

### Reason for Continuity

The above position of the British militants is absolutely correct, because the "Industrial Workers of the World" is thoroly in harmony with capitalist development and the labor conditions prevailing in America. There are less than ten per cent of the workers organized in this country, as against fifty per cent in the British Isles; with considerably weaker unions existing amongst the American workers, than those of the British workers. The I. W. W. has stood the battle for fifteen years—this alone proves its continuity inevitable and in **conformity** to **Economic Evolution.** The I.W.W. admits of changes necessary to prevent the organization from becoming obsolete, as the craft unions have. This is because its' **constitution** is an **elastic one**— it has changed many times.

### Necessary to Change

Today again we are confronted with the necessity of changing our form and tactics, due largely to the fact, that rapid changes are taking place in the economic world, and the apparent blood-thirsty tactics of the masters of industry. Therefore I submit the following program for consideration—not as "my" program—but as a program evolved out of the accumulated knowledge of the past; gathered by reading and discussion with my fellow workers, and an analysis of the position of the proletariat to the economic necessity of abolishing the system of private ownership, together with the **avaricious, trustified masters**—the **capitalist class.**

During the last two years many plans have been submitted. Some members are willing to stay by the "Old Ship" (the I. W. W.) without applying modern machinery to run it. Others want to change its name. To the thinking portion of the members both plans are equally disastrous—you cannot fool the ruling class! What is necessary now is new machinery to run it. We must abolish that part which has served its purpose, and install the most uptodate equipment the modern mind can conceive of, or we will be operating at a loss of prestige—a loss of membership—the crew will become too small to run the big ship, and we will land in some future storm on the rocks. This is financially evident today. We can, however, insure the future by installing new, modern, efficient and uptodate machinery of administration, to discharge the rotting cargo—capitalism. Let us do it today.

Efficiency calls first for an organization with its basis on the job, **with rank and file control** from the bottom up to the highest office; second, that **administrative councils** be created to admit of joint action from the job to the whole of the organization; third, that a **regional** council should exist to execute business that interests the whole working class community; fourth, that a defense council shall be maintained for the purpose of caring for members who have temporarily ceased to be industrial workers, because of their incarceration by the capitalist class; fifth, that at all times the **prerogative** shall be in the hands of the members on the job; sixth, instead of District Offices for each industrial union, supply stations should be opened jointly.

The above can only be gained by having a Union formed along the lines indicated in the chart. I do not, however, claim its application should be hard and rigid; but, I do claim the principle with slight variations can be applied to all industries which we seek to organize.

### Job Branches and Committees

The job branches as set out are the base of all action, whether, legislative or administrative—the executive power lies always with the workers at that base. The workers first organize the job—a mine, mill, camp or factory—immediately they have seven members they constitute themselves a **Job Branch;** hold meetings; elect a job committee, one of whom may be elected delegate for that job. This would move the avenue of communication from the delegate to the job. When a delegate leaves a job, immediately one is elected in his place, and supplies given him which were left behind by the retiring delegate. It will be seen here, the supplies become the property of the job committee, instead of the delegate. It will also be noticed, there will always be a delegate on the job, and one who expresses the wishes of the group so organized, for they elected him. They have the power to remove him if not satisfactory. With this system in operation there can never be more than one delegate on one job,

and all jobs organized will have a delegate.

The job committee is the administrative committee, and attends to all matters arising on the job between meetings to all matters arising on the job between meetings; such as grievances that may arise; differences prevailing amongst the members etc., and have power to call special meetings by a majority vote of the members of the committee. The meetings then take up the matters on the agenda and decide what action shall be taken.

Organized in this way the territorial divisions, prevalent in the craft unions disappear, for all workers meet together who work together; thus, as the workers gain power, so they are gaining control, and will form the basis of the future **administration of industry** under the Co-operative Commonwealth—Industrial Communism.

There are many workers who work in separate factories and jobs, who will be found to be working for the same master in a given piece of territory or a large city. We also know, that modern industrial capitalists are all organized industrially and territorially, so we must look on them as a class—the exploiting class—with the above divisions for efficiency amongst themselves; so, we must, therefore, unite our forces on the jobs to be able to meet them in open combat.

**Central Branch Council**

The **Central Branch Council** is fitted for meeting the opposition, and taking the aggression against the **locally organized industrial groups of capitalists.** The central branch council is made up of delegates from the job branches, who will meet as often as the job branches represented on the council decides, consistent with urgency, distance and expense, etc. They could meet oftener in highly centralized communities than where distance is an obstacle. A council ought to be formed as soon as seven job branches have been organized. If the job branches were large in membership, one could be formed with a less number. Representation could be had on a pro-rata basis, say, one delegate for every one hundred or any part thereof.

The Central Branch Councils' function is legislative. It is to enable the workers to come in contact with each other through their duly elected representatives, who would **receive instructions** from their job branches, and deliberate, with their fellow workers in relation to the issues under discussion. Here we find that one delegate would bring up a question never thought of by some of the other delegates, so without instruction they would use their best judgment and vote accordingly. The decisions would be ratified by the members of the job branch. We must also concede that large bodies of men become unweildy and cannot make the best decisions. They can also be played upon by eloquent popular orators. The central branch council would deal with facts alone, and members would act of men become unwieldy and cannot make the best from the council by the rank and file.

**Industrial District Council**

Several central branch councils could exist in an industrial district like some of the large mining districts, lumber districts, coastal districts of marine transport workers and agricultural districts, etc. This would necessitate an **Industrial District Council** being organized, to co-ordinate all the activities of a district within a given industry. The industrial district council would be made up of delegates from the central branch council, with a delegate for every 500 members affiliated or less. Again we must bear in mind the job branches would **ratify the election** of any delegate to the district council which would meet as often as conditions demanded, say every six months, and consistent with finance, urgency, etc.

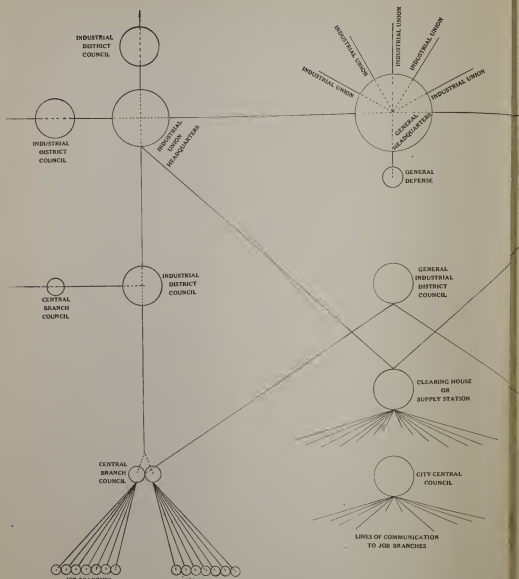
This is absolutely necessary for drawing up uniform demands in a district where natural industrial divisions exist, such as in the logging industry where different machinery is used to get out the logs. These districts should not exist with territorial divisions where these natural divisions exist—the uniform methods of industry in the district would demand common council with each other—besides unity of action compels the workers to adopt modern ways of accomplishing Solidarity. Instead of striking separately, the workers would carry their grievances—if not settled locally—to the industrial district council. This would produce efficiency and a stability which would give **ECONOMIC POWER** to the **WORKERS' ONE BIG UNION.**

Today we know that our interests are identical, that is, if we are workers. We also believe, that an organization which still maintains that the workers have interests in common with their employers—the parasites—is serving the masters' interests, as opposed to the workers' interests. Yes, the above is generally true. The workers almost without exception nowadays, admit they are fleeced daily by the profiteer, which means, they are subconscious of the **wolves in sheep's clothing**—the Industrial Kings of the World, who rob us daily at the point of production.

**General Industrial District Council**

In so far as the workers have interests in common, they must organize into a **General Industrial District Council.** This would be done as soon as two or more industrial district counells existed in a district. It would not be necessary for this body to meet very often; say, once a year, if nothing of a critical nature came up appertaining to the interest of the whole district. Representatives or delegates from the central branch councils would meet, and comprise the general industrial district council, on the same pro-rata basis as the central branch council—thus we **create co-hesion** within a district—**District Solidarity.**

There will not be any permanent offices attached to the above councils, as they are purely creative or legislative. They must be so because they come from the job, and only workers who work on the job either by hand or brain are entitled to legislate or create machinery to govern their affairs. They know best! This does not mean that if some specialized work needs to be done, they must place a




**Job Branches are in camps, mines or shops etc., heading into the Central Branch Councils; several Central Councils make the Industrial District Council; and, several Industrial Districts lead into the Industrial Union, with a national headquarters; all Industrial Unions make the One Big Union of all the workers—General Headquarters.**

**Where various Industrial Unions are operating in a District a General District Council is formed to unite the whole body of workers in a District, with City Central Councils formed on territorial lines to care for the communal interests. The Defense Councils is maintained as a local department with a fluctuating importance according to the work that comes under its' jurisdiction. Supply Stations are for distributing supplies to jobs, etc., where several unions exist a long way from Headquarters.**



worker from the job to do it. No, they will hire the most efficient man to do the work.

**Executives of Councils**

The above councils, central branch, district and general, will all have their executives, who will attend to all matters as they arise during the intervals between conferences or meetings, and call into session—with permission of the job branches—emergency conferences, if a critical condition arises which demands immediate and important action that only a conference can settle. The office force of the clearing house or supply station, will be under the jurisdiction of the executive of the general industrial district council, who will go over books from time to time and see that efficiency is maintained, and render a report to the job branches.

**Supply Stations**

In districts which are a long way from the headquarters of the industrial unions, and where two or more industrial unions are operating, supply stations should be opened where delegates elected on the jobs can obtain supplies. All that would be necessary for the maintenance of this supply house would be a supply book and delegates credentials etc., with a **Report Sheet** for the daily supplies sent out and money received, which should be sent to the industrial union headquarters every day. Of course a duplicate of the work done would be kept on file for comparison, should a mistake arise. In this fashion, there would be no need for Index Cards, etc., together with the unnecessary work caused by duplicating the work at this office. The up-keep of this office would be maintained by those using it on a proportionate basis.

**Form Union on Job**

We are inevitably, always forced back to the ground work of organization, which always leads to the job. So we find, to form an industrial union is, not to open an office, but to go to the job and form a job branch—this is the foundation. It becomes unnecessary to open an office to do organization work for a particular industry, since there is in existence a general headquarters of all the industrial unions already organized. The job branch once formed could get its supplies from general headquarters temporarily, where a set of books could be kept under the jurisdiction of the G. E. B. When several small industrial unions exist, one bookkeeper and stenographer could be hired at headquarters to do the work, until they grow large enough to warrant the existence of separate offices with machinery. Then industrial charters should be issued. We come now to the Industrial Union.

**Industrial Union**

After 5,000 members have been attained, Industrial Union Headquarters could be opened. Remember, by the time a union reached a membership of 5,000, there would be in existence many central branch and district councils, therefore, not only would the work warrant the opening of a headquarters, but would be necessary to bring the workers together for common action nationally. The Indus-

trial Union would then do business direct with the general office, distributing supplies to supply stations and job branches, and receiving the finance and paying its debts. A solid front would be forming like an army division, but under no circumstances should that division go to battle before enough recruits have made its strength almost impregnable. Never let the enemy choose the battle ground, especially while we are still weak.

### Bureau of Industry

The General Headquarters of the Industrial Workers, organized into their respective industrial unions, now becomes the center of the whole working class as far as their economic interests are concerned. It is a central active bureau of industry. Each year a conference is held and officials elected. The most important executive of all is brought into being thru a ballot of the membership—the General Executive Board.

Under the jurisdiction of the G. E. B. comes the General Office, with all its subsidiaries, such as the publishing house, etc. They also supervise all unorganized fields where no industrial union exists to take care of it. They assist weak industrial unions, which come under their care because of not having attained a membership large enough to get a charter. This does not mean the G. E. B. would be the dictators to a newly formed union, but would work in conjunction with the rank and file in districts where job branches exist. Under no circumstances would the G. E. B., or the Industrial Union executives, operate contrary to the wishes of the membership of a district, providing they were not violating the principles laid down in the general constitution. Always the job branches, through their central branch councils, would decide who would be the organizer. The general office would finance this organizer until the district had sufficient funds in general headquarters to pay their own way.

### Regional Council

To organize industrially is not enough for a revolutionary industrial organization to accomplish. There are other interests, which are communal in character. It is the working class community that will benefit by class-consciousness; not only the industrial part, but the mothers of the rising generation—the **producers of the producers—producers par excellence.** Therefore, on regional or territorial lines, we must form a city central council.

The City Central Council is therefore made up of delegates from the job branches, augmented by allowing membership to the wives of the fellow workers, providing they agree with the principles of the organization. This ought to be done, as a mother and companion's interests are bound up with the conditions of her husband's, and vice versa.

### Social Center

This city central council would carry on propaganda meetings and finance itself thereby. This would relieve the industrial units from direct participation, which would only be connected by their delegate on the City Central Council. This would allow the industrial units to put in all their energies organizing the workers on the jobs. The council will also be the **Social Center,** where all the units in the industrial arena can find an outlet for their talents; a study could be maintained with a scientific labor library, economic classes and industrial history classes held, concerts and dances, giving an outlet for the musicians and singers; social dramas would be staged for those with artistic tendencies, and a multitude of things done in this direction.

The greatest inspiration of sincerity would be injected into the members of the City Central Council by the recognition that they are participating in a social council, which may be the council that will care for the community interests when capitalism is abolished. A beginning can be made into this work by organizing a system of food stations, also milk stations for the babies and the sick, to be brought into existence during real strikes. They would also during strikes set up a vigilance council to see that no acts of violence or vandalism were committed, and if any such acts were committed, to be in a position to place the responsibility. This may be the nucleus of a functioning body for the future—**a Protective Council.**

### General Defense Council

Attached to the general office is the General Defense Council, which could be made up of the G. E. B. members, and those actively engaged in the responsible positions within accessible distance to the meeting place. A secretary-treasurer would be appointed through the committee. The office is a transitionary one, for, as soon as we gain **power in industry** the masters of bread who now are so urgent in their demands for blood and prison bars would then have to meet our representatives and would be forced to look at a condition unfavorable to themselves—the **withdrawal of our Labor Power** —which would solve the defense question.

There are several important items that come under the control of this transient office, and as long as we are forced into the capitalist courts—their battle ground—we must have funds to defend our members who choose to take legal defense. The raising of these funds, therefore, comes under control of the defense council. Under the direct charge of this council comes the hiring of all the legal talent necessary for adequate defense. It will be the duty of the council to observe closely all cases that are brought to their attention, and to decide whether the victim's case is an organization matter. None but those arrested for doing organization work, or for being a member of the Union should receive defense. We should, however, always keep in mind the tactics pursued by the masters and not allow their camouflage to deter defense of a sincere fellow worker.

### Defense Publicity and Relief

Publicity is a part of the general defense councils' work. They should, through the secretary, get out publicity matter, nationally and internationally, and show the world how capitalism—**the white terror**—

operates to our detriment. Also, the speakers for the defense are controlled by the council, who will devote their attention to the injustices of the capitalist class—imprisoning or killing our members.

Another important item is the caring for the wives and families of those in the dungeons. The assistance of those needing relief should be in proportion to their obligations and necessity for relief; sickness, number in a family and any reasonable obligation; but, in no case, should a self-sustaining person receive assistance. We must, however, avoid driving our dependents to the brink of injurious poverty. We should look upon the sons and daughters of our imprisoned comrades, at least, as an intelligent farmer looks upon his pure-bred stock—perpetuation of the class-conscious — which will assume some responsibility in the future.

### Industrial Departments

The Industrial Departments have been omitted from this chart because of the desire to avoid confusion by extra complications. All that is necessary is to show that which is absolutely necessary today. The industrial departments may be a factor in the future, as there are many related industries which could not run on any anarchical scheme. For example, the tanneries and shoe factories, iron ore mining and the steel mills, and a number of other industries would be found closely related, if we had time and space to go into them. However, this is a matter for the future, as related to our immediate needs for organizing with efficient machinery under capitalism. As we develop our union, probably a need will arise for departments. This need is not here now; so let us deal with the immediate.

### A Real International

With a program such as this being put into a tangible form of unionism in every country, we are reorganizing society to carry on production in a **Free Society.** The Workers' International is in the embryo stage. At the present time messages are received daily from all parts of the globe of a shifting of the industrial scenery. The masters of gold have left the world the ruins of that of which they have always been the beneficiaries; they refuse in all cases to give assistance unless they may still continue to exploit. Their war did this—their greed for gold. The hope of the world's workers lies in their ability to organize this prostrate world.

Great hope and sincerity is shown now, for there are the great revolutionary syndicalist movements in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Italy, Spain, France, Portugal and other small countries; there are the revolutionary unions in Germany with civil war reigning; also, the workers of Austria and Hungary, making desperate plans to recuperate since the allied white terror has been introduced; the workers of the South American countries have endorsed the I. W. W. and become a part of the I. W. W. in Chile; the One Big Union movement to our north in Canada, and in Australia, due chiefly to the influence of the I. W. W. propaganda; and, the Shop Stewards' and Workers' Committees movement of Great Britain has voted in conference nationally to link up with the I. W. W. Our Russian fellows have sent out a call. Shall we answer and form an Industrial International?—International Solidarity of Labor—yes, a thousand times yes ! ! !

### A Social Institution

This edifice of human affairs is a revolutionary one, because its very structure, outlined by the chart, leads through all the avenues of industry. for taking care of the industrial and communal life, when capitalism shall have ceased to exist. It is rank and file; that will give them a lever to their own emancipation, and, by so doing, insure the future by the avoidance of chaos. Every member of the revolutionary union; every unit of the **Army of Labor,** so organized, will become a steadying factor in the transitory period; it embodies the forces necessary in the creation of food, clothing and shelter—the maintenance of life itself as well as giving an outlet to all esthetic qualities. There is the nucleus of protection, which, if extended nationally, can become the guardian of the workers occupied in peaceful production, which will be absolutely necessary, for, Lo and Behold the brutal outlook of today!

### Constitutional or Capitalist Right?

An attempt has been made by trustified capital to outlaw any organization that challenges its power to own and control industry. This is all done in spite of the principles embodied in the Constitution of the United States, that all one hundred per centers should learn and adhere to. Article One of the first Amendment clearly states that no law should be made **"Abridging the Freedom of Speech, or the Press, or of the right of the People Peaceably to Assemble."** The fourth Amendment protects persons in their homes and renders inviolate the invasion of homes by any who may take it into their heads to invade—they must state specifically in a warrant the "persons or things to be seized"—this the so-called "law enforcers" hardly ever do. That great freedom-loving statesman, Abraham Lincoln, speaking of the people of America on March 4th, 1861, said, "Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amendment, or their **revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."** This is a part of the Declaration of Independence.

### Violence and Chaos?

We propose to make the changes according to the above well-defined principles—by peacefully organizing the workers and the jobs. We have a legal right to do this. Judge Landis said in the great Chicago trial we had a right to revolution, "providing we could put it over." Whether the change will be by violence is a matter entirely in the hands of the capitalist class. They are committing violence on every hand! We want no violence and no chaos! The Constitution provides for these changes, and facilities to bring it about, if the Constitution is inviolate. We do not bother about Con-

gress, for it expresses the economic interests of those in control. It will make laws to prevent our representatives getting there; so we must organize to control economically and choose our own institution of political expression—this will be done.

### The Russian Conquerors

The inspiring devotion of our Russian fellow workers to their revolution has given an example to the world's workers. The greatest statesman of the day—Lloyd George, says, "You cannot crush Bolshevism by the sword." This is an admission of defeat by the physical force advocates amongst the international gang of thieves. The same is admitted by Italian statesmen, with an added rider by the British premier that, "the Bolshevist Army is the largest and best disciplined army in Europe." All this with practically no organization on the industrial field when the collapse came—when the workers found th eruins of capitalism's great war at their feet. The Russian Proletariat was forced into the building of the new society with chaos reigning on every hand. Yet they have succeeded marvelously. We must learn a lesson from them. If they have succeeded against a world of vengeance in spite of the apathy of the labor movement of the world, how much quicker could they have succeeded with a scientific industrial structure and a trained industrial army? Let us learn our lessons from the past and never repeat a failure.

NOTE—In this article a statement is made that the writer does not want to claim he alone is responsible for this work. Therefore, he names Roy Brown, with whom he was cellmates while incarcerated in Leavenworth Penitentiary, as one whom he accredits with having a great deal of knowledge along the lines indicated in this article.

# A. F. of L. and I. W. W. — The Difference

By GEORGE SPEED.

The form, methods and tactics of the A. F. of L. differ vastly from that of the I. W. W.

The former is run, you might say without any stretch of the imagination, absolutely by officialdom, the latter by the membership.

The one is simply a dues-paying machine. The participation of the membership in the union's affairs is only perfunctory, and is permitted only so as to give a semblance of democracy. Officials endorse strikes of these unions, or turn them down, as they see fit. As an instance let us mention the pressmen's and the longshoremen's strikes in New York, where the officials of both unions acted as industrial policemen for their respective employers. Major Berry of the Typographical union had advertisements for both union and non-unionmen to take the place of striking pressmen. Such acts of treachery would not be tolerated in the I. W. W. for 24 hours. The pressmen put up a hard and gallant struggle but were defeated by their own paid officials.

When a union allows itself to be used in such a manner it is as much to blame as their officials, or rather more. By their indifference and lack of interest they are shifting the responsibility for the policy of the union on their officials. Carrying a card and holding a job is their whole concern. They say 'Let George do it.' George does it, to their undoing, as many of the members of the A. F. of L. are finding out to their sorrow.

They placed their officials on a pedestal, generous to a fault in giving them a salary, a salary that is very much beyond what they could earn in their respective callings. The official knows what the grind and the muck of the factory is, and he has no intention of going back on the job, so he builds up a machine to secure himself and his kind. Feeling secure in his position he swells up with self-importance, and his happiest moments are when he can shake hands with the boss and contract his union out for a two or three year contract.

These contracts are null and void. Either party to them can violate them with impunity. Having power, no contract is needed to enforce the demands. If you are without power your helpless officials will insist that you live up to the contract. The contract deadens the activity of the members and is harmful in many ways. It causes unions in the same industry to scab upon one another, preventing the solidarity that is so necessary for labor.

The I. W. W. organizes workers in their respective industries. When industries are fully organized industrial departments are formed. These departments united together form the One Big Union of Workers. The officials are only the recording clerks of these respective unions. All power is with the membership. Each industrial union determines itself the advisability of striking, and no official can deny it the right, and will receive the hearty support of its industry, as well as of all industries if necessary, making an injury to one the concern of all, and creating that spirit of solidarity so much required on the part of the working class. The I. W. W. impresses its membership with the necessity on their part of studying, of thinking, of weighing all propositions affecting the interests of the working class, and of feeling that the responsibility for the success of the organization rests on them; to make of them union men and not merely card men; to fit them to control and run industry when capitalism shall have passed away.

This is the mission of the I. W. W. among you workers.

Which will you have? An organization such as the A. F. of L. which accepts capitalism as a finality, or the I. W. W. whose mission is to establish an industrial democracy, in which all workers shall receive the full social value of their service to society.

The labor problem is up for solution. It is the problem of the hour. Its solution is imperative. Upon it depends the life of civilization. Are you with us? If so, join the I. W. W. at once, and don't wait till 'George does it.'

He who will be free must himself strike the blow. Join and be a man.

All power to the working class.

# The gruesome story of American terrorism

## INSTALLMENT NO. 4.

**In three previous installments we have enumerated a total of 1203 cases of I. W. W. members arrested and brought to justice or sentenced of late years. In this number we add 124 new cases, making the total number reported to-date 1327 cases. Keep on sending in missing reports, so as to make the list as complete as possible.**

### Criminal Syndicalism Cases in California

Oakland: **James McHugo,** convicted, 1 to 14 years; **Louis Cavelli,** pending, out on bail; **A. N. Austin, C. Trainer, Mrs. A. B. Cairns, James Cairns,** dismissed; **Axel Nelson,** pending, out on bail; **Masshel, Staats, Graham,** pending, O. R.; **Diaz, Rickwell,** dismissed.

San Francisco: **James P. Malley,** convicted, 1 to 14 years; **Mrs. A. K. Malley, William Burnes, T. McDermott,** pending, out on bail; **E. Levine,** acquitted.

Eureka: **Charles Leese, J. Golden, G. Williams,** convicted, 1 to 14 years; **J. Glickson,** dismissed.

Stockton: **C. F. Bentley, Thomas Hooker, R. V. Lewis,** convicted, 1 to 14 years; **Leo Ellis,** on trial. **L. H. Brown,** case pending, in county jail; **G. Roberts, S. Simons, N. L. Savoy, A. Shoemaker, R. H. Brehmer, J. M. Miller, Martin Powell,** pending, O. R.; **George Macaire, Wm. Cashman, J. Swanson, P. Jacobson, Kelley, F. Tillman, A. Shade,** dismissed; **G. Shannon, John Murry, J. Micken, C. Newman, G. Fernandes,** pending, O. R.

(Total 46 cases.)

### California Cases Pending

Cases now pending are as follows: Stockton—The next case in Stockton will come up for trial June 8th and twelve more cases pending.

Sacramento—Case will start May 3d.

Los Angeles—Fourteen more cases pending. William Stein was found guilty.

San Francisco—Two cases still pending. Case of Thomas McDermott dismissed.

Oakland—Fifteen cases pending.

Ukiah—Two more arrests; full particulars not at hand at present writing.

The appeals of the nine Fellow Workers will come up in the near future. If you are going to help defend these cases send your donation to the California District Defense Committee, Room 219 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Calif. Make all checks and money orders payable to Louis H. Brown. We remain, Yours for industrial freedom,

CALIFORNIA DIST. DEFENSE COMITTEE.

Per Louis H. Brown, Sec.-Treas.

(Total 46 cases.)



**Some of the 90 Conscientious Objectors at Fort Douglas, Utah. Not exactly bad looking fellows—are they?**




Some of the I. W. W. men at Fort Douglas, Utah. (Left to right, top: Burmeister, Stangeland, Dempsey, Wilson, Gergatz. Bottom: Cage, Sandberg, La Casale, Maki.)



Some internees at Fort Douglas, Utah. Cooks and helpers at Barracks No. 12.

**Partial List of I. W. W. Deportees**

Sent from Seattle to Ellis Island for deportation. Left Seattle Feb. 6, 1919; arrived at Ellis Island Feb. 11, 1919.

"THE RED SPECIAL"

Charles Barnett, John Morgan, Tom Rimmer, William Fields, Herbert Jackson, John Sheenan, E. Kerty, R. Maskelunes, John Berg, Alex Kisil, Sol Erlich, Joe Martin, M. Slusky, McGregor Ross, John Lund, C. L. Johnson Hjalmar Holm, Sam Dixon, Wm. Longfors, Olaf Finnestad, Martin De Wal, Edwin Flogus, Axel Hendrickson, John Levis, E. McDonald, Sam Nelson, Arthur Smith, Aug. Bostrom, Frank Mahalik, James Osborne, Magnus Otterholm, Louis Mische, Gust Lipkin, Fritz Holm, Pete Merta, Mrs. Merta, Charles Jackson, Gustav Mocha, Donald McPherson.

(Total 39 cases.)

**Released from Ellis Island**

March 17—John Berg, Joe Martin, Edwin Flogus, McGregor Ross, C. L. Johnson, Slusky, Arthur Smith, John Levis, Axel Hendrickson. March 23—Gust Lipkin. March 24—Ephraim Kierty. April 11—Sam Nelson. April 21—Sol Erlich. April 22—John Morgan, Charles Jackson, William Longfors, Morgan, Charles Jackson, William Longors, Man-Magnus Otterholm.

Arrived at Ellis Island from Seattle, Portland and other points: March 27—Roy Sisters, Margaret Roy, Janet Roy; John Jacobson, D. McPherson Fraser.

Sailed for Liverpool from Ellis Island, February 27: Tom Rimmer, Herbert Jackson, William Fields, John Sheenan. March 29 — Donald McPherson Fraser.

Sailed for Sweden, April 3—Robert Johnson.

Sailed for Norway March 1—Olaf Finnestad.

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**Defendants in the Duluth Syndicalist Cases**

January 20, 1920, in the city of Duluth, Minn., the following I. W. W. members were arrested: Frank E. Biltonen, John Ahlborg, George Humon, Topias Kekkonen, John Salo; and A. A. Toivonen was arrested at Minneapolis and brought to Duluth. All the defendants were indicted under the state syndicalist law and with the above mentioned individuals the Workers' Socialist Publishing Co., which publishes the newspaper "Industrialisti", was indicted. Three different nidictment were turned in against the said corporation and Topias Kekkonen. Two indictments were turned in against Frank Biltonen and John Ahlborg and one indictment against George Humon, John Salo and A. A. Toivonen.

On the first indictment, for the article published in the paper under the date August 13th, the corporation and the individuals John Salo, A. A. Toivonen and Topias Kekkonen were on trial, the said trial commencing on March 23 last and closing on March 26th. All the defendants were found guilty as charged in the indictment. At the beginning of the trial the case against George Humon was dismissed on account of no connection with the paper. So far sentences are not imposed upon any of the defendants found guilty.

The two indictments are still pending against the corporation and against John Ahlborg, Frank Biltonen and Topias Kekkonen, and when they will come up to trial has not yet been stated.

All those found guilty are at liberty on two thousand dollars bail and those whose cases are pending are out on bail of one thousand dollars.

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**FORT DOUGLAS PRISONERS RELEASED**

Just in time to be too late for the May issue we had the pleasure of shaking hands with Fellow Worker J. pleasure of shaking hands with Fellow Worker J. Bauer, who has spent 2½ years in the Fort Douglas, Utah, internment camp, as an alien anemy. He states that all the I. W. W. men are now released from that prison camp after internment for 2½ to 3 years. Some had already been "repatriated." The prisoners are released on a forced parole. Unless they signed the parole papers (which forbids them to join radical organizations), they were deprived of their transportation and subsistence money and other consideration shown "alien enemies." Only low down prigs of the Palmer type could have invented such a parole.

The number of I. W. W. men imprisoned in Fort Douglas were about 70. The names of 48 of these appear in our December issue.



**Alfredo Buzzi, internee at Fort Douglas, Utah, snapped while reading the O. B. U. Monthly, while magpie has voluntarily joined him in prison and sits on his knee.**

# The conscience of a dum-dum bullet

By QUASIMODO VON BELVEDERE

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CHAPTER VI.

**Wherein Matys Voices his Doubt that Seeds of Patriotism Planted in a Musty Sub-basement will Ever Germinate.**

Since the time I discarded my proletarian habit and returned to society I have been approached by several of my colleagues who attempted to interest me in an enterprise of Americanizing the alien and promoting patriotism among the laboring classes. I ignored the subject because I could not see what difference it made to us whether the workingmen understood our constitution or not; in fact, I believed that we can make them serve our interests better if they remain ignorant of the text of our fundamental state papers, as well as our history. There are very few laws in our constitution of which I approve. Moreover, George Washington, and especially Abraham Lincoln, made many utterances which I consider as utterly un-American. Only a few days ago Mr. Morgan sent me two clippings from the Red press, in both of which the constitution was profusely quoted. One of the clippings was an article from the ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY, published by the I. W. W.'s in Chicago; and the other was an editorial from the "LIBERATOR" a magazine published by some Soviet maniacs in New York. Now, if the constitution is good for them, then it is not good for us. Publications controlled by me never quote any of the red clauses of the constitution. And as to Abe Lincoln, we celebrate him for the only reason that he is dead. I never worried my head over the patriotism of the masses until after my last discussion with Matys, in which he brought my attention to the fact that the wars which we have occasionally to wage upon other nations, cannot be conducted successfully with an army devoid of patriotic sentiments. He also pointed out the sad circumstance that our industrial conquests, achieved by more or less harsh tactics as they are, tend to weaken, or totally extinguish the patriotism of a large number of men. Considering all the above circumstances, it becomes at once obvious that, inasmuch as in our conflicts with labor some of the loftiest patriotic sentiments have to be stunned, pulled to the ground and trampled down, that patriotism must be artificially fostered to replenish the waste. Serious reflection upon the above facts led me to the conclusion that the brand of patriotism which my colleagues advocated, and which they considered beneficial to us, must have been inspired by the exigencies of business which, in its character, may be as foreign to the patriotism of the founders of our Republic as the Christianity of today compared with the character of Christ. I was wondering now how such puerile thoughts could have originated in my sensible head that my fellow capitalists desired to spread among the rabble the text of the constitution, or the doctrines of Lincoln, or other hot-heads of the past. I recollected that at the "CHICAGO CLEARING HOUSE" session Mr. Julius Rosenwald introduced to me one of the executives of Rotschield & Co., Mr. Ezekiel Veilchenduft as one of the apostles of the practical Americanization movement, and that Mr. Veilchenduft invited me to visit his "Loyalty School" held every workday at the sub-basement of their State Street store. I telephoned to him and inquired for particulars, and when he repeated his invitation, I consented to visit his show. We set the date for the following morning.

The idea occured to me to take Matys with me; because day from day, I was becoming more dependent upon his opinions. In case the Loyalty curriculum was defective, I knew that he was capable to discern its weak points; and he would indicate them cheerfully. I summoned him and laid the matter before him.

"What do you think of the scheme," I asked him.

"Have little faith in it".

"Why?"

"I presume that, if Mr. Veilchenduft's loyalty seed had any value, he would not plant it in a sub-basement."

"That's a premature criticism."

"It's merely a suspicion. However, I am much interested, and I would like to ask Mr. Veilchenduft a question or two upon this modern subject."

"I am offering you the opportunity."

* * *

At ten o'clock the following morning Matys and myself called upon Mr. Veilchenduft at his office at the store, and I introduced Matys as my friend and a literary man. Mr. Veilchenduft was excessively polite to both of us, he behaved more like a valet than a gentleman. He took us to the elevator and we descended to the basement, where the mechanical service ended; from thence we descended to the sub-basement by a stairway. Before we reached the bottom a musty smell assailed my nostrils; and I was beginning to realize once more that one cannot learn much without incurring discomforts.

The loyalty meeting was held in the shipping room, and was already in progress when we arrived; the assemblage was just saying the Lord's prayer. After the prayer a thinhaired girl with a sickly face sat to the piano, a stern-featured old man seized a fiddle, and the pair set forth to play "My Country" with commendable alacrity; the crowd arose and sang the hymn, their voices were permeated with so much fervor and conviction as if the country really belonged to them. I looked at Matys, but he seemed to pay no attention to the singing, he was studying a wall which was decorated with two Old Glories and the pictures of President Wilson, Abra-

ham Lincoln, J. J. Pershing, Foch and Kitchener of Khartoum; Veilchenduft was singing, his behavior harmonized with the spirit of the crowd so perfectly as to make you think that he was in his own element. After the hymn, the impresario of the loyalty show called upon Mr. Gans to deliver a speech. Mr. Gans was a handsome Jew about fourty years of age. He related the history of his own life; how he was born and raised in dire indigence somewhere in Russia. How he emigrated to England and reached Liverpool penniless. His life was a continuous tragedy until some ten years ago, when his fate drifted it into the merciful hands of Rotschield & Co. With Rotschield & Co. he found a steady job; by and by he fell in love and got married. He started at $9 a week and by now had worked himself up to a position that pays $20. Having thus arrived at the climax of his story, he bowed to the audience and retired to his seat upon one of the benches.

A short fat Negro was summoned next to give a piano solo. He rattled off a lively Fox Trot, and gave the Sweet Home for an encore. The applause he received showed that the crowd had a great appreciation of music.

Following the Negro, Mr. Neuman, the head of the shipping department, made a speech. He appealed for a general co-operation and increased production; urged the employees to be on time, and scored the dishonorable practice of one employe punching the card for another, who happens to be late. His speech was very sensible.

The Star Spangled Banner followed—and finally the oath of loyalty was taken. I will give here the form of the pledge because I think that every child should know it: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the Republic for which it stands. One nation indivisible with liberty and justice for all." I also found a beautiful prayer in the hymn-book that was handed to me by the impresario, viz: "O allmighty God, Continue Thy gracious protection to those who have gone from among us to battle for the freedom of mankind" etc. This prayer is of no use now, but it shall come handy again in our future wars.

"All this is very nice," I said to Veilchenduft, "but this foul air is suffocating me; let's get out of here."

Mr. Veilchenduft proposed that we go to his office, to which Matys and myself agreed. However, Matys desired to make a closer acquaintance with Mr. Gans, so he would not go with us immediately but promised to join us later. Mr. Gans was coming our way, which made us linger for a while. As he was passing us Matys approached him courteously, shook hands with him and congratulated him upon his fine speech as we moved to go.

I thought well of the loyalty training, but I did not care to give Mr. Veilchenduft my opinion until I had consulted Matys; so when we arrived at his office I engaged him in a discussion upon the League of Nations. Mr. Veilchenduft's opinions upon the subject were very crude. He soon admitted that international affairs were beyond the limits of his intellect, that he left their adjustment to greater minds. Nevertheless he professed an explicit faith in the covenant. "The President had at his command the advice af the foremost financiers of the country," he said, "I am satisfied that they saw to it that the covenant embodied substantial benefits for American business."

At this juncture Matys came in and in his presence I thought it safe to touch upon the loyalty propaganda. "What do you think of the whole affair?" I asked him as he took a seat.

"Like all things human, the system is imperfect."

"I appreciate criticism more than flattery," said Mr. Veilchenduft, "what fault do you find with it?"

"The President is appealing to every patriot to increase production, and here you withdraw the workers from industry for nearly an hour every day and have them sing—and what a singing it is; their lungs must be full of mushrooms."

"Oh, the production does not suffer by this," said Veilchenduft, "we make them work an extra hour in the evening."

"Oh, that's different," said Matys, "but, would it not be more patriotic to turn your slaves out into the street for these fourty of fifty minutes and give them a chance to breathe some fresh air?"

Mr. Veichenduft looked upon Matys thoroughly puzzled. "My dear sir," he said, "that's Bolshevism what you are preaching. If you give the slaves too much taste of fresh air they would want to remain in fresh air all the time. This would ruin our business."

The discussion was becoming tedious and I was becoming hungry, so we left Mr. Veilchenduft, and Matys and myself went to the Congress Hotel to lunch. During the course of the meal I asked Matys what kept him at the sub-basement for half an hour after Veilchenduft and myself left him.

"I wanted to see more of the inferno, and particularly the place where Mr. Gans performed his important task. His department consists of a room about 30 ft. long and 15 feet wide; it adjoins a lavatory. A counter runs through the whole room behind which there are two white men and four Negro wenches packing crockery and chinaware. The stench there is much more offensive than at the shipping room, because there the merchandise is being packed in manure. Of course, officially the material is called straw; however, its filthy appearance and its nasty smell readily conveyed to my imagination the idea that several generation of pigs had been bred and nursed in that straw before the farmer decided to part with it for the price offered by Rotschield & Co."

"The conditions cannot be quite as bad as you present them. Mr. Veilchenduft may be capable of neglecting the interest of his employees, but he is too clever to drive away his customers by sending them merchandise packed in unclean material."

"There you are mistaken. These Jews are catering to the most indigent element. 'Bargain' is Mr. Veilchenduft's motto;—give 'em a bargain and they'll come back. If you want to convince your-

self I will buy there a couple of cheap plates, have them delivered, and then I will open the package in your presence."

"No, thank you, I would not want the delivery wagon of Rotschield's stop in front of my house."

"I did not finish my story. The manure is surrounding the packers and there is always several inches of the compost under their feet."

"Who is to blame for that? Suppose you were one of the packers, what would prevent you from shoveling the manure aside and keep it from under you feet?"

"There is no room to shovel it away; the handy man, whose business is to supply the packers with the compost, brings the stuff in basketfulls and dumps it over the counter until it reaches up to their necks."

"When the crew goes home, do you think the straw is left upon the floor until the following day?"

"Of course it is. This is against the rules of the Fire Department, but rich firms do not have to obey the law. The whole place is infested with roaches, which breed in the accumulated filth. Hog cotes are being cleaned once in a while but Rotschield's packing rooms are never cleaned. To work men under such health-killing conditions, and at the same time, preaching to them patriotism is the limit of moral corruption."

"You did not tell me yet what Mr. Gans is doing there."

"Mr. Gans is a checker. He brings in the baskets with the merchandise, re-counts the items and places them on the counter. His task is arduous. It's perhaps his consciousness of the confidence which the firm reposes in him that renders his work easy. However, I detected a flaw in his character; he may yet become a Red."

(To be continued.)

The next instalment will deal with the physician's report about Woodrow Wilson's Brain being loose; and how Herr von Belvedere prevented the report from circulating among the public.

## CHAPTER VII

**How the doctors looked into President Wilson's head while Secretary Tumulty was asleep; and the appalling disorder they beheld there.**

While the philosophical discussion between Matys and myself was peacefully proceeding at the Congress Hotel dining room our attention became attracted by a great tumult in the street. Several newsboys were shrieking at the top of their damaged voices: "PRESIDENT WILSON"—— something awful about the president, but I could understand nothing beyond the name. The horrible idea occurred to me that he might have accepted the amendment to the X article of the league of nations; or that Senator Lodge, or perhaps Hiram Johnson, threw a bomb at him. I sent out Matys to find exactly what the commotion was about. Matys was almost breathless with excitement as he returned a few minutes later with a newspaper in his hand. **"The president is insane,"** he stammered, and he laid before me the paper containing the following headline in a four-inch type:

### PRESIDENT'S ILLNESS SERIOUS LESION OF THE BRAIN, DOCTORS SAY

Never in my life did I get in such a rage as this piece of news provoked in me. "What incredible idiots these doctors and the editors are," I said to Matys after I somewhat calmed. "Of course, the president's brain is loose, and always was so. I knew that when he was presidential candidate for the first time; that was the very reason why I reversed by policy and contributed to the Democratic campaign twice as much as I did to the Republican. At the bankers' conference in New York when we then arrived unanimously at the opinion that Wilson's mind was weaker and much more plastic than that of T. R. But what's the object of letting the cat out of the bag at this time?"

Matys gazed at me in astonishment. "Do you really mean to say that you supported Wilson in his presidential aspirations despite your knowledge of the cracked condition of his brain? How did you expect him to carry on the business of the country?"

"We never expect the president to conduct the affairs of the country; we do this ourselves. Did we not have Barney Baruch, Julius Rosenwald, Schwab and Redfield helping him? Even in Paris we had our men, pushing our interests to the front. The president devoted most of his time to gambling. He played solitaire for fabulous sums, and, according to his panegyrical biographer, kept an accurate record of his gains and losses. He never kept accurate records of anything else. And yet he became a great president. In popularity he reached a point never attained by a mental weakling before. This attests to the omnipotence of our press."

"Your political machinery is still in good order," said Matys; "you still have the power to elect the president, as well as any other official. I freely concede that you can take any half-wit from an asylum for the feeble-minded and make of him a popular statesman. The process is simple: After you have your man selected you place him in the hands of a skillful politician to teach him several absolutely meaningless phrases. Next, you hire a circus man, who will give him lessons in gesticulations—train him like a monkey. Then you spend a couple of million dollars in having him exhibited thruout the whole country and have him to demonstrate his dignified motions and repeat his phrases like a parrot. Then, if you place a sufficient number of your agents at the polls, well supplied with $1 bills and 'visum repertums' for Scotch whiskey, your victory shall be an easy one (because the American people are intelligent, you know). But what are you going to do with victory? The worker will present to you his claims, **irrational more than ever,** and he will use his **industrial** power to enforce them—you can fool them no more. Governmental cabinets have of late become groups of mere puppets. The seat of omnipotence is now in the process of transition from capitalism and its political

fakirs into the hands of labor. The One Big Union idea is the one big menace to your rule, and you haven't done anything as yet to check its phenomenal growth. There is a big job still ahead of you."

Maybe the warning Matys was giving me was good, but I had no time to analyze it or act upon it; my mind was preoccupied with the administration scandal that was being so thoughtlessly advertised in the press. I realized that if we are to retain the business advantages and benefits derived from President Wilson's administration, the news concerning the interior of his head must be promptly suppressed. Hence, I dismissed Matys from my company, went to the hotel lobby and dispatched a code message to a lawyer who represented my interests in the city of New York. I instructed him to see immediately Mr. William Randolph Bristlebane and offer him a sum up to $200,000 as a recompense for keeping the reports concerning the president's mental state out of his press.

The following morning I went to New York in person. There I called into conference seven of the leading financiers. When I explained the harmful possibilities of exhibiting the mental shortcomings of our chief executive they all agreed to make a liberal contribution to the cause—thus the day was saved.

## CHAPTER VIII

### How the Coal Diggers Spoiled My Winter's Vacation

The steel slaves, who were on strike for several weeks already, have been almost subdued. Judge Garcia and General Wood assure me that they have the situation well under control, that my bastile was doing effective service and our victory was already in sight. So I intended to go for a couple of months to Palm Beach for a rest. No sooner did I give my orders to Okakura to pack my trunks for the contemplated vacation than the coal miners came out with fantastic demands and threw down their tools. The situation appeared very dark, because the fuel supply at hand was hardly sufficient for a month. Fortunately the law was on our side; President Wilson and Mr. Palmer soon discovered that the war was not over yet. Strike was an act of treason, giving aid and comfort to the Kaiser at his wood pile. That was an admirable idea, sufficient in itself to prove that at least 2 per cent of the cells in the president's brain were still alive. While the government's machinery was set in motion in behalf of our cause—to suppress a criminal strike, a funny incident happened which is worth noting here. Mr. McAdoo made a squeal about my 2000 per cent profit during the war. Of course it is a trifle more than he made on the New York tunnel, it is even more than the government realized on the railroads under his management; but there are no limits to profits a shrewd business man can make. Obviously, McAdoo wants to run for president on the red ticket while Debs is serving his penitentiary term.

Well, we soon succeeded in having the strike called off, but the production of coal was not resumed and the situation was assuming an alarming aspect. I was becoming nervous because the officials at Washington would not guarantee that the government would succeed in breaking the strike, illegal though it was. The officials of the A. F. of L., while sympathizing with us as usual, shared the consternation of the government and admitted that they lost control of the rank and file of the coal diggers, that they could not get them back to work without offering them substantial inducements. I was willing to grant them a 20 per cent increase, providing the government would allow us to raise the coal about 40 per cent. To this Dr. Garfield objected. Of course, the government would not break its time-honored custom of allowing us anything we wanted, but he feared that the Reds might interpret this as an attempt at profiteering and cause new complications. Therefore, with the popularity of the fourteen points in our minds, we decided to set the wage increase at 14 per cent and postpone for a few weeks the doubling of the price of coal. It was also understood that the president would make generous promises to the men. Promises of the president will make a good impression, and they will not be binding upon us. Under this arrangement Dr. Garfield thought he could easily induce the strikers to resume work.

Although the outlook for resuming the operation of the mines was fair, the demonstration of the coal diggers' power alarmed me. I could not help but realize that our power was slipping away from us. Of what use shall it be to us to control the government, or dictate laws favorable to our interests, if the working class form the habit of disregarding orders of the authorities, defy the laws and ridicule injunction? because, should the miners resume work, as is expected, the credit will be due to the cunning and chicanery of the president, rather than to their respect for the law. The proper thing for the business man and the government to do now is to keep the workers from becoming conscious of their strength.

Before a week elapsed it became apparent that Dr. Garfield's proposal, and, especially the president's generous promises, were sending the miners back to work. I was anxious to know what Matys thought of the situation now, because when the strike broke out he predicted that the miners would win. I summoned him to the library, where we usually held our discussions upon sociological and economic problems.

I was reading the Chicago Daily News when Matys came in. "Are you following the movements of the strike?" I asked him, as he accommodated himself in the chair on the opposite side of the table.

"Not now any more, the strike is lost."

"Lost for whom?"

"The miners, of course," he replied with disgust. These fools return to work with no more tangible an inducement before them than the word of the president, now, when they needed to wait only three or four days more and they would get everything they wanted: six-hour day, five-day week, and

they could dictate almost any wages they pleased."

"But the settlement we are offering them is fair."

Matys said nothing, but laughed; so I read to him the two ensuing paragraphs of an editorial in the Daily News:

**"The Crisis and the Issue."**

"Chicago now faces a grave condition instead of a mere probability. The coal shortage is acute. Drastic measures of conservation have had to be adopted. More are to follow. Railroad service has been curtailed; so-called non-essential industries—which are essential to those who earn their living in those industries—are deprived of coal. The business day has been reduced to six and a half hours. It is to be made still shorter next week. The daily loss to labor and to those who conduct business enterprises is tremendous.

"Where does the responsibility for all this rest? At the present time it rests with the leaders of the organized miners. The national cabinet and the fuel administration fumbled the issue at first, but the final proposal made by Dr. Garfield and approved on its merits by the entire cabinet was eminently fair, reasonable and sound. It offered the miners full justice, if not immediately, certainly in the near future. It granted them an increase in wages to cover the exact ascertained increase in the cost of living. It provided for a commission to study and remove all other grievances and maladjustments in the industry."

"You are right," he said. "The whole administration agrees with you and Dr. Garfield that your proposal is eminently fair and sound, that it offered the miners full justice, if not immediately, certainly in the near future, and offered them an increase in wages to cover the exact ascertained increase in the cost of living. It provided for a commission (this is very important) to study and remove all other grievances, etc., etc., etc.

"The government offers full justice, but not immediately; of course not—there is now hurry with justice—but, why is it, sir, that if the government takes a notion to do injustice or violence to something or somebody, as, for instance, the I. W. W.'s, why is it, sir, that the brutality is committed immediately?

"Why is it that you offer the slaves an increase in wages to cover the exact ascertained increase in their cost of living?? Suppose the 80,000 toilers who are slaving for you in your coal mines, steel mills, your steamships and a score of other fields, should organize into one big union and appoint a commission to ascertain the exact amount of profits you need, to pay for your three meals a day, the upkeep of your wardrobe, etc., with an occasional dime for movies, and an occasional two bits for castor oil or epsom salts"—

"That's enough," I cried, interrupting him. "You are an anarchist; it's talk like that that's undermining the discipline of labor and destroying the fabric of the government."

Matys apologized. He admitted that he made an irrational digression from the subject. He also admitted that the offer the government was extending to the miners was generous beyond all precedents—"but," he concluded, "what would you do about it should the miners reject Mr. Garfield's correct figures? You are not dealing with justice; it's power you are confronting. Should you become accosted by a lion in the jungle, you would not stop to argue about justice; more likely you would climb the nearest tree. Superior power recognizes no laws or injunctions of a lesser power. The American proletariat is a lion which is as yet unconscious of its power. But Nicolai Lenin, the archangel of the wage slave, is sounding his mighty trumpet day and night. Well, sir, I predict that, before a year elapses, the American slave will be wide awake—then we shall have a new interpretation of justice, a new code of morality and a new aspect upon the purpose of life."

"The only conclusion I can draw from your talk is that you favor Bolshevism. Your radical proclivities are a puzzle to me, because you are above the proletariat. You wear clean clothes, you work less than six hours per day and less than five days in the week, and perhaps you have a substantial bank account to your credit. Why should you wish to wreck a system which is benevolent to you?"

"Surely, this is an absurd guess you are venturing at my conviction. The fact is that I would do everything in my power to save capitalism if I thought that it could still be saved, because I believe that with your patronage I have the chance to become the president of the United States, or shall you yourself take the job? I would become to you what Kernel House is to President Wilson; I would become the American Rasputin. Unfortunately, the doom of capitalism is sealed. Capital and labor are clinched in a mortal struggle; in my capacity of a philosopher, I foresee the proletariat emerging from the conflict victorious, but there exists no affinity between my prescience and my political sentiments; you may wish your friend to recover and at the same time realize that his case is hopeless; on the other hand, you may wish your rich uncle to die and dream about the adventure you would have with the money that he would leave you, even if all circumstances indicate that his lease upon temporal sojourn has a better standing than yours."

"Do you really believe that the One Big Union dragon shall have its teeth fully developed within a year? ? ? ? "

"Yes, sir, the next summer shall be the hottest in the history of our republic."

I was getting an acute headache, so I dismissed Matys and summoned my physician.

The end of the First Part

EDITOR'S NOTE—Von Belvedere is at present on a yachting excursion in the southern waters. As soon as his nerves recuperate from the strain of his strike worries he will commence to write the second and the most romantic part of his story.

# The Servile Press

By Covington Ami

"When last heard from our old friend Gene Debs, who is to be the Socialist candidate for president, had established campaign headquarters in the Atlanta Penitentiary."—From the New Orleans (La.) Daily States, official organ of the "Democratic" party, national, state and city, April 17, 1920.

Disloyal to humanity and traitors to their class,
They curse the great Altrurians and stone them as they pass.
Too slaved to thrill to liberty, too lost for truth to lure.
To them no soul is sacred and to them no heart is pure.
They earn the wage of helotry—they sell themselves for crusts.
They fight for Mammon's garbage and they pander to his lusts;
Yea! cleaner than these wretches who kill Freedom for their bread,
The ghouls that rob the tombs to sell the bodies of the dead.




As the Chicago Evening Post sees the I. W. W.—and




As the I. W. W. sees the Chicago Evening Post and all the rest of the capitalist press.

# A WORKER'S VIEW

By J. H. L., Card No. 700094

I am still young in years, not yet 32. My physical condition is pretty good, regardless of the long, weary hours of toil that my brain and body have endured while being a useful worker in the industries. My usefulness is a great asset to my employers, as they take the products of my labor, for which they pay me the "going wages," which is just enough to bring me back on the job, for the next day's work.

My mentality is a worker's. I see things with the eyes of a worker. I have always been a worker, since I was able to work, and I never want to be anything but a "worker. There are many kinds of workers in present-day society. Some of them are useful, while some are useless. The useless workers could be entirely eliminated and will be, when the workers' regime will have been established and the system of exploitation of men, women and children for the benefit of those who maintain and carry on this exploitation is abolished. How? you ask. As you read on I will tell you how.

Remember, I see things with the eyes of a worker. In my worker's brain I have conceived of and know how the workers' regime will establish itself. The structure of the workers' society is placed on solid foundations, and as the structure is reared within the shell of the present decaying, crumbling, capitalistic system it bears no earmarks of the old regime of robbery and chaos.

The new society that is being built has these fundamental principles upon which it builds: **Real Freedom** for those who work. The full social product of the labor of those who work. No place for parasites! The right to labor (work) shall never be denied anybody. Many hands makes the task easy. The right to choose the industry in which one is best equipped to work and go through the different departments of the chosen industry, just as you become proficient and ready to go a step higher to the next department, and so on until you have gone on through the industry. In the industries as managed today the workers are held on irksome, monotonous tasks until their motions become almost as automatic as the machines which they operate. There ceases to be a co-ordination of hand and brain. Right here is where the workers' industrial progress comes to a stop. Under the workers' management of the industries these evils will be removed. Your inventiveness will be given free play. In other words, you can and will apply the better ways of doing the task. Your ideals will be applied, and not locked up in archives until some one sees a chance to make "a gold brick" with them, at the expense of the workers.

The machine process, the Machine Age, will be ushered in. Not a single task will be done by man or horse, where a machine can do the work instead. Right now there are plenty of machines ready to do the work, but the want must be backed up by that dollar, so it is at the behest of the moneyed class as to how soon the machine should be applied. Then what would they do with the idle workers which the machine displaces? I say the capitalist class are damming up the "river of progress", and at their cost and peril let it be. The river will flow seaward; despite them it will break down their dams and be free.

Yes, we will usher in the machine age. We workers will operate these machines and produce the means of life in abundance, then use them to round out a healthy, happy, a-few-minutes-work-a-day life.

Our products will not be sold! No! You couldn't buy a pair of shoes with all the money you could carry in a big sack. We won't sell anything, not even our labor-power, which is all we workers ever have to sell. We **use** what we produce. We invite you as a fellow worker to come into industry and work; then you, too, will have the right to the full social product of your labor. The aged and the infirm will be well cared for. Yes, come into industry and do your part for a few minutes each day, while some of the workers are on a vacation, seeing the world and meeting their fellow workers in other climes. When they return from their vacation, why, then it's your turn. Oh, yes—the trains, ships, aeroplanes, autos, etc., are all for use. Get on!

Remember these are just a few of the joys that will come from living in an era of workers' management. The new order will give us economic freedom. No longer will we have to place our labor-power (our bodies, our talents) on the altar of Mammon.

We bring about the above described era? how? Why, by organization! What kind of an organization? Just this: a strictly workers' organization, open for membership to all who work—men, women, kiddies, all races, all creeds, all colors of workers. It embraces all of them and will be embraced by all of them. The plan of unionizing these workers is the **industrial plan.** They can't be organized on the craft trade plan because in the main they have no craft or trade. They are unskilled!

The American Federation of Labor has most of the skilled workers lined up in something like 27,000 different local unions, 27,000 divisions! Are they united or divided? There are approximately 40,000,000 workers in the U. S. A. The A. F. of L., after all these years, has a membership around 5,000,000 (?). Why haven't they organized the other 35,000,000 workers? Did you ever try to break into their "job trust"? They have a closed book system when any members are idle. The high initiation fee will usually block you, and if that don't, why, a few catchy questions in examination will fix you.

The A. F. of L. in the main is filled with "aristocrats of labor," who view their fellow workers from

a point of advantage, so they think. Their vision is so limited, their plans so petty, that they can not see that the machine process is putting them on a level with the unskilled worker, the workers who are so much "below" them! Verify the above statements by an honest survey of the machine process, as it daily takes away the skilled worker's job. The unskilled worker, with the improved tool or machine, can do the job that formerly required the skill of the craftsman. Do I have to mention a few of the machines that displace the tradesman, or will you wake up and see the process going on every day in the industries in which you work? The ever-growing power of the capitalist class has put craft unions in the background when it comes to a struggle on the economic field. They are no longer able to cope with the industrial conditions of today and the craft-union members are clamoring for One Big Union. They are ready for industrial organization and will be compelled to break the bonds of craft unionism and come into the union of their class, i. e., the Industrial Workers of the World. And when industrial unionism is numerically strong enough it will take control of industry and carry on production and distribution, doing away with all the crime, poverty and misery that goes hand in hand with the present-day society.

I said before that I have a worker's mentality and see things with the eyes of a worker, and I say once more that I don't want to be anything else but a worker. Will you join me and work for the greatest movement on earth—Industrial Unionism?

# Deportation

By Covington Ami

Eastward bound to the rising sun
To answer Destiny's call
Outlawed by the powers of greed
Because we dared to sow the seed
Of freedom for one and all.

Eastward we're sailing, sailing toward the sun
Tis a bright light, a great light
It shall disperse the shadows of night
Then we'll know our work's well done.

And the puny efforts of plutes and kings
Can't stay the power of light
And in that land across the sea
For freedom we'll unite.

For the sun will rise and rise in the east
In spite of predatory man or beast
And none will fast while others feast
When the world comes out of the night.

Why do you tremble, Master?
Is it because you fear the light?
Are you not secure in your plunder
When you mumble "Might is right."

Bring the brandy and soda, James
He needs a good stiff drink
He may be a useful worker
When his slaves begin to think.

# Yield Not to the Boss

By Eugene Barnett

Written by one of the Centralia defendants in the Grey's Harbor County Jail, December, 1919

Yield not to the boss, boys, for yielding is a sin;
Each concession that you gain will help another win.
Don't stand for long hours, low wages and disdain;
Join the One Big Union, true freedom attain.

Chorus

Be a fearless rebel, class-conscious, bold and true;
Join the One Big Union; you'll win, boys, if you do.

Don't wait for your freedom until you are dead;
Join the One Big Union and get a card of red.
United we are standing, boys; divided we will fall,
For workers' solidarity means freedom for us all.
(Chorus)

The master class are pirates, boys, who rob us by the law.
They tell us it's the proper thing, but that is much too raw.
But let us change the rules, boys, and make them produce, too,
For with the One Big Union it's an easy thing to do.
(Chorus)

# Cries from the Web of Wage Slavery

By D. S. DIETZ

To hades with a system that thwarts our plan,
To live as men ought to dwell,
And drives us to hie from pillar to post,
Our labor seeking to sell.

The art and skill and the love in our ranks—
None can deny it the Rebs—
To the human fold and ourselves, 'tis lost,
Where the human spider webs.

Two million men with a spirit of pride,
All bachelors sadly adrift—
Refuse to burden a wife with the shame
Of a toiler's niggardly shift.

Two million children are caught in the snare
To enhance the spider's play;
And teachers are told to teach that it's right
To do as the spiders say.

And spiders will spend a million or more
To keep a spider from jail
And treble the sum to jail the wage-men
Who seek the unfettered trail.

# Get More Technical Knowledge

By R. BRUNER

"'I do not care to have you think later that I have taken advantage of you, so I'll tell you my terms now, Mr. Pitcairn. I charge $1.00 an hour for this type of work'" I said to the miner.

"He blinked a little but accepted the terms. At that time he typified all that is foolish, if not detestable in a working man—from a lack of class consciousness to the greatest of all, that of truckling and singing the praises of his 'bosses.'

"Therefore I half hoped my price would be too high and I tolerated him only because Old Man Finance was about to turn his back upon me completely. Lessons began.

"Here was a man of about thirty years aspiring to be a mine foreman in a state requiring an examination involving mathematical knowledge in some cases as high as trigonometry and a rather comprehensive knowledge of geology and chemistry. The man claimed four years' high school training, yet he had forgotten the way to operate with decimal fractions. Add to that the amazing fact that he had allowed himself scarcely two months for the preparation and you will have a brief resumé of a situation that can best be designated as 'nervy.' I admired his nerve but was staggered at the part I was to play in it.

"He really progressed so that I felt my discouragement had been partially unwarranted, and one night during lessons (on time he was paying for) when marsh gas and stink-damp were under discussion he almost stunned me by saying: 'We could get better conditions if we were ORGANIZED! The company won't even timber right unless we **make** 'em. We have no organization in this camp.'

"I believe I gave him an extra half hour free that night, but it was worth it to hear what I'd been classing as a 'scissor' utter the statement. It showed me that there was a growing sense of a need of class solidarity—even in this scab camp, and among aspirants to the job of 'mine foreman.'"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The above quotation is taken from a letter I recently received from a cousin of mine in Utah (with his permission). It seems significant of that need emphasized by the first precept of the I. W. W., **EDUCATION.**

A criticism tendered us by the deceased H. L. V. was to the effect that we were merely a propaganda league and tho all true rebels must share the common contempt his suicide has called down upon himself, at the same time we probably read his "thirty pieces of silver" article more closely and more analytically and more introspectively than any other group of people, and while we bitterly deny his allegations as the pratings of a scared youth, we declare anew that our first great precept does not stop at propaganda work (tho it is of vast importance!) but includes a thoro study of the technique of all industry. If the understanding of your industry involves a knowledge of mathematical formulas, as does mining, then there is a point of departure for following the precept, "**Education.**" If a study of physics is needed, as it is in scientific agriculture—then study physics. If a knowledge of any scientific principles have a relation to your industry, grasp at an understanding of those principles—for, "tho no man knoweth the hour," it surely is approaching rapidly, when an industrially democratic world must call upon every reliable man or woman with sufficient technical knowledge to be responsible for industries controlled by workers.

Unfortunately, at present, too many of the people who possess this scientific skill are with the enemy, the bourgeoise. Some, a few, would come over rapidly if the turn were obviously made by others, by us more lowly of the proletariat who do not know the technique so thoroly—but many more of these—of our class—who draw soul-subsidizing salaries, would hold back stubbornly while we who are ready and waiting, shouting ever, "It can't come too soon to suit me," would be forced to see our boasted industrial era of democracy halted by our own ignorance of technique. We may paraphrase a statement of the Crucified Wobbly by saying, "The wages of Ignorance is Chaos," and as long as ignorance exists we are sure to have a wages system, with the wages paid in chaos and delay.

Similarly to the way many red rebels refuse to read capitalist papers, we eschew as "non-revolutionary" the appropriation of the sort of knowledge needed by heads of our industries. What matter, if under our present system we haven't a ghost of a chance, and could never consent to acquiring some of the **qualifications** needed? Get the knowledge, which differs from the despised remaining qualifications. Technical skill is the very pulse of industry; you have what your specialized portion of your industry requires; get more, so that when our historic mission is achieved we will have the required number of pilots to steer us thru the sea of transition. To refer again to the comparison between the man who sneers at the necessity of knowing "why his boss is his boss" and the rebel, who refuses to read the capitalist press, it must be stated that the editors of our own papers have in their editorial rooms and on their desks piles of your despised papers of capitalism and they recognize in them the pulse beat of the enemy. They are diagnosing and simplifying what they find there and presenting it to you. How can you fight your enemy successfully unless you know his position? and how can you conquer and revolutionize industry unless you thoroly know its technique? **Education!** apply it. Learn your industry with a view to being one of those captains who will be able to correlate its various achievements when capitalism shall have collapsed.

# The 12th Annual Convention of the I.W.W.

### A Few Extracts From the Minutes

The Twelfth Annual Convention of the I. W. W. adjourned just as we were about to go to press. The following are some extracts from the minutes, s lected while the forms were held open.

### May 10, 1920

Convention called to order at 10 a. m. by General Secretary-Treasurer Thomas Whitehead, who, after a few brief remarks, called for nominations for a temporary chairman. Fellow Workers James Rowan and Tom Doyle were nominated. F. W. Rowan elected temporary chairman.

Nominations for temporary recording secretary. F. W. G. Hardy elected.

Number of delegates present: G. R. U., one delegate, 15 votes; M. T. W. I. U. No. 8, five delegates, 17 3-5 votes each, total 88;M. M. W. I. U. No. 300, three, 10 2-3 votes each, total 32; S. B. W. I. U. No. 325, one, 8 votes; A. W. I. U. No. 400, five, 15 2-5 votes each, total 77; L. W. I. U. No. 500, six, 40 1-2 votes each, total 243; C. W. I. U. No. 573, five, 15 3-5 votes each, total 78; R. R. W. I. U. No. 600, one, 13 votes; M. M. W. I. U. No. 800, three, 37 1-2 votes each, total 112; T. W. I. U. No. 1000, one, 27 votes; H. R. & D. W. I. U. No. 1100, two, 6 1-2 votes each, total 13; P. & P. W. I. U. No. 1200, one, 2 votes; F. S. W. I. U. No. 1500, one, 1 vote. Total number delegates, 35; total votes 694.

The rules committee recommended the election of the following committees: Resolutions committee, ways and means committee, grievance committee, constitution committee, education and literature committee. Carried.

Fellow Worker George Hardy was elected permanent chairman and Fellow Worker R. . Brown permanent recording secretary.

### Second Day—May 11

Moved and seconded that stenographer's report be taken and placed on file and that a condensed report be made from the stenographer's report and published.

The following telegram was ordered sent to the class war prisoners:

**Delegates assembled at the Twelfth Annual Convention of the Industrial Workers of the World extend their hearty greetings to all class war prisoners now suffering in the jails and penitentiaries, and resolve to do all in our power to the end that all will be released.**

The report of the General Executive Board (see pages 14-16 of this issue) was then read, accepted, and recommendations referred to the various committees.

Moved and seconded that Gordon Cascaden be seated as the press agent of the convention and that no delegates' names be published. Carried.

Moved and seconded that a referendum committee be elected. Carried.

### Third Day—May 12th

The general secretary-treasurer rendered his report, as follows:

**Report of General Secretary-Treasurer**

It is vitally important that practical problems confronting your organization should occupy your foremost attention, both at this, or any convention of the I. W. W.

Past conventions have been chiefly occupied in tinkering with the constitution, to the neglect of those problems, the solving of which alone is the best guide in constructing a constitution suitable for a revolutionary industrial organization.

**Finances**

The funds of the organization are to it as the blood to the body and must freely circulate or disastrous results must inevitably follow. No hoarding of funds in order to show a large bank balance, while obligations to other parts of the organization are neglected, should be tolerated.

Our motto, "An injury to one is an injury to all," is applicable in a case of this kind, as well as in the usual sense we generally apply it.

The question of increasing the dues will come before you for consideration and should be considered from all angles. A remarkable exchange relation between commodities has taken place during the last few years, in which the purchasing power has declined, while all other commodities have soared sky high.

However, in considering this question we must never lose sight of our object, namely, to organize the workers for emancipation from slavery thru industrial organization; therefore, while it may be found necessary to raise the dues, let us endeavor to keep the amount within the reach of all workers.

We should just as carefully consider if our funds are being used in the best possible manner. Take, for instance, the printing of bulletins by the industrial unions, one industrial union issued three bulletins, one for each district; another industrial union printed a paper once a month for a time, no effort being made to replace their cost. It would be interesting to have the data, showing the cost to the industrial unions for the year, for if it could be shown that the increase in membership by their aid did not cover the cost, it would virtually mean that funds were used that should properly go to paying their debts, and I feel confident that this is what actually occurred. Another angle to be considered is to what extent the bulletins given away free influence adversely the sale of our papers, thus causing them to be run at a loss, because this affects the general office two ways; first, because the general office is called upon to meet the deficit of the papers, and secondly, to the extent that publication of bulletins cause the industrial unions to be unable to meet their obligations to the general office.

Another great drain on the funds of the industrial unions is the present method of running industrial union district offices. We have had ample opportunity to discover that they are nothing more than a duplication of offices for the duplication of the same work, entirely unnecessary, and the only advantage gained that I can discover is that duplicate cards can be supplied to a member quicker—surely a tremendous price for so small an advantage. Surely supply offices could obtain the same results with from 50 to 75 per cent less office help and considerable less office furniture required.

In my financial report you will be told of the various debts of the industrial unions to the gen-

eral office. These figures cover total debts, which includes large amounts of supplies that have from time to time been confiscated in many raids during the past few years, including Freedom certificates, Defense stamps of all kinds, as well as organization supplies and literature.

As it is impossible to know what amount of each item as charged on the books have been confiscated, it appears to me that there are only two practical ways to deal with this question. One is that each industrial union should take an inventory of supplies on hand, in the main office, district and branch offices, and in the hands of the delegates at a time of the year when there is the smallest amount of activity in the field, or, if this method is considered too expensive, then set a date, say December 31, 1918, and the debt as shown on the books on that date be cancelled and deducted from the total debt.

During the past year the industrial unions have also become indebted to the general office, but they have a great deal of supplies on hand, which are an asset against this debt, and we need not worry about that part of the debt.

What we are concerned about is the actual debt owed for the supplies sold, and the bigger the industrial union the larger the actual debt for supplies sold for which they have received payment.

While these industrial unions are behind in their per capita by thousands of dollars, the greatest debts are for supplies that cost the general office the heaviest to replace, such as buttons, literature, card cases, etc.

Anticipating the question, "Is 15 cents per capita sufficient?" I would answer decidedly yes, provided prompt payment by the industrial unions of the per capita and all supplies sold during the month, as shown by the monthly statement issued by them, is made. No secretary should be allowed to please himself about remitting for same while funds are on hand to cover same.

Should district offices still be operated as they have in the past, they certainly should be prevented from acting like Seattle District Office of the Lumber Workers did a year ago, keeping month after month from four to five thousand dollars in the bank for the bank to get benefit from, while the main office needed the money to meet its bills, but could not get it.

Twice the main office sent an organization committeeman half way across the continent to try to get them to loosen up, but without avail, making a further great loss to the industrial union.

With the above system put into operation, and no laggards allowed to tamper with it, the general office would have ample funds to keep up its stock of supplies, get out fresh and up-to-date literature, and be able to place organizers in the field to aid the young and weaker industrial unions and break new ground in other industries not organized at all.

We are getting nowhere by building a few large industrial unions while others are left weak, and in a great number of industries no field work attempted.

If, I repeat, the above system is adopted and enforced, any increase in dues should go to the industrial unions and this would aid them to meet the above requirements and the amount of increase determined with this end in view.

### Publications

The Hungarian, Russian and Croatian papers have at all times during the year been self-sustaining; several were gradually reducing their deficit until the Centralia tragedy, and the raid on the general office that occurred in January. Others that were continually going behind had to be dropped, as the financial drain became too heavy. The Croatian paper stopped for lack of an editor, after Fellow Worker Verbanac, upon persistent calls for his services as organizer on the Iron Range and elsewhere, finally left with the intention of returning after two weeks, but never did return.

This paper has $500 in the general office funds. Every effort has been made to get the papers to the subscribers at a very heavy cost, and it seems almost impossible to get bundle orders to the Pacific coast, so that the deficits are becoming alarming, Solidarity, for instance, during the month of March going $400 to the bad and during April $600. The One Big Union Monthly has had some varied experiences. At one time it was over $1,000 behind, but during the summer months it overcame this handicap and had several hundred dollars to its credit, but the reverse is now true, as shown by the April report. The condition, however, is not as bad as it looks, because a large edition of the May issue was paid for in April and the returns should materially reduce the deficit. I presume Fellow Worker Sandgren will give you a more detailed report concerning this magazine.

The General Executive Board in its report touches on a number of subjects, making repetition unnecessary; also the secretary-treasurer of the General Defense committee, I believe, will give you a report for the committee, so I shall not touch on Defense matters except to say that after the last convention there was no defense committee, so that I am solely responsible for any mistakes, if any did occur, till Fellow Worker Haywood was released from Leavenworth, when a committee was organized consisting of industrial union secretaries and editors located at the general office and the general secretary-treasurer, and at our first meeting Fellow Worker Haywood was elected general defense secretary, and this action was ratified by the executive board at their August meeting.

In conclusion it is my desire that you above all things make provision to relieve the financial strain on the general office, so that my successor, whoever, he may be, shall not be hampered by troubles of this nature.

We have a bright future before us. We have stood the test of the most brutal persecution, thus providing the virility of the I. W. W. beyond question. Yours for Industrial Solidarity.

(Signed) THOS. WHITEHEAD,
General Secretary-Treasurer.

Moved and seconded that report be accepted as read and that same be printed with a synopsis of report of this convention in full, subject to any correction.

Amended, that secretary-treasurer furnish the delegates with a copy of financial report as soon as possible and have same published in the I. W. W. papers and magazines and that it be turned over to new business also. Amendment carried.

### ORGANIZATION RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR FISCAL YEAR APRIL 1, 1919, TO APRIL 1, 1920

| 1919 | Receipts | Disbursements |
|---|---|---|
| April 1, cash balance on hand | $ 8,230.51 | |
| April 30th, receipts | 17,022.95 | $14,192.77 |
| May 31 | 16,669.38 | 17,461.65 |
| June 30 | 15,932.85 | 15,839.57 |
| July 31 | 20,713.45 | 18,846.99 |
| August 31 | 23,625.01 | 23,967.04 |
| September 30 | 42,626.21 | 24,504.00 |
| October 30 | 20,839.51 | 22,029.16 |
| November 30 | 31,949.70 | 46,176.33 |
| December 31 | 13,503.92 | 12,195.09 |
| 1920 | | |
| January 31 | 10,515.86 | 9,767.74 |
| February 28 | 14,528.29 | 14,242.21 |
| March 31 | 16,559.72 | 14,104.51 |
| April 1 balance on hand and in bank | | 4,690.30 |
| | $247,517.36 | $247,517.36 |

## STATEMENT OF CONSOLIDATED INDUSTRIAL UNION LEDGER BALANCES AND DEBIT AND CREDIT BALANCES

**Industrial Union Consignment Ledger, March 31, 1920**

| Name and Number— | Debits | Credits | Debit Balances | Credit Bal. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| General Recruiting Union | $56,745.76 | $4,732.98 | $52,012.83 | |
| Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 8 | 28,501.11 | 2,525.67 | 25,975.44 | |
| Bakery Workers Industrial Union No. 46 | 649.00 | 180.00 | 469.00 | |
| Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 100 | 12,132.47 | | 12,132.47 | |
| Industrial Union No. 340 | 31.00 | 15.00 | 16.00 | |
| Metal and Machinery Workers Industrial Union No. 300 | 36,766.81 | 7,824.55 | 28,942.26 | |
| Ship Building Workers Industrial Union No. 325 | 5,361.15 | 669.28 | 5,681.87 | |
| Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 400 | 167,551.52 | 4,148.80 | 163,402.72 | |
| Fishermens Industrial Union No. 448 | 642.40 | 82.25 | 560.15 | |
| Oil Workers Industrial Union No. 450 | | 29.50 | | $29.50 |
| Rubber Workers Industrial Union No. 470 | 477.30 | 109.50 | 367.80 | |
| Furniture Workers Industrial Union No. 480 | 11,212.58 | 157.83 | 1,054.75 | |
| Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 500 | 525,500.68 | 21,530.40 | 503,970.28 | |
| Construction Workers Industrial Union No. 573 | 86,327.17 | 4,709.45 | 81,617.72 | |
| Railroad Workers Industrial Union No. 600 | 22,526.11 | 262.45 | 22,263.66 | |
| Industrial Union No. 616 | | 51.30 | | 51.30 |
| Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 700 | 8,506.55 | 230.40 | 8,276.15 | |
| Metal Mine Workers Industrial Union No. 800 | 120,984.99 | 4,940.42 | 116.044.57 | |
| Coal Mine Workers Industrial Union No. 900 | 23.75 | 20.00 | 3.75 | |
| Textile Workers Industrial Union No. 1000 | 20,515.60 | 1,064.66 | 19,450.94 | |
| Hotel, Restaurant and Domestic Workers I. U. No. 1100 | 13,898.95 | 504.95 | 13,394.00 | |
| Tobacco Workers Industrial Union No. 1150 | 2.25 | | 2.25 | |
| Printing and Publishing Workers Industrial Union No. 1200 | 1,928.79 | 376.98 | 1,551.81 | |
| Leather Workers Industrial Union No. 1250 | 28.05 | 47.75 | | 19.70 |
| G. D. Workers Industrial Union No. 1300 | 145.85 | 205.50 | | 59.65 |
| Glass Workers Industrial Union No. 1400 | | | | |
| Foodstuff Workers Industrial Union No. 1500 | 901.38 | 372.83 | 828.55 | |
| Totals | $1,112,351.22 | $54,792.40 | $1,057,718.97 | $160.15 |
| Credit balances | 160.15 | | 54,792.40 | |
| | $1,112,511.37 | | $1,112,511.37 | |

## INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD, MARCH 31, 1920

**Balance Sheet and Summary of Resources and Liabilities**
(Financial Statement General Organization, General Office)

**Resources**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cash on hand & in bank (Mid City Bk.) | $4,690.30 | |
| Petty cash in office (change box) | 255.00 | |
| Deposit to guar. lease on Workers Hall | 600.00 | |
| Total cash assets | | $315.30 |
| Inventory:— | | |
| Card cases and due books | $2,829.43 | |
| Buttons, pins, etc | 1,413.90 | |
| Literature | 9,420.93 | |
| Organization supplies | 1,202.96 | |
| Furniture, fixtures (main office) | 1,208.05 | |
| Total inventory | | 16,075.27 |
| Accounts receivable— | | |
| Individual or personal ledger | $3,853.01 | |
| Intl. Ptg. & Typstr. Co. acct. No. 1 | 2,255.60 | |
| Acct. No. 2 | 1,778.28 | |
| Due from publications— | | |
| gross deficits $8,756.01 | | |
| Less credit balances 1,625.56 | | |
| Balance due | $7,130.45 | |
| Bohemian Branch | 5.50 | |
| Total outstanding accounts | | $15,022.84 |
| Due from committees and unions: | | |
| Gen. Def. Com., Wash. | $ 204.000.00 | |
| Balance due from industrial unions | 1,057,558.82 | |
| | | 1,261,558.82 |
| Total | | $1,297,972.23 |

**Liabilities**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bureau of research fund | $500.00 | |
| Due on individual accounts | 350.00 | |
| Current accounts payable | 78.18 | |
| Linotype loan account | 735.00 | |
| General Defense Committee | 7,702.19 | |
| | | 9,365.37 |
| Net resources or surplus | | 1,288,606.86 |
| Grand total | | $1,297,972.23 |

Among the great amount of business transacted this day we note:

Resolution No. 2. "Whereas, the Russian workers have sent out a call for an Industrial International Conference of all radical labor organizations of the world, therefore be it

"Resolved, That this body goes on record as being in favor of the Industrial Workers of the World sending representatives to said conference."

Moved and seconded that Resolution No. 2 be concurred in and turned over to ways and means committee for immediate action. Carried.

Resolution No. 3. "Resolved that the dues of the I. W. W. be raised to one dollar ($1) per month."

Moved and seconded that esolution No. 3 be concurred in. Carried.

### Fourth Day—May 13

The referendum committee submitted the following voting blank in the matter of raising the dues to $1.00:

**Special Referendum**

Issued by the Twelfth Convention of the Industrial Workers of the World, May 12th, 1920.

OFFICIAL BALLOT

Mark an X in the square (yes) if in favor.

Mark an X in the square (no) if opposed.

That dues in the I. W. W. be raised to $1 per month.

YES ☐ NO ☐

Vote on this ballot and return it to the delegate or to your industrial union secretary in time to be tabulated and sent to the General Headquarters.

Name..... Card No.....

Dues paid for month of....., 1920

Card inspected by.....

The tabulated returns of the vote of industrial unions must be in the General Headquarters, 1001 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., July, 1920, in order to be counted.

(I. W. W. Seal) THOS. WHITEHEAD,
General Secretary-Treasurer.

Moved and seconded that this report of referendum committee be accepted. Carried.

In the matter of assessment stamps the following resolution was adopted: "That we go on record as in favor of having only two (2) assessment stamps throughout the organization; first, a Defense stamp, the total proceeds of same to go to the

General Defense, for defense and relief purposes; second, a General Organization stamp, for organization purposes, 50 per cent of same to go to the General Headquarters. All other assessment stamps, industrial union as well as general stamps, to be called in and be discontinued."

In the matter of selling **intoxicating liquors**, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That any person carrying a membership card in the I. W. W. who is upon sufficient proof found to be engaged in selling intoxicating liquor (bootlegging) that their card shall be taken up.

Resolution No. 25. Pertaining to **Defense Committees:**

Resolved, That the G. E. B. shall be responsible for the proper conducting of all defense work and shall devise ways and means of getting co-operation and proper centralization of effort in all cases. Local or district defense committees shall make complete report of all local affairs, including finances, in the same manner as branch secretaries and other officials of industrial unions. The general defense committee shall keep a complete index of all cases, which shall include date of arrest, date of trial, bondsman, and other information necessary to the handling of the defense. This shall be for the purpose of putting the defense in a position to properly handle all cases without overlooking any case and put them in a position to locate members out on bonds at any time.

Moved and seconded that Resolution No. 25 be concurred in. Carried.

### Fifth Day—May 14

Moved and seconded that we send a wire to **Fellow Worker Charles Krieger,** pledging the support of the delegates of this Convention in his trial now going on in Tulsa, Okla., as against the Standard Oil company, and that all members of the I. W. W. will remember Krieger while on the job. Carried.

Here the **Secretary-Treasurer of the General Defense Committee** rendered his report. The report was accepted subject to further reference.

Resolution No. 31. Whereas, the Unity Conference of the **Jewish Speaking Members** of the I. W. W. have succeeded in stopping the quarrels between the different factions of the Jewish speaking members of this organization; and whereas, it succeeded in an harmonious co-operation of all the Jewish speaking members throughout the country with the exception of Chicago, where they so far refused to participate and are working against the efforts of the Unity Conference by publishing a paper of their own; therefore be it

Resolved, That the delegates of the Twelfth Annual Convention of the I. W. W. go on record endorsing and favoring the work of said conference and will recognize only those publications and literature in the Jewish language which are issued under the supervision of the Unity Conference; and be it further

Resolved, That the G. E. B. shall withdraw all the financial and other support and refuse to issue the labels to any publication which is published by individuals or groups that are not a part of the Unity Conference of the Jewish speaking members of the I. W. W. in the U. S. A.

Moved and seconded that Resolution No. 31 be turned over to the incoming G. E. B. Motion withdrawn. Moved and seconded that we endorse the Jewish Unity Conference. Carried.

Resolution No. 32, **Foodstuff Workers Industrial Union No. 1500,** is made up of five industrial subdivisions, as follows:

1. Comprises all workers in grain and cereal mills, bakeries, biscuit factories, candy and confectionery shops, sugar refineries, fruit packing and canning plants.

2. Comprises all workers in butcher shops and meat packing houses, dairy and milk depot workers and deliverers, fisheries and fish packing houses.

3. Comprises all workers employed in making beverages (beer, soft drinks, etc.).

4. Comprises all workers employed in the manufacture of tobacco goods.

5. Comprises all workers in restaurants, lunch rooms.

Each subdivision includes all engineers, coopers, clerks, salesmen, etc. Each subdivision again is divided into branches, as many as may be necessary. All workers handling a certain product shall form a branch, as, for example, subdivision 1 shall be composed of five branches: Branch 1—All workers in flour and cereal mills. Branch 2—All workers in bakeries and biscuit factories. Branch 3—All workers in sugar refineries. Branch 4—All workers in candy and confectionery shops. Branch 5—All workers in fruit and canning plants.

Subdivision 2, Branch 1—All workers employed in meat packing houses. All those handling meat products and all by-products.

Branch 2—Dairy and milk depot workers and deliverers. Branch 3—Fisheries and fish packing houses.

Subdivision 3—No plans have been worked out. Subdivision 4—No plans have been worked out. Sudivision 5—Only one branch.

All workers in restaurants and lunch rooms.

Moved and seconded that the three unions, 46, 1100 and 1500, be consolidated into one union. Carried.

Moved and seconded that the Tobacco Workers be included in Resolution No. 32. Carried.

Resolution No. 36. Whereas, reports received from delegates of **Coal Mine Workers** Industrial Union No. 900, as well as resolutions received from certain branches of said Industrial Union No. 900 who were not able to send delegates to our Second Convention, are asking that headquarters for Industrial Union No. 900 be established; therefore be it

Resolved, That it is necessary to establish headquarters for Industrial Union No. 900. This will help to enlarge the industrial union mentioned, by bringing into its folds large bodies of workers who are dissatisfied with the A. F. of L.

Moved and seconded that we endorse the action of Industrial Union No. 800 in regard to No. 900 headquarters. Carried.

Resolution No. 42. Whereas, there is constant demand on the I. W. W. for **legal defense,** some of our members being arrested daily; and whereas, there is a difference of opinion among some of our members about legal defense; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the Resolutions Committee of the Twelfth I. W. W. Convention, urge upon the membership of the I. W. W. to speed up the work of organization in order that we may be able to use the general strike to open the jail doors and give our fellow workers back their freedom; and be it further

Resolved, That in the meantime we perfect our defense, so that we may get the best legal defense with the least expenditure of funds; and be it further

Resolved, That in raising funds our Defense Com-

mittee shall also carry on an agitation for the release of ALL Class War prisoners, and a campaign of publicity favorable to our organization.

Moved and seconded that Resolution No. 42 be concurred in. Carried.

Resolution No. 43. Whereas, the struggle of the working class for bettering its condition, ever since the earliest days of this class struggle, prove that **reforms** for the workers by leaders of the workers never have accomplished anything for them, but, on the contrary, reforms and leaders have always had the effect of keeping the workers in subjection and obedient to the wishes of the ruling class, thereby hampering the progress and diverting the true course of the inevitable change in society, therefore be it

Resolved, That we always preach and practice our only weapon—**Economic Direct Action**—in order to abolish the present system of exploitation.

Moved and seconded that Resolution No. 43 be concurred in. Carried.

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**Sixth Day—May 15**

Chairman reports sending wire to Charles Krieger. Wire read as follows:

Delegates in convention send you greetings and wish you every success. If adverse we urge members to slow up on the job, produce less, thereby curtailing the profits of the masters.

Chairman reads cablegram from Buenos Aires, Argentine, which reads:

Greetings for O. B. U.
(Signed) M. T. W. F. O. R. A., by Campo.
(Federation Obrera Regional Argentina.)

**Report of the Literature Committee**

Recommendation No. 1. We believe the I. W. W. needs entirely **new literature.**

Moved and seconded that Recommendation No. 1 be concurred in. Carried.

Recommendation No. 2. We believe this literature should consist of only a very few pamphlets of considerable length but should be mostly in the form of short leaflets, written in language that every slave can understand, and that new leaflets should be turned out all the time, dealing with every new development in the industrial field as fast as it arises.

Moved and seconded that Recommendation No. 2 be concurred in. Carried.

Recommendation No. 3. We suggest two pamphlets or booklets that should be written and published at once: (1) An analysis of the history, structure, ideals and methods of the A. F. of L. and other craft and so-called independent and industrial unions, and of the I. W. W., showing by comparison why the former is bound to fail and the latter to succeed.

Moved and seconded that Recommendation No. 3 be not concurred in. Motion Lost. Recommendation No. 3 concurred in.

Recommendation No. 4. A simply written description of how the I. W. W. will transform capitalism into the new society; how each individual fits into the scheme, and how the administration of all social processes will function precisely along the lines laid down by the I. W. W.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Recommendation No. 4. Carried.

Recommendation No. 5. An explanation of the attitude of the I. W. W. toward political action by labor. Carried.

Recommendation No. 6. The writing of **pamphlets** and booklets addressed to workers in **particular industries** should be initiated by the respective industrial unions, under the supervision and with the co-operation of General Headquarters.

Moved and seconded that we concur on Recommendation No. 6. Carried.

Recommendation No. 7. **Names of authors** should not appear on any literature put out by the I. W. W.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Recommendation No. 7. Carried.

Moved and seconded that we go on record to provide for a committee of three to act as an **educational board.**

Amended, that this matter be handed to the G. E. B. and that they be given power to create a committee of three for general education and propaganda if necessary. Amendment carried.

Moved and seconded that we take up report of editor of O. B. U. Monthly. Carried.

Report of editor of O. B. U. read. Moved and seconded that report be accepted and filed for future reference. Carried.

Recommendation No. 13. The chairman of the G. O. C. of each industrial union shall send out **questionnaires** to the members on the job, and endeavor in every possible way to gather information pertaining to his industry, with the object of compiling a handbook of industrial unionism as applied to that particular industry.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Recommendation No. 13. Carried.

Recommendation of **Ways and Means Committee:** Moved and seconded as substitute for the whole, that all industrial unions pay all money collected for the Defense since the inception of the I. W. W. and pay all per capita tax and cost of supplies sold since January 1, 1920. Substitute carried.

Moved and seconded that we return fraternal greetings to the Federacion Obrera Regional Argentina. Carried.

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**Seventh Day—May 17**

In the matter of **wages** to officials of the I. W. W. the following was carried:

New amendment to amendment: That all officials of the General Organizations elected by referendum shall each receive for their services $5 per day; and other employees shall be paid according to the discretion of the Secretary-Treasurer.

Moved and seconded that the O. B. U. Monthly be printed with 64 pages in increased size, using No. 1 print paper, and have three-color front cover and to sell for 25 cents. Carried.

Moved and seconded that financial statements be not printed in the O. B. U. Monthly. Carried.

Moved and seconded that we cease to print the names of all members arrested in the O. B. U. Monthly. Carried.

Resolution No. 17. That we go on record as being opposed to issuing **foreign language charters** to branches and that same be recommended to General Convention.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Resolution No. 17. Carried.

Resolution No. 18, I. U. No. 573, Seattle Branch. That **Chairman of G. E. B.** shall be the alternate

to the General Secretary-Treasurer and shall take his place in case of vacancy until such time as said vacancy is filled through proper channels, and shall be in headquarters at all times, except in emergency. Amended (He shall sign all checks with the Secretary-Treasurer.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Resolution No. 18. Carried.

Resolution No. 20. Resolved, That the following be entered in the by-laws: "That no member of one industrial union shall participate in a **business meeting of another Industrial Union**, except he be given special privilege or under "good and welfare."

Moved and seconded that we concur with Resolution No. 20. Carried.

Resolution No. 44. From M. T. W. to the General Convention. Resolved, That **M. T. W. I. U. No. 8** members working afloat other than river or harbor work shall be considered in good standing providing the member was in good standing at the time of leaving the port of shipment and has a paid-up card at that time; further, that all members must pay up dues to the nearest office or delegate immediately the member is paid off on the ship on his return, in order to be considered in good standing.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Resolution No. 44. Carried.

Communication from fellow workers in Leavenworth read.

Moved and seconded that this body instruct the General Secretary of Defense to send the necessary cash to fellow workers in jail.

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### Eighth Day—May 18

Amendment that all Class War Prisoners be given $1 per week (if needed). Carried.

#### International Relations

Recommendation No. 4. That an interchange of cards be adopted immediately, on the following basis:

A member of the **Shop Steward** and the **Workers Committee Movement** of Great Britain coming to the United States be given an I. W. W. card and be recognized as a member in good standing in the I. W. W. from the time he becomes a member of the Shop Stewards and Workers Committee movement. The same conditions to apply to a member of the I. W. W. entering Great Britain—providing he becomes a member of the Shop Steward and Workers Committee.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Recommendation No. 4. Carried.

Recommendation No. 5. Any **speakers** who may enter the United States from Great Britain will be given an open platform in the I. W. W. to advocate Revolutionary Industrial Unionism, the same condition to apply to the I. W. W. speaker in Great Britain. Note—All speakers should have the endorsement of their respective organizations.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Recommendation No. 5. Carried.

Recommendation No. 6. That we take immediate steps to have an **International Union Conference** called to bring together I. W. W. and Shop Stewards and Worker Committees of Great Britain and all organizations who believe in Economic Direct Action for the purpose of mutual assistance and further, to take what international action the workers see fit to take to prevent international calamities brought on by the economic contradiction of the capitalist system.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Recommendation No. 6. Carried.

Recommendation No. 7. That the Ways and Means Committee recommend that this Twelfth Annual Convention of the Industrial Workers of the World send this Resolution as the immediate basis for the **affiliation** of the I. W. W. and the **Shop Steward** and **Workers Committees of Great Britain** preceding the International Industrial Conference, which will take place as soon as possible.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Recommendation No. 7. Carried.

Recommendation No. 8. Whereas, the struggle of the working class throughout the world forced capitalism to internationalize in order to crush the mighty power of the workers and to prolong its existence on the back of the workers; and whereas, realizing the fact that the working class is the only class who will have to take possession of the means of production and distribution; therefore we recommend that the Industrial Workers of the World **support the Industrial International Conference of all Revolutionary Economic Bodies,** and do all within our power to bring the International Conference to action and the G. E. B. be given power to appoint said delegates to the conference.

Moved and seconded that the bringing about of an International Industrial Conference be left to the G. E. B. to be acted on immediately. Carried.

#### Industrial District Councils

Moved and seconded that General District Industrial Councils shall not use any dues or initiation fees as revenue. Carried.

Moved and seconded that **Industrial District** Councils shall be established to function in an industrial union in the same manner as the General Industrial District Coucil functions in the entire district, Industrial District Council to be composed of delegates from all the job or shop branches of one industry within a district. Its functions are the same as that of the district convention of an industrial union. It shall convene as often as conditions in its locality shall make it necessary. It is not necessary that a charter be granted. Carried.

In the matter of finances it was decided that the **financing** of the Industrial District Councils be left to the industrial unions.

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### Ninth Day—May 19

Resolution No. 51. That the incoming G. E. B. and Secretary-Treasurer take steps to bring about a **Unity Conference** of all labor unions in the United States and Canada which are squarely based on the principles of the class war and of revolutionary industrial unionism.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Resolution No. 51.

Amendment, that the incoming G. E. B. send **invitations** to all different radical and semi-radical organizations to send fraternal delegates **to our next convention,** with voice on affiliation matters only.

Amendment to amendment, that only fraternal delegates who are elected by the rank and file of other organizations be admitted to our convention.

Substitute for whole: That we make the motion

and amendment to read that we extend an **invitation** to all economic revolutionary organizations of the world **to send fraternal delegates** to the next I. W. W. convention, to be seated with a voice but no vote. Substitute put and carried.

Resolution No. 54. That shop or **job branches are the basic unit of the I. W. W.** and that wherever there are seven or more members on a job, they shall constitute themselves a shop or job branch, elect a job committee and job delegates to attend to urgent business meetings. No members should serve permanently on a committee. At each business meeting a new committee should be elected. All members should take their turn at serving on committees.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Resolution No. 54. Carried.

Resolution No. 56. Resolved, That we support the **Work People's College,** and urge industrial unions to send students to this college.

Moved and seconded that we concur with Resolution No. 56. Carried.

Constitution committee reports:

Resolution No. 26. Resolved, That **editors be chosen by the G. E. B.** instead of elected by referendum.

Resolution No. 26 concurred in.

Moved and seconded that we do away with **unnecessary duplication** of work in industrial unions' district offices. Carried.

Moved and seconded that the G. E. B. be instructed to send **speakers through the harvest fields** while harvest is on. Carried.

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### Tenth Day—May 20

Moved and seconded that the **General Defense Secretary be appointed** by and at all times be under the supervision of the General Executive Board. Carried.

Moved and seconded that the **chairman of the G. E. B.** sign all checks with the General Defense Secretary. Carried.

The roll call on raising the dues to $1 showed: **Yes,** 531 2-3; **No,** 144 1-3.

Moved and seconded that the old **G. E. B. leave two members in office** until the newly elected G. E. B. members get familiar with the duties of the office. Carried.

Moved and seconded that no member be elected as delegate to the general convention for two consecutive conventions. Carried.

Moved and seconded that we go on record as authorizing the G. E. B. to appoint a committee to be known as the **General Agitation Committee,** with power to raise funds, employ speakers, publish literature, and hold meetings for the purpose of agitating among all unions **to bring about a general strike** as a protest against the imprisonment of our fellow workers, i. e., the class war prisoners, and that we carry on this agitation along the same line of the Tom Mooney agitation; and that we invite all other labor organizations in each locality to co-operate with us in organizing the general strike committee. Carried.

### Nominations and Elections

Nominations for candidates for **General Secretary-Treasurer:** George Hardy, No. 8; A. S. Embree, No. 800; M. K. Fox, No. 400; John Grady, No. 500. John Grady, 19 votes; M. K. Fox, 11 votes; A. E. Embree, 13 votes; George Hardy, 23 votes. George Hardy, A. S. Embree and John Grady elected as candidates for General Secretary-Treasurer.

Nominations for **candidates for G. E. B.:** I. U. No. 8, R. J. Bobba, Jacob Sanock, P. F. Maclykin; I. U. No. 300, Otto Justh, M. Novak, Patrick McClellan; I. U. No. 400, Albert Bare, Joe Fisher, E. W. Latchem; I. U. No. 500, Roy Brown, P. J. Gorman, M. Daly; I. U. No. 573, M. H. Patten, W. W. White, Jim Clark; I. U. No. 800, Tom Bones, M. C. Sullivan, Joe Condoti; I. U. No. 1000, Adolph Lessig; I. U. No. 600, Martin Carlson; I. U. No. 1200, Justus Ebert.

### Editor of Solidarity

James Cronan, H. R. Richards, Myer Friedkin, George Andreytchine.

Moved and seconded that nominations be closed. Carried.

Cronan, 8 votes; Richards, 27 votes; Friedkin, 19 votes; Andreytchine, 10 votes.

Richards, Friedkin and Andreytchine elected as candidates for editor of Solidarity.

### Editor of O. B. U. Monthly

Frederick A. Blossom, John Sandgren, Billy Walden, C. W. Sellers, C. L. Chumley.

Moved and seconded that nominations be closed. Carried.

Blossom, 12 votes; John Sandgren, 20 votes; Walden, 7 votes; Sellers, 11 votes; Chumley, 4 votes.

Blossom, Sandgren and Sellers elected as candidates for editor of O. B. U. Monthly.

The Convention adjourned sine die at 6:30 p. m., the delegates and visitors singing "Hold the Fort."

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# NOTICE

**Some of the financial reports have been sidetracked to make room for the above report of convention. Please note that, in accordance with the decision of the convention, the financial reports will not be published in the One Big Union Monthly in the future.**

# Lumber Grades and Grade Bureaus

(By D. S. Dietz)

Of the many intricacies of the Lumber Industry, no single feature is more important than grades. It requires a skilled workman to grade lumber, in all its details. The skill is acquired after much experience and study. A more general knowledge of the necessity of proper grading should be known by the Lumber Workers in general and the graders in particular.

As a log is sawed into lumber it is seen at once that the product is suitable for a great variety of uses. All grading is, or should be, based on the lumber's adaptability to those many uses. (Value, is a term the masters use largely while discussing grades. It is purely a capitalistic term and has no place here. Use, is a fundamental term and conforms to the New Order). As mortar is to a brick building, so is grader's technique to the knowledge of manufacturing lumber. The more knowledge the sawyers, edgermen and trimmermen have of grades, the better qualified are they to saw, edge and trim to the best advantage; that is, produce the highest use standards from the raw material. The same is true of the machine men in the planing mill.

Aside from all machine men there must be general graders of wider technical knowledge. In the process of producing the finished product, lumber is graded, not less than three times. First, at the sawmill, so that it may be piled, approximately, according to its future uses. Again, when sent to the planing mill. In this step more technical points become involved. It is necessary now that the grader knows just what it is to be "run" to and if properly suited to the purpose; as, flooring, siding, ceiling, etc.; also, what size and what grade. After it has passed through the machine processes it is again graded for the purpose of laying out pieces which show defective milling and such other defects that may develop from planing, which were not noticeable in the rough. It is now ready to be placed with the finished product; or, loaded into the car for shipment.

There are, what we call hand-books of grades. These are necessary. The different associations have them printed. They are known as: Mississippi Valley Grade, Western Pine Manufacturers' Association Grades (Spokane District), Pacific Coast Lumbermen Association Grades, etc. As we have stated before, grades should be known by the timber to which they apply. Fundamentally, it is the difference in timber that compels the variation of grades. (Not the alleged owners; they are all one grade, eventually to become obsolete). The universal feature of grades will be adjusted in the event of Workers' Control of Industry. It will be a very simple matter to a special committee of expert graders.

The grade bureaus engaged those who are known as Inspectors. They visit the various plants to see that a uniformity of grades is maintained among the members (corporations) of the association. This function is largely necessary and will, eventually, be taken over by the Committee of Lumber Technology; together with such other matters as proper care peculiar to different timber and climatic conditions; also, looking foward to world-wide standardization of sizes, for the purpose of eliminating present waste of labor energies.

These bureaus, like all other capitalistic organizations, have their little tricks of intrigue and ways to hoodwink and outwit the other fellow. The associations have their king leaders—their Sammy Gompers)—who profit by their ability to fool the membership—the many lesser-light corporations. That is, emphatically, one of the purposes of their bureau. We must state here, that the graders and inspectors are, generally, innocent. The machination is beyond them.

It has been our aim, in this article, to show just what part of these organized bureaus are necessary to the scheme of production. It should be remembered by the workers that the masters make use of scientific technology necessary to production, to some extent; and, in some ways, scientific organization. To that extent their schemes will be logically "taken over" along with "the tools of production".

The other elements of those bureaus are merely instrumentalities necessary to the protection of swag and the competitive system. Industry, generally, is overloaded with that sort of machinery; growing ever more unwieldly and topheavy and will be very easy to topple over in the not far remote future. In that event, the Working Class will emerge from the industrial dark ages of the twentieth century and BEGIN to CIVILIZE MAN.

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### FORD'S FATAL ADMISSION

I take the following fatal admission from Ford's Weekly (2-24-20): "No one has the right to disemploy, starve and freeze great multitudes in a free country—no right whatever, moral, political nor economic. Nor should any group of men have the right to withdraw themselves from the economic unit of production thereby crippling their fellow men, unless they are willing to forego the benefits of those commodities produced by men who remain at work."

The foregoing is from an editorial in which the recent Railroad Yardmen's strike is bitterly criticised. I agree to Mr. Ford's right to freely criticise this strike or any other economic phenomena that develope here or elsewhere on Earth, for without the freedom to criticise the phenomena of society, there can be no real progress but I claim also the right I concede to Mr. Ford.

Hence I ask him, if the statement above quoted is true, AND IT IS, if he will mind telling me where the Capitalist Class gets either its "divine" or "vested right" to close down the industries of this Nation simply because it CANNOT MAKE PROFIT out of the operation thereof; thereby starving and freezing millions! (Ami.)

## MARINE TRANSPORT WORKERS INDUSTRIAL UNION No. 8, I. W. W.

The spring organization drive is on, and with the M. T. W. Conference in session on May 6th plans will undoubtedly be made to carry on an intensive organization campaign for members in all branches of the marine transport industry.

At the present time, with three traveling organizers in the field, the ground is being broken for a membership drive from which good results are expected.

Ben Fletcher is doing well in Baltimore and the branch has taken on new life. A polish organizer is needed in this port and the M. T. W. Conference will probably place one here.

Jack Walsh reports that there is considerable dissatisfaction among the members of the old unions in Boston. That the workers have received a raw deal from their old organizations. He has submitted many suggestions on the matter to the M. T. W. Conference.

Gust Kangas is covering all the towns on the Upper Lakes and putting out delegates. There is a good chance to establish several live branches in the Superior District.

The Pacific Coast is improving slowly and the situation there looks better than it has appeared since the January raids.

South America is holding its own. But they are badly in need of a few live wires to help them keep the organization intact as an industrial union.

Fellow Workers Tom Barker and Muhlburg are in Europe and will establish branches of the M. T. W. there. Two branch offices have been opened in Australia by the Marine Transport Workers of South America.

Now is the time for all members to boost the O. B. U. with the many strikes lost by the I. L. A. and Harbor Boatmen, with the Seamen about to demand better conditions. All workers in the marine industry are ready for the message of the O. B. U., and with a little effort No. 8 can become a mighty factor in the marine industry of this country.

All members who are not carrying credentials should get them at once. Job organization is the thing. The I. W. W. is an Industrial Union. Unions function on the job. No union can be built up in halls. Carry on your agitation on the job. Get busy in the industry and function where you work.

The General Convention of the I. W. W. will be held May 10th at Chicago, Ill., and many constructive plans will be presented by the delegates. A stronger, better and more powerful organization will result. With best wishes, we remain,

Yours for the O. B. U.,

JAMES SCOTT,
Sec.-Treas. M. T. W.

Elmer Kennard,
Chairman G. O. C.

### FINANCIAL REPORT FOR APRIL

**Receipts**

| | |
|---|---|
| Delegates B. 119 | $11.50 |
| Alexander, acct. Swedish branch | 35.00 |
| P. Petaja | 12.38 |
| G. Mangano, New York branch | 5.00 |
| John Patterson, I. U. No. 500 | 26.25 |
| F. Fisher, I. U. No. 400 | 1.75 |
| T. H. Dixon, I. U. No. 573 | 20.25 |
| Wm. D. Jones, Philadelphia district | 554.45 |
| Bert Smith, duplicate card | .50 |
| G. Mangano, New York branch | 10.00 |
| Delegate A. 314 | 2.50 |
| Nick Verbanac, I. U. No. 800 | 1.25 |
| P. Petaja | 7.90 |
| Thos. Whitehead, acct. G. R. U. | 442.00 |
| Chas. Ross, I. U. No. 325 | 1.25 |
| G. Mangano, New York branch | 5.00 |
| James Bruce, Seattle branch | 40.50 |
| Wm. D. Jones, Philadelphia district | 500.00 |
| For Falcone | 50.00 |
| Pete Petaja | 14.40 |
| G. Mangano, New York branch | 10.00 |
| M. T. W. of S. A., on deposit | 100.00 |
| Ben H. Fletcher, Baltimore | 20.00 |
| James Bruce, Seattle branch | 14.00 |
| G. Mangano, New York branch | 10.00 |
| Ben H. Fletcher, Baltimore, Md. | 25.00 |
| James Bruce, Seattle | 6.52 |
| Total receipts for April | $1,517.40 |

**Expenditures**

| | |
|---|---|
| Kate V. O'Brien, office rent | $50.00 |
| E. Kennard, wages | 40.00 |
| James Scott, wages | 40.00 |
| Bert Smith, stamps for dup. | .50 |
| J. J. O'Brien, office supplies | 3.80 |
| E. Kennard, wages | 40.00 |
| James Scott, wages | 40.00 |
| Jack Walsh, adv. acct. organizing | 100.00 |
| Madison Square Post Office, stamps | 5.00 |
| Ben Fletcher, adv. acct. organizing | 100.00 |
| E. Kennard, telephone | .50 |
| E. Kennard, wages | 40.00 |
| James Scott, wages | 40.00 |
| Gus Kangas, adv. acct. organizing | 50.00 |
| Telegraphing above | 2.52 |
| J. J. O'Brien, office supplies | 4.05 |
| New York Edison Co. | 1.12 |
| E. Kennard, wages | 40.00 |
| James Scott, wages | 40.00 |
| Thos. Whitehead, per capita | 600.00 |
| Assessments | 35.00 |
| Jack Walsh, acct. organizing | 100.00 |
| Ben Fletcher, acct. organizing | 100.00 |
| J. J. O'Brien, office fixtures | 32.35 |
| John Paterson, per capita 500 | 4.75 |
| Pat Mec, pro rata 800 | 5.50 |
| A. E. Reese, pro rata 600 | 4.00 |
| A. Ross, pro rata 325 | 3.75 |
| T. H. Dixon, pro rata 573 | 8.50 |
| Total expenditures | $1,515.84 |
| Receipts | $1,517.40 |
| Expenses | 1,516.84 |
| Balance for month | $1.56 |
| On hand April 1st | 3,037.80 |
| On hand May 1st | $3,039.36 |

JAMES SCOTT, Sec.-Treas.

E. Kennard, Chairman G. O. C.

## AGRICULTURAL WORKERS INDUSTRIAL UNION No. 400, I. W. W.

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR APRIL, 1920

**Receipts**

| | |
|---|---|
| Initiations No. 400 (58) | $116.00 |
| Due stamps No. 400 (1,365) | 682.50 |
| Initiations No. 450 (17) | 34.00 |
| Dues, No. 450 (149) | 74.50 |
| Organization stamps | 87.00 |
| Relief stamps | 42.00 |
| General Defense stamps | 133.00 |
| Centralia Defense stamps | 270.00 |
| R. R. M. stamps | 4.50 |
| C. W. I. U. stamps | 12.00 |
| A. W. I. U. stamps | 6.50 |
| Buttons, pins, etc. | 18.75 |
| Criminal Syndicalism stamps | 24.00 |
| Literature, duplicate cards, card cases, etc. | 345.09 |
| Paid on acct. by branch secs. and dels. | 1,117.86 |
| Moneys paid on acct. supplies | 12.00 |
| Soldiers' subscription | 2.00 |
| Subscription German paper (list)) | 3.00 |
| General Defense donations | 67.54 |
| General Convention fund | 85.42 |
| Freedom Certificate | 5.00 |
| Miscellaneous receipts | 1.25 |

| Industrial Unions— | Init. | Dues | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M. T. W. I. U. No. 8 | ..... | $4.50 | 4.50 |
| R. W. I. U. No. 46 | ..... | .50 | .50 |
| G. R. U. | ..... | 9.50 | 9.50 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| M. & M. W. I. U. No. 300 | 2.00 | 5.50 | 7.50 |
| L. W. I. U. No. 500 | 2.00 | 66.50 | 68.50 |
| C. W. I. U. No. 573 | 34.00 | 135.00 | 169.00 |
| R. R. W. I. U. No. 600 | 10.00 | 32.50 | 42.50 |
| M. M. W. I. U. No. 800 | | 2.50 | 2.50 |
| H. R. & D. W. I. U. No. 1100 | 8.00 | 17.50 | 25.50 |
| R. W. I. U. No. 1250 | | .50 | .50 |
| F. P. W. I. U. No. 1500 | 2.00 | 8.50 | 10.50 |
| P. & P. W. I. U. No. 1200 | | 1.50 | 1.50 |
| Total receipts | | | $3,486.41 |

**Disbursements**

| | |
|---|---|
| Headquarters, March per capita | $362.10 |
| Headquarters, March due books | 28.80 |
| Commission on literature and papers | 13.31 |
| Literature and papers | 211.20 |
| Dist. and Br. Secy. wages and dels comm | 753.25 |
| Mileage | 205.82 |
| Money held by branch secy's and dels | 1,184.62 |
| Main Office, salaries | 358.00 |
| Rent, light, heat, etc. | 164.63 |
| Stationery and fixtures | 56.05 |
| Postage, express, wires | 104.24 |
| General Defense and Relief | 191.31 |
| Allowance on rep. from other ind. unions | 148.00 |
| On acct. March rep. to other ind. unions | 245.50 |
| Criminal Syndicalism stamps | 27.00 |
| Sioux City Br., money paid on phonograph | 15.00 |
| Bank exchange | .15 |
| Suitcases | 12.00 |
| Three one-year subs. to O. B. U. Monthly | 4.50 |
| One year sub to Solidarity | 2.00 |
| Total expenditures | $4,082.48 |

**Recapitulation**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Total receipts | $3,486.41 | |
| Cash on hand April 1 | 2,109.73 | |
| Grand total | | $5,596.14 |
| Total expenditures | | 4,082.48 |
| Cash on hand April 30, 1920 | | $1,518.16 |

F. FISHER, Sec'y-Treas.
A. W. I. U. No. 400, I. W. W.

## CONSTRUCTION WORKERS INDUSTRIAL UNION No. 573, I. W. W.

**FINANCIAL REPORT FOR APRIL, 1920**

**Receipts**

| | |
|---|---|
| Initiations (305) | $ 610.00 |
| Due stamps (3,438) 0 | 1,719.00 |
| Assessment stamps: Gen. Org. | 839.50 |
| Class War Prisoners | 50.00 |
| General Defense | 220.00 |
| Centralia | 478.00 |
| Criminal Syndicalism | 164.00 |
| No. 573 Convention | 248.00 |
| R. R. Magazine | .50 |
| Card cases | 24.00 |
| Buttons | 21.75 |
| Literature sales | 229.15 |
| Papers and magazines | 559.92 |
| Donations— | |
| Gen. Def. and Centralia | 13.50 |
| No. 573. Donations, collections, etc | 382.19 |
| Acct. cash balances, secretaries and delegates | 440.87 |
| Acct. cash balances., secretaries and delegates | 440.87 |
| Hall rents | 142.00 |
| R. R. I. U. No. 600, joint acct | 55.00 |
| A. W. I. U. No. 400, joint acct | 58.39 |
| H. R. & D. No. 1100, joint acct | 55.00 |
| Duplicates | 13.50 |
| Initiations for other unions | 146.00 |
| Dues for other unions | 750.50 |
| Charter fee, New York Branch No. 4 | 10.00 |
| Unclaimed check I. U. No. 46 | 15.75 |
| Miscellaneous | 21.19 |
| Total receipts | $6,848.71 |

**Disbursements**

| | |
|---|---|
| Per capita, March initiations | $ 53.40 |
| Per capita, March due stamps | 465.75 |
| Literature | 169.26 |
| Papers and magazines | 569.34 |
| Commissions, initiations and literature | 102.05 |
| Wages, secretaries and delegates | 1,215.39 |
| Mileage | 96.36 |
| Allowance to other unions | 786.60 |
| Acct. cash bal, sec'ys and dels | 1,648.49 |
| General Defense | 485.66 |
| Cal. Dist. Crim. Syndicalism | 134.00 |
| Wages, main office | 340.00 |
| Rent, light, heat | 505.25 |
| Stationery and fixtures | 396.97 |
| Postage, express, wires | 89.80 |
| Personal deposits withdrawn | 14.50 |
| Deficit on dance, Chicago No. 2 | 99.12 |
| Music for dance, Milwaukee | 32.00 |
| Three A. F. of L. cards on initation | 3.00 |
| Printing | 102.95 |
| Miscellaneous | 18.66 |
| Total expenditures | $7,265.55 |
| Total receipts | $6,848.71 |
| On hand April 1 | 1,961.99 |
| Total | $8,810.70 |
| Total expenses | 7,265.55 |
| On hand May 1 | $1,545.15 |

T. H. DIXON,
Sec'y-Treas. C. W. I. U. No. 573.

**YEARLY SUMMARY**

**May 1, 1920—Total receipts and expenses for the year—May 1, 1919, to May 1, 1920. This includes receipts from all sources**

| | Receipts | Expenses |
|---|---|---|
| May, 1919 | $5,278.94 | $4,940.08 |
| June, 1919 | 5,700.54 | 5,881.24 |
| July, 1919 | 8,569.03 | 7,123.45 |
| August, 1919 | 6,163.11 | 7,767.47 |
| Sept., 1919 | 11,256.31 | 10,483.85 |
| Oct., 1919 | 9,953.12 | 10,839.42 |
| Nov., 1919 | 9,330.75 | 9,564.48 |
| Dec., 1919 | 5,834.20 | 5,902.21 |
| Jan., 1920 | 5,880.10 | 6,343.60 |
| Feb., 1920 | 6,090.53 | 5,664.03 |
| March, 1920 | 7,039.29 | 6,912.46 |
| April, 1920 | 6,848.71 | 7,245.55 |
| Totals | $87,324.63 | $88,137.84 |
| Tota lreceipts for year | $87,324.63 | |
| On han d May 1, 1919 | 2,358.36 | |
| Total receipts | | $89,682.99 |
| Total expenses | | 88,137.84 |
| Balance on hand May 1, 1920 | | $1,545.15 |

This office owes the following amounts for actual supplies sold and not paid for. These bills are accrued from Nov. 1, 1919, to May 1, 1920. All bills are paid prior to Nov. 1, 1919, according to statement of Auditing Committee of December 1, 1919.)

Owing to Defense, $1,703; to Relief, $368; to Org., $1,046.50.

Total amt due for stamps sold and note remitted, $3,117.50.

Charters have been issued for the following branches since July 1, 1920: Boston; Newark, N. J.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Des Moines, Ia.; Chicago, Branches No. 2 and No. 3; Toledo, Ohio; Sioux City, Ia.; San Francisco, Cal.; Detroit, Mich., Branch No. 2; Harlem, N. Y., Branch No. 2; Brooklyn, N. Y., Branch No. 3; New York, Branch No. 4.

Total number charters, 13.

T. H. DIXON,
Sec'y-Treas. C. W. . U. No. 573.

## LUMBER WORKERS INDUSTRIAL UNION No. 500, I. W. W.

**FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR APRIL, 920**

| | |
|---|---|
| Initiations (535) | $1,070.00 |
| Due stamps (10,090) | 5,040.00 |
| General Organization stamps | 803.00 |
| C. W. Prisoners Relief stamps | 315.00 |
| General Defense stamps | 395.00 |
| L. W. I. U. No. 500 stamps | 827.50 |
| Seattle District Organization stamps | 13.00 |
| Centralia Defense stamps | 1,777.00 |
| Card cases | 91.00 |
| Buttons and pins | 56.00 |
| Literature | 612.25 |
| Credit: on branch sec. and del. accts | 3,740.87 |
| Contributions: to Centralia Defense | 371.25 |
| To General Defense | 124.55 |
| To strike funds | 1,251.58 |
| To convention fund | 297.40 |
| To organization funds | 12.72 |
| To Industrial Worker | 26.40 |
| Suspense account | 84.50 |
| Refund on rent | 50.80 |
| Refund on stationery | 5.35 |
| Receipts from delegates of other unions | 47.75 |
| Receipts for other unions (69 initiations) | 138.00 |
| Receipts for other unions (1,252 due stamps) | 626.00 |
| Total receipts | $17,281.90 |

**Expenditures**

| | |
|---|---|
| Gen. Headquarters, per capita | $1,500.00 |
| Gen. Headquarters, supplies | 500.00 |
| Literature, bulletins, papers | 947.92 |
| Wages, branch sec. and delegates | 2,614.02 |
| Commission for delegates | 184.00 |
| Mileage | 261.69 |
| Charges on branch sec. and dels. accts | 5,378.25 |
| Centralia Defense acct. | 2,167.15 |
| General Defense acct. | 152.35 |
| Convention account | 290.00 |
| Main Office, wages | 731.25 |
| Rent, light, heat | 617.25 |
| Stationery and fixtures | 179.99 |
| Postage, express and wires | 150.26 |
| Branch deposit withdrawn | 161.87 |
| Remittance to other unions | 375.50 |
| Allowance (50-50 basis) | 242.75 |
| Strike relief | 42.75 |
| Bank exchange (Canadian currency) | 51.21 |
| Total expenses | $16,611.21 |

**Recapitulation**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Total receipts | $17,281.90 | |
| Cash balance April 1 | 3,078.95 | |
| Grand total | | 20,260.85 |
| Total expenditures | | 16,611.211 |
| Cash balance April 30, 1920 | | $3,749.64 |

## HOTEL, RESTAURANT AND DOMESTIC WORKERS INDUSTRIAL UNION No. 1100, I. W. W.

### FINANCAL STATEMENT FOR APRIL, 1920

**Receipts**

| | |
|---|---|
| Initiations (73) | $146.00 |
| Due stamps (986) | 462.50 |
| Duplicate cards | 2.50 |
| Defense stamps | 2.50 |
| Defense donations | 5.00 |
| Relief stamps | 2.00 |
| Organiation stamps | 9.00 |
| Centralia stamps | 11.00 |
| Buttons | 2.50 |
| Literature | 88.45 |
| Smokers, entertainments and donations | 76.90 |
| Credit, acct. of cash balance | 13.04 |
| Total | $851.89 |

**Expenditures**

| | |
|---|---|
| General Headquarters, per capita | $100.00 |
| Acct. assessment stamps | 23.50 |
| Acct. Literature | 50.00 |
| Literature | 38.40 |
| Wages branch secys., delegates and organizers | 62.20 |
| Mileage | 25.00 |
| Rent, light, heat | 75.00 |
| Stationery and fixtures | 34.45 |
| Postage, express and wires | 33.50 |
| Main Office, wages | 140.00 |
| On hand of branches and delegates | 101.03 |
| Entertainment expenses | 10.00 |
| Business done for other unions | 47.75 |
| Bus. done by other unions, allowance on supplies | 162.75 |
| Total | $903.58 |

**Recapitulation**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Total receipts from April 1 to 30 | $851.89 | |
| Brought forward from March 31 | 390.44 | |
| Grand total | | $1,242.33 |
| Total exp. April 1 to 30 | | 903.58 |
| Cash balance May 1 | | 338.75 |
| Grand total | | $1,242.33 |

ERNEST HOLMEN,
Sec'y-Treas. H. R. & W. I. U. No. 1100.

## CALIFORNIA DISTRICT DEFENSE COMMTTEE OF THE I. W. W.

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT MARCH 1 TO APRIL 3, 1920

**Receipts**

| | |
|---|---|
| Defense lists | $343.14 |
| Donations | 310.70 |
| General Defense Committee, Chicago | 800.00 |
| Criminal Syndicalist stamps | 183.00 |
| General Defense stamps | 30.00 |
| Receipt books | 5.75 |
| Refunds | 54.83 |
| Total | $1,780.42 |

**Expenditures**

| | |
|---|---|
| Attorneys on account | 400.00 |
| Attorneys' expenses | 305.00 |
| Witness fees and trial expenses | 79.50 |
| Jail comforts | 81.77 |
| Wages (district office) | 219.00 |
| Mileage and expenses advanced | 339.95 |
| Postage, wires, phone, money orders and express | 26.04 |
| Rent, light and heat | 17.45 |
| Stationery, office fixtures and printing | 11.40 |
| Payment on loans to organ. and bail and bond | 115.00 |
| Relief | 149.00 |
| Total | $1,746.11 |

**Recapitulation**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Total receipts | $1,780.42 | |
| Amount brought forward | 28.51 | |
| Grand total | | $1,808.93 |
| Total expenditures | | 1,746.11 |
| Cash on hand May 4, 1920 | | 62.82 |

LOUIS H. BROWN, Sec'y-Treas.
California District Def. Com. of I. W. W.,
Room 219 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, California.

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR APRIL, 1920

**Receipts**

| | |
|---|---|
| Defense lists | $661.65 |
| Donations | 136.25 |
| General Defense Committee, Chicago | 850.00 |
| Cash held on hand last month, L. A. branch | 51.96 |
| Criminal Syndicalist stamps | 161.00 |
| General Defense stamps | 11.00 |
| Receipt books | 14.00 |
| Total receipts | $1,885.86 |

**Expenditures**

| | |
|---|---|
| Attorneys, on account | $1,040.00 |
| Attorneys' expenses | 30.00 |
| Cash held on hand, L. A. branch | 156.12 |
| Witness fees and trial expenses | 35.00 |
| Jail comforts | 190.36 |
| Wages, district office | 212.00 |
| Mileage and expenses advanced | 41.64 |
| Rent, light and heat | 30.01 |
| Stationery, office fixtures and printing | 11.15 |
| Wires, phone, postage and express | 22.89 |
| Payment on loans, org. and bond and bail | 40.00 |
| Relief | 87.50 |
| Total expenditures | $1,894.44 |

**Recapitulation**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Total receipts | $1,885.86 | |
| Cash on hand April 4, 1920 | 62.82 | |
| Grand total | | $1,948.68 |
| Total expenditures | | 1,894.44 |
| Cash on hand May 1, 1920 | | $54.24 |

Yours for Industrial Freedom,
CALIFORNIA DEFENSE COMMITTEE.
Per Louis H. Brown, Sec'y-Treas.,
Room 219 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

## INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD GENERAL OFFICE

**Summary Receipts**

| | |
|---|---|
| Due samps | $4,642.20 |
| Assessments, Gen. Organization | $56.25 |
| Class War Relief | 103.00 |
| General Defense | 703.00 |
| Centralia and Raids | 159.00 |
| Day's Wage, defense | 3.00 |
| Rent second floor | 100.00 |
| Office supplies | 48.56 |
| Returned on storage | 3.00 |
| Gen. Exec. Bd. mileage returned | 146.00 |
| Gen. Rec. Union deposits, April | 617.84 |
| Publications, deposits for April | 3,793.77 |
| Due books | 645.60 |
| Buttons, pins, etc. | 3.50 |
| Supplies | 438.80 |
| Literature | 125.42 |
| Office cash sales, literature | 72.01 |
| Int. Ptg. & Typstg. Co., deposit for April | 6,439.01 |
| Personal accounts | 73.20 |
| | $18,473.26 |

### Summary Expenses

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Office expenses: Wages | | $555.00 |
| Stationery and supplies | | 397.70 |
| Postage, parcel post and express | | 43.97 |
| Rent | | 250.00 |
| Loan on Linotype, returned | | 20.00 |
| Telephone, March and April | | 58.34 |
| Light | | 26.18 |
| Telegrams | | 2.45 |
| Printing—Transfer notices | | 21.00 |
| Due books | 772.00 | |
| Financial report | 44.60 | |
| Coal | | 38.25 |
| Window cleaning | | 4.40 |
| Repairing typewriter | | .50 |
| Towel service | | 3.25 |
| Water coupons | | 8.50 |
| Gen. Executive Bd., wages and mileage | | 391.78 |
| Educational: Publications | | 4,975.86 |
| Literature | | 178.40 |
| I. W. W. Propaganda Committee | | 3.95 |
| Advertising pamphlets in the Seattle Union Record | | 40.32 |
| Organizing: Business for Ind. Unions | | 95.50 |
| General Recruiting Union | | 424.50 |
| General Defense Committee | | 900.71 |
| Int. Pur. & Typstg. Co. | | 6,698.21 |
| Personal accounts | | 78.45 |
| Bank exchange for April | | 8.67 |
| | | $16,032.39 |

### RECAPITULATION

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Balance April 1, 1920 | $ 4,690.30 | |
| Rec eipts for April, 1920 | 18,473.26 | |
| Total | $23,163.56 | |
| Disbursements for April, 1920 | 16,032.39 | |
| Balance cash on hand May 1, 1920 | | $7,131.17 |

### STATEMENT OF PUBLICATIONS, APRIL, 1920

#### SOLIDARITY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April receipts | $548.07 | |
| April Disbursements | 1,179.91 | |
| April deficit | $631.84 | |
| April 1st deficit | 3,408.34 | |
| May 1st deficit | | $4,040.18 |

#### ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April receipts | $1,114.89 | |
| April disbursements | 1,684.59 | |
| April deficit | $569.70 | |
| April 1st deficit | 131.48 | |
| May 1st deficit | | 701.18 |

#### SOLIDARNOSC (Polish)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April 1st deficit | $120.86 | |
| May 1st deficit | | 120.86 |

#### GOLOS TRUZENIKA (Russian)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April receipts | $1,209.95 | |
| April disbursements | 1,027.30 | |
| April balance | $182.65 | |
| April 1st balance | 1,055.50 | |
| May 1st balance | | 1,238.15 |

#### RABOTNICHESKA MYSL (Bulgarian)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April receipts | $432.24 | |
| April disbursements | 690.40 | |
| April deficit | $258.16 | |
| April 1st balance | 60.56 | |
| May 1st deficit | | 197.60 |

#### GLAS RADNIKA (Croatian)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April 1st balance | $506.82 | |
| April disbursements | 2.04 | |
| May 1st balance | | 504.78 |

#### Czecho-Slovak Paper

| | |
|---|---|
| Press fund balance | 21.00 |

#### Bohemian Paper

| | |
|---|---|
| Printing contribution lists—deficit | 5.50 |

#### PROLETARAS (Lithuanian)

| | |
|---|---|
| May 1st balance | 2.68 |

#### Hungarian Paper

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April disbursements | $24.18 | |
| May 1st deficit | | 24.18 |

#### IL NUEVA PROLETARIO (Italian)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April receipts | $488.18 | |
| April disbursements | 870.65 | |
| April deficit | $382.47 | |
| April 1st deficit | 1,846.57 | |
| May 1st deficit | | 2,229.04 |

#### DER INDUSTRIAL ARBEITER (Jewish)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April receipts | $3.50 | |
| April disbursements | 3.00 | |
| April balance | .50 | |
| May 1st deficit | 220.48 | |
| May 1st deficit | | 219.98 |

#### LA NUEVA SOLIDARIDAD (Spanish)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April receipts | $33.60 | |
| April disbursements | 3.21 | |
| April balance | $30.39 | |
| April 1st deficit | 1,157.71 | |
| May 1st deficit | | 1,127.32 |

#### NYA VARLDEN (Swedish)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April 1st deficit | $1,774.31 | |
| May 1st deficit | | 1,774.31 |

#### DER KLASSENKAMPF (German)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April 1st deficit | $ 96.26 | |
| May 1st deficit | | 96.26 |

### Summary of Publications

| | Deficit | Balance |
|---|---|---|
| Solidarity | $4,040.18 | |
| One Big Union Monthly | 701.18 | |
| Polish paper | 120.86 | |
| Golos Truzenika (Russian) | | $1,238.15 |
| Rabotnicheska Mysl (Bulgarian) | 197.60 | |
| Glas Radnika (Croatian) | | 504.78 |
| Czecko-Slovak press fund | | 21.00 |
| Bohemian paper | 5.50 | |
| Proletaras (Lithuanian) | | 2.68 |
| Hungarian paper | 24.18 | |
| Il Nueva Proletario (Italian) | 2,229.04 | |
| Der Industrial Arbeiter (Jewish) | 219.98 | |
| La Nueva Solidaridad (Spanish) | 1,127.32 | |
| Nya Varlden (Swedish) | 1,774.31 | |
| Der Klassenkampf (German) | 96.26 | |
| Total deficits | $10,536.41 | |
| Total balances | | $1,766.61 |
| Net deficits | | 8,769.80 |
| Total | | $10,536.41 |

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT, GENERAL RECRUITING UNION, FOR APRIL, 1920

#### Receipts

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Initiations | | | | $62.00 |
| Dues | | | | 363.00 |
| Assessments: Organization | | | | 50.00 |
| Relief | | | | 1.00 |
| Defense | | | | 31.00 |
| Centralia and raids | | | | 33.00 |
| Donations: Relief and defense | | | | 36.13 |
| Buttons, pins and duplicate cards | | | | 13.85 |
| Literature | | | | 282.03 |
| Bundle orders, papers and magazines | | | | 69.95 |
| Refunds on hall rent | | | | 143.47 |
| Refunds on telephone slugs | | | | .75 |
| Smokers and entertainments, organization purposes | | | | 179.99 |
| Collections, organization purposes | | | | 71.92 |
| Lunch counter proceeds, org. purposes | | | | 9.45 |
| On acct., delegates and branches | | | | 184.27 |
| Other Unions | Initiations | Dues | | |
| No. 8 | | $8.00 | $58.00 | 66.00 |
| No. 46 | | | 5.50 | 5.50 |
| No. 300 | 28.00 | | 105.00 | 133.00 |
| No. 325 | 2.00 | | .50 | 2.50 |
| No. 400 | | | 10.00 | 10.00 |
| No. 470 | | | 2.00 | 2.00 |
| No. 500 | | | 13.50 | 13.50 |
| No. 573 | 12.00 | | 65.00 | 77.00 |
| No. 600 | | | 6.00 | 6.00 |
| No. 800 | | | 5.00 | 5.00 |
| No. 1000 | | | 49.00 | 49.00 |
| No. 1100 | 8.00 | | 31.00 | 39.00 |
| No. 1200 | | | 11.00 | 11.00 |
| No. 1250 | | | 1.50 | 1.50 |
| No. 1300 | 4.00 | | 14.00 | 18.00 |
| No. 1500 | 2.00 | | .50 | 2.50 |
| Total receipts | | | | $1,973.31 |

#### Expenditures

| | |
|---|---|
| A. F. of L. cards exchanged | $2.00 |
| Literature | 206.35 |
| Wages and commission to delegates and branches | 508.20 |
| Mileage | 3.85 |
| Rent, heat and light | 238.22 |
| Stationery and fixtures | 115.90 |
| Postage, express and wires | 34.08 |
| Deposit for picnic grounds | 50.00 |
| Groceries, pastry and ice cream for smoker | 34.55 |
| War tax for smokers | 7.77 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Printing | 6.10 | |
| Allowance to industrial unions, supplies | 58.00 | |
| Charge delegate and branch accts. | 90.45 | |
| Total expenses, field | | $1,355.47 |
| Main Office expenses: Subscriptions | $1.50 | |
| Allowance to ind. unions for April bus. | 414.50 | |
| Wages | 116.00 | |
| Total office expenses | | $532.00 |

**RECAPITULATION**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Receipts in April, 1920 | $1,973.31 | |
| Balance on hand April 1st | 654.66 | |
| Error in December, 1919, report | 244.14 | |
| Error in January, 1920, report | 5.00 | |
| Grand total receipts | | $2,877.11 |
| Expenses in field, April | $1,355.47 | |
| Expenses in Main Office | 532.00 | |
| Total expenses, April | | $1,887.47 |
| Balance cash on hand, May 1st, 1920 | | $989.64 |

Yours for the I. W. W.
THOMAS WHITEHEAD,
Secretary-Treasurer G. R. U.

## GENERAL DEFENSE COMMTTEE

### SUMMARY

**Receipts**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Defense fund donations | $5,076.18 | |
| Centralia fund donations | 398.00 | |
| Donation to Krieger case | 100.00 | |
| Defense assessments | 138.50 | |
| Centralia assessments | 86.00 | |
| Defense literature | 10.55 | |
| Defense supplies | 29.21 | |
| Amount exchanged for a check | 467.95 | |
| Relief: Donations | 325.00 | |
| Assessments | 31.00 | |
| Bail fund donations | 615.50 | |
| Bail fund loans | 675.66 | |
| Amount belonging to Seattle Bail and Bond Committee turned in | 4,000.00 | |
| Total receipts | | $11,953.55 |

**Disbursements**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Office: Wages | $363.00 | |
| Postage | 41.45 | |
| Telegraph | .55 | |
| Printing and publicity | 515.52 | |
| Meeting expenses | 556.08 | |
| Speakers' wages and expenses | 90.97 | |
| Legal services and expenses | 6,160.67 | |
| Drayage | 3.12 | |
| Bank exchange | .50 | |
| Relief | 237.61 | |
| Bail | 946.16 | |
| Bonds and war sav. stamps purchased | 95.66 | |
| Total disbursements | | $9,011.29 |

**RECAPITULATION**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Balance cash on hand April 1st, 1920 | $4,734.15 | |
| Total receipts for April, 1920 | 11,953.55 | |
| | | $16,687.70 |
| Total disbursements for April, 1920 | 9,011.29 | |
| Cash on hand May 1st | $7,676.41 | |
| Balance due Gen. Def. from Gen. Org. | 7,702.19 | |
| Total defense fund May 1, 1920 | | $15,378.60 |

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD
Sec'y. General Defense Committee




**First of May demonstration in Minneapolis passing the Post Office**

# I.W.W. PUBLICATIONS

## Issued by the General Executive Board or I. W. W. Unions:

ENGLISH

**THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY** 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago. Ill., $1.50 per year; 15 cents per copy; bundle orders, 10 cents per copy.

**SOLIDARITY** 1001 W. Madison Street Chicago, Ill. $2.00 per year, six months, $1.00. Weekly.

**THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER** Box 1857 Seattle, Wash. $2.00 per year; six months, $1.00. Weekly.

**THE FELLOW WORKER** Box 79 Sta. D, New York, N. Y. $1.20 per year; six months, 75 cents. Twice a month.

**THE TEXTILE WORKER** 20 Van Houten street, Paterson, N. J. Monthly.

RUSSIAN

**GOLOS TRUZENIKA** (The voice of the Laborer, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. 3 times a week; $5 per year; 6 months, $2.75; 3 months, $1.50; 3 cents per copy.

HUNGARIAN

**A FELSZABADULAS** (Emancipation), 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. $2.00 per year; six months, $1.00. Weekly.

ITALIAN

**IL PROLETARIO** (The Proletarian), 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., $2.00 per year, six months, $1. Weekly.

SPANISH

**SOLIDARIDAD** Monthly. 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. $1.00 a year; 5c a copy.

BULGARIAN

**RABOTNICHESKA MYSL** (Workers' Thought), 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. $2.00 per year; six months $1.00. Weekly.

ROUMANIAN

**MUNCITORUL** (The Worker.) Twice a month. $1.00 per year (26 issues). 1001 W. Madison Street. Chicago, Ill.

JEWISH

**INDUSTRIAL ARBEITER SCHTIME** (Industrial Workers' Voice) 440 E. 13th St., New York, N. Y. $1.50 per year. Six months 80 cents.

LITHUANIAN

**PROLETARAS** (The Proletaire) Monthly 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

GERMAN

**DER KLASSENKAMPF** (Class Struggle) 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.; $2 per year; six months, $1; weekly.

CZECKO-SLOVAK

**JEDNA VELKA UNIE** (One Big Union.) Monthly. $1 per year. Single copies 10c. Bundle orders 7c per copy.

FINNISH

**TIE VAPAUTEEN** (Road to Freedom.) Finnish Monthly. 1929 Madison Ave., New York City. Single copies, 25 cents. One year, $2. Bundle orders over 10 copies, 20 per cent allowed.

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## Industrial Union Papers Published by Stock Companies:

FINNISH

**INDUSTRIALISTI** (The Industrialist) Box 464, Duluth, Minn. Daily.

**AHJO** (The Forge). Finnish Monthly. Issued by The Work People's College, Box 464, Duluth, Minn. $1 per year, 25 cents per copy.

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Vol. II, No. 7, JULY, 1920 Whole Number 17

# The One Big Union Monthly




TIME TO PUT AN END TO WORLD BRIGANDAGE

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

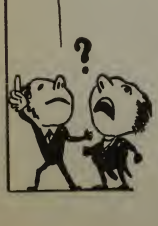
It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown.

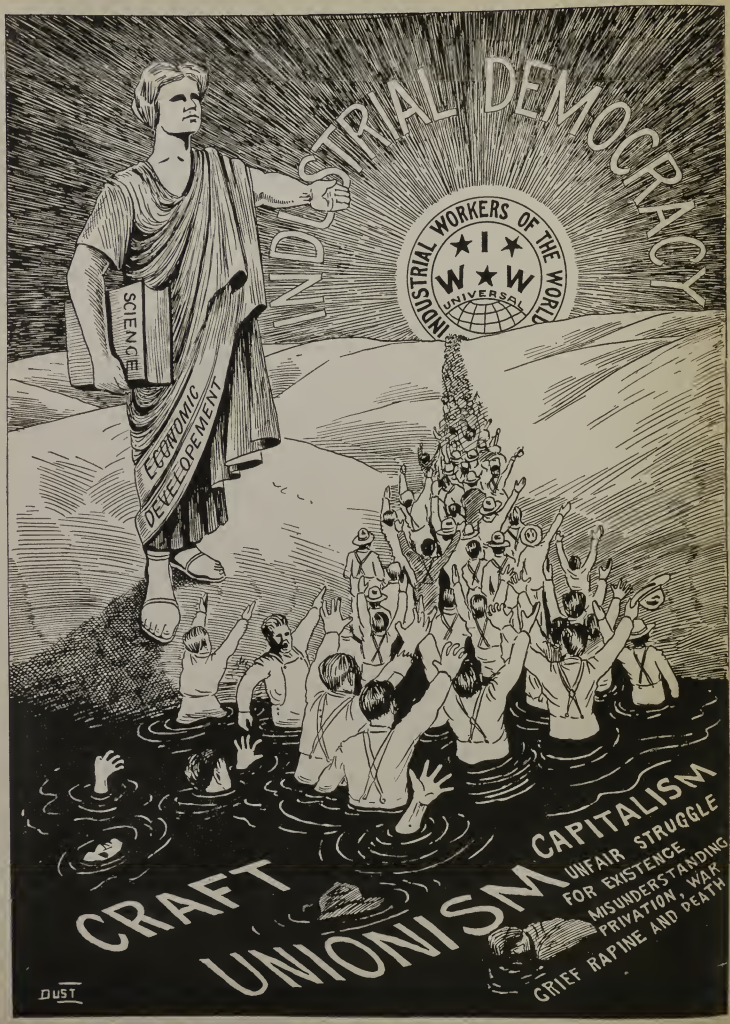
By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.




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COMING OUT OF THE MIRE

Vol. II, No. 7, JULY, 1920 Whole Number 17

# THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

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JOHN SANDGREN, Editor

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## I. W. W. Longshoremen Tie Up Water Front in Philadelphia

By E. F. DOREE

**Strike starts**

"Order! Order! I will now put the motion," thundered Chairman White to the assembled I. W. W. longshoremen of the port of Philadelphia. There is silence. The air is tense with excitement and expectation. The next words of our colored chairman fell like hammer blows. "The motion is, 'Shall we go on strike immediately'. We shall take a rising vote. All those in favor will stand up." The silence of a moment before is broken by deafening cheers as the entire body rose to its feet. Cheers followed cheers. Hats went into the air. Pandemonium reigned supreme for several moments. Doubts and uncertainties of a moment before were swept away. All are happy. All are enthusiastic.

Some, thinking business over, start for the door. Order, order," "Fellow Worker Chairman," "Order," "Fellow Worker Chairman, what are we going to do with the night gangs who are now working." And, from every corner of the large hall come cries, "Pull 'em out, pull 'em out" and "Knock 'em off, Knock 'em off, NOW!" The chairman announces that the meeting stands adjourned and suggests that everybody go to the docks.

The strike is on.

And, the enthusiasm of that night has grown each day since. The strike started on May 26th and now, nearly a month later not ONE man has broken from the ranks. The solidarity is remarkable. It is 100 per cent, the kind of 100 per cent that we like.

The strike started over the refusal of the Employing Stevedore and Shipping Interests of the Port of Philadelphia to grant an increase in wages. The longshoremen on foreign trade shipping demanded $1.00 an hour in the place of the 80c. that they were receiving.

**History of the strike**

To those who doubt the growing solidarity, let them read what follows and read it well, for here is told exactly just what has actually happened. It is history, the history of but yesterday and not the wild dream of a fanatical soap-boxer. It is the dream come true.

The strike was called 10:30 o'clock on the night of May 26th and immediately covered 3,700 members of the I. W. W. employed almost entirely on the loading and unloading of foreign trade ships.

At midnight all members were off the job.

The following morning the non-union docks at Spreckel's Sugar Refinery and the American Line Piers were tied up tight.

Members commence to pour into the union. By night more than a thousand had filled in application blanks and the foreign trade shipping was shut down with not a man working.

Two things happened on the first day of the strike to show the wonderfully fine growing solidarity of the workers.

The first was when the delegates of the Marine Firemen advised our secretary that the firemen will not produce steam for scabs.

The second was the fine action of the crew of the British freighter Haverford, at Pier 53. These fellow workers refused to handle scab cargo or coal, and when a couple of scab gangs were secured, they turned off the steam on the ship making it impossible for the scabs to work.

When the ship left the following day without a full cargo, the Ship Delegate assured us that they would not permit the ship to be taken out into the stream and there loaded. In appreciation of their fine action, the following letter was given the crew:

"We would feel negligent in our duty if we failed to extend our word of thanks to the crew of the S. S. Haverford for refusing to handle cargo or coal while members of the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union, No. 8, of the Industrial Workers of the World, were on strike.

"Fellow Worker John Gannon, Ship Delegate, and his gallant crew have welded another link in the chain of solidarity which is bringing the workers of land and sea closer together into the ONE BIG UNION of the Workers of the World."

**Shop Stewards of England support strike**

After the ship left port, the following cablegram was sent away: "Shop Stewards' and Workers' Committee.

"10 Tudor Street, London, C. F. 4.

"Industrial Workers of the World completely tie up water front Philadelphia. Crew British Freighter H .verford organized Shop Stewards refused handle cargo or supply steam. Magnificent international solidarity. Congratulations.

"Marine Transport Workers, Industrial Workers World."

The loading and unloading of ships came to a complete stop when the coast-wise longshoremen joined in the strike on May 28th.

On the next day they presented, to their employers, demands calling for 80c. an hour for straight time of eight hours a day and for time and one-half time for all overtime, Sundays and holidays.

The coastwise men surely had reason to strike. All during the war they were paid 65 cents an hour, but no sooner had the armistice been signed than the bosses rewarded them by cutting their wages to 54 cents an hour. Needless to say, they were unorganized. They have learned their lesson.

On the 29th, the American firemen faced the test and were found not wanting. A few scabs had been secured at Pier 46. The delegate of the Marine Firemen, Oilers and Watertenders' Union was notified. In half an hour the steam was cut from the winches. As we say now—"no steam—no scabs."

### Scabs hard to get

May 31st, the Merchants & Miners Company started a free taxicab line. It wasn't exactly what they intended, but it is really what happened. This concern sent men about town and to the several employment agencies to pick up men to scab. The intended strike-breakers were then brought to the dock in taxis, where they met the pickets. None went to work, but as it was close to the hall a good many went up and joined.

On June 2nd, the firemen on the sugar ship at Spreckels' refinery cut off the steam from about forty scabs. Steam was then brought from the power house of the refinery to the ship through a large hose. Scabs were reported to be eating on the ship. Cooks and stewards were notified, and the scabs did not eat. That afternoon the scabs were paid off.

Finding that they could not get scabs, the employers made their first big attempt to break the ranks of the strikers by sending a circular letter to the homes of almost all those on strike. It is a mess of misstatements and carries with it their threat. A portion of the letter reads as follows:

" * * * The steamship and stevedore interests feel quite sure that the calling of this strike was due largely to outside influences, and that the majority of the longshoremen are not in sympathy with this strike, and that if they knew the true conditions they would return to work.

"There is in effect at the present time an agreement between the steamship and stevedore interests and the longshoremen of the port of Philadelphia which does not expire till September 30, 1920, which guarantees to you the same basic wage as is now being paid at other North Atlantic ports for stevedore work.

"Practically all the steamers in port have been idle for a week. This situation cannot continue, and unless work is resumed by the regular longshoremen on or before Monday, June 7th, in addition to the steamers already diverted, every possible steamer in port and to arrive will be sent to other ports, and steps will be taken immediately to work the remaining steamers to the best advantage * * *"

To this letter the strikers answered in the following language in their strike bulletin, which they issue every four or five days:

"Outside influence? Never was there a strike more local in influence. The strike was called by a general meeting of longshoremen, at whch no one was admitted except a member in good standing in Branch 1, M. T. W. I. U. No. 8, I. W. W. Since the strike has been on, no one other than longshoremen, except the delegates from the S. S. Haverford, have addressed a meeting of longshoremen nor done any publicity for them. The strike was started and is handled absolutely by longshoremen employed on the water front of Philadelphia. The strike vote was unanimous. No strike-breaker has been mistreated.

"The Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 8, Branch 1, has never signed an agreement with anyone for any period of time. The union is willing to pay $10,000 reward for anyone locating any agreement between Branch 1, M. T. W. I. U., No. 8, and any stevedore. Come, Mr. Boss, whoever you be, and show us that agreement. We are, indeed, surprised to learn that we possess such a thing as an agreement. * * *"

On June 3rd, a captain from a ship at Pier 98 came to the hall and wanted men to unload his ship. He said he was willing to pay the price demanded. He was referred to the office of the stevedoring companies. The members refused to work one ship unless it is so settled that we work all ships.

The second British crew refused to accept cargo or coal from scabs. They are the crew of the freighter Henderson. These fellow workers are organized in the Shop Stewards and Workers' Committee in England, which has recently joined hands with the I. W. W.

On the same day a company wanted "to pay any price" to get 4,000 cases of lemons unloaded. Matter put up to membership. Unanimously decided to let the lemons stay there till the strike was settled.

On June 7th the delegate from the Marine Firemen notified us that the firemen have officially gone on record against furnishing steam on any vessel where a strike is on. On the following day a committee from the longshoremen went to their meeting and extended the word of thanks to their members.

June 8th, the White Star Dominion Liner "Virginia," of Liverpool, arrived in port at the American Line piers. After the crew stood examination

at the quarantine station, and had docked, they were denied shore passes. The crew were told that they would have to be examined by another doctor.

They saw, however, that something was wrong, as the cargo was not worked as usual. They inquired if a strike was on, and were informed that they might expect one in a few days.

Two firemen went ashore that night and located the union hall, and there learned that a strike was on. They refused to furnish steam.

**Foreign workers refuse to betray**

At the Spreckels sugar refinery the firemen have refused to furnish steam to strike-breakers. The Spreckels company has now laid steam pipes along the edge of the dock, and are running hoses from these pipes to the winches. The hoses stand a pressure of about forty-five pounds. This amount of steam will lift about two bags at a time. The ordinary draft is eight bags.

colored boys had met up with this game before, and there was nothing doing.

On the same day, other bosses went to the Italians and offered them $1.20 an hour if they would scab. They refused, to a man.

**Fellow Worker murdered by lone scab**

Then came the tragedy of the strike. Fellow Worker Stanley Pavzlack was murdered by an armed scab, shot through the heart. Our fellow worker was standing in front of his home with his wife and two children when he heard shooting. Seeing that danger was coming in his direction, he attempted to get his family to a place of safety. While thus engaged he was murdered.

The trouble started when Louis Townsend and two companions were leaving the dock where they had been scabbing. Leaving Delaware avenue, they walked up Queen street to Front street, where pickets attempted to talk to them. The scabs did

## I. W. W. LONGSHOREMEN TIE UP SHIPPING IN PHILADELPHIA




## "HOLD FAST, BUDDIE, WE GOT 'EM"

An Italian ship at Pier 19 is unloading lemons with scabs. Having no steam, these scabs are passing the cases from one to another from the hold to the dock. At the rate that they are going it will take them a week to dispose of the lemons.

Having failed to coax the workers back with their circular letter, the bosses tried out the nationality game, with absolutely the same success.

On June 9th, the bosses went to the Polish workers offering them booze and telling them that if they returned that they would employ only Polish workers. The fellow workers saw through their game in a moment, and none went scabbing.

**Negroes cannot be lured**

Other foremen went to the Negroes and urged them to return to work, with the solemn promise that the stevedores would employ none other than Negroes, because they had always done the best work and were the most desirable workers. The

not seem to be in a talking mood and continued down Front street. After going on a few steps, onlookers believe that Townsend went mad. He stopped suddenly, pulled his gun and, wheeling around, fired a shot at the union men standing on the corner. He then broke and ran up Front street, followed by his comrades, shooting at everyone in sight.

His first victims were Edward Tarcyloski, 12 years old, and his brother, Louis, 3 years old, who were seated on the steps in front of their home when the three scabs passed. Stopping momentarily, Townsend fired three shots at the children. The elder of the children was struck in the thigh and the younger had his abdomen grazed by a bullet.

Further along Front street the crazed scab encountered Joseph Carcrewski, who had just come out of a barber shop. Before the man had time to duck he was dropped by the scab with a bullet in his leg.

Continuing his wild career, Townsend made his way to Front and Pemberton, where he killed Fellow Worker Pavzlack.

The shooting took place within a block of the Longshoremen's Hall, at 121 Catherine street, and in a section where hundreds of our members live. During the whole murderfest not a shot was fired at the scabs, bent upon "cleaning up" the whole South Side. Scores of persons attempted to catch them and Townsend was finally captured at Front and South streets, four blocks from where the shooting started. A gun and forty-two cartridges were found on Townsend when he was searched at the station house.

**Strikers demand law and order**

The day after the murder the union issued and

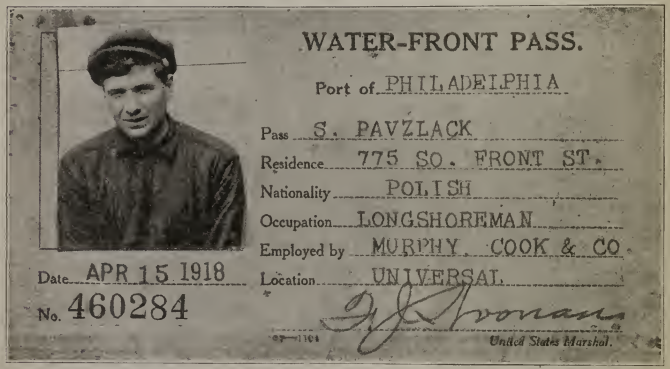
"The I. W. W. is doing all in its power to keep violence off the waterfront."

Fellow Worker Pavzlack was buried on Saturday, June 12. Hundreds of his fellow workers were present at the funeral services, where they paid their last solemn respects to the fallen battler in the class war.

Fellow Worker Pavzlack is the second member of the I. W. W. murdered on the water front of Philadelphia. Three years ago Fellow Worker Martin Petkus was shot to death at Front and Reed streets while picketing in the sugar strike.

**Employers seeking negotiations**

The first attempt to bring the strike to an end failed. The strikers were notified by one of the employing stevedores, Mr. Joseph Mooney, that the




**MURDERED BY AN ARMED SCAB. HIS BLOOD IS OVER THE EMPLOYERS.**

distributed thousands of the following notices:

"Employing Stevedores, Attention!

"Disarm the scabs!!! Cut out the booze!!

"Shootings must stop. There is no room for drunken men or armed men in a strike situation. It is reported that scabs are armed by bosses. This must stop! Bosses are offering to buy booze for strikers if they will scab. This must stop! The bosses want violence—the union does not!!! The practice of strike-breakers shooting down union men and their families must stop!!! And stop at once!!!

"This is a strike—not a war.

"Workers have a legal right to strike. Strike-breakers have a legal right to scab. Neither have a legal right to kill or carry concealed weapons.

"The law is enforced against the strikers—enforce it against the scabs.

bosses wanted to see a committee on June 14th. The strikers chose a committee of fifteen, representing the longshoremen on foreign trade, the longshoremen on coastwise trade, the checkers and the grain ceilers, all of whom were on strike, most of them having lined up since the strike started. The employers stated that they could see only the representatives from the longshoremen on foreign trade and that they had nothing to do with the others. The committee refused to deal in sections, so the employers with whom the union has formerly dealt will try to get together all bosses on the river front so that they can deal with all the strikers at one time.

The committee presented their argument to the employers in written form. A portion of it, that part dealing with the increased cost of living, is quoted below:

Your recent reply to our original request for increased wages states that it is your belief that the cost of living has already started to decline; . . . therefore, we come now, armed with the figures and facts compiled by Uncle Sam.

Unfortunately, the Monthly Labor Review of the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the United States Department of Labor is seldom complete. For instance, on retail prices of food, it lists only twenty-two articles, these being about two-thirds of all the staple articles ordinarily consumed by a working class family. . . . They are: sirloin steak, round steak, rib roast, chuck roast, plate beef, pork chops, bacon, ham, lard, hens, eggs, cheese, milk, bread, flour, corn meal, rice, potatoes, sugar, coffee, tea and butter.

The figures show . . . that the total increase in the price of the above-named articles, from Nov. 15, 1919, to Feb. 15, 1920, was 8 per cent. For March, 1920, we have no figures. . . . We would like to have them, as we are sure that they would show an increase in food costs. From March 15th to April 15th, 1920 . . . retail food prices soared upward 5 per cent.

**This makes a total increase in retail food prices of 13 per cent from Nov. 15, 1919, to April 15, 1920, with figures lacking for the period of Feb. 15th to March 15th.**

No figures are available on rents, but surely no one will hold that they are on the decline in the city of Philadelphia. Indications are that they will continue to go up.

No retail figures are available for clothing, etc. Wholesale figures, however, are complete. . . . From these figures we find that for the period Nov. 15th, 1919, to Feb. 15th, 1920:

| | |
|---|---|
| Farm products declined..... | 1.25 per cent |
| Foods increased..... | 11.4 per cent |
| Clothing went up..... | 9.6 per cent |
| Fuel and light jumped..... | 4.5 per cent |
| Housefurnishings soared .....10. | per cent |

**. . . from March 15th to April 15th, 1920, the wholesale prices on foods increased 4.75 per cent, thus making the total increase in wholesale food prices for four of the past six months, namely, December, January, February and April, more than 15 per cent over what they were in November, 1919.**

Further, a perusal of the financial pages of the daily press forces us to believe that prices are not destined to come down.

The day following this parley, the secretary was called up and informed the committee was wanted by a member of the U. S. Shipping Board. The committee went and they were asked to request the members to unload five ships laden with flour at Pier 98. They would work directly for the steamship company and not for the men against whom they were striking. Matter taken up. It was decided to unload the flour after the strike was over.

Another day passed, and the stevedores asked to see the committee again. Same trouble as before. No settlement in sight.

As this is being written these messages are coming to strike headquarters:

**The last news**

The British Red Star Line S. S. "Makinaw" was moved from Pier 55 to Richmond. No scabs. No steam. No work. All's O. K. Firemen aboard her threatened with arrest if they did not furnish steam. No steam. No arrests.

Grain elevator men at Girard Point have refused to scab on longshoremen. Will not handle grain in the hold of the ship.

Harbor boatmen refuse to haul scabs from Chestnut street pier.

Three coal hoisters quit giving coal for scabs to work with.

The following message has just gone to England:

Dock Workers Union, Corner Lamb, off Commercial Road, Liverpool, England.

S. S. "Regina" lying at American Line Piers, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A. Grain being loaded in Hatch No. 3 by scabs (blacklegs). Firemen have refused to furnish steam. Interview firemen on arrival at Liverpool. Firemen members of N. S. & F. U.

At this time there are over 150 ships listed in the harbor. All are idle. Not a ship is working, and the strikers have made it plain that not a ship will work till the strike is over.

**The high points of the strike**

The high points of the strike may be summed up in these words:

The strike is nearly a month old. Not a ship has been loaded or unloaded in that time.

Every one of the 3,700 members of the I. W. W. walked out on call. Not one has returned.

Every unorganized longshoreman in the port of Philadelphia came off when requested. Not one of them has broken ranks.

Over 5,000 members lined up in three weeks.

With the exception of the scab running amuck and killing Fellow Worker Pavznack, there has been practically no violence. Until that murder there was not even a fist fight. Less than a score have been arrested to date.

Union firemen aboard ship have refused steam to scabs.

Union cooks and stewards have refused to feed scabs.

Union boatmen have refused to work with scabs.

Union coal hoisters have refused to supply coal to ships loaded with scab cargo.

British crews organized in the Shop Stewards movement of Great Britain have refused to accept coal or cargo from scabs.

The Grain Ceilers' Branch, M. T. W. I. U. No. 8, I. W. W., presented demands for $10 a day, with double time for overtime. They are on strike.

Four hundred unorganized sugar house men quit before they would take the strikers' places on the sugar docks.

All the checkers on the water front of Philadelphia have lined up in the I. W. W.

The foremen, with the miserable exception of three or four, have refused to boss scabs. The vast majority of them have notified their employers that they will not return to work even if some of the original strikers break ranks, unless the strike is settled through the union.

We have assurances that ships which may be loaded here by scabs will not be unloaded if their destination is Liverpool, Buenos Aires or Rosario. A great deal of Philadelphia shipping goes to these ports.

So stands the strike, the greatest in the history of this coast.



RIOTING IN OMAHA, NEB., 1919. POLICE TURNING HOSE ON OMAHA MOB.

# Sowing the Wind and Reaping the Whirlwind

By JOHN SANDGREN

The morning paper brings the news that the city of Duluth, Minn., is in control of a mob of 5,000, who have subdued the police by force, broken into the jail and taken out and lynched three Negroes, alleging that they were guilty of attacking a white girl of seventeen. It is the old, old story.

This event comes right close upon the attack by an unruly mob of mostly ex-soldiers upon the Negroes of Waukegan, Ill., only a couple of weeks ago. That time nobody was killed, but the occasion for the riot was correspondingly insignificant: a couple of small Negro children are supposed to have thrown rocks at the glass windshield of an officer's automobile and broken it.

These two serious riots of the year should be seen against the background of the past as well as of the happenings in the South.

In the South the pot of Negro hunting and lynching keeps boiling right along, but the disquieting fact is that these collisions between the races are moving northward rapidly instead of decreasing. Only last year we had the terrible race riots in Washington, D. C., where a great number of lives were lost and many persons wounded; the still more serious race riot in Chicago, which cost several times as many lives, and finally we had the disgraceful outburst in Omaha, Neb., where events were very similar to those in Duluth of yesterday. In Omaha, as in Duluth, a mob of about 5,000 people gathered about the City Hall, fought and conquered the police, had twice the noose round the mayor's neck, wrecked and burned the magnificent City Hall and took out a Negro accused of attacking a white woman and hanged him.

The three accompanying photographs tell part of the story.

One remarkable thing about these riots is that in most cases those responsible for them are trying to blame them on the I. W. W.

In Chicago the unspeakably foul capitalist press time and time again sought to fasten the responsibility for the bloody riots and the burning of houses on I. W. W.'s, who are supposed to have blackened their faces to look like Negroes! Of course, the police and others who studied the situation knew better. It seemed that the Chicago press was lending its aid to those who wished the wrath of the rioters turned on the I. W. W. Maybe they thought

it would lead to the killing of some I. W. W. men. It was evident that there were provocateurs at work with a purpose.

Then came Omaha. The capitalist press reported that General Wood, the now beaten presidential candidate, had officially declared that he thought there was red activity behind the riot. The provocateurs were at work again, trying to turn the fury of the mob on the I. W. W. and at the same time trying to get rid of the blame for the nasty deeds.

Then came Waukegan. The Chicago Daily News came out and insinuated in the news columns that there was a mysterious influence at the back of the riots, presumably the I. W. W. There were some civilian people leading the soldiers on to deeds of violence, and these civilians were Wobblies, according to the Daily News insinuations. The criminal provocateurs were at work again.

We have not heard from Duluth yet, but we shall not be a bit surprised to see this race riot also blamed on the I. W. W.

While reading proof of the above we get "The Herald-Examiner" of Chicago of July 21, one of the Hearst papers. In glaring head lines it accuses the I. W. W. of being the inciters of a Chicago riot on Sunday, July 20th, in which two men were killed and eight more or less severely wounded while trying to arrest some members of a Negro religious sect that had run amuck. The paper says that these religious fanatics were burning the American flag, but seeing that the paper comes with the lie that the I. W. W. is behind it, one cannot believe what the paper says. On another page the paper publishes a photo of a mixed crowd of Negroes and whites and states that they are "a posse hunting the guilty I. W. W."

This is, of course, nothing but a dastardly attempt of this honorless paper to incite the ignorant mob against the I. W. W.

**It is journalistic work of this kind that keeps the flame of rioting alive.**

What is the significance of it all?

We are absolutely certain that in neither crowd of rioters could be found an I. W. W. man or a socialist. In every city where these riots occur the participants are people outside of our ranks. There are the clubmen and other keen sports with murder in their hearts who enjoy hounding a Negro to death, the same as they would hunt and kill a 'possum, a fox or a coyote. It thrills their degenerate nerves and satisfies their vile passion. Whenever there is a call for that kind of action they pour out of their hiding places, these monsters. Of course, they do not want to publicly stand for their deed. They are ashamed of it, they fear the punishment and they add to their crime by trying to roll the crime over on some innocent people's shoulders—people whom they hate.

By blaming it on the I. W. W. and thus inciting ignorant people against us, they feel that they have killed two birds with one stone: They had the ghastly "fun" of killing a Negro and blame it on the hated I. W. W.

(While this was being set in type one of our member dropped in from Duluth. He had watched the hanging from beginning to end and barely escaped the same fate, when he tried his best to stop it. We asked him, what the crowd consisted of. "Were they working men," we asked. "No," he said, "they were the bourgeois and their dependents. The lynchers poured out of the shops, offices, drugstores, barbershops, pool rooms and joints of the business district. It was not working men. It was the element that is hostile to workingmen.")

The fact that these riots occur so frequently shows that we are living in a hair trigger society. Immediately below the surface, barely under control, there is a spiritual monster which dares not show itself in daylight. It is the free-masonry of bad men, and they number thousands and thousands in every city. Most of them wear good clothing, but many wear workingmen's clothes. Making a random survey of the rioting mobs, we should say that they consist of the same elements that made themselves most conspicuous as "patriots" during war times. It is the pupils of the patriotic leagues and of Ole Hanson, the malodorous ex-mayor of Seattle, the hired thuggery of employers' associations, the gunmen, the cowardly and murderous braggarts of the brothel-saloons and gambling halls, the scabs, and the self-styled 100 per cent American dupes of the profiteers, who are happy to see the two races fighting one another. The agents of the "National Security League" and other monopolists in patriotism have worked on the feelings of the rowdy elements until they are crazy for blood, like youngsters reading dime novels. The rioters are hyper-patriotic.

That same element which will on a moment's notice set civil authority at naught and "take charge" of a city, that same element is one we have to count with in these revolutionary times. When capitalism can no longer stand on its legs, it instinctively falls back on this element of thugs and murderers and general law-breakers. And this element of bad men just as instinctively turns to the capitalist class. They are in spiritual relationship and feel as friends, though of different social standing. The capitalist is at heart a thief, a murderer, an all-around crook and an immoral, bloodthirsty degenerate, ready to do anything to defend his booty. The rioters and the capitalists as naturally fall in with one another in troublous times as two countrymen will fall in with one another if they meet in a foreign country.

As capitalism collapses, as production and distribution of one commodity after another breaks down and people begin to lack the necessities of life, these bad men come into prominence. These rioters are anti-social beasts who immediately resort to violence when hunger comes. They will naturally find one another as in these race riots and flock together and plunder and murder together. They have friends "higher up" who will gladly use them and protect them.



THE WORK OF THE OMAHA RIOTERS IN THE CITY HALL

Recent events in Chicago show that a good many of the American Federation of Labor unions in Chicago are under control of such thuggery and "sports." Through the murder of such labor union thugs as Enright and Coleman, other names, such as Tim Murphy and Carozzo, and a dozen more have become prominent enough to show that these bandits and gunmen are worming their way into powerful positions. It is openly hinted that they have friends in prominent political positions as well as wealthy protectors. The events of late years have favored them. These thugs and robbers and murderers have played the patriotic game to a charm and elbowed themselves into position and wealth by terrorist methods. The shipbuilding and aircraft profiteers and arch patriots, the war contract patriots, the intellectual prostitutes following the trail of gold that these bad men leave behind, all of them are prominent just now. Carrying concealed weapons is illegal in most states, but these bad men by mutual consent all carry arms. The peaceful citizenry has been disarmed, but this profiteer and riot thuggery is allowed to keep their guns, so as to better be able to terrorize the law-abiding. In case of a general outbreak the good people are defenseless, and the capitalists and the crooks are armed to the teeth.

These gunmen and patriotic braves are a silent force right under the surface. It takes only the rape of a white woman by a Negro or the allegation of stonethrowing by black children as in Waukegan, in order to bring this element out in revolt against law and order. They are practicing for revolution—for a reactionary revolution.

We, the I. W. W. men, are organizing people industrially to enable them to take over and carry on production and distribution, so that the change from the new to the old may take place without violence and bloodshed. From the I. W. W., the socialists, and from the average worker, society has nothing to fear. The element which society has to fear is the same people who riot in Chicago, Omaha and Duluth, and those provocateurs higher up, who stand behind them and prod them, egg them on, encourage them and protect them.

We, the I. W. W., have everything to lose and nothing to gain by participating in riots. Anyhow, we have the mild spirit of humanitarians and shudder at these terrible, ghastly deeds. The intelligent Negroes know very well that they have no better friend than the I. W. W. and they are organizing together with us and fighting with us against the capitalist class, as witness the present strike on the docks of Philadelphia, where whites and blacks are united in friendship and solidarity for a common, beautiful aim.

The thing for us to do in these troublous times is to hurry and get our organs of local administration ready; that is, our city central councils. Seeing the ease with which the murderous mobs suspend the activities of the civil authorities and terrorize one community after another, it becomes incumbent upon the workers to take steps to protect themselves and society from a complete breakdown at the hands of these bloodthirsty mobs. Having made temporary revolutions with impunity in St. Louis, in Washington, in Chicago, in Omaha, in Waukegan, in Duluth, they are getting more daring, more courageous. Before we know it, this cut-throat element, with a General Wood at the top as the man on horseback, and Morgan, Rockefeller, Dupont, and the hundreds of other trust magnates as the financial backers, will take complete control. Under the guise of suppressing rowdyism, they will systematize it and enthrone it on the mangled carcass of so-called democracy.

With so many dangerous elements snooping round, knife in hand, ready to cut the throat of civilization and establish the autocratic rule of banditry, it is time for the useful working people to wake up. If the civil governments of today are too weak, too cowardly or too crooked to prevent these riots or to punish those who participate in them, it is time for the big mass of peaceable, law-abiding, useful citizens to create institutions which have their roots so deeply among the people that no criminal element dares to raise its head.

Only by changing from territorial representation to industrial representation will society be able to create an administration which will be able to function with the combined strength of all the citizens added together. The present administrations have little or no backing. They are as a rule the product of the activities of utterly corrupt political machines, dominated by the same slum element that does the rioting. They can uphold their authority only by hiring men and arming them with clubs and guns. These gun-and-club men sometimes fail to function or are overpowered, and there is banditry supreme.

The I. W. W. form of local administration, of which there is as yet little to be seen in this country, is a city central council drawn from the shop, the place of work, from living life itself. It will consist of the trusted men and women of every occupation instead of as now of real estate sharks, brothel and saloon keepers, shyster lawyers and professional politicians and grafters of the lowest type. Our administration, springing directly from the people at work, can call upon the whole people for assistance at any moment, and would be able to completely suppress any criminal element.

The moral of it all is the same old one that we are repeating until we are wearing it out: Organize every shop as a branch of the industrial union of that industry. Organize every human occupation along industrial lines. Select your Central City Councils everywhere and get ready for the collapse of capitalism.

The strikes are the signs of the inability of the capitalists to supply mankind with what it needs. They signify the collapse of capitalism industrially. The riots are the signs of the inability of capitalism to protect the citizens from violence. They signify the collapse of capitalism politically.

Get ready for the big crash like sensible men. Let all the good elements in society, whether white, black, red or yellow, male or female, get together to down the capitalistic bands of robbers and murderers and other criminals and save society.

Let capitalism collapse, but let us save civilization.



WHAT THE OMAHA RIOTERS DID WITH THE MAYOR'S AUTOMOBILE

# What is Bolshevism?

On pages 25-32 of this issue we have reprinted several articles, in full or in part, from "Soviet Russia," the official organ of the Russian Soviet Government Bureau here in the United States. These articles on the reconstruction in Russia answer the question pretty well what bolshevism is and what it is not. They are authoritative.

There is a large element of "bolsheviks" in this country who are making the Russian Bolsheviks ridiculous by claiming for them something that they do not claim for themselves. These "American Bolsheviks" are, figuratively speaking, running round with a big club, and, like the hold-up man during the night, they ask you: "Are you a bolshevik or are you not??" Yes or no. No explanations accepted. If you say yes, you will pass. If you say no, you are spiritually murdered on the spot, being called a traitor to the working class. If you start to explain you meet the same fate.

In their revolutionary ardor (with their jaw), they have plumb forgotten to look up what bolshevism really is, what it has done and what it tries to accomplish. Should this magazine fall into the hands of some of these soviet maniacs, they will have a good chance to enlighten themselves by reading these official accounts.

As you will see for yourselves, these articles treat mainly on the socialization of agriculture, and on the socialization of distribution of commodities. We did not have the space in this issue to treat on the socialization of big industry and the position and function of the unions. That will come in a coming issue.

But agriculture is the main issue in Russia. Eighty per cent of the population, at least, are engaged in it.

These articles will answer some of the following questions:

Is private ownership abolished in Russia?

Is private control of the means of production and distribution abolished in Russia?

Is wage slavery abolished in Russia?

Is socialism established in Russia?

As far as private ownership of the land is concerned, it is abolished on paper, but exists in fact. As you will see, 95 per cent of the land is divided into one-peasant "economies." Socialization has merely started on a small scale as an experiment and as an example.

As far as agriculture is concerned, the Russian revolution of 1917, like the French revolution of 1789, consisted in driving off the old land owners and allowing the peasants to divide the soil between them. That was a mighty fine thing for the Russian people and for the French people, but it is not socialism.

As far as handicraft and small industries (employing less than ten workers), which were so important a part of Russian life, there is no talk of socializing them. They continue to function as private enterprises, run for profit, with governmental co-operation.

When we come to commercial distribution we find that the bolsheviks even here have adopted the inheritance from pre-revolutionary days and adapted it for their purposes with much success. The co-operative movement of the consumers, built up already under czarism, has been made an integral part of the state machinery and has been extended to include all. Thus distribution has been socialized in a most surprising manner. If we are not mistaken, the co-operatives are not the least surprised.

As is very natural, the efforts at socialization are most noticeable when it comes to the big industries. They are more suited, more ready for collective operation, than agriculture and handicraft. As to the arrangements in detail of large industrial production and the functions of the unions, we refer the reader to our next issue.

We now come to the question: Should the workers of other countries proclaim themselves bolsheviks and slavishly follow in the footsteps of their Russian namesakes. Only a crazy man would insist on such a course after reading the facts as given here.

It is plain that each country will have

to work out its own solution of its own problems. The work of reconstruction will vary as the material at hand varies.

Agriculture in this country is largely carried on with machinery which is entirely lacking in Russia. This lays the basis for a system of co-operation which makes it impossible and absurd to divide the land into one, two or three horse farms like in Russia.

The solution of the agricultural problem in this country seems to be along the lines of the "agricultural commune," planned, and to some extent put in operation, by the bolsheviks. Only it must be done on a much larger scale from the start in this country. We cannot start dividing up the corporation farm or the bonanza farm, and we cannot possibly start to split up the other farms, thereby losing the benefit of the progress of the last 100 years. Russia may have been compelled to solve the agricultural problem by dividing the soil into smaller parcels, but we have to solve our problem by combining the smaller parcels into bigger ones and by making agriculture one great national enterprise instead of disintegrating it into innumerable small enterprises.

As for handicraft, it plays no important part in American life. Where it serves its purpose it will probably have to be left untouched as in Russia.

As for distribution, the co-operative movement is so insignificant in this country that it would be almost impossible to use it as a basis for distribution as in Russia. However, we are sure to do like the Russians; that is, incorporate it in the large machinery of distribution. The commercial machinery of this country is so highly developed that it would be inconceivable that we should discard it. The hundred million dollar wholesale houses and the department stores are so intimately interwoven with American economic life that it would probably mean disaster to dispense with them. The thing for us in this country to do would probably be to organize the commercial working force industrially, as the actual productive workers, and train ourselves for the taking over of commercial distribution by means of these organizations. Of course, great changes would have to be made on account of our eliminating competition. But these simplifications could easily be made by the commercial workers, working in conjunction with the co-operatives.

When it comes to our long list of trusts, such as the steel trust, the oil trust, the coal trust, the copper trust, the lumber trust, the rubber trust, the leather trust, the shipping trust, etc., there is no way open except to take them over bodily by means of industrial unions. To dissolve them or break them up would mean utter ruin and destruction.

While we may to great advantage watch the experiments in Russia, the Russian workers can teach us very little, because industrial conditions are so different here and there.

In Russia we could probably do no better than help to carry out the bolshevik program of nationalization and fight in the red army to save the revolution. In America we must resist any attempt at following bolshevist lines and insist on having the problem of reconstruction solved according to the I. W. W. program; that is, industrial unions with their shop branches for productive purposes and city central councils for administration purposes, eliminating private ownership and control almost entirely as an outgrown form.

The thing to do under the circumstances is to help the Russian revolution along in every conceivable manner — including speaking the truth about it—and at the same time go right ahead and build up the I. W. W., that is the framework of the new society. All people who neglected this have had to pay a terrible penalty.

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Bolshevism means Socialism in a hurry—Socialism while you WON'T wait.—I. Zangwill.

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Bolshevism stands for the overthrow of the Capitalist system, and will pave the way for Socialism. —Litvinoff.

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"What can I do to help the I. W. W. with their tremendous task?" you ask. We'll tell you:

Take home a bundle of The One Big Union Monthly to sell every month. Write today!

# The General Defense

**By Wm. D. Haywood**

The General Defense Committee has become a real factor of the organization and was so recognized by the last convention, which made provision that the General Defense should continue, and that local Defense Committees should function with the General Defense Committee in the same manner as branches do with Industrial Unions. In this way the best possible results will be obtained.

The work accomplished by the General Defense Committee during the last ten months has counted for itself. Some of the work was reviewed to the last convention in a report by the General Secretary-Treasurer of the Defense Committee with a complete financial statement accompanying the report.

Since May 1 the second trial of Fellow Worker Charles Krieger has taken place and has resulted in an acquittal. This case was framed up by emissaries of the Standard Oil Company, who were responsible for holding Krieger in jail for over twenty-two months on a charge that they knew was absolutely false.

The case involved the organization in a tremendous expense for lawyers, investigations and trial costs, as many witnesses had to be brought to Tulsa, Oklahoma, from long distances.

Krieger when first arrested was held for investigation. Finally, he was put to trial last October. There was a hung jury. His acquittal came with the second trial. Kriger is now speaking for the General Defense Committee.

John Grady, charged with criminal syndicalism in Spokane, Wash., whose trial hung fire for so long, was finally acquitted.

The Butt Stevens case was vacated.

John Shank, who was tried at Pueblo, Colorado, on a charge framed by a Walsenburg bank, is still in jeopardy, as two of the jury stood for conviction while ten were for acquittal. However, George Vanderveer feels that this case will not be tried again.

Three members, E. J. MacCosham, W. H. Lewis and Charles Ashleigh, have been released from the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, on bond. All three were of the Chicago group and have spent nearly three years in prison.

MacCosham, for a minor infraction of the penitentiary rules, was kept in the dungeon and chained to the bars every day for over six months. His release came like a benefaction.

The argument before the Appellate Court, involving ninety-four members in the Chicago case, began on June 16. George F. Vanderveer argued the legal questions of the case in a masterly way. The court held a night session, at which time Vanderveer concluded his argument on the law, and the hearing was continued until the following Wednesday or Thursday, when Otto Christensen will argue on behalf of the defendants the evidence and the facts in this, the greatest labor case in the annals of American jurisprudence.

The assignment of errors in the Wichita appeal was granted by Judge Pollock. The bill of exceptions is being heard before him at this time. Bond for the Wichita defendants also will be fixed at this hearing, and an application will be made for a joint bond. Members and friends are requested to keep this fact in mind and send all available bonds, so that an early release of all the men confined in Leavenworth Penitentiary can be brought about.

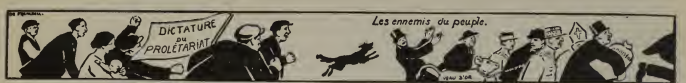
The argument in the Sacramento appeal will be heard some time during the latter part of this month.

The appeal in the Centralia case is being taken care of by Vanderveer.

All members who were indicted at Omaha in September, 1917, have been dismissed.

There are hundreds of members still confined in jails and penitentiaries, so the defense work must be kept up. A day's wage stamp will be issued. All returns from the sale of this stamp must be sent to this office.

At all entertainments, meetings and picnics held during the summer good speakers should be provided who will outline the defense as well as organization work, and have a good supply of defense literature on hand.




The Final Conflict—the Workers' driving away the "Enemies of the People": capitalists, generals, clericals and politicians.
—From "La Vie Ouvriere."

# Revolutionary Strikes in France

By GEORGE ANDREYTCHINE

**"Qui veut manger doit produire!"**

Great and heroic days have just passed in France; days in which the revolutionary will of the vanguard of the proletariat attempted to assert itself in no dubious way. The revolutionary syndicalists of the Railroad Workers' Federation called a general strike on all lines on the eve of May Day. The dock, marine and mine workers struck in solidarity with the militant "cheminots" (railroaders). Later on, the gas workers and electricians, the street car and subway workers of Paris were called out by the General Confederation of Labor in support of the striking railroaders. The metal workers of Paris, the rank and file, also struck, ignoring the pleas and supplications of their conservative officials. At a certain time the country was face to face with spontaneous insurrectional outbursts here and there.

But the time was not propitious for a revolution, for revolutions are not decreed by executive committees or union militants. It is evident that the causes of this strike were not deep-seated; were of no elemental nature.

**The Struggle for Supremacy in the C. G. T.**

The leaders of the railroad workers knew thoroughly well that a revolution was an impossibility at this particular moment. They declared the strike more against the conservative leaders of the General Confederation of Labor and of their own organization rather than against the capitalist regime and its government. They hoped to create the necessary sentiment and class solidarity, to awaken the pre-war militancy of the French proletariat and demolish the machine that is sapping the revolutionary will and energy of the working class—Jouhaux, Dumoulin, Merrheim, Bidegaray and their associates.

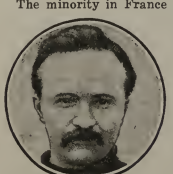
This strike was a challenge to them. If they refused to support it, their goose would be cooked; if they supported it whole-heartedly, the revolutionary syndicalists could wrest it from their control and give a new direction to its forces, possibly attempt a revolution. But the shrewd politicians of the C. G. T. chose neither of those courses. After seeing the folly of opposing this tornado, which would have meant suicide, they reluctantly "sympathized" with the struggle of the railroaders and stabbed them from behind. The unions they called "in sympathy" with the railroad strike were allowed to make their own choice of striking or not.

Some of the leaders of the railroad workers' unions actually scabbed and carried on an insidious propaganda against the new "bolshevist regime" of their federation. Especially notorious were the leaders of the Northern Railway, who called off the strike just then when it was assuming a general extension.

**The Consolidation of the Militants**

During the war, as in all European countries, the majority of the syndicalists and socialists gave their support and connivance to the capitalists in the great murderfest. But in each country there remained an incorruptible and brave minority which rejected the infamous "union sacree" with the eternal enemy of the working class and held high the red flag of the workers' International above the treason and odious compromises of the majority.

The minority in France was grouped round our valiant Fellow-Worker Pierre Monatte, editor of the syndicalist review, "La Vie Ouvriere" (The Toilers' Life). All of the readers of **The One Big Union Monthly** know already the picturesque revolutionary career of Monatte. The men and women who joined his group are destined to play an important part in future events; nay, they have been in the thick of the battle against capitalism for many years and have carried the brunt of it ever since the armistice, when syndicalism of pre-war times assumed its function once more in some of the most important unions.



PIERRE MONATTE,
Editor "La Vie Ouvriere"; born 1881.

The railroad workers and metal workers were the center of all syndicalist action and propaganda. Since the defection of Merrheim, the Zimmerwaldian pilgrim, and of Dumoulin, the man who had pitilessly unmasked and denounced Jouhaux and his clique, the railroad workers' union became the arena for the death-or-life struggle of the two tendencies. Monatte's group was strengthened by the adherence of several important figures who had a considerable influence in this key industry: Gaston Monmousseau, a young and powerful orator, writer

and organizer, leading spirit of the revolutionaries in the State Railway; Leon Midol, a man of forceful character and determination, who time and time again has harassed the railroad companies and their government with his "personal strikes" ("the one minute strike" on the P. L. M. in January, 1919, and the February railroad strike, 1920), a great student of transportation and production, general secretary of the most important railroad union, the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean line; Dejonckere, of the State lines; Delagrange and Olivier, of the Paris-Orleans lines; Totti, of the P. L. M.; Leveque, of the State lines; Chaverot, of the P. L. M. We must not fail to mention here the capable and fearless anarchist Sirolle, who is very close to Monatte's group.

### Class Struggle Against Class Collaboration

These militant syndicalists worked ceaselessly for the triumph of the principle of the class-struggle as opposed to the class collaboration practised by the officials of their general organization and the C. G. T. In the congress of their federation in May, 1919, Fellow Worker Monmousseau's revolutionary motion was supported by 108,000 members as against 130,000 for that of Bidegaray, the conservative secretary of the federation.

In July, 1919, Bidegaray and the officials of the C. G. T. sabotaged the general strike called for protest against intervention in Russia and Hungary, and that was considered as an act of treason by the "minority," who were in no mood to allow their government to stangulate the Russian revolution. The strike was called off on the eve of July 21st; Hungary was invaded and the intervention in Russia given an impetus. But that spelled the doom of Bidegaray's power. The propaganda carried on against him and the other social traitors was very fruitful. In February, 1920, the workers of the State railway held their congress. By an overwhelming majority of 57,047 Monmousseau defeated Bidegaray in his own union, who rallied only 8,030 votes. The blow was stunning to the conservatives and an inspiration to the "bolshevist minority." One by one the unions have been repudiating their "leaders" and the contingent of the militant syndicalist tendency was being reinforced with fresh recruits.

### The February Railroad Strike

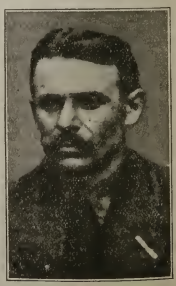
The companies and the government also played into the hands of the revolutionary minority; they delayed the granting of the demands of the railroad workers in spite of their solemn promises. The arrogant railroad magnates and directors were dreaming of crushing the revolutionary minority who constantly interrupted traffic and transportation; one line strikes today, another tomorrow. This, of course, means curtailment of profits and dividends. Besides, they were never too sure of their power if the revolutionary syndicalists were at the helm of the most important and powerful union. These "agitators" were never satisfied, and their battle-cry was, **"the railroads to the railroad workers!"** The plunderers of France and their political dummies, Millerand, Lefevre (both ex-socialists, and now henchmen of the bourgeoisie), Steeg and Le Trocquer, knew that if Monmousseau, Midol, Sirolle and their fellow workers ever captured the Railroad Federation (or, as Monatte puts it masterfully, "render the organization to the rank and file"), the day will not be far off when they and their tactics will reconquer the General Confederation of Labor with its 2,500,000 members and "render the land to those who till it and the factories to the workers!"

The air was charged with disquieting portents; a shop delegate in the yards of Villeneuve-St. Georges, Campanaud, was suspended for forty-eight hours from work for unauthorized leave of absence. He had gone to Dijon to a shop delegates' convention in spite of the refusal of the superintendent to grant him the necessary leave. The shop repairers at Villeneuve immediately struck in defense of their fellow worker; they considered the suspension an insult to their union and an invasion of their syndical rights, conquered with so much sacrifice.

Campanaud happens to belong to the most militant railroad union, the P. L. M., and in a few days Fellow Worker Leon Midol called out on strike the whole line. The order was obeyed by all; not a train moved on the main railroad artery in France. The Paris Central Railroad Committee, comprising delegates from all railroad lines (representing the **rank and file,** and not officials) decided to call out all other lines. Their jurisdiction did not embrace so much authority, but they knew where Bidegaray and his clique stood. The strike, a purely rank and file affair, was a marvelous demonstration of solidarity and class consciousness.

### Mobilization Order Ignored

The officials were completely discredited by their compromise with the government and companies. The victory of the "minority" was assured for the next congress. Chaverot, Sirolle, Sigrand, Leveque and Hourdeaux, who were arrested for inciting the military to disobedience and revolt, were released. The Millerand government had learned a lesson from the other ex-socialist, Briand, who in 1910, broke the railroad strike by calling the strikers to the colors. Mobilization orders were issued but less than 10 per cent responded. At Lyons the strikers piled up their mobilization orders in the Bourse du Travail, thou-



GASTON MONMOUSSEAU
**leader of the Railroad militants. Born in 1883.**

sands refused to accept the registered letters with the orders; at other centers they were burned.

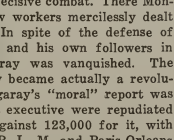
The French workers have had enough of war and militarism. Besides, in 1910 they were only 40,000. Now they are over 300,000.

This "outlaw" strike accomplished a threefold mission: It dislocated and undermined the authority of the officials of the Railroad Federation and ultimately all the conservative leaders of the C. G. T.; strengthened and gave a momentum to the left syndicalist movement and beat the companies and government to a frazzle. The effects of the strike soon became evident: One by one the unions of the various systems began "cleaning their house," getting rid of the cumbersome and timid "leaders," and the rank and file, through the militant and young "extremists," became masters of their own destiny.

### The General Congress in April

The final **coup-de-grace** was delivered at the annual congress which lasted from April 21 to 24 in the famous Japy hall. That congress will be a landmark in the future revolutionary history of France. The two tendencies, revolutionary and evolutionary (not to call it reactionary), of syndicalism, which have relentlessly struggled for supremacy in directing the policies, tactics and ideals of the formidable union, met there for a decisive combat. There Monmousseau and his fellow workers mercilessly dealt with their Gomperses. In spite of the defense of Dumoulin and Jouhaux and his own followers in the federation, Bidegaray was vanquished. The "minority" of yesterday became actually a revolutionary majority. Bidegaray's "moral" report was rejected and he and his executive were repudiated by a vote of 196,298 against 123,000 for it, with 16,031 abstention, the P. L. M. and Paris-Orleans voting almost unanimously "against," while the Alsace-Lorraine unions voted en bloc "for" the report.

Thus the policies and conduct of Bidegaray were condemned and the criticisms and attacks of our fellow workers, Sirolle, Monmousseau and Midol, justified; they were contemptuously sneered at and told to keep their mouth shut, for, forsooth, "the majority had confidence in our wise and careful (read **criminal**) inaction!" This reply was always on the lips of the so-called majority, who camouflaged with it all their double-dealings and unclean business of strangulating the revolutionary tendencies of the rank and file.



HENRI SIROLLE
delegate to the C. G. T.
Born 1886.

The resolution on action of the new majority, which is a splendid declaration of syndicalist principles, reminding us of the pre-war C. G. T., is a classic document. " * * * **the workers' organization repeats that its final goal is the disappearance of capitalism and the wage system;** it prepares the complete emancipation of the proletariat, which cannot be realized except through the expropriation of the capitalists, and it extols the general strike as the means of action; it considers that the union, today an organization of combat, in the future shall be the organ of production, the basis for social reconstruction." It calls on the "cheminots" not to respond to the order of mobilization in time of strike.



**Goods stocked on the quais of Joliette.**

### "Complete Transformation" Their Demand

"Considering the lamentable situation of the economic life, which demands a profound modification of the actual state of affairs, and that the complete nationalization of the great public services, the land and water routes, the mines and the great industrial enterprises, will facilitate this transformation for the exclusive benefit of the collectivity, the congress decides, in the face of government provocations and the postponement of indispensable decisions, to commence an immediate strike action by putting forth the following demands:

"1. Nationalization.

"2. Immediate reinstatement of the revoked to their posts.

"3. The abandonment of judiciary prosecutions.

"4. Recognition of the syndical rights."

This resolution was adopted by a vote of 171,037 (147,282 against, with 13,593 abstentions), the P. L. M. voting 65,248 for the resolution of the revolutionary syndicalists, which was read by Fellow Worker Totti of Marseilles, and 5,425 for that of the conservatives; the Eastern, 22,163 for it, 6,346 against; the Orleans road, 26,170 for, 20,000 against; the State lines, 42,091 for, 10,699 against; Alsace-Loraine, 23,000 for, 26,000 against. The biggest vote for the conservatives comes from the Compagnie du Nord, 41,491 against Monmousseau's motion and 9,337 for it. This union is the most conservative and it scabbed during the first and second (May) strikes. They are helping rebuild the devastated regions and evidently are against all strikes hampering that task.

But at the final session in Aubervilliers, the con-

gress unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"The congress, leaving aside all questions of tendencies and conceptions, and in complete accord upon the general demands presented by the federation, (1) nationalization, (2) reintegration of the revoked, (3) suspension of all judiciary prosecutions, (4) the recognition of syndical rights,

"Decides to call a general strike on all systems, leaving to the federal committee the care of fixing the date and examining if May First can be the pivot for action in accord with the C. G. T."

**The New Administration of the R. R. Federation**

On May 26th the federal council of the "cheminots" elected the new executive commission. By a vote of 28 against 18 for Bidegaray, Fellow Worker Edmond Leveque was elected administrative secretary; Fellow Worker Gaston Monmousseau, secretary of the propaganda bureau; Leon Midol, editor of the official organ (which has a circulation over 300,000) and documents. Fellow Worker Henri Sirolle was elected as delegate to the C. G. T. The majority of the executive committee is frankly revolutionary, and that makes the work of propaganda and agitation so much easier.

When the new administration, hailed by the venal press as "extremists," "bolsheviki" and what not, assumed its duties, they immediately put themselves to the task of calling the railroad workers on strike for the above mentioned program. The C. G. T. opposed any such move, but the militants of the Railroad Federation rammed down their throats the declaration of April 27, which could not be revoked. The glove was already thrown in the face of the insane government and arrogant railroad magnates.

The C. G. T. had to accept this bitter truth; once again they have been outmaneuvered by the "bolshevist elements," as "**Le Temps**" put it.

The strike, according to the Associated Press, was a complete tie-up on four systems out of the five. On May 6th the "Chicago Journal" published the following special cablegram:

**"The Extent of the Strike**

Marseilles and Havre were completely tied up today by the strike of dock workers, while railroad service was greatly reduced. Only fifty-two trains were dispatched from St. Lazare station yesterday, while in normal times 562 leave this terminal daily.



"Everything tied up at Port Vieux."

**Ninety-four Ships Stranded at Marseilles**

Developments of the French strike are assuming alarming proportions. The position of the seaports is becoming increasingly serious.

Ninety-four ships with over 10,000 passengers are stranded at Marseilles, unable to continue their journeys.

The strike, which has hitherto been confined to railroad men, dock men, seamen and miners, now threatens to overrun the metal and building trades. The metal workers declare they will throw down their tools tomorrow and the building workers have been instructed to be ready for the labor federation to call them out.

Strikers attacked express trains near Lyons with rifles and stones, and the labor leaders assert that another important additional strike became effective today."

**Persecutions a la Palmer**

The government and the capitalist regime were in a state of hysterics.



LEON MIDOL
Secretary P.-L.-M., not arrested yet.

In spite of the fact that Jouhaux and his clique, who control the C. G. T., its press and unions, are as harmless as Gompers, and that on May 19 they called off the "sympathetic" strike, the ruling class felt a foreboding storm which might sweep them off with the rest of the useless dust and filth and make a clean slate of the bloody reign of the bourgeoisie. "Soviets" began to be talked of; the general trend of thought began drifting toward a communist revolution. The fear and terror of the bourgeoisie might have been groundless, but it began reprisals by striking at the noblest and bravest worker—Pierre Monatte. He was arrested on May 3rd, early in the morning, for "plotting against the internal safety of the State."

The papers, the yellow, stinking prostituted press, began vomiting its sterile accusations. "Lenin's agent, who has taken money for his influential weekly, 'La Vie Ouvriere'." They told us that Monatte was once a teacher, but dismissed for revolutionary propaganda; that ever since the war has been occupied in fighting Jouhaux and all social traitors and that he is the leader of all French communists, recognized by Lenine and Trotsky and supported by them.

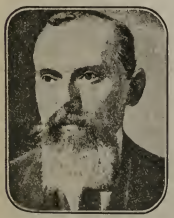
Just fourteen years ago Monatte was arrested and charged with the same "crime" for having incited the miners of Pas-de-Calais to rebellion. That time Clemenceau had his hands full when Monatte, Broutchoux and Griffuelhes were in prison. We hope that this time, too, Clemenceau's successor, Millerand, will soon be compelled to release our heroic fellow worker and his associates.

After Monatte, Fellow Workers Totti and Ver-

dier were arrested, one in Marseilles, the other in Decazeville. The latter was forcibly taken from the hands of the police by 500 railroad and metal workers and so far has not been rearrested. Some solidarity! Then Henri Sirolle, railroaders' delegate to the C. G. T., was arrested. After these, Fernand Loriot, another prominent militant of the Teachers' Federation and leader of the communist wing of the Socialist party; after Loriot, Fellow Worker Edmond Leveque, secretary of the Railroad Workers' Federation; after him Delagrange, Courage, Briard; then the arm of "law and order" reached for Comrade Boris Souvarine, editor of the "Bulletin Communiste," who, together with Monatte and Loriot, form the executive secretariat of the Third International in France; and on May 19 our brave Fellow Worker Monmousseau joined the above-mentioned in the famous "Sante" prison.

**A Parallel Between France and Russia**

The capitalist press informs us that seventeen arrested "bolsheviki" will be tried under the infamous anarchist laws, commonly called "lois scelerates" (rascally laws), in spite of the fact that only a few of the accused are avowed anarchists and they are arrested for activities in connection with a purely syndicalist manifestation. Sirolle, Leveque, Sigrand and Chaverot, all railroaders, are members of the Anarchist Federation and the **"Libertaire"** group; Monatte, Monmousseau, Delagrange, Totti, Rey, Briand, Verdier and Midol are "pure" syndicalists; Loriot and Souvarine — Marxians. But what does it matter to the hysterical bourgeoisie? It wants to get rid of them, and one law is just as good to them as another. But we are sure that the French proletariat will have more to say about the imprisoned fellow workers than the capitalist judges.



FERNAND LORIOT
Teachers Federation;
Born 1870.

In the summer of 1917 the Russian Bolsheviki made a great demonstration in Petrograd against the useless and criminal murder of Russian soldiers by Kerensky and Kornilov, at the behest of the Allies' agents in Russia. The same day, on the insistence of the same Allied agents, Kerensky and the "comrades" Mensheviki issued an order for the arrest of Lenin, Trotzky, Mme. Kollontay, Kamenev, Zinoviev and others.



EDMOND LEVEQUE
Secretary Railroad Federation,
Born 1884.

Zinoviev and Lenin went into hiding, while the rest were immured in the infamous Czarist fortress Sts. Peter and Paul. But they did not stay there very long. Two months after their release, Trotsky, Kamenev and Mme. Kollontay were at the head of the first workers' government.

The French bourgeoisie is in the same boat as the Russan was at that time. The productive and distributive organs of France have long ago ceased to function normally. Persecution of militant revolutionaries will not make them run any better. The capitalist system is completely discredited. Its end is nearer than we suspect. But a conscious revolutionary action and organization is necessary to accomplish the great transformation—the revolution.

Monatte and his fellow workers have looked into that matter and they have devoted not in vain their lives to the education and organization of the workers in industrial unions. They have well merited the love and devotion of the working class the world over. We wish them freedom and realization of their ideal, which is, as Monatte puts it: **"Syndicalization of industry; the factories to the workers, the land to the peasants!"**

The next encounter with the bourgeoisie will spell the doom of the rotten and criminal, bloodthirsty capitalist class. The Communist Revolution will succeed, thanks to the ready organization of our fellow workers, the syndicalists.

# A Capitalist's Prayer

By L. Sweet

God, give me priests (with pay decreased)
Who shield each worthy grafter,
And workers keep in silent sleep
By talks on the hereafter.

Pray soldiers give who on hardtack live,
With purpose but to fight,
Whose willing hands serve all commands,
And murder, their delight.

Let children read and backward speed
In imitation schools,
Taught by stale minds on crooked spines,
And economic fools.

Pray workers send, world without end,
Whose work is all they know,
With wooden brains on husky frames
That never on strike go.

Who can contrive to keep alive
On less than living wages,
And all their days can sing my praise,
Shut up in filthy cages.

Then all good slaves, beyond their graves,
May join the angels' cheer;
But as for me—well, let me see—
I'll take my pleasures here.




Two fortresses to capture—the Bank and the Factory."
From "La Vie Ouvriere" of May Day.

# "All Power to the Unions"!

By G. VERDIER

(Translated from the French in "La Vie Ouvriere" by George Andreytchine.)

The great question now put before the world is: Who shall organize production in the future?

The bourgeoisie has been at the helm of society and has been regulating production for its own benefit until today. It hopes, we all know, to still conserve this supremacy and power. To this end it is maneuvering, in spite of the superficial concessions which it is preparing to make in the actual crisis. But its privileges of direction are disputed bitterly. A gap has been made in its power already in Russia, Germany and Austro-Hungary. Its fear is no less in other countries.

From one end of the world to the other, we might say that a struggle is going on between the capitalist class and the working class with the organization of production and exchange at stake.

In a congress of the co-operatives held at Dezaeville I put the following question to the manager of the wholesale warehouse: "Having in mind the events that make a social transformation inevitable, what relations do you think of establishing with the productive organizations?"

"That's very simple," he replied. **"We shall abolish them!** We shall declare that only the consumers can organize the production."

If we add to these "partners" the traditional socialists who preach that this organization of production) ought to be left to the collectivity, i. e., to the State, we can well understand that three "candidates" are disputing the heritage of the bourgeoisie.

The harm these "candidates" have caused in Russia is very evident; they were the cause of the profound divisions among the proletariat. This division is being enacted now in the Central Empires. Knowing what position our own C. G. T. takes, we can safely affirm that we are living through the same experiences and that we are traversing the same confused periods in which our own Kerenskys, Scheidemanns and Noskes are looking for fish in troubled waters.

Science teaches us that **the function creates the organ.** In virtue of this natural law it should follow that a society which takes upon itself the function of organizing the production and exchange of a country creates its own proper organs for that function.

The bourgeoisie created its proper organs, the commune and the parliament, in the bosom of a feudal and monarchist society, in order to found the society that it had conceived and which has for its base the equality of political rights and universal suffrage as a principle.

Today the working class wants to assume this function. Like the bourgeoisie before '89 (the great French Revolution), it has created the organs that will assure its exercise. If it is so, if it has created the functional organs of the proletarian society, it remains only to give them the power and attributes of the bourgeois state and the prerogatives of capitalist society.

Thus the question of the revolution is squarely put before us.

Well-known syndicalists will answer to this by saying: **"We are not ready!"**

A hole to creep out of! The revolution exists today in the facts more than in our dreams. In spite of us, it imposes itself on our preoccupations. Whether we are ready or not, it is there. What shall we do? What position must we take? Shall we seize the occasion that it offers us to realize our goal or shall we shrink before it as one shrinks before a frightful ghost?

Let us have a definite goal and the action shall lead us to it itself. This goal is **the seizure of power in the shop and in the commune in order to suppress the authority of the master and the bourgeois State.** These are the conquests that we must assign to our action. This must be our whole program.

The conquest of power once made, how shall we organize production and exchange and which are the organs that must enter into function to assure the life of the proletarian society?

Do these organs exist in advance?

They cannot be improvised, to my conception. They must exist preliminarily and be well in the hands of those who will make them function.

Syndicalism derives its force and its revolutionary value, not, as some try to make us believe, from the number of its adherents, but from the capacity of these organs of production—the unions (les syndicats). They form those organic cells where the producers will group themselves in order to unite their efforts and to create the necessary product for the needs of the social life.

The union, therefore, appears as the principal organ of production which will make the shop to function. It must displace the master in regulating

and directing the production in the factory, the yard, store, exploitation, etc. All power, all authority, all attributes and all prerogatives of the master must pass into its hands. It spreads its radiation of power in the whole factory by its **shop delegates**, who constitute its council (soviet). It studies the needs of its factory of raw materials, manpower, and distributes the latter according to the interests of production. Thus, the individual command of the master is displaced by the direction and authority of the union assembly.

All unions of a locality, united, form the communal organism. They constitute the communal council (soviet) whose mission shall be to study the needs of the locality in raw materials, manpower and products for consumption. It shall study all the resources of the commune and shall exploit them for the benefit of the community. It shall displace the municipal council, an organ of the bourgeois State, and shall take over all its powers and attributes.

It will be the same with the departmental unions and the Confederation Generale du Travail. The last named must take the place of the State and take over all its powers and national attributes.

The bourgeois constitution the C. G. T. must substitute with a federal and confederal constitution, starting with the commune as the base, and thus erect a social organization built on successive and harmonious levels on the principle of authority and the plural direction of its assemblies and congresses.

The federations, grouping in their bosom the unions of all the branches of production, form an institution having at its head technical councils. The interfederal union of these councils of social economy, composed of competent technicians, receives from the central proletarian powers all orders which they will distribute to the several centers of production by way of the federations.

The products, once created, shall be taken over by the **Labor Exchanges (Bourses du Travail)**, which shall store and exchange them with the exchanges of other centers. Therefore, they will be the office of exchange and distribution.

Thus shall be formed the cycle of production and exchange by syndicalism and its ramifications in the whole land, in the city as well as in the village, allowing the working class to exercise its function of an organizer of the social life.

The proletariat cannot realize its revolution, administer and direct society, without calling into action **the direct power of the workers', peasants' and soldiers' unions.**

Our motto for May Day must be: ALL POWER TO THE UNIONS!

To the unions of producers, workers and peasants must be united the unions of soldiers and marines.

Every regiment a union; every garrison a soldiers' committee.

Thus organized, the proletariat will be certain to come out victorious from the struggle.

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# The Watcher at the Ford

**By Gerald J. Lively**

**There's a watcher; there's a watcher at the Ford,**
**Where the sentence of the centuries is stored;**
**Be ye high or be ye lowly,**
**Be ye infidel or holy,**
**Ye've got to stand the judgment at the Ford—**
**It's the court of high revision at the Ford.**

**There's a watcher; there's a watcher at the Ford.**
**He's delivering the judgment of the sword.**
**See the Kings and Kaisers crawling,**
**See their tinseled crowns a-falling,**
**There's no regal guard of honor at the Ford—**
**There's no "King can do no wrong" down at the Ford.**

**It's a court of calm inquiry at the Ford,**
**On the conduct of the Warden and the Ward;**
**There's no time to give excuses**
**In the court the Watcher uses—**
**In the court of cold-drawn justice at the Ford.**
**And ye'll take your sentence, silent, at the Ford.**

**As the bowl is bitter, certain as the cord—**
**For the heroes, old and hoary,**
**Of painted song and story**
**Are losing all their honors at the Ford.**
**It's reversal of old judgments at the Ford,**
**For the lowly persecuted, hounded, harried, executed,**
**They are drawing crowns of glory from the Watcher at the Ford.**

**There's a Watcher; there's a watcher at the Ford,**
**And he's dealing in the logic of the Lord;**
**And ye and I are going**
**On the stream that's ever flowing**
**Through the last great house of justice at the Ford—**
**Have ye aught to show the Watcher at the Ford?**

**'Twill be worth the world's damnation,**
**It will spell a soul's salvation, be it but a single word;**
**Just a word of acclamation from the Watcher at the Ford.**
**So ye'd best be up and doing with no hope for a reward,**
**For the Ford is called TOMORROW, where ye pass for your award,**
**And POSTERITY the title of the Watcher at the Ford.**




THE RED TERROR IN RUSSIA.

# Russia in Reconstruction

## The Socialization of Agriculture in Russia

By V. VASILIEV.

**(From "Soviet Russia", May 15, 1920)**

The first land decrees of the Soviet Government, those of November 7, 1917, and of January 27, 1918, **abolished the right of private ownership in land, but they left in effect the private use of the peasants' land by the peasants themselves.** Even of the National Land Reserve, created from the expropriated lands of the nobility, of the appanages, of the monasteries, and of the churches, and comprising in 1918 in 22 provinces of the Soviet territory an area of 15,800,000 dessyatines, some 12,800,000 dessyatines, or 81 per cent, were distributed amongst the individual households of the peasants. Of course, **such a policy was far from being a socialization of agriculture, in any sense, but it was inevitable at the beginning of the Soviet regime in order to destroy the landed nobility, and to secure for the Revolution the support of the majority of the peasants.**

However, already in the first half of 1918, the Soviet Government made the first attempt to socialize agriculture by the organization of **Soviet estates and of agricultural communes,** and by the **promotion of other collective forms of rural economy.** Already in August of 1918, the People's Commissar of Agriculture, S. Sereda, published a decree on the organization of agricultural communes, and on November 2 of the same year the Soviet Government promulgated a law on the establishment of a money fund of one milliard rubles for loans to communes and similar agricultural enterprises. As a consequence, toward the end of that year **a number of Soviet estates, as well as some 500 agricultural communes,** were in existence, and, besides, **several rural communities** had started to practice a collective tillage of certain lands belonging to the community.

All these preliminary efforts towards the collectivization of agriculture were to a large extent lacking in unity and in a strict elaboration scheme of the work to be done. Even the territory of each branch of the collective rural economy was by no means defined, though as a rule the Soviet estates were organized on the undistributed land area (some 3,000,000 dessyatines) of the National Land Reserve. To eliminate these defects of land policy, the Soviet Government convened, in December, 1918, an All-Russian Congress of the rural committees of poor peasants, and of the agricultural communes, a congress which elaborated a project of a fundamental law on socialistic land organization. On the basis of that project, **the Soviet Government promulgated, on February 14, 1919, its most important agrarian law—the very comprehensive "Decree on Socialistic Land Organization, and the Transition to Socialistic Agriculture,"** which established the basic Soviet policy in the socialization of agriculture. This decree has been in effect up to the present time. Its essential features are as follows:

**First of all, the decree proclaimizes that all the land constitutes a single national reserve,** under the administration of the appropriate people's commissariats and local Soviet institutions. **The decree acknowledges, for the ends of socialization, the necessity of the organization of large Soviet economies, agricultural communes, collective tillage, and other phases of the collective utilization of land.** From individual use there are entirely excluded, except in extraordinary cases, all the lands which at the time of the promulgation of the decree, were not allotted to the individual rural households, and, in particular, the lands upon which there have already been or are to be organized the above-mentioned collective forms of agriculture, or the lands with rural industrial enterprises, experimental stations, experimental fields, and other agricultural-educational establishments.

All the work on the socialistic land organization is to be conducted by the **county and provincial land departments** (composed of representatives of the Soviet Government and of various labor and peasants' organizations), under the supreme guidance of the People's Commissariat of Agriculture.

**The Soviet Estates**

The decree contemplates the **Soviet estates as model agricultural enterprises,** purposing to get out of them the maximum of productiveness, and to make them serve as large agronomic centers of agricultural instruction for the surrounding peasantry. For the Soviet estates are particularly designated and reserved: the former private highly cultivated large economies; estates with granaries, orchards, vineyards; tea, tobacco and beet plantations; with complicated technico-agricultural arrangements (cheese factories, buttershops, dairies, corn-mills, wine-producing plants); with highly developed stock-farming; with rural industrial enterprises (agricultural repair shops, etc.); and with ponds and lakes for fish-breeding.

For the ends of agricultural instruction the decree provides for the organization on the Soviet estates, of experimental stations, experimental fields, workshops, agricultural courses and exhibitions, agricultural schools, libraries, museums, theatres and other cultural institutions.

**The Soviet estates are placed under the supreme authority of the People's Commissariat of Agriculture,** and locally their affairs are directed by special provincial, regional and local boards of the Soviet estates. The technical and administrative business of each separate estate is conducted by a steward-specialist or by a council, appointed by the People's Commissariat of Agriculture and the corresponding provincial board. A labor committee elected by the laborers of the estate from their own ranks regulates the internal arrangement of the work and supervises the economic and sanitary conditions of the life of the laborers.

**On the Soviet estates only state laborers are employed, at a wage fixed by the Labor Unions** and approved by the People's Commissar of Agriculture. The decree urges the sending of experienced industrial workers from the cities to the Soviet estate.

Finally, in order to render material assistance to the surrounding poor peasants, the decree obliges the Soviet estates to establish on their territory veterinary posts, to improve the local roads, to organize agronomic assistance, and, in general, to act in close contact with the remaining part of the rural population.

The **agricultural communes,** according to the decree, **are voluntary associations of rural producers** on the basis of communal land, its collective cultivation, and communal use of the produced good. The land area and the inventory of a commune are made up of the individual land allotments and of the inventories of its participants, or of land and inventory placed at the disposal of the commune

by a land department from the Land Reserve and from the inventors of the expropriated large estates.

For the convenience of production two or more adjoining communes are obliged to combine into one, while scattered communes must unite in a union of communes.

**The communes are under the supreme supervision of the People's Commissiariat of Agriculture** and must adapt themselves to certain working plans and regulations elaborated by the land departments. **Work in a commune is to be performed by its members. The only permissible hired labor is that of permanent salaried specialists and of temporary hired workers during times of pressing work** (harvesting, etc.)

All the administrative, technical, economic and sanitary affairs of each commune are managed by a council elected by the members of the commune from among themselves; the salaried specialists and the temporary **hired laborers having an advisory voice** in its business. The provincial boards of the Soviet estates may place their representative on the councils of the communes, which in such cases enjoy the privilege of sending their delegates to the boards.

Of the products of the communes, first; a certain amount is used for satisfying their own needs; second, the surplus must be delivered to the supply authorities of the Soviet Government, in exchange for loans received, agricultural implements, artificial fertilizer and other modes of compensation, which should be utilized for the improvement of the communal economy.

**The communes also are obliged to perform educational work among the surrounding rural population and to help the poor peasants against the village profiteers.**

A commune may be dissolved by the decision of the majority of its members or by an order of the Soviet authorities, if it has not operated productively and successfully.

As **"collective tillage"** of land the decree designates collective ploughing, sowing, harvesting, etc., of certain lands, by the collective application of the labor, the inventories, and the working cattle of a whole village community or of a portion of it, the decision to that effect being made by either of them. The decree suggests for collective tillage: the lands of a community not distributed amongst its individual households; of its individual members who, for some reason, are not able to till them; and those of the Land Reserve which temporarily cannot be utilized by the Soviet estates or the agricultural communes.

The participants in the collective tillage combine in associations and partnerships, taking equal part in the collective work. **The use of hired laborers is allowed** only **temporarily,** during urgent work that requires haste, they have the right to an advisory voice in the partnership and to be admitted to full membership in it if they so desire.

In addition to the personal inventories of the participants, used for collective tillage, the partnership may expropriate with or without remuneration, for its exclusive ownership the superfluous inventories of its well-to-do members, or secure inventory from the Soviet authorities.

Each partner must carry a fixed amount of manure to the field constituting the collective tillage. From certain contributions by the partners, and from subtractions from the annual crop, a fund is formed for seeds to sow the collective fields and another one for their artificial fertilization.

A part of the crop from the fields of the collective tillage is subtracted for seeds, for fodder for the domestic animals owned collectively, for the securing of manure and agricultural implements, or for repairing the latter. A part is to be distributed among the members of the partnership for their private use; and the surplus must be delivered to the Soviet supply authorities, and from the income are to be paid the allotted loans and public taxes.

A group of peasants or a whole community may gradually apply collective tillage to all their land allotments, simultaneously transferring all their inventories and working animals into collective ownership.

All the affairs of the partnership in collective tillage are managed by a committee elected by the members from their own numbers.

In conclusion, the decree lays upon the People's Commissariat of Agriculture and its subordinate institutions the duty of supplying all these and similar agricultural organizations with seeds, inventories, agronomic aid, money loans, and, in general, with every kind of assistance.

### Extent of Socialization

As to the merits of each branch of collective agriculture which are provided for in the decree, **only the Soviet estates represent completely socialized, or nationalized, agricultural enterprises, operated by the state** for the good of the whole people. **The communes are producing primarily for the needs of a group,** though closely connected with the state, but they are supposed in the course of time to transform themselves into state organizations. The great **significance of the collective tillage of land** lies in its power to draw into the process of collectivization the most numerous masses of the peasants, as each village community possesses some lands suitable for collective tillage, and may, in turn, transform the whole partnership into a commune. **Thus, both the communes and the partnerships for collective tillage are only transitional agricultural steps, leading from individual cultivation of land to a complete socialization of agriculture on a national scale.**

The land law outlined above was dated January 30, 1919, preceded by a decree placing at the disposal of the state all the lands which formerly were cultivated for sowing, but were at that time—on account of the tremendous destruction of agriculture caused by the war, not utilized any more by either the individual or the collective economies. Thus, the decree extended considerably the land area for the socialization of agriculture.

To create a single policy in the awarding of loans from the one milliard fund to the collective agricultural enterprises, the Soviet Government published on February 20, 1919, regulations to that effect. According to these regulations, the fund is permanently replenished from the repayments of the loans and from government resources. All the operations of the fund are handled by a special Central Committee, composed of representatives of several commissariats and of the unions of co-operatives and of agricultural communes in the provinces. The business affairs are transacted by local committees of analagous composition.

The loans, in money or in implements, manure, and other supplies for modern agriculture, are awarded to agricultural communes, partnerships for collective tillage, and other rural productive associations for the organization, the improvement, or the restoration of their collective agricultural enterprises. The loans are repayable, without interest, except in cases in which a fine of one per cent a month is imposed for a delay in the refunding of a loan.

The receivers of the loans are under obligations to fulfill in their agricultural enterprises certain requirements of the land departments, aiming to secure a successful and productive operation of the



FIRST OF MAY IN PETROGRAD.

respective collective economies.

To place all branches of the collective agricultural enterprises, and agriculture in general, on a modern scientific basis of intensive operation, the Soviet Government passed several decrees to that effect, designed to nationalize agronomic instruction and the application of agricultural knowledge. By a decree of January 30, 1919, all agricultural specialists with elementary, secondary, and higher agronomic education, or with practical experience instead, were ordered to register themselves at the People's Commissariat of Agriculture, which was empowered to mobilize them at any time for agricultural service in any locality of the Soviet territory. On the basis of that decree, the Soviet Government on March 20 of the same year for the first time called into the national agricultural service all the respective specialists of twelve Soviet provinces, and subsequently the mobilization was extended to the other provinces. On March 12, 1919, a decree nationalized all experimental stations.

Of course, the nationalization of agronomic instruction and of scientific agricultural labor is not meant only for the Soviet estates and other collective forms of rural economy, but it is for the good of all the individual peasant holdings, also, as the peasants, in consequence of the land laws just outlined, enjoy the privilege and opportunity to take advantage, in full measure, of the agronomic instruction and of the practical lessons in model agriculture which are offered to them by the Soviet estate, agricultural communes, experimental stations, and experimental fields. Besides, the agronomic education in general was nationalized already in 1918, and thus made public and free for all.

**Introducing Communism by Voluntary Methods**

With reference to the methods of inducing the masses of the peasants to collectivize and communalize their agricultural households, it should be emphasized that **the Soviet Government does not favor the employment of compulsion or force.** This is proved, among other things, by the attitude of the head of the Soviet Government, Lenin, who, at the Eighth Congress of the Communist Party of Russia (a month after the promulgation of the fundamental law on socialistic land organization), made the following statements on the agrarian question:

"There can be no greater stupidity than the mere thought of compulsion in the sphere of the economic relations of the middle peasants. Our decrees regarding the economy of peasants are substantially right * * *, however, it is wrong to force them upon the peasants. We must convince the peasants and convince them by actual example."

This spirit of education, of endeavor to convince in matters of agricultural collectivism, has dominated the policy of the Soviet Government during the past year (1919). The Soviet authorities believe that collective agriculture is technically superior to the individual small agricultural economies, and that this superiority in the course of time will gradually draw the middle and poor peasants into the process of agricultural collectivization and communalization.

Such was the socialistic land policy of the Soviet Government until recently. After the promulgation of the land decrees, analyzed above, the subsequent work of the Soviet Government on socialistic land organization consisted mainly in the practical realization of the principles laid down in those decrees. Many Soviet estates were organized, and agricultural communes promoted. As a result, toward the end of 1919, the cultivated land area of the Soviet estates amounted to some 1,000,-

000 dessyatines, and almost in every Soviet province tens and hundreds of agricultural communes have sprung up.

**Results Obtained**

**However, the results achieved are not impressive: only a small percentage of the vast agricultural area has been nationalized or collectivized in respect of cultivation. The main causes of the slow process of the agricultural socialization as yet have been: the ignorance and the prejudices of the masses of the peasants; the lack of live and dead inventory in particular of agricultural machinery; and the employment of hundreds of thousands of the best agricultural producers in the military service.** But as soon as—after the inevitable conclusion of peace—Soviet Russia will be able to employ in productive work all its laboring forces and to get the needed agricultural implements, the socialization of agriculture will proceed more successfully. The Soviet economists purpose to increase in 1920 the territory of the operated Soviet estates to 2,000,000 dessyatines, not counting the eventual organization of additional agricultural communes. Altogether it will form a deeply rooted and safe foundation for the further socialization of Russian agriculture.

# Economic Reconstruction in Soviet Russia

**(From "Soviet Russia," May 22, 1920)**

## PRODUCTION

The basis for the socialization of the means of production and transportation must be solved in Soviet Russia by a process of **adaptation to the economic conditions exiting in the country.** Whereas the **large industrial undertakings could be transferred by one stroke into the possession of all engaged in work,** that is the proletarian state, **the small and the home industries as well as handicrafts must travel only gradually upon the long road toward socialization.** The chief role will have to be played by the formation of producers' and consumers' organizations and by supporting the state in the domain of marketing and obtaining raw materials. The **methods of expropriation or compulsion are here completely inapplicable and purposeless.** These considerations have been laid down as a basis for the decree of April 26, 1919, pertaining to small or so-called **home industries. Owners of home industry undertakings (which employ ten workmen at most and use one-horse power machines) are granted a right to use the raw material supply of the state.** The articles manufactured by the workmen in home industries from the state raw materials must be delivered to the same organizations which delivered the raw materials. The articles manufactured of the raw materials monopolized by the state are to be distributed among the population according to a plan that must be endorsed by the state. As to articles that are manufactured of raw materials obtained by the home workers themselves, the latter are permitted to distribute them in the whole domain of Soviet Russia. **Small industrial undertakings of home workers and artisans are subject neither to nationalization nor to municipalization.**

While the **Soviet power grants the small industry a right to an independent existence by the side of the large industry,** it is endeavoring to form an organic connection between the two. The principles for such union are well indicated in a report which is a contribution to the study of the home industry region of Pavlovsk. There, the large industry must provide the small industry with experienced foremen and managers and must assign to it steady, not incidental, orders and for such articles as those, the production of which in a large undertaking would cost considerably more. Furthermore, the large industry must supply such half finished products as those without which the small industry in most cases is helpless; besides, rejected articles and pieces that cannot be used in large scale production but which are desirable for the small industry. On the other hand, the large industry is entitled to demand of the small industry the preparation of a staff of workers and employes possessing a sufficient degree of practical training to bring forward a demand for relieving it from superfluous workshops of secondary importance, because the latter complicate and increase the cost of administrative apparatus, and to ask that such shops should be taken over by the small industry. Finally, the large industry may demand that such orders as require for their execution personal initiative and skill be taken up by the small industry. The approach of harvest time compelled the consideration of measures necessary for the best possible realization of this task. In order to relieve the situation arising from a lack of labor forces and to hasten the bringing in of the crops, special harvesting detachments were formed, composed of the workers and peasants of the provinces in greatest need, and sent to the producing provinces. In the meantime, the provisioning organs were busy taking hold of the surplus crops and administering measures for the supplying of the villages with manufactured products by way of exchange.

This process has brought to life in many places a method of dealing with peasant communities and co-operatives which has developed into a system. A computation is made of the crop figures, on the basis of which the community gets a request for a certain amount of products. For its own part, the supply committee of the particular province assumes the obligation to place at the disposal of the community a certain amount of wares. The merchandise is delivered in the same degree as the contract is lived up to. In this manner the peasantry feel in reality that the receipt of the products of urban industry is connected with the delivery of the grain surplus to the city at maximum prices. A trial of this method was made last year in the province of Tula, and was crowned with success. Within the period of six weeks there was collected there 1.600,000 poods of grain in a single district.

## DISTRIBUTION

A high degree of elasticity is required by the actual organization for **distribution.** An organization that is to serve for supplying the whole population can be produced only through the efforts of the whole population. Such an organ is the co-operative organization.

The decree of March 20 carries out the principle of uniting all co-operatives that are found in one locality into **a uniform co-operative organization of which every grown up person is bound to become a member.** To this organization is assigned the most far-reaching task of supplying the population with the products of every-day use. The kernel of this co-operative association is naturally made up of the workers' co-operatives.

The Moscow Co-operative, built on the basis of this decree, represents a commune with the right of self-administration, to which belong all citizens who have the right of suffrage in accordance with the Soviet constitution. According to the statute, the co-operative takes over, outside of regulating distribution, a number of other creative and cultural tasks. It attends to the procuring of the various products of every-day consumption and of daily needs, organizes agricultural undertakings, dairies, vegetable gardens, creates for the members of the association organizations for the spreadin[illegible] of culture and education, carries on the stu[illegible]




**RECONSIDERING THE 14 POINTS.**

the manners and customs of the population, etc. An all-Russian union of all such organizations, combined with the productive associations, will form the kernel of that organization which is destined to replace the state.

In order to get an idea of the basis on which the Moscow Co-operative is built let us produce some figures showing the development of the Moscow Central Workers' Co-operative. The returns for the first six months of the year (1919) reached the sum of three and a half billion rubles (for the whole of 1918 it amounted to 1,033,000,000 rubles). The membership was, on January 1, 1919, 130,000, on August 1, 1919, 321,000. The organization owns 147 food stores and five stores for manufactured products, besides eight department stores. It possesses thirty-two agencies in Great Russia, Turkestan, White Russia and Lithuania. During the past year the agents of the co-operative bought merchandise for the sum of 321,000,000 rubles.

The co-operative has at its disposal tens of thousands of dessyatins of land which is used for horticulture; owns dairy farms; oil mills; a few drying lofts for vegetables, of this number four with machine appliances for drying and working capacity of a million poods. Outside of their own undertakings, the Moscow Co-operative imports the products from the gardeners' **artels** (small artisan co-operatives), vegetable gardeners and fishers, with whom it has concluded contracts for delivery. The non-commercial part of the co-operatives possesses eight district clubs, two libraries, six children's homes and six clubs for juveniles.

Such is the organization which is now being used as a basis for the Moscow Uniform Co-operative Organization. Its example will doubtless find imitators elsewhere in Russia.

## The United Consumers' Society

**(From "Soviet Russia," May 22, 1920)**

The Soviet Authority has had to solve the extremely complicated **problem of unifying the whole system of distribution,** to destroy parallelism and the chaos connected therewith which is prevalent in this field, **and to create new forms of distribution**—such forms as would be consistent with the fundamental principles of Soviet policy—in the sphere of economics and food. **The difficulty of solving this problem lay in the fact that nothing new could be set up—the old co-operative apparatus had to be made use of and adapted, with the least possible disturbance, to new methods.** Co-operation, in its day, grew up from the depths of capitalism, as a means of self-defense and struggle for existence used by the petty owners, uniting against organized capital. The European war facilitated the growth of the co-operative movement. All were thrown into it—all those whom the growing appetites of big capital threatened to turn out of the bourgeois world. The number of co-operative societies grew with remarkable rapidity, and, since the number of consumers' societies was increasing, a contradictory element was beginning to be felt, the beginning of which formed itself by its very nature of capitalistic co-operation.

At first only shareholders could take advantage of the co-operatives, whose members were thus distinguished from the rest of the population. But it was to their own interest to attract more and more members, to expand the limits of their activities, and, finally, a network of all kinds of co-operative societies embraced nearly the whole population. The difference between shareholders and non-shareholdrs was eliminated. **The co-operatives became the organ of the whole population,** and the state could, and really ought to have taken advantage of this

organ of distribution. **By the decree of the 20th of March, 1919, the State took over this co-operative apparatus, which has taken deep root, and proved its utility, and is adapting it to the uses of social distribution.**

**Distribution, in this manner, is placed in the hands of the population itself.** The fundamental principle of this system of supplying the population with all that is necessary is that of **self-activity**. But this principle of co-operation, which was formerly the motto of the egotistic, individual, privileged shareholder, in the hands of the Soviet State acquires a different meaning: **all the population** participates in procuring and distributing the products. In fact, all the population of the Soviet Republic is in one way or another bound up with the co-operative organizations. **The decree of the 20th of March has made the registration of the whole population in the co-operative societies compulsory.**

Having in this manner placed the distribution in the hands of the population itself, the State has taken steps by which the system of distribution should bear a strictly organized character. With this aim in view, it has **united all the individual co-operative societies into one co-operative society, having one stock, one fund, one administration, its members being the whole population.** Having created this single distributing apparatus, the State removed its own organs from the direct participation in distribution, retaining only the function of supervision and control.

What is the reorganized co-operative system? We will try to give a general explanation. All the population of each district is a member of one **United Consumers Society**. All the citizens have the right to vote, in accordance with the Soviet Constitution, have the right to elect and to be elected in all the organs of the administration and control of the United Consumers' Society. All the citizens supervise the activity of this society through their representatives and the administration elected by them. **The smaller districts merge into governments (gubernia) "Alliances of Consumers' Societies"** at the head of which are provisional administrations. These government alliances are the organs of supply and distribution among the groups of consumers' communes of a given district. The units of factory, works, and town consumers' communes, so-called government sections, enter, as autonomic sections, into the government alliances with the aim of immediate and direct distribution of food and articles of primary necessity among the workmen. In this manner, the workers' co-operative, as it were, operates on its own, and does not mingle with the other general co-operatives. This is explained by reason of the fact that the workers' co-operative does not contain any indirect outside elements, is more energetic and can serve as an example in the bringing into life of the fundamental principles of the decree. All these government sections unite into one Central Section, entering on an autonomic basis into the union of all government alliances, the Central Alliance.

**The administration of the Central Alliance is in this manner the administration of the United Consumers' Society of the Republic. The United Consumers' Society, being an economic-technical organization, with the aim of carrying out the task of supplying and distributing, has in its possession all the stores, transport means, productive enterprises, farms, gardens, preparatory offices, agencies, distributing points, shops, institutions for public feeding, and medical and cultural institutions, which formerly belonged to private co-operatives, workers' co-operatives and the food organs of the state.** Thus, owing to this unity, the Moscow distributive apparatus has in its hands 1,300 shops, 107 warehouses, 268 feeding points, and 23,000 employes. With regard to the finances of this huge state apparatus, in the first place all the property and funds of all the co-operative societies have passed over to it; secondly, the society can take advantage of state credit; and finally, the advances received from the members can be counted on for the future. The reform is now being completed. By the 1st of November this unified distributive apparatus must start its activity. **The state has laid the supply and distribution of food and articles of primary necessity on the shoulders of the consumers themselves**—in the hands of the consumers' organizations, retaining the right to supply such products as are obtained by state requisition (bread), leaving its distribution to these co-operative organizations. The decree of the 20th of March has opened a new path; great new perspectives in social construction have been opened, and, at any rate, such forms of capitalism as were expressed economically by the old co-operative societies, competing with each other, each taking the best for itself, without any system whatever, in every sense of the word "populist capitalists"—have been destroyed. By uniting all the separated **societies into one united system, and by drafting all** as members of one single co-operative, the institution of a new life, closely bound up with the interests of a social state, to which it is united by ties of blood, and from which it must logically emanate, has been created.

## The Decree on March 20, 1919

**(From "Soviet Russia," April 24, 1920)**

The decree of March 20, 1919, aimed at laying the foundation for a state machinery of distribution, making use of the existing distributive stores, with a view, in the words of the decree, "of utilizing the experience accumulated by distributive co-operation in the interests of the whole of the laboring population."

The decree provided for the association of all consumers' societies and stores in every locality into one "Consumers' Commune." As a basis for this commune, in towns the local labor society was designated, and in the villages the rural distributing store. The management of such distributing communes is entrusted to a board and to a controlling council elected by the voters entitled to a vote in the election of the members of the Soviets. The local communes are federated into district, provincial and regional unions, and the provincial delegates are charged with the election of the central body—the "Centrosoyuz."

This communal organization is charged with the distribution of food and indispensable commodities. It has taken over the assets of all the distributing stores, whether co-operative or not. The payments made by the former members of co-operative stores on their shares were returned to them. All the employes of the co-operative societies became civil servants. This step made the distributing co-operatives of Russia the Department for Distribution of the Soviet Government. The final step, however, was taken on January 30, 1920, when the agricultural co-operative organizations of the producers were brought into the system. A new Central Co-operative Board was created, comprising delegates from all the central co-operative organizations of producers, the labor co-operatives and the consumers' communes. As a result the co-operative organizations became a sort of branch of the Supreme Economic Council of the Russian Republic, charged with the collection of agricultural products and the distribution of consumers' goods and agricultural supplies.

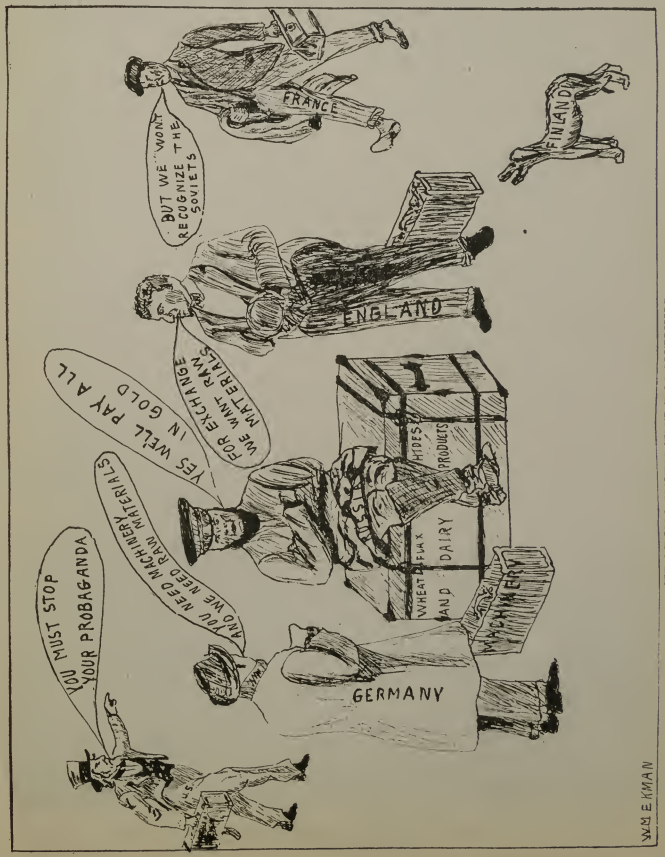
# The Rural Commune Convention

(From "Soviet Russia," May 8, 1920)

(We reprint the following article from "Ekonomischkaya Zhizn," the official organ of the Supreme Council of National Economy at Moscow, of December 5, 1919.)

The conference of the agricultural communes was opened on December 3, in the former Shanyavsky Building of the University; 140 delegates were present at the conference, among them 93 communists.

Pointing out the reasons for the creation of a strong movement in the villages towards organizing agricultural producers' communes, Comrade Sereda developed the basic problems of the revolution as follows: to collect the scattered land, to



make it a foundation for the welfare of the people and thus raise the productivity of the agricultural economy to such a degree that there will be no occasion for supply problems or shortages. It is the task of the commissariat to outline practical measures for the work of collecting the land.

The collectivist economies—Soviet economies—communes, co-operatives, as yet occupy a very insignificant part of the whole agricultural area—only 5 per cent in all 31 provinces; **95 per cent of the arable land is in the hands of one-man peasant economies.** It is impossible to get hold of this unsocialized land with only the help of Soviet economies and communes, therefore the Soviet Government has introduced other transition forms for the socialization of the land, a communal cultivation and co-operative scheme in agriculture. In the future, all new forms of socialization which may come up will be accepted by the Soviet Government; it is the endeavor of the latter to keep up with the demands of life.

The improvements in the communistic economies will draw the peasants to these communes. But the People's Commissariat of Agriculture also bears in mind the individual peasant household, by the improvement of which the country as a whole will benefit. In this line, the interest of the People's Commissariat of Agriculture—both have before them the problem of assisting the local peasant's economy. Many of the communes are already accomplishing this, and it is an important condition in bringing the communes into closer touch with the local peasant population.

The communes must try to enlarge their economies—establish agriculture, gardening, art and craft production. The broader the scope of the communist economies—the stronger the influence they can exercise over the neighboring population. And only in this case may the communes become real strongholds of agriculture in Soviet Russia.

At the present time, the number of communes and peasants exceeds six thousand. The amount of land in each commune is rather small; in the average commune there is about 300 desyatins. Isolated communes will therefore be unable to solve their own problems; it is necessary that they be united first according to countries, later to provinces, and finally, in **one vast All-Russian Agricultural commune.** The present conference is called upon to organize a union of communes and artels for the purpose of uniting them into one economic whole.

At the evening session, Comrade Lenin took the floor.

In greeting the first conference of the communes and the artels, in the name of the government, Comrade Lenin pointed out that the whole legislative activity of the Soviet Government indicates the tremendous significance of the communes, peasant cooperatives, and all organizations which tend to facilitate the transformation of small individual economies into communal partnership, or co-operative economies. The importance of such a transformation cannot be too highly appreciated, because it is needless to say that a Socialistic society cannot be firmly established without changing the old conditions of the peasantry.

We know too well, said Comrade Lenin, that only by gradual, careful steps, only with practical examples and successful adaptation of the new experiments may we influence **the millions of small peasant owners;** because the peasant has a too practical mind and is too closely connected with the conditions of the land to agree to radical changes in his economy. **Only when the necessity of socialized agriculture will be proved to the peasants in a practical way, will we be able to say that an important step has been taken towards the development of Socialism in agriculture; and this in a peasant country like Russia.**

The communes must teach the peasants to see in them not only the recipients of governmental subvention, but the gathering of the best representatives of the working class, who not only preach communism for some one else, but are able to realize it themselves; they must prove that even under the worst conditions of the present communal economy they are able to carry extra "Saturdays" and "Sundays" (when they work without pay, for the common welfare) in order to relieve the local population. No concessions may be made on this point, some sort of proof must be offered to determine how far we have grasped the complex problem which we have set ourselves.

In conclusion Comrade Lenin pointed out again the fact that **only by skillful management of the agricultural communes and by their high standard may they become centers for the growth of communism in the villages. A lasting victory over the dark masses of the peasantry will be achieved at the moment when the majority of the peasants will understand the advantage of the communal economy in comparison with that of the individual.**



SOVIET OFFICIALS IN MOSKVA ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE IN THE OPEN.

# The Awakening

## A History of the Child Slaves, the I. W. W. and the Migratory Workers

By JACK GAVEEL

Here I began my life. It was a beginning which no child must be suffered to endure. I can still see before my mind's eye that sordid environment under which everything which was to decide later on what kind of a man I should be, grew up and developed.

Can you expect a pig to be anything else but a pig. Denied space to move about in, a pool of clean water to cleanse the filth off his body, nay, even compelled to stand and wallow in his own dung, the inevitable result is a creature besmirched and fouled in body and soul.

Here, in the hell made by man for man, I received my early impressions of the world and the beings peopling it. In fact the world to me was the mill and its soul and body destroying toil. Man to me was a beast to be feared and propitiated if possible. There were big beasts and small beasts. The big beasts were continuously encroaching on and devouring the weaker ones. So the latter wanted to get up to where the former were that they in their turn might devour so as not TO BE devoured.

It was a battle for existence. Not only that. In this battle there was not even the prosaic fellowship forced on the brutes of the jungle in their battles with an ever hostile nature for each individual had to fight his own battle with claw and fang, maiming, killing, betraying and slandering.

I heard the remark made once that the world can only be redeemed, that the curse which lies on it can only be lifted, and the sun of happiness shine, if men will tear out of their hearts the black hatred which now burns there, damning and cursing the world. But let me tell you that I speak from bitter experience when I tell you that in a capitalist mill one has no time to pay any attention to the teachings of a higher and nobler life for the law is that he, who in this terrible battle falters, so much as stops one second to think, crushes down the brute in him if only for one fleeting moment, shall be borne down and trampled to death by those who are steadier on their feet. Brutality and stupidity, that was the price demanded as payment for a crust of bread. To the existence of brutes I and millions of my little brothers and sisters the wide world over were doomed and brutes we were in body and mind.

If other children commenced their existences amidst flowers and grasses, greedily drinking in the life giving flood of sunlight and smiling on the world with happiness, no such pleasure was vouchsafed millions of little wage slaves. For them only the long black night, stretching away interminably in a future holding no hope. Thus the years dragged on with never a change ever so slight to shed the faintest ray of light in our dark and cursed lives. Endless seemed the line of emaciated and shivering bodies which year after year in the winter morning's bleak and dismal light wound its way towards the mill gates. True, countless numbers fell by the roadside, too weary to ever rise again, but what did that matter when gold was to be coined out of the life blood of the workers' children.

And still, in spite of all, at that time I took the world as I knew it, as an inevitable fact, established perhaps by the inscrutable will of some Supreme Being. This does not mean, however, that in those days I ever sat down to ponder about my existence and its nightmarish realities, concluding therefrom that all was as it should be. Oh no, far from that. Thought would have been required for this and such there stirred not in my abused and stunted child's mind. No if I took everything for granted it was done unconsciously without ever inquiring into the why or wherefore of things. That is, if I was on an intellectual level with the brutes and savages of the jungle, yet I at least knew one thing positively. This fact was continuously forced on my mind, nay, it was lashed there in ugly, indelible scars by the master's whip of hunger. This I knew; I must work, and work I did, blindly, hopelessly, sweating and bleeding ten long hours a day for a beggar's pittance not even sufficient to keep from starvation. A machine I was without thoughts beyond this one. What did I or the beings working alongside of me care for the how or wherefore of things when there was no time for aught else but work. And so it happened that I became a slave of habit, unconsciously adapting myself to the existence of a wretch. Brutality, misery, starvation, yea, even untimely or violent death, from now on because inevitable evils of the sheme of things, to be accepted without so much as a murmur or thought.

Oh, the maddening idea that I have wasted the best years of my youthful life denied an opportunity for my mind's development. Never then did I suspect the existence of a treasure house full of knowledge, such wisdom as enables man to live the life of all universal existence from the lowest and humblest to the highest and proudest. But, alas, this pleasure like all others was denied me. In those days I did not even understand the meaning of this hell, the flames of which scorched and ate into the tender flesh of my writhing child's body. Little did I fathom that I and my little brothers and sisters, wage slaves all, suffer as only brutes know how, gasp and spit out our lungs in the poisonous miasma of the mills so that wealthy robbers may squander the fruits of our toil on the pastimes of their degeneracy. It was not known to me that all those little working class children died so that their in-

nocent blod might be coined in the golden baubles and tinsels of debauched parasites. I knew not and I cared not, for my environment had made me a brute.

However, Evolution knows no limits in time or space. It never stands still but moves, (although imperceptibly) slowly doing its work, tugging here, pushing there and finally shifting the rock foundations from under the most time honored conceptions. True the world seems to move along much the same as it always did, especially to those benefited by the present social arrangement. Men come and go the same as always. There still is suffering, death and disease, also riches and poverty. Now as before workers are jobless, are denied life and happiness, work—like beasts and die in the gutter appealing dumbly out of hunted uncomprehending eyes. Yet no man at birth ever finds the world exactly as his predecessors left it and whether he knows this or not does not matter, for the fact remains. Birth and death succeed each other in a cycle of eternal change. Nothing issuing from the womb of time escapes the embrace of death. If men only knew this how much sooner would the Sun of Liberty rend asunder the thick curtain of dark clouds and shed its golden warm lovelight on the world.

One day came the awakening. I want to tell you how it happened. One night many years ago I was sitting in front of a little campfire in a clearing in the brush and close to the bank of a small stream. Such a place as is called by the migratory workers "A Jungles." The night was cold and I could well afford, therefore, to move in close where I could get the full benefit of the cheering warmth emanating from the red glow of the fire. As I sat there I watched the play of the crackling flames. Now fluttering low as if in agony, then leaping high, apparently endowed with the most abundant and exuberant life, they reminded me of the tide of Life. Did not that also ebb and flow, sinking under the crushing weight of misery, surging forward if this weight was removed? Thus I thought and I could see passing before my mind's eye all the episodes of my blighted and dark youth. It seemed to me that I could still hear the curses men showered on each other and see the light of hatred shine balefully in their eyes. Again I was bending over a racing machine, trying to keep up with the mad and soul racking pace. And I knew that it would only be a matter of a couple of years at the most, when the grind would kill me. My whole body aching with the exertion of this deadly toil, my head swimming in the roar of whirling wheels and the screech of trembling belts, I thought at times that I must go mad. A hell it was, such as no diseased preacher's brain ever concocted.

And then the terrible winter nights without so much as a stick of wood in the cold stove, when the storm used to howl outside like a demon gone mad, with the cold, a hostile beast, creaping in thru the cracks in the walls and winding its icy fingers around our bloodless and shivering bodies. In vain we hugged each other in close embrace shifting now to this, then to that position but always failing to keep warm under the filthy and torn rags covering our bodies. If only we had had plenty of rich food in our wretched frames so that new heat and energy might have been generated in our tissues and cells, enabling them to perform the functions necessary to our existence! But food there was not. Was it a wonder then that I saw my little brothers and sisters die, one by one, and their bones being carted away to a hole dug in the frozen ground.

So I meditated till all of a sudden the sound of voices put an end to my wanderings in a world which was of the past. A group of men assembled around fire, whom I had noticed earlier in the evening but paid no particular attention to, were discussing together in vehement, excited tones. I had seen these men before, not the same individuals but their type. Their manners, features, talk, the clothes they wore, all were familiar to me, for with them I had frozen in the ice and frost of the bleak north, the same as together we had had our flesh scorched under the glare of the tropics. Together we had battled hunger and thirst, and if their hands were gnarled and twisted out of all semblance to anything human, so were mine. I knew just as well as they did what it meant to be hounded and hunted by the bloodhounds and cutthroats of the laranorder gang; and to be worked like beasts, robbed and exploited, only to receive kicks and blows and curses, and nothing but abuse in the end, was an experience which we shared in common.

These men were migratory workers. They were sturdy and brawny, each and every mother's son of them! They were sons of the open plains. Their lungs had never known what it was to gasp and choke in the suffocating breath of the mills. In their bodies burned the fires of an untamed creation, and so they were fierce and rebellious the same as those fires. Homes or families they had none, nay, not even the small and ridiculous possessions, which make the wage slaves of the cities so conservative, hampered them in the war they are continuously forced to wage on a society which has declared them outlaws. And let me tell you right now: a mighty good thing it is that they have no ties to bind and gag them in this battle. For do you know that of all battles this is the most brutal, the most inhuman? It is not a struggle waged between men on one side and beasts on the other, not even between men of different tribes. No, it is a war to the death between brothers of one nation speaking the same language, holding dear the same customs and traditions, and with the same blood coursing thru their veins. Yes the same society which has given birth to these men has classed them with the wild beasts of the jungle and as such they must be shunned and exterminated if possible.

Therefore, good Christians, slide in place your bars and bolts, teach children to give them a wide berth, tell your police spies never to take their watchful and distrusting eyes off them and, above all, if

out of a job and unable to find other employment, they starve—make it none of your business os long as they hide their misery from the sight of your mansions and palaces.

On these workers rested the curse of a castrated and denatured society. On their head was continuously poured out the self-righteous wrath of all respectable people. It was the custom to hold them up to other workers as horrible examples of what laziness and degeneracy would do to a man. Also it used to be said that they never saved their money and it was considered great fun and an irrefutable vindication of the system's methods to ask them (when in the winter time they were starving and freezing, because out of work and unable to get any; "What did you do with your last summer's wages?"

And let me now tell you what their greatest crime is. "They are propertyless." This is a fact which utterly passes the comprehension of all god-fearing and law abiding people, because it turns topsy turvy such hoary, respectable well-beloved delusions as "Equality of Opportunity," "The Land of the free", etc., etc.

It is considered a self-evident fact that the migratory workers must take gratefully all the abuse and vituperations which daily rain down on their heads. If they show any symptoms of revolt or a tendency to organize for mutual self-protection, the yellow press owned by the Property Clique is set in motion to be used against them. This organ of slander, hysteria and intimidation is always willing to prostitute its lying and filthy sheets to the will of the moneyed interests. It is a very convenient arrangement. For do not think that the migratory workers never stir in revolt. Their hands may be gnarled and knotted, their language unpolished, their features hard and cold, their clothes soiled and worn. Yet underneath this outward appearance, the result of brutal neglect and abuse there throbs a heart which knows how to rejoice, love and suffer. Thus it happens that sometimes they flinch and quiver under their cross. A blind revolt it is. Still it shakes the foundations of Society, ror at such times the workers down their tools, climb out the mines, and desert the fields and forests. Then it is that the yellow press howls the loudest and of all the poisoned darts that at such times it sticks into the helpless flesh of the men without a home or country there is not a one so deadly as the letters "I. W. W.," appearing in big headlines on the front page of all the leading newspapers in the country.

Bending and swaying under the storm of prejudice and hatred which then sweeps the entire country the outcasts are forced to once more suffer the chains of slavery to be forged around their legs. After such outbreaks those who had escaped the jails and the bullets of the gunmen would find themselves blacklisted. To these the "Road" beckoned, and so one after the other they would vanish away without anybody ever knowing nor caring. For they had to fight the awful battle themselves.

The sheriff, the farmers, the posse, mosquitoes, alkali water, the rockpile, and roadgang, of these they thought nothing. They were evils to be tolerated as the inevitable accompaniments of the struggle bread. Much more serious, however, were the bloody battles with the hi-jacks, those hyenas of the harvest fields, who at night would sneak up on sleeping men in jungles and boxcars, flash a light on them and at the point of a gun take away their hard earned wages, the result of a whole season's killing toil in the blazing fields. And last, but not least, there was the battle fought with the shacks on tops of box cars, swaying and rocking fiercely in their lightning-like descent down the mountain slopes. Sometimes death, swift and sure, would strike unexpectedly and snuff out a life in the twinkling of an eye. No record was left to tell the tale to anybody who might have cared, except for the bloody and mangled remains sticking to the hard unfeeling steel and scattered along the tracks.

And yet these men support the weight of the world on their broad shoulders. Their Labor Power creates all wealth. They have done the pioneer work on the American Continent. They have laid down their lives and today sleep in unknown and forgotten graves that the people of this country might have the America as we know it to today. You can find them in the timberlands of the North West, cutting, hauling and sawing the lumber of the world's dwellings. In Colorado and Pennsylvania they dig the coal which supplies Society with its activity. They have left their tracks on the blazing deserts of Arizona and Nevada. They have laid the steel which now connects two oceans over a distance of two thousand miles and much more steel besides, that Society's great and throbbing Industrial Heart might not perish that it might have arteries thru which to pump its blood, railways along which the products of mine, mill and shop may be shipped to the remotest parts of the Social Organism.

Still, in spite of all, nobody had any use for them, except on those occasions when wealth might be amassed from the use of their physical strength and prowess.

Thus abused, trampled and spat upon, what shall the wealth creators of field, mine and forest do if they still want to be MEN.

Along these lines my thoughts had been running for the last hour ever since the discussion, the men were engaged in, had interrupted and put a stop to my earlier meditations. I had been thinking quick without any effort because in picturing to myself the life of the migratory workers I had only been living my own experiences over again.

I was watching. The men were engaged in a lively conversation. They were all talking, at the same time waving their arms wildly. I could see their gigantic formless shadows flitter hither and thither in the pale light shining on the surrounding brush. in the red glow of the flames they presented a weird spectacle. The picture seemed unreal. It did not match with the artificial and glttering life of big

cities. It was primitive and reminded one of a time when the world was young, when men had hairy bodies, slanting skulls and big jaws.

All of a sudden there was a lull in the loud chorus of voices. I got up and walked over, for the migratory workers had gathered around in a circle. In the centre of this circle were two men. One of them a tall young fellow, easily knowable by his whole appearance as a man who had camped in the open his whole life, was talking. The other fellow, apparently an interested listener, was thin and weak looking. He was one of those workers on whom the factory has left its indelible mark. As I listened to the young fellow this is what I heard:

"So you have come to this part of the country because you expected to find nothing but milk and honey. They told you about the good job, the healthy life in the country and the big money you would make, and like a boob you believed it all, didn't you? Listen, why did you come here? Because you are sick and tired with the life in the factories of the big cities, arn't you? But let me tell you one thing. If you expect to find conditions any better down here you are sadly mistaken. You have been fooled by the labor sharks back east with the most glowing promises, so that they might flood the labor market and beat down the wages.

"Do you know what it means to work in the harvest fields for John Farmer. Take a look around at all these men. They know what I am talking about because they have done this work all their lives. They will tell you what it is. There is nothing but harships and misery, I tell you. You work long hours, from sunrise till sunset. If the threshing engine breaks down for only a few minutes you are docked. You walk to and from the job on your own time. The straw stack is good enough for a man. I used to think myself that I could make a few hundred dollars in a short time working in the harvest fields, but now I know better for with the wet weather, the money spent on railway fare and the high rates paid for food and lodging in the expensive hotels of the small country towns, there is damn little left, and you may consider yourself lucky if you come out with any money at all."

Here the youthful speaker stopped and making a wide sweeping movement, with one of his hands, taking in all those standing around, he presently continued:

"But you get all that is coming to you, all of you. Nobody ever gives you anything. The good things of life have to be fought for and as long as you are willing to be slaves no matter where you go, you will find the same conditions, long hours and low wages. Say, let me tell you, under this system a worker is nothing but a slave. A wage slave. He owns nothing but his labor power. The boss owns it all. The mills, mines, and shops, all the world's wealth (which you and I create) are his. The only way, therefore, that the worker can live is by his work. But he can only work with tools and on a job. So he goes to a job and packs his labor power with him. But as you remember, the job is owned by the boss. So it is up to the boss whether the worker shall work and eat or not. Generally the boss gives him a job because he knows that out of the worker's labor power he can extract all the luxury and wealth which enables him and his kind to live like parasites on the backs of the toilers, and here is the way it is worked. The capitalist puts the worker to work to create wealth for him. But the hen who lays the golden eggs must be fed to enable her to lay more eggs. So the boss pays his worker a wage. The size of wages is determined by the amount and quality of the necessities of life required by the workers to live. If they are satisfied with little and with inferior values, wages will be correspondingly low. On the other hand wages rise when the workers are determined to live like men instead of beasts. But no matter how high or how low the wages, as long as workers sell their labor power (and incidentally their bodies) in the open market to the highest bidder, they are slaves, for they never receive the full value of what they produce, because . . . let me tell you what happens after the worker has sold his labor power to a master.

"When the boss buys the worker's labor power, say, by the day, he uses it by making the worker work eight, ten and twelve hours a day for him as he sees fit, always taking care, however, that the worker works long enough to produce a value many times that of the wages which he was given for the use of his labor power. That part of his product which the worker creates over and above his wages is called surplus value, and herein lies the origin of all of the wealth of the capitalist class. They got it by robbing the workers and no other way. There is a struggle on, a class struggle, between capitalists and workers, the workers fighting to raise their wages and cut into their masters' surplus value the capitalists trying to increase their surplus value and beat down the wages.

I told you that the capitalists rob the workers of all they produce and I say: You cannot blame them because it is human nature to hold onto power. The fault lies wholly with the workers. If a start in the right direction is to be made it must come from them because they have nothing to lose but their chains and a world to gain, while the masters have a world to lose. As long as you and the other fellows ALLOW your masters to crush you, YOU and nobody else are to blame.

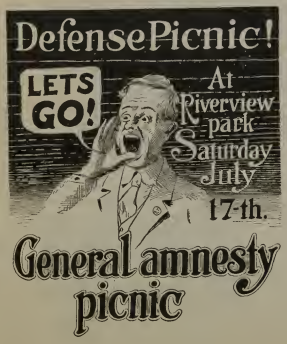
And yet, look at the power you hold in your hands if you only knew how to use it. For, being the creators of all wealth, if you stop work and lay down your tools, the nation dies and your mastres are ruined economically. Let me ask you one question. What will you do about it? I am telling you that you cannot hope to ever start up in business and become capitalists, because, as I already told you, your masters have a monopoly on all the wealth of the nation, and it would therefore be ridiculous to expect that your few nickels

and dimes can compete successfully with their millions and billions.

Listen, do you know that the capitalists are organized and by their organization get the best of you because it enables them to dictate to you what conditions you shall work under? Do you know, furthermore, that they set the price on the commodities they sell also through their organization? Now, remember what I told you about the commodity you are selling, your labor power. I said that you leave the price for which you sell it to conditions. That means, if labor is scarce you receive high wages. Now, if that is so, what is the matter with making your labor scarce artificially by all agreeing not to sell your labor power until you get for it the price you demand. This is what your masters do, too, when they are selling their commodities. But to do this you must organize, organize into One Big Union of all workers, for then only will the masters recognize your power and see that it is impossible to replace the millions upon millions of you with other men. And the One Big Union I have been telling you about is the I. W. W. You have heard all about it. It is as wide as the world and growing still. It is your organization and you can make it what it ought to be, an organization which will shorten hours, increase wages, and, finally, put the workers in control of their jobs, thus setting them free from slavery and misery. For, as I told you, as long as the capitalists are in control of the jobs and a worker is compelled to sell his labor power, then, no matter how high his wages, he is not free; he is still a slave, a wage slave.

So far the I. W. W. has already accomplished wonders for the workers all over the country, and the very fact that it is hated and feared and lied about by the master class and all "respectable" people proves to you that it is an organization which fights for the workers and not the capitalists. And let me tell you one more thing before finally concluding. If you want good conditions this coming summer in the harvest fields, if you want to make enough money to live next winter, when the work shuts down, if you don't want the hayseed to dock you every time his old engine breaks down, if you do not like to sleep with the pigs, if you want shorter hours, ham and eggs and porkchops for breakfast, and if, finally, after your season's work is over, you want to ride home on the cushions instead of the bumpers, do not expect Jesus or anybody else to do it for you. You must fight for yourself if you want to be worthy of the name of men. You must join the I. W. W., and, as soon as you have joined, line up the other man working alongside of you on the threshing rig, so that, if necessary, we may make our labor scarce to enforce our demands. This will have to be done, because the way things look, there will be many men in the fields this year to harvest the crops—yes, too many, the way things look."

Here the young fellow ceased speaking. And as for myself, I went up to an I. W. W. delegate and told him to write me out a card in the Wobblies, for at last I had risen from my deep and dark slumber. I had seen the light.


*This is the Place Where Chicago Workers Will Go on JULY 17th to Demand the Release of Our Prisoners*

**Among the speakers are**

**W. F. Dunne,**
**Editor Butte Daily Bulletin**
**Wm. D. Haywood**
**Ralph Chaplin**
**Charles Krieger**

**A wonderful program assured.**

# What I Read in the Paper

By Card No. 41894
Los Angeles County Jail (San Quentin-bound), April 30, 1920

I read in the paper today
All about Bluebeard Watson
And his twenty-five wives
And how he killed four of them
And that the Los Angeles teachers
Are all "for" Hoover,
Who will bring down
The price of sugar
So "they" say—
The mysterious "they"—
And then I read
How a bank robber
Attempted suicide
In the county jail
And that agents of
The Department of "Justice"
Were going to catch
All the "Reds"
That they had not caught
In previous raids
On May first.
And I saw
(By the same paper)
That Jack Dempsey
Is in trim
For his picture was there
Four times,
And I wondered how
He is coming out with
That charge about evading
The draft
And why he was not in
Leavenworth or in
The County Jail with me.
And there was a whole
Lot more in the paper
About bankers, and workers,
And work, and economizing,
For the latter.
And all about Baseball
And Golf and other sports
And sugar hoarding and
Potatoes. And
A good many divorces
And all about the
Conference at
San Remo, where
All the world's troubles were
Settled. And all about
Mexico. And more
Divorces. And pictures
of wives, and society "belles"
And Hoover's platform
And a great deal more
Sugar thirty-one cents
A pound.
Switchmen on strike
Trying to keep up
With prices set
By profiteers
And miners put in jail
For striking,
And switchmen, too.
For interfering with
Production and Distribution
Of the Necessities of Life.
But in Louisville
(Kentucky) The profiteers
Went free
Because the Lever act
Could not be applied
To THEM.
But there was nothing
(In the same paper)
About any arrest
Of any profiteers,
Exploiters of Labor
(Same family)
Who are the cause
Of all the chaos,
Strikes and suffering.
And there was nothing
At all in favor
About the One Big Union,
For all the workers,
Which will cure
Their ills.
But it is true
There is a scarcity
Of newsprint paper
And space is scarce,
And the workers are
Too tired anyhow
To read it.




WE ARE IN HERE
FOR YOU, YOU ARE
OUT THERE FOR US

# The Ideals of the I. W. W.

By JUSTUS EBERT

*("The Ideals of the I. W. W." is Chapter VI of a new 100 page book by Justus Ebert, which the I. W. W. is going to issue immediately. It is already half set up in type, and will be out as quickly as our printing plant can turn it out. It is part of the book which we had originally intended to call "The I. W. W. Handbook." The Educational Board provided for by the last I. W. W. convention, recently appointed by the General Executive Board, has, however, after considering the matter, decided to name this book "The I. W. W. in Theory and Practice." The price will be fifty cents for single copies and $25.00 per hundred for bundle orders. We know that all I.W.W. organizations and many other bodies, as well as the individual members and great numbers outside our ranks, will want this book. It is going to sell by the tens of thousands from the start. In order to enable us to better judge the size of the first edition we hereby urgently request all concerned to immediately take up the matter of ordering a supply. Make your order as big as your means will allow. Cash with orders is not required except for individual copies, but would be greatly appreciated. It will facilitate the financing of the publishing of this book and many other to follow in the near future.)*

The ideals of the I. W. W. are ethical in character. They are ideals of justice, fraternity and brotherhood the world over. They spring from the injustices of capitalism, which require the surrender of labor's product to capitalist profits, interest and rent, and, further, compel the subversion of all of labor's genius and aspirations to the support of the system that viciously despoils and destroys them, as the occasion demands. Against the injustices of capitalism, with their exactions of labor's product and labor's life, working class organizations have always warred, until, now they realize, as never before, that it is only through the abolition of capitalism itself that they can escape from them.

The I. W. W. attempts to give this realization practical form. The I. W. W. ideal is that of a working class so organized industrially as to be in a position to take over industry and thereby abolish the Prussianism of the capitalist class the world over; when the necessity for such a course arises, as it appears to be doing more pronouncedly every day.

The ideal of the I. W. W. is industry by, for, and of the workers—in a word, industrial democracy. Through a democratic industrial system, the I. W. W. aims, not to destroy industry, but to eliminate its capitalistic exploitation, thereby making it a more actual social institution in every respect than it is at present. Such a system throws the responsibility for its maintenance directly on the bulk of society engaged therein, viz., the workers themselves. Thus, the industrial democracy of the I. W. W. means working class liberation from capitalist thralldom. It means untold benefits to society.

### A New Social Rebirth

Every class liberation has caused a vast social awakening and rebirth. When the embryonic capitalist class shook off the trammels of the guild system and the divine rights of kings, social development took a mighty leap forward, the greatest in history. When the working class shakes off the incubus of capitalism and the divine rights of the capitalist class, it, too, will give an unprecedented impetus to social progress. For then will be released the flood of latent possibilities now dammed up by the limitations and proscriptions of capitalism—sweeping many so-called problems before it.

### Industrial Democracy Already Forming

Already is the organized working class regarded as the forerunner of the new industrial democracy, in which the extremes of privileged wealth and power for the few and the poverty-stricken slavery and denial of opportunity for the many will be transformed into the greatest development of all on a basis of economic and social equality.

Already is the working class showing great executive and organizing ability, great grasp and understanding of weighty problems, in its co-operative, political and labor movements. These involve billions of capital and human happiness untold.

Already is the working class demonstrating the possession of great statesmanship in its conferences and conflicts with governments and capitalists, on strike issues and questions of national and international importance. The increase in ability in this respect is only matched by the increase in determination to prevail.

Already is the working class developing great personalities that in other times might have been the engineers, generals, orators, pets, etc. of those times, men, whose names glow with pride in the imagination and heart of the working men who appreciate both the greatness and the weakness of mankind.

Already is the working class creating a press, a forum, a drama, a literature, an art of its own—a network of institutions and activities, a many-sided culture, a dawning epoch, whose penetrating influences bring ever more talent to its expansion, to the great detriment of capitalist culture and the slow destruction of the capitalist epoch itself.

### Labor Able to Re-create Society

It will not do for capitalism to cry out that labor is not competent to undertake the great task of social transformation, for it is on the competency of hired labor of all degrees and kinds that capitalism now depends. Only, capitalist policy destroys the competency of labor, just as it destroys the products of the soil, in order to keep up profits.

Nor will it do for capitalism to say that labor is without either ability or genius. For capitalism, in order to secure labor's support, by bribes of place and position, parades the names of railroad presidents and inventors who originally sprang from the ranks of the working class. The working class is

now as always a mine of ability and genius—a pay streak that always pans out well for the capitalists, and that will pan out well for future society.

Nor will it avail capitalism any to claim that the working class is lacking in either morality, responsibility or thrift. Without these virtues in the working class capitalism itself could not endure a moment. It is working class honesty and fidelity to duty that keeps capitalist billions intact and enables the railroads and all the other enterprises to run on schedule time and in due order. As for thrift, whose are the savings in banks? who pays the industrial life insurance premiums? who joins the building and loan associations, the co-operative societies and the credit unions? The capitalist press answer is, the wage earners!

All that we can say is "God help capitalist property if ever the working class get the capitalist idea of morality, responsibility and thrift. For then society will be an even worse chaos and slaughter house than capitalist virtue has already made it."

### I. W. W. Ideal a Well-Rounded One

The ideal of the I. W. W. is one of more rounded development for all. To this end, it aims to secure more leisure and diversified employment. Just as many able men find recreation and expansion in the pursuit of many vocations and avocations, so it is the ideal of the I. W. W. to create conditions admitting of a many-sided growth in the average worker. By these means, the average worker will become a better judge of questions affecting industry and life in general. Combined with his own varied abilities, will be other and like abilities, to the advantage of all concerned.

This rounded development is already beginning in the working class. In working class life, many workers may be found who are not only proficient in their own particular industrial specialty, but who are, in addition, organizers, speakers, parliamentarians, editors, writers, poets, musicians, etc. etc. The varied requirements of industry, with their seasonal and uncertain employment, give rise to another variety of many-sided workers. So also does the ambition to escape wage slavery give rise to students of all kinds among the working class.

In brief, it may be said that the more highly developed worker of the future is already in the making. The ideal of the I. W. W. is to continue the tendencies thus begun, especially so as to transform the workers now employed in brain-benumbing and soul-destroying occupations into better material for the new society.

Education is not the only I. W. W. function. Preparation is another one.

### Capitalism Itself Helps Revolution

Capitalism itself helps along the revolutionary process, though unwillingly and unconsciously. Its profits must ever be replenished, its property abnormally increased. To these ends, it educates even the lowest strata of the workers. And higher up on the mountain tops, it makes scientists and technicians of those who toil in order that it alone may accumulate and become all-powerful.

The process of educating the worker under capitalism is revolutionary. It not only transforms the brain of the workers but also their outlooks and aspirations. They soon perceive that on them depends capitalist civilization and that without them it could not exist. Consequently, the modern working class tends steadily to wish to possess the entire contents of capitalism, power and all. Not for themselves alone, to the subjugation and degradation of others, but for the good of all; for the fraternity and brotherhood of all.

Where, in ancient Rome and Greece, the philosophers and geniuses, like Aesop, became slaves, under capitalism, the slaves—their name is Legion—become philosophers and geniuses. They labor for a new social rebirth, that, in the very nature of social evolution cannot be denied to them, except at the peril of a reversion to savagery for the entire human race. Humanity rises and falls with the working class.

### Emancipation Rich in Possibilities

The liberation of the working class from the thralldom of capitalism is rich in beneficial possibilities. Consider the harm now done to productive labor by capitalism. Capitalism coerces labor. It denies to labor the right to organize or to bargain collectively. The result is a continuous warfare between capital and labor, that tends to the increased demoralization of industry, and incredible losses to society. Remove capitalism, give to labor its own products, and the incentive thus created will be productive of greater industrial output and social security. It will save society from the chaos now threatening, because of the increasing intensity of the struggle between the capitalist and the working classes.

Society must, perforce, recognize that coerced, dissatisfied labor is never efficient labor. Nor is the labor that intuitively, perhaps unconsciously, feels the degradation of capitalist paternalism. Nor, further yet, is monotonous, machine-driven labor. Labor that is without incentive, self-respect or prospects of development, is wasteful labor. It is discontented labor, perhaps not turbulently nor violently, but instinctively. Capitalism is sabotaging itself in the creation of modern, discontented labor. And though it lashes labor with whips of scorpions —nay, because it so lashes labor—will its own sabotaging tendencies increase. Capitalism is itself, automatically, destructive of labor's productivity and labor's loyalty.

Release labor from thankless capitalism! Release labor from paternalistic capitalism! Release labor from oppressive capitalism! Release labor from degrading, enslaving capitalism, and you release forces for social good that only the workingman who knows, in his own person, the repression of capitalism, can dream of!

Give labor its own mastery! Throw labor on its

own responsibility! Give labor a sense of manhood and womanhood of infinite possibilities—do all this, and you give to society an impetus to productivity that will be unprecedented. History—the history of the abolition of chattel slavery and of feudalism—approves such action in advance. For such history is the history of great social impetus, thanks to class liberation!

### I. W. W. Not State Socialism

The ideals of the I. W. W. are not the ideals of state socialism. State socialism is based on political representation. It is bureaucratic. Its function is not to administer but to govern. Its aim is to raise the levies needed for army and navy expenditures. It tends to replace the oppression of the private capitalist with that of the authority of the state. It makes the state the employer and capitalist. It makes the politician the ruler. It insures the income of the capitalist bondholders who finance it. It is pro-capitalist and anti-proletarian.

### I. W. W. Industrial Administration

The ideals of the I. W. W. are the ideals of industrial administration. The industrial republic of the I. W. W. is based on occupational or industrial representation. Its function is to bring together all the factors of industry, in order to meet industrial needs and fulfill social requirements. Its concern is not to repress, but to develop; not to govern, but to adjust—to administer according to the wisdom of the workers most basically and directly concerned. It makes the workers their own employers, their own capitalists, their own beneficiaries.

The ideals of the I. W. W. are not ideals of mob government. To scientists and technicians will go the problems of chemistry and management, to be worked out in co-operation with all the labor elements involved. Artists, sculptors, architects, will concern themselves with art, sculpture, architecture; teachers with education, railroad men with transportation, the factory workers with the factory. All will be organized according to their industry and entitled to representation in the industrial republic on the basis of their employment.

### I. W. W. Encourages Industrial Study

The ideals of the I. W. W. are such as to encourage and require a study of industry in all its phases. It has given a new interest to technology, as a result, that cannot fail to be of far-reaching value to the new society coming. As a beginning, several of the I. W. W. industrial unions have organized a Bureau of Industrial Research to prepare handbooks on each of the great industries of the world, simply written and sold at cost price.

This work has already taken practical shape in the woolen industry. The I. W. W. members employed therein have classified all of the woolen factories in the country, together with their location, nearness to sources of supplies and markets, annual output, etc. They have classified these data with a view to their practical use, believing that they will be necessary to enable successful management by the workers, when the occasion requires.

The conclusion of I. W. W. textile studies is that many of the woolen factories may be disbanded or consolidated, and an increase of 40 per cent in output effected. They refuse to give this information to employers now, as they want its benefits to go to the workers' industrial democracy instead of the capitalist exploiters of their genius.

The slogan, "Get wise to your industry," is one repeatedly sounded in I. W. W. press and discussion.

### I. W. W. a Tendency, Not a Theory

The ideals of the I. W. W. are not the ideals of theory, but of tendencies. In this country, for instance, before the war, the teachers' union demanded "democracy in education and education in democracy." Education, in other words, should be more by, of and for educators, in the interests of all, than by, and of politicians, business men and intellectual slaves, for the perpetuation of capitalism. Since the war, the Plumb plan has appeared, with its provision for the part management of the railroads by classified railroad workers.

Other and more striking phenomena, indicating the rise of I. W. W. ideals in the tendencies of the day, are to be observed in the extra-political round-table conferences at Washington, D. C., called to allay labor unrest. But still more striking is the 1919 coal crisis, wherein we saw a titanic struggle whose sole issue was the administration of the coal industry on a basis satisfactory to labor. This issue required the setting aside of the usual legislative and private procedure, and called forth extraordinary measures. In fact, industrial problems tend to become ever more extra-political, legal and ethical in their adjustment and solution.

This same development toward the realization of the I. W. W. idealism is world-wide. What the teachers and railroad workers are striving to do here, the railroad men, postal employes, miners, teachers, actors and others are striving to do in England, Italy and France. In Russia, they have achieved what their brothers elsewhere are yearning to do—the latter now more than ever before—thanks to the stimulation of Russian example.

### Italian and U. S. Railroaders Sustain I. W. W. Idealism

The urge toward the idealism of the I. W. W. is to be found in the increasing self-knowledge of the workers. To this may be added an increasing recognition of the inefficiency, corruption and inhumanity of capitalism. In Italy, in 1910, the Union of Italian Railroaders, inspired by Socialist ideals and the bad conditions of the railroad system, proclaimed themselves ready to operate the railroads. Their contentions sound almost like those of the United States railroad men of the present day. In their manifestoes they alleged that the state had proved its utter incapacity for managing the railroads, because, primarily of graft. Our railroaders say, because, primarily, of looting by private finan-

cial groups. The Italians further stated that the technical incompetency and deficiency of the bureaucratic administration called to run the enterprise had demoralized the whole passenger and freight traffic and caused a growing deficit in the treasury of the state. Our railroaders allege the very same condition, which, they say, was created for the purpose of causing a sentiment favorable to the return of the railroads to private control. The Italian railroaders of 1910 go on to declare that while the state has created thousands of new sinecures and highly paid offices, it has utterly neglected the technical part of the system. The American 1919 repitition is almost identically the same. The Italian railroaders clinch the matter by contending that, on the other hand, the industrially organized railroad men have learned through continuous discussion of the details of the system, the principles of organizing, managing, and combining its factors. Their constructive and analytic criticism disclosed all the flaws of the railroad administration, proved that the state is an uneconomical institution, and demonstrated all the detail necessary to a successful reorganization of the railroads. They indicated that they must get back, above all, their whole liberty, and that in order to secure from the railroads greater benefits for the public they must become personally interested in the enterprise. This is practically the American railroaders' approach to and solution of the railroad problem, also. It is the way labor approaches all modern problems, through its own direct participation and solution on the job—its own direct action, growing out of its own contact with conditions and the recognition of the need for its own organized initiative.

### Capitalism Forces I. W. W. Forward

In this country, labor is not organized to take over and run industry in order to overcome capitalist inefficiency. American labor, outside of the I. W. W., is organized only to bargain with the capitalists, according to crafts. It is not organized industrially to take over industry. However, it will be forced, nay, is being forced, to abandon that misconception of labor organization. Its own defeats are causing it to recognize the closely knit character of the modern industrial system and to organize accordingly, within it, for its control and management in the interests of society by the industrially organized workers. In this work, labor everywhere will be aided by the growing paralysis of modern life, through capitalist incompetency and principles. The latter, in the face of increasing technical knowledge, tend to increase social dangers by stimulating high prices, inflation, strikes, overproduction, unemployment, crises, and, last but most important and sinister of all, wars.

The prospects of the future, judged by the horrors of the past, are that society will either have to overturn capitalism or be overturned by it. With the same capitalist tendencies at work in world struggles as formerly, with Japan taking the place of Germany as the imperialist-capitalist goat, because of its grasp on Asia, there is need for a constructive evolutionary plan by which society may be saved and civilization actually restored once more. American labor, as represented by the A. F. of L., has no plan. So far as the A. F. of L. is concerned, society can go to hell. It is the I. W. W. only that foresees and prepares against just such a disaster.

The I. W. W. plan is evolutionary, peaceful. Capitalism alone will make it revolutionary and violent. All signs point that way. The age-old struggle between the new and the old it being repeated once more on an unprecedented scale. The brand of Cain will be on capitalism's head in the future as in the past.

### I. W. W. Idealism Colossal

The idealism of the I. W. W. is immense in its magnitude. It strides more continents than the Colossus of Rhodes. Its heralds are the seafarers on the waters of the earth, the cables beneath, and the aeroplane in the heavens above. No transatlantic engineer throws a throttle but what he puts steam not only into his engine but into the boiler of the I. W. W. No Leviathan plows the ocean except to carry the argosies of the I. W. W. to a world constantly growing smaller and more neighborly in its popular inclinations. The world was Tom Paine's country, to do good his religion. The I. W. W. has the same fatherland as Tom Paine, the same ethical aspirations.

To subjugate the world was the dream of Alexander, Caesar and Kaiser Wilhelm. To free the world from subjugation is that of the I. W. W. To carry on, not in world-slaughter, but in world-emancipation, is the I. W. W. object. To create, not a world-republic of letters, but one of labor, such is the I. W. W. mission, aided by world development.

### I. W. W. Comes to Build Up, Not Tear Down

The ideals of the I. W. W. let it be said again and again, are constructive, not destructive. The I. W. W. aims to build up, not to tear down. It erects the new society on material provided by the old. It carries progress to higher material and ethical planes. It retains giant, co-operative industry, with its profuse wealth-production, for all, because it is only made possible by all, and not by the few who now exploit it and grow powerful and tyrannical from the exploitation.

The ideals of the I. W. W. are co-operative, not competitive. They are social, not individualistic. The I. W. W. views man as at war with nature and compelled to unite to wrest from nature the secret of its forces and the means for man's own subsistence. Only as man ceases to war with man will nature yield up her secrets and man triumph over necessity. To the degree that man does this does man pass from the stage of beastly materialism to a far-flung brotherhood, unsurpassed and unsung in all history.

The ideals of the I. W. W. aim to develop well-being in all of its phases. The I. W. W. aims to abolish poverty. To poverty, the I. W. W. opposes the increasing fecundity of nature under scientific exploitation and the increasing productivity of the mechanical genius of man. The I. W. W. aims to abolish class hatred. To class hatred, the I. W. W. opposes a society made one by common, fraternal interests. The I. W. W. aims to abolish war. To war, the I. W. W. opposes the cementing influences of world-industry, aided by the growing world-consciousness of the world's workers.

The ideals of the I. W. W. are real, not utopian. They have their origin, their embryo, in capitalist development. They aim to continue this development further for the good of all instead of the aggrandizement of a few. The capitalists are now the only romanticists, the only utopians. They believe the impossible and imagine the impossible. Though they know their system evolved out of previous systems, they hug the fond delusion that evolution will stop with it. And they are called "hard-headed men." That's what they are, indeed. Their "ivory domes" are so hard that the absurdity of their ideas will never penetrate to their alleged brains, or so-called vision.

### The Immortality of Idealism

Idealism is irrepressible. It never dies. The idealism of the I. W. W. cannot be repressed, because it is the idealism of a new epoch already challenging and overthrowing that of the old. The I. W. W. has suffered martyrdom and still thrives. Its attempts to revitalize the initiative and the energy of tens of millions the world over is an attempt to which it gives foremost expression but not birth. It is the working class themselves the world over, reacting from the futilities and horrors of capitalism, that have given birth to the movement for industrial democracy, industrial fraternity and industrial communism. On them, and on the forces behind them, depends this great movement. You may kill the I. W. W. but you can't kill them.

History should cause the oppressors of the I. W. W. to pause. The scaffold never yet killed an ideal, or throttled a movement inherent in the nature of events or in the hearts and heads of mankind. The early Christians were massacred. The Appian Way was lit up by torches made of live Christians. The Christians were butchered to make a Roman holiday. Despite this fiendish, diabolical treatment, Christianity flourished and grew. And though Constantine, in order to destroy its revolutionary features, made a state religion of it, the communism of Christ now reasserts itself on a more practical and grander scale in the communism of Lenin.

### John Brown's Soul Still Marches On

Lovejoy's press was thrown into the river and he himself was afterwards murdered. William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through Boston streets with a rope around his neck. John Brown was hanged. Yet his soul marched on, not only to the abolition of chattel slavery, but of wage slavery, too; John Brown still lives, reincarnated in the abolitionists of modern times.

For over 700 years has Ireland been oppressed and devastated. Yet Irish idealism lives unconquered. The Emmets of yesterday are replaced by the Connollys of today. During the past year, British imperialism claimed forty million victims in India. Instead of destroying Indian idealism, this staggering murder but increases it, giving it a heroism and grandeur unparalleled. Tens of millions more have died in the world war, on the battlefields, and as a result of the various economic blockades. Nevertheless, despite this appalling blight, humanity everywhere raises its crushed spirits and aspires to end such monstrosities once more. To the communism of capital the world over, with its rapine and slaughter for profit and property, it opposes the communism of labor, with its brotherhood of all and its peace for all.

### Idealism Always Inspiring

Idealism is historic. Though it never teaches oppression anything, it always inspires the oppressed. And it is the idealism of the ages that inspires the I. W. W., backed by modern imperialist-capitalist tendencies. So long as the latter have nothing but a huge slaughter house to offer humanity, for the profit of a few, so long will humanity endeavor to end them, in the interest of all.

Notwithstanding all the slanders cast upon it, by oppressors who misuse and coerce it, human nature is not so vile as to tolerate the foulness of capitalist "civilization' indefinitely. Capitalism has been weighed and found wanting. The handwriting is on the wall. The new era already casts its shadows before.

So the I. W. W. looks forward, not backward, buoyed alike by the sacrifices of the past, the prospects of the present and the possibilities of the future. It believes that, no matter what happens, evolution will continue to evolve and revolution to revolve. All things live, run their appointed course and die. Life is a transition to a better existence. So says theology. So says the I. W. W. Brief has been the span of capitalism's existence, barely 150 years since its first pronounced appearances. And today sees it nearly undone, struggling desperately to survive, and taking on the look of galvanic life rather than new vitality. And the new society looms up large ahead. History may write its grandest records on its pages.

The present cannot long endure. Its antecedents are against it. All precedents, as the lawyers say, are against it. Co-operative in character and depending on all for existence, capitalist exploitation must be eliminated from co-operative industry, in the interests of all.

Under all of the foregoing circumstances, to lynch, tar and feather, outlaw and otherwise maltreat the I. W. W. will avail capitalism nothing. Persecution warms the hearts of men toward the

I. W. W. Persecution causes men to lend ear to the I. W. W. Persecution makes proselytes for the I. W. W. more numerously than it makes martyrs. It is this overproduction of proselytes that makes the business of ideal extermination humanly impossible. And it is this overproduction that will finally submerge capitalist exploitation everywhere.

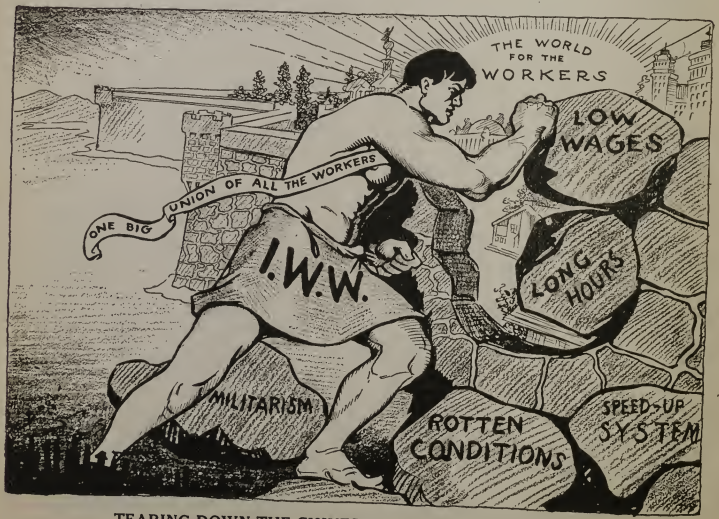
### The I. W. W. A Call to the Best in Man

The I. W. W. is a call to the wise, the kind, the generous of all mankind, especially to the working class. It is not a bravado's defiance to social development, but the cumulative reasoning of many great minds, perhaps crudely applied, but at least possessed of all their elemental strength. It is germinal, rather than full-grown. It is a beginning rather than a completed article. It is raw rather than refined, real rather than sophisticated. Apparently intricate, yet simple; reckless, yet with reason. It is a wonderful manifestation, a multi-compound of psychology, economics, sociology, government, art, poetry, ethics and religion. Yes, religion! Fanatical, sublime! The religion that makes living its creed, that would endow men with the attributes of Gods instead of monsters; that has its Christs in its Littles and Everests and its Calvary on the railroad bridges from which they were dangled; that knows first causes, appreciates the inner personality, the soul, of labor and that seeks the Kingdom of Heaven here on earth in a more beautiful existence for all men.

Dreamers! yes! So were the communists of the early Christian church. So were the abolitionists of chattel slavery. So were the builders of the capitalist structure, now cracked at the foundation and in danger of collapse, for, what is it to dream if not to achieve?

The I. W. W. is destined to achieve, unless all signs fail.

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TEARING DOWN THE CHINESE WALL OF CAPITALISM.

# International Impostors

By JOHN SANDGREN

"The Executive Committee of the Amsterdam Sub Bureau of the Communist International" is the name of a body which some time ago sent out a circular on the arrests of communists in the United States.

In the course of this circular occurs the following phrase: "It is the glorious task of the American Communists to carry on, on broader lines, **the task that the I. W. W. first took in hand**, to lead the masses against capitalism; to become the nucleus, the heart and the brain of a strong and determined working class movement."

This circular, when read by American workers who are familiar both with the I. W. W. and the so-called "communist" party, will provoke only a faint smile. The reader immediately recognizes under the statement the work of the faking unscrupulous politician who far away from home has tried to bluff people into accepting him as a powerful man with a powerful movement behind him. He considers it merely as a piece of harmless self-boost, in style with what we hear from self-possessed and assertive street-corner vendors of trick cuff buttons, etc.

In foreign countries the paragraph in question is apt to have a different effect on the unsuspecting reader. He is apt to get the belief that the I. W. W. is a back number, a has-been, while the "communist" party is "the whole cheese." And that is what the statement originally was intended for. It is a piece of unscrupulous self-advertising at the expense of truth.

How did the international bureau in question happen to get this conception of the situation in America, assuming that the statement was made in good faith? The following is probably the explanation:

Louis C. Fraina, "International Secretary" of the "Communist" Party of America, has recently been in Amsterdam and participated in a sort of international conference, of which he renders report in the First of May number of "The Communist." From his report to his constituents we gather the following:

> The conference adopted a thesis on Unionism which I prepared and introduced in the name of the Communist Party of America and which was adopted unanimously. This thesis constitutes the first authoritative utterance of the international on the communist conception of unionism (in general it agrees with a declaration of G. Zinoviev on Unionism), and it indicates, moreover, that the conception of unionism developed by the Communist Party of America **(which has been misrepresented and stupidly attacked equally by the I. W. W. and the Socialist Labor Party)** is the identical conception of the communist international. * * *

Then follows a retraction of the delegate's previous stand on trades unionism up to a year ago as a member of the Socialist Party (for the "communism" of these chickens is no older than that parts of the old shell are still sticking to their back) and an endorsement of industrial unionism to a certain extent.

And then come "the broader lines," on which "the American communists" are going to carry on "the task that the I. W. W. first took in hand." Listen:

> This struggle against trade unionism must proceed by means of the communist party's general agitation to drive the unions to more revolutionary action, the formation of extra-union organizations such as the shop stewards, workers' committees and economic workers' councils, the organization of direct branches of the communist party in the shops, mills and mines, and the construction of industrial unions.

It must be admitted that these lines are broad enough, and they would be impressive, also, if it were not for the fact that it is all the merest bunk and bluff, the mouthings of impostors who are desperately trying for a place on the back of labor.

Everybody here in America knows the "communist" parties and who they are. It is only about a year ago that they were part and parcel of the Socialist party. In a word, the leaders were and are politicians, scheming and intriguing politicians, always fighting for place and power. For the labor unions they had no use. They distracted the workers' attention from their little red card scheme with 25 cents a month, and from the petty political game they were playing. However, they tried to keep in the good graces of the craft unionists for the sake of their vote. The I. W. W. being non-political and mostly voteless, was treated with the contempt that these word-mongers know so well how to bestow on all they can get no benefit from.

Well, **the big thing** happened in Russia. This influenced greatly the foreign membership of the Socialist Party, which was practically voteless, particularly the Slavic language federations. They became unruly. The example of the events in Russia made them believe that all that was needed was to repeat in America the events of Russia. They became "bolsheviks." They became industrial unionists, seeing that the Russian bolsheviks were compelled to suddenly endorse the I. W. W. program for the purpose of social reconstruction.

This trend of events forced the ambitious, career-hunting, notoriety-seeking leaders of the Socialist Party to conceive a sudden love for industrial unionism, particularly as the persistent I. W. W. agitation was increasing in favor with the A. F. of L. membership. Not a love for the I. W. W., no, indeed, but for industrial unionism in the abstract. Not for the unions which American workers under the I. W. W. banner had formed in the last dozen years or more, nor for their methods and institutions, but for some foreign (and on American soil untried) committees and councils. The I. W. W. is being

referred to in slurring tones as being "stupid," etc. Industrial unionism became a plank in a political platform, designed to attract industrial unionists to the political mass-action scheme. The "communist" politicians are like any other politician. They incorporate in their platform the demands of those whose support they want.

Here we are, we the men of the fields, of the mines, of the forests, of the docks, of the factories of this country; here we are, we, the originators of an industrial union movement which is sweeping over the world at the present time; here we are, we the men who have borne the brunt of the class battle all these years, while the Socialist politicians betrayed us and threw mud at us; here we are, forging along with mighty power—and here comes a little, hitherto unknown, political gnat, draped in the red flag of communism and strutting with Lenin-whiskers, to make the duping game more sure, only twelve months out of the Socialist Party mud-puddle, and never to our knowledge a bona fide wage worker or a union man, and proceeds to tell us, in fact, that we know nothing about industrial unionism, and that he and his clique of political adventurers and agents of the department of justice are going to build a union system in competition with us, on broader lines; furthermore, carrying this bluff to foreign countries. Never was the red flag so abused by impostors.

Everybody here in America knows that these self-styled "communists" have no footing outside a small number of soviet maniacs of whom most are unable to read English. How is this conglomeration, which enjoys no confidence among the American workers, going to carry out their so-called union program?

Their union program is a fake; it is not seriously meant; it is not conceived in the interest of the workers; it is merely a cheap bid for the support of the ignorant masses who are so easily led to follow any faker who screams "One Big Union." What these adventurers want to lead the masses into is insurrection; in other words, they want to lead them up against the machine guns in order to capture the government buildings for political adventurers who have gotten tired of the slow process of the ballot box.

They unconsciously admit the bluff when they propose "to organize direct branches of the 'communist' party in the shops, mills and mines." We are inclined to believe that when the dupes and agents of these impostors begin to collect dues for their "communist" party in the shops, in the woods and the mines they will be told to get to a very hot place.

We have used quotation marks around the word "communist" simply because we do not recognize them as bona fide communists. The I. W. W. proclaimed itself communist long before these fellows usurped and disgraced the name. Our program is one of industrial communism, and we hate to have our fair name used by such impostors.

We need go no further in exposing these parasites on the labor movement. We will now quote from their own paper, in order that our readers may know what the "communists" in the communist party think of one another.

It appears from the First of May issue of "The Communist" that the "communist" party is in a crisis. In fact, the party has split. There is a "majority," to which the above-mentioned international impostors belongs, and a "minority."

This is the way the official communication describes the difference between them:

> **The minority** (which is referred to as merest tyros and unsophisticated neophites) conceived of mass action as of some nebulous economic power of the working class, organized industrially and exerting pressure industrially on the capitalist system, in order to topple it over. They believe that the use of FORCE (armed revolution and civil war) may or may not be necessary in order to accomplish the overthrow of the capitalist state, depending upon circumstances. They are opposed to propagating the inevitability and, consequently, the necessity, when the time will come, of the USE OF FORCE to conquer the power of the state—as premature at the present time. They claim they are not even certain on that score, and therefore object to propagating this doctrine to the workers. Mass action to them means only the use of general strikes and mass demonstrations—they contend that the manifesto and program adopted at Chicago nowhere implies anything else beyond this point.
>
> With this conception of mass action **the majority** completely disagrees. Our conception of mass action is that expressed by the manifesto of the Third International. We maintain that if the lessons of the history of all revolutions—and particularly the proletarian revolutions—means something and teaches us anything, we must propagate to the workers THE USE OF FORCE AS THE ONLY MEANS of conquering the power of the state and establishing the dictatorship of the proletariat. And that, instead of remaining silent on this question, we must constantly STRESS it, in order to show the workers the utter futility of hoping for any peaceful revolution, accomplished either through the parliaments, as the opportunistic socialists teach, or by mere general strikes, as the syndicalists teach.

There we have it. The boastful international impostors have "busted up" on the very point where they were going to show the American worker how to act. The "minority," represented by about one-half on their national committee, has withdrawn, evidently because they believed more in industrial unionism than the above-mentioned "broad-liners" and because they declined to be led up against the machine guns by provocateurs and irresponsible adventurers. For the rest, we know nothing about the controversy. We only quote the official organ, which naturally gives a version favorable to the ruling faction. The district organizer and the district committee for Chicago have been officially deposed and new men sent to take charge, "but the membership won't stand for it." The minority refers to Fraina's (and his friends') trip to Europe as a "junketing trip" of "international politicians."

It further accuses these politicians of having "packed" the Chicago convention. They are further accused of merely scheming, while in office, to keep party control; that certain members have mulcted the party of funds, and that, since taking office, the Central Executive Committee "has been completely taken up with forwarding personal schemes." "At no time has the committee considered questions of propaganda policy and the relation of the party to the working class movement." In other words, Mr. Fraina seems to have been largely representing himself at the international conference, where he grandiloquently promises to lead the American masses against capitalism. He is being rapidly repudiated by those he claimed to represent as a self-seeking career hunter with little or no interest in the welfare of the working class. While we take no pleasure in thus branding a professed socialist or "communist" as an importor, we are compelled to do so in order to remove the misunderstanding that he has insidiously tried to create about our organization, and find it singularly fortunate that he should at the same time have been disowned by his own people to such a large extent. That his party has been overrun by secret service agents, every man knows, and recently the counsel for Assistant Secretary of Labor Post has before a House committee promised to prove that agents of the Department of Justice have been active organizing locals of this party and contributing to the shaping of its program.

Taking it all in all, we feel justified in repeating the accusation of a year ago, that this kind of "communism" is nothing but "fake bolshevism" and that their movement is but another case of "the ass in the lion's skin."

* * *

**P. S.**

Since the above was set up in type there are new developments tending to strengthen the evidence that the left wing or communist movement in the United States was largely a provocateur movement manipulated by the United States Department of Justice.

Under a full page heading, reading "FRAINA IMPLICATED AS U. S. AGENT," The New York Call," official daily organ of the Socialist Party, has the following:

**Communist leader is charged with endorsing his pay checks from Department of Justice.**

**Palmer spy confesses that "radical" was in Attorney General's employ.**

Louis C. Fraina, editor of the brief-lived "Revolutionary Age" and a leading spirit in both the Communist and Communist Labor Party movements in this country, was at the time of his intensest activity in these movements a paid agent of the United States Department of Justice, according to evidence made public here yesterday by Santeri Nuorteva of the Russian Soviet Bureau.

Nuorteva's statement was called forth by Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer's somewhat involved disclaimer, uttered before the Senate investigating committee, of any slightest connection between Fraina and the governmental department of which Palmer is the head.

The statement, which bristles with sensational details, constitutes one of the most serious and detailed challenges yet issued to Palmer's excited denial of the charge—already made by the twelve attorneys who have been investigating the Department of Justice methods in the public interest—that agents provocateurs have been employed by that department in its wholesale, nation-wide crusade against what the Attorney General so piquantly denominates as "reds."

**Facts Speak for Themselves**

In the course of his statement, Nuorteva scrupulously refrains from making any direct charges against Fraina. He confines himself to an objective recital of the facts of Fraina's contacts with the Russian Soviet Bureau here as they came to his attention. He lets the facts speak for themselves. Inferentially, though, these facts would appear to be even more damaging to the repute of the United States Department of Justice than are those already cited by the delegation of lawyers headed by Dean Chaffee and Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School.

"Mr. Nuorteva's restraint is far more impressive than any mere denunciation could be," said a well-known liberal to whom the contents were shown.

"Anyone familiar with the nature of Fraina's activities cannot, despite Mr. Nuorteva's unwillingness to draw conclusions, read this statement without a very lively suspicion that, besides trying to trick and intimidate uneducated aliens into saying they subscribed to communist principles which they obviously did not understand, the **Department of Justice has simultaneously been implicated in the organized formation of the very bodies which it loudly proclaimed itself dedicated to exterminate in the name of 'Americanism.'** If this is indeed the case, it constitutes as serious a charge as has ever been brought against a United States official."

Extending over a long series of months, the details disclosed by Nuorteva trace as sordid and degraded a chain of events as ever leaked out of the pigeonholes of American officialdom. They begin with the entry of an ex-soldier, a Finn, in the employ of Mr. Palmer's department, and an attempt to obtain Soviet documents by "doping" Nuorteva.

They end with the complete disappearance of this Finn after he declared to Nuorteva that Louis Fraina was in the employ of Palmer's department, with the picture of Fraina—while his late comrades in the communist movement were being raided, herded into jails, brutally treated and deported by Palmer agents—sailing to Europe safely under the chaperonage of one of the busiest attaches of a big British steamship line, who was obviously a police agent.

In between, Nuorteva's narration of objective facts tells of Fraina appearing at the Soviet Bureau trying to get letters of introduction to Russian officials and facilities for reaching Moscow **while at the same time he was reported as having been seen in the offices of the Department of Justice; of having pay checks there indorsed by his signature.**

The narration shows Palmer with a letter addressed to Ludwig C. A. K. Martens, purporting to have come from S. Rutgers of Hol-

land, a prominent European communist, which Palmer could not have come into possession of except through the instrumentality of Fraina or the attache of the British steamship line and police agent with whom Fraina later left these shores.

This information came to Nuorteva and the Russian Soviet Bureau without their seeking, most of it from the Finn who was employed by the Department of Justice. And there is a hint of tragedy in the simple details with which Nuorteva recites the disappearance of this Finn. Curiously enough, he was en route to Washington to testify before the Senate committee which had had Martens before it when he passed out of the ken of all the actors in the affair.

So far "The New York Call".

Of course, we do not want to say that the rank and file of the communist parties, which are said to have recently combined into one, is crooked and in the service of Attorney General Palmer. They are no doubt honest "revolutionary socialists," as they claim to be, but that does not alter the fact that they have been led by the nose by smart impostors in government employ whose only aim was to wreck the real working class movement, represented by the I. W. W.

Strenuous and innumerable have been the attempts of these buccaneers and their agents to get control of the I. W. W. and its publications, and when unsuccessful they have accused us of "trying to stab the Russian Revolution in the back." Perhaps the members of the "communist" parties will now see that the only ones we tried to stab were the false leaders, who, with government connivance, tried to lead the workers up against the machine guns in order to get a chance to utterly destroy them.

There is a time and place for Bolshevik programs and Bolshevik tactics, like for everything else. There was a time and place for it in Russia. They made the Russian people happy and free. But to try to make the workers of America repeat Bolshevik history on American soil with American industrial and historic conditions is absurd, but is good enough tactics for impostors and Okhrana men.

Society is pregnant with the child of revolution. These impostors and secret service men would try to cause a miscarriage by throwing society into convulsions, thereby prolonging the rule of the capitalist class.

# TRAPPED!

By ROBERTA BRUNER

I followed a trapper's tracks through the cold forest. I came upon a trap wherein had been caught a glossy-coated mink.

"A fine pelt," thought I, as I observed the wild creature. Untrapped he would have run from me. Trapped, he heeded me not at all, but behaved as any mere animal might behave. He beat about in a maddened effort to free himself from the prison into which he had been decoyed. He struck his head, to rebound broadside across the trap.

"Poor beast!" thought I, "he seeks freedom but has no plan, which can come only from power of thought!" But even as I thought thus, he gave one last tremendous lunge, the force of which broke the thin wall around his brain. In blood he died and dead was worth as much to the hunter as though he lived. **He died in vain.**

I walked on and came upon another trap which also held a mink, a sleepy fellow who lay and dozed. His pelt was soft and fine. It would not e'en be marred by blood when it was taken off. It could not be he liked captivity; he merely offered no resistance in his apathy. I did not linger long near him.

Not far away there was a third, more cunning than the rest. He caught my glance and stopped and looked at me until I disappeared behind a tree and then, with a skill almost human-like, he sent a forefoot investigating the trap which held him. It was like a wonder tale from natural history. I grew almost anxious for the search to be rewarded, and as I stood tense the exploring paw struck the clicking catch. He drew back as if startled! I craned far out to see, so much I feared he would withdraw his paw, but with his alert eyes centered on the spot which held the key to his freedom, head slightly turned to one side, he loosened the latch and stepped out into his world, the forest! He never rushed, but still he made great speed, which grew with the distance between himself and the cell that e'en had held him fast. He of all the three had saved his pelt!

So like the workers, held in cages built by commerce, cruel and greedy. There are those who sleep in apathy and make a pretty picture. They hold no interest for the passerby beyond a passive sight. But still, they lose their pelts!

Then there are those who dash and rush to their own extermination. Their pelts are also taken, and of their blood-soaked carcasses, held as great examples, horrible fears are made. They die in vain.

And then there are the constructive, eager ones, consciously planning ways of winning their freedom. They find the plan, but being humans, possessed of intelligence, they know the days of individual freedom are gone. They seek the apathetic! They seek to show the hysterical madmen a plan, that all may yet be free.

Fellow workers, will you not, like the cunning mink, press the latch we show you, that we may have collective freedom?

Imbibe the philosophy of the I. W. W.!

Practice its principles!

Carry its card!

Be a believer!

And gain freedom and safety for yourselves and your class!

# The Wobbly Editor Helps the University Student with his Thesis

The following is a letter we have received from the Journalism Department of the University of Michigan and the answer thereto:

Dear Editor: In connection with our research work in a journalistic seminary class at the University of Michigan, I am investigating several problems relative to the newspapers and their relation to the present-day capital and labor disputes. As you know, charges very serious in nature have been made against the press by both factions, and it is my task to learn as far as possible how the newspapers feel about the situation. It is with this purpose in mind that I am venturing to ask for a few minutes of your time to answer some of the questions that confront me. Would it be too much to ask you to answer the following for me? All matter secured will be held confidential in every respect. It is merely my purpose to gather data for general conclusions for my thesis. I assure you that our entire journalistic department as well as myself will greatly appreciate the favor of an answer.

1. What do you believe **should be** the attitude of the press toward the unending capital-labor disputes? Should it favor either side, vary in cases, represent the neutral "consumer," or attempt to end trouble by mediating and educating?

2. What do you believe **is** the attitude **of** most newspapers?

3. Are Jim Jam Jems and other radical papers right in their charges that the press **is** governed by capital through advertisers?

4. To just what degree does the average advertiser control the policy of a newspaper? Do you think he gets capitalistic propaganda printed?

5. What is the influence of the labor and other radical papers? Should they be censored, suppressed, or supported? Do they stir up trouble unnecessarily?

6. What do you believe to be the solution of the labor disputes and the ultimate reduction of H. C. of L.?

7. What does **your** paper do in this matter? What is your policy?

You may answer these as briefly or at as great length as you will, if you will only please say something about them. It is only through the opinions of such great papers as yours that we may judge the situation, and study accordingly. We feel that the proper knowl-




**KEPT PRESS: Oh, I'll get you. I'll destroy you. I'll discredit you before the World.**

**I. W. W. MAN: Sure. Just like you captured Petrograd.**

edge of this problem will greatly assist us to be true journalists when we are on papers.

Thanking you in advance for your trouble,

I am, Very truly yours,

STUDENT,
Journalism Dept., Univ. Michigan.

**The Reply**

Dear Sir: In the interest of suffering humanity we will help you out with your thesis.

Below we repeat your questions one by one and answer them separately:

**Question 1.** What do you believe should be the attitude of the press to the unending capital-labor disputes? Should it favor either side, vary in cases, represent the neutral "consumer," at attempt to end trouble by mediating and educating?

**Answer**—The attitude of the press on any question should be to speak the truth and nothing but the truth. The I. W. W. press makes this its aim, and, as a consequence, its editors are in jail, with the exception of the last set, which is out on bail and not yet brought to trial. With the exception of a few hundred labor papers and idealist magazines, the papers all lie. In fact, that is their purpose. The press is "kept" by the profiteers and the exploiters, that is, the capitalist class generally, for the purpose of trying to control the minds of people in the interest of their "business" and to act as a safeguard for private property and their continued existence as social parasites.

As far as mediating is concerned, it may sometimes be good business policy for the exploiters of labor, but as far as educating is concerned, the kept press cannot do it. It would mean intellectual and financial suicide for the controllers of those papers. They can not be used as mediums of education, only as channels of misinformation and advocates of the interests of the few.

**Question 2.** What do you believe is the attitude of most newspapers?

**Answer**—Being a professional reader of exchanges, we can truthfully state that most papers, aye, all capitalist papers, resort to all sorts of frenzied logic and intellectual imposition in order to prejudice the "public" against the workers in all disputes. They most outrageously plead the cause of the "oppressed" capitalist and they pretend to be solicitous for the dear, suffering "public." The deception is so plain that it is strange how anyone can fail to see it.

**Question 3.** Are "Jim Jam Jems" and other radical papers right in their charges that the press is governed by capital through advertisers?

**Answer**—In regard to this matter, we beg to refer you to Upton Sinclair's recent book, "The Brass Check," which can be obtained by sending 50 cents to Upton Sinclair, Pasadena, California. In this book we learn that the most important papers and magazines have been bought up by capitalists to serve as mouthpieces for certain financial interests. Others are controlled by advertising, others can exist only by currying favor with those who rob the people and therefore have money and patronage to give.

The I. W. W. press, poor as it is financially, does not accept advertisements at any price. Back of this old rule is, naturally, the conclusion, based on experience, that you cannot speak the truth and at the same time keep the good will of such people as are in the habit of advertising commercially. In order to have a free hand against the oppressors of the people, we are compelled to refuse to accept money from them or in any way being "patronized" by them.

We have never heard of "Jim Jam Jems," but if he says that the press is governed by capital through advertisements, we agree with him, though we must add that that is not the only way in which the capitalists are polluting the sources of information, thereby making it misinformation.

**Question 4.** To just what degree does the average advertiser control the policy of a newspaper? Do you think he gets capitalistic propaganda printed?

**Answer**—The details of this nasty business are extensively treated upon by Upton Sinclair in "The Brass Check." For our part, we want to add, that if the paper is not owned outright by the capitalists, the owner will either have to surrender completely to the capitalists or go to the wall. Without their support the paper can not exist, unless it be kept alive by an organization, like the I. W. W. papers are.

**Question 5.** What is the influence of labor and other radical papers? Should they be censored, suppressed or supported? Do they stir up trouble unnecessarily?

**Answer**—The influence of the labor papers varies. The influence of the A. F. of L. papers is on the wane, while the influence of the I. W. W. papers is on the increase, as witness the world-wide demand for "ONE BIG UNION" or INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION, as distinguished from craft organization. The labor papers are markedly influencing the working class toward accepting the responsibility for taking over production and distribution through their unions when capitalism ceases to function, or functions so badly that it imposes too great sufferings upon the people. Thereby the labor press works for a peaceful, final and permanent solution of the social problem. This solution, of course, implies the complete elimination of the capitalist class as an economic factor, and brings the whole series of questions propounded in this questionnaire out of the world.

Do these papers stir up trouble unnecessarily? We should say not. Through the education they manage to get out to the ignorant masses in spite of all resistance and all persecution, they do what they can to save society from a social cataclysm. By censoring or suppressing the real labor press, the capitalists and their tools are doing the greatest injury imaginable to society as a whole. The greatest danger of our age lies in the ignorance and irresponsibility of the masses. There is no

factor making for enlightenment and responsibility more than the labor press. The lowest strata of society are rising by their own strength in the modern labor movement. To muffle its voice or to choke it off is to invite a catastrophe.

Instead of suppressing the labor press, all human agencies should be set to work along the lines we are following, in order that the forty million workers of this country may as quickly as possible fit themselves to take over and run production and distribution. That is the only salvation of mankind in the coming crisis, which is already gripping us, the greatest crisis humanity has so far encountered.

**Question 6.** What do you believe to be the solution of the labor disputes and the ultimate reduction of the high cost of living?

**Answer**—The labor disputes may temporarily be settled by concessions to the workers, by "throwing out a bone" to the discontented, but these disputes will increase in number and extent, until the whole country will be in a chronic state of general strike, a stage which we are now rapidly approaching. Capitalism is a logical and mathematical absurdity, and cannot last beyond a certain point. By attempting to collect rent, interest and profit on an ever-increasing capitalization, and recently by suddenly adding the war capital to the industrial capital and forcing the people to pay interest on it, the capitalists are making it impossible for people to exist. The sleeping millions are thus awakened, and then there is no solution to the "disputes" except the abolition of capitalism, the abolition of private ownership, rent, interest and profit.

As for reducing the H. C. of L., it cannot be done as long as the capitalist class insists on collecting rent, interest and profit out of the products of labor. Failing to get that rent, interest and profit in the accustomed manner, they try to collect it by mercantile conspiracies, which are nothing but robberies, and by tax-dodging (such as freeing from taxes income in the form of shares), etc. To save themselves from an early destruction, the capitalist class would have to voluntarily give up hope of collecting these items. Only a complete back-down by the capitalist class, taking the shape of a reduction in prices of the necessities of life to a pre-war level will save them from destruction within a few years. If they do back down, the transition will be gradual and peaceful. If they refuse to back down it will be sudden, violent and destructive.

When the workers take over production and distribution through their unions, the high cost of living will be an expression without a meaning. With rent, interest and profit removed, there is no such thing as high cost of living.

**Question 7.** What does your paper do in this matter? What is your policy?

We are at the top of our voice screaming to the masses: "Economic doomsday is approaching; the end of the capitalist world is near. Capitalism is collapsing on all sides. It ceases to function in one place after another. It no longer supplies mankind with the necessities of life. Life is becoming unbearable. This is only a prelude to the great storm that shall sweep everything before it. We are all of us in danger of immediate destruction. Society is on the verge of dissolution. Chaos and disaster stare us in the face. The only salvation for us is to organize new organs of production and distribution to take the place of the old ones which are ceasing to function. Get together with all other workers in your industry or other useful occupation, organize yourselves into industrial unions, by means of which you can take the shock when it comes. Hurry, if you want to save yourselves and your children from a terrible fate. Only organized co-operation for the welfare of all can save us."

Our policy is thus, to organize the workers into industrial unions, by means of which they can first of all save themselves from going under in the battle with the high cost of living, and which they can later use as organs of production and distribution when the collapse of capitalism shall have occurred. Yours truly,

EDITOR OF THE O. B. U. MONTHLY.

P. S.—This is not confidential. You may publish it.

## TWO I. W. W. PAMPHLETS IN SWEDISH

Secretaries and literature agents, and particularly the Swedish Fellow Workers, will please note that two I. W. W. pamphlets have now been issued in Swedish, namely:

**Industrial Communism—I. W. W.** Ten cents per copy; $6 per hundred.

**I. W. W.—Its History, Structure and Methods.** Fifteen cents per copy; $10 per hundred.

Order immediately from Thomas Whitehead, 1001 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., and go after the Swedes.

## JEDNA VELKA UNIE

Is the name of our new Czeko-Slovak monthly. It means "One Big Union." It costs $1 a year, 10 cents per copy. Bundle orders 7 cents per copy.

Wherever there are any Bohemian workers let us help the Czeko-Slovak propaganda committee to get a start. The May number of their paper is a great success. Get some of it and order of the June issue at the same time. If they get a good start the race is half won. Address all orders and remittances to Jedna Velka Unie, 1001 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

When in doubt—please remember that there are still a few hundred of our fellow workers in the jails, waiting for you to bail them out or free them. Correspond in such matters with Wm. D. Haywood, 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Renew your subscription when it runs out. If you do not receive the magazine regularly, please notify us, and we will supply the missing copies.



**SAMMY GOMPERS IN GOOD COMPANY**

Seretary Franklin K. Lane | Judge Elbert H. Gary Pres. of Steel Trust | Samuel Gompers President A. F. of L. | Frank Morrison Sec'y, A. F. of L. | John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

# The A. F. of L. Convention

## GOMPERS STILL CAPTAIN ON THE DRIFTING SHIP.

By the time this reaches you, you will have read in several weekly labor papers and in all the dailies, that A. F. of L. has been holding its 40th annual convention in Montreal Canada, during the earlier part of June.

Labor's program as outlined by the convention demands:

Ratification of the peace treaty.

Government ownership with democratic operation of railroads.

Curb on profiteering and high cost of living.

Jailing of food and clothing profiteers.

Right to strike and abolition of compulsory arbitration and anti-strike legislation.

Hands off in Mexico.

Indorsement of the Irish republic.

Right of collective bargaining.

Advances in wages wherever necessary to maintain the American standard of living.

Shorter work day, if necessary to prevent unemployment.

Support for the Co-operative Movement.

We shall not attempt to rehearse the program. We shall merely make a few observations.

The convention met under a heavy black cloud. During the year The American Federation of Labor has suffered some of the heaviest shocks in its history.

During the year Gompers and his men had gone into the so-called National Industrial Conference with the biggest capitalists and exploiters of the country, two of whom appear with Gompers and his chief secretary, Mr. Morrison, in the photograph above, namely Judge Elbert Gary, chief of the Steel trust, and John D. Rockefeller Jr. It was the supreme test for Gompers and the A. F. of L. They were completely beaten and withdrew. And Gary and Rockefeller rule the country, and Gompers and Morrison are their vassals.

During the year The A. F. of L. suffered defeat, first in the steel strike, thereupon in the coal strike and in many other strikes. Finally, the much heralded accession of the Railroad Brotherhoods turned out to be nothing but the gift of a civil war, large masses of the railroad men being in open rebellion against the brotherhoods. Furthermore, it is a fact that the opposition this time was strong enough to place one of their representatives, Duncan, of Seattle, in the chair.

When Gompers faced the crowd of delegates this year, it was as a general who has lost many battles and with forebodings of coming collapse and disaster.

But the Gompers machine throughout the country is still very strong. The A. F. of L. terrorists control the nominations and the elections. The spirit of Moss Enright, Coleman and Tim Murphy, the labor leader-gunmen, recently prominent in Chicago, is still strong in the A. F. of L. It is their kind that controls the A. F. of L. machinery in many cities. The decisions of the convention reflect largely the Gompers machine.

In two measures it took exactly the same stand as the United States Senate. It approved armed insurrection in Ireland as well as the Irish republic, attesting again to the fact that Irish politicians and the Catholic church hold sway over both. For that it was not love for freedom as such, is proven by the fact that in the next breath the convention refused to recognize the revolution in Russia and the Soviet Government. By this decision the convention again went on record as antisocialist and in favor of the continued existence of capitalism.

So far the old A. F. of L. hulk obeyed the rudder beautifully. But there was evidence abundant that the crazy craft is losing steerage way in its effort to buck against the strong tide of human progress.

Not that the ship at any time was in real danger of going under. Oh, no! The pirate crew, the friends of Enright, Coleman and Murphy with a gun in

one hip pocket and a flask of hooch in the other, have too much experience in dirty ward politics to be ousted so easily.

Only on a couple of occasions did the tide of progress become so strong that it swept the craft backwards, sideways, for some distance. The convention, we are happy to state, adopted two resolutions which reflect honor upon those who fought for them and carried them over all resistance. The one was a resolution demanding amnesty for class war prisoners. The other one was a resolution demanding free speech, free press and free assemblage. That two such resolutions could get a majority is very likely due to the fact that the A. F. of L. men have had some experience of the same kind as the I. W. W. particulary during the steel strike and in the coal mining regions. We doubt strongly that the friends of Irish Capitalism and enemies of Russian Bolshevism adopted such a resolution with a view to helping the I. W. W.

Gompers appears to still be working at his political perpetual motion machine. It is a wonder he does not go completely "nuts" over it, like other perpetual motion cranks.

He would like to curtail the political liberties of his followers by denying them the right to follow party lines. On the other hand he does not want to endorse or repudiate any party, except socialist parties, of course, which are tabooed, on account of their nonsensical talk about abolishing wage slavery. For Gompers still holds that wage slavery is all right. No, but he reserves the right to pick the candidates himself for the workers to vote on. See what a power that gives him. See Sammy Gompers actually picking out the members of congress and legislative assemblies as well as the officials. He has been working on this perpetual motion machine now for 40 years, and see what we got!

The convention adopted a Gompers resolution which declared that "the platform of the republican party has betrayed the working people" Gompers is right. But he still insists on picking rulers among the traitors instead of advicing the workers to rule through their unions.

In thankful recognition of his services as their Moses during the 38 years in the desert, the delegates re-elected him, at the same time raising his salary from $10,000 to $12,000. The children of Israel were 40 years in the desert, and their Moses saw the promised land from a hill top before he died. Here is hoping that the A. F. of L. members stay no longer in the desert than the children of Israel, and we also hope that their Moses will get a lucid interval before the 40 years are up, so that he will see the contours of our promised land.

That the convention was held in Canada, was naturally an effort to counteract the ravages of the One Big Union of Canada, which has all but driven the A. F. of L. out of that country.

We may have occasion to return to the subject of this convention, as more detailed reports come in.

# A Warning for Provocateurs

After the article "International impostors" in this issue was already off the press, we obtained through first class mail paper called "The Communist", supposedly underground paper of the "United Communist Party of America". This paper bears the date of June 12, 1920, and is numbered Vol. I, No. 1. It claims to be the official organ of the recently united "communist parties", from which unity however several federations are said to have seceded.

The paper is largely gotten up in the wordy style of Fraina and Ferguson and we suppose the element which they lead are the supposed unity.

In their program there is a qualified endorsement of industrial unionism, and the I. W. W., though condemned for trying to peacefully make a change from capitalism to industrial communism, is recommended as the vehicle for their plans of smashing the A. F. of L. It is recommended to the members that they join the I. W. W. for that purpose and to carry on their so called communist "education" in the I. W. W. ranks.

As a sample of the education they are to carry on, allow us to quote verbally from the first page of said paper:

> The program of the United Communist Party declares that the final struggle between the workers and the capitalists, between exploited and exploiter, will take the form of civil war and that it is the function of the United Communist Party systematically to familiarize the working class with the necessity of armed insurrection as the only means through which the capitalist government and the capitalist system can be overthrown.

Civil wars are a calamity which sometimes occurs, but to deliberately preach it is nothing short of criminal.

Only madmen or hired provocateurs could preach such rank nonsense. If the writers and adopters of such a program are not on the verge of a mental breakdown as a result of the numerous mental saltomortals of the last year in their evolution from harmless socialist party politicians to insurrectionists, they are the agents of Palmer and the Department of Justice or some other equally unscrupulous institution.

It is hardly necessary to warn the membership in general of such provocateurs, who evidently are working only for the purpose of fooling some workers to walk right up on the machine guns. Most of our members are wise to them and know how to treat them or anybody else who would try to run the I. W. W. on the rocks. But there are constantly thousands of new members coming into our ranks, and there is danger of some of these being misled by the Palmer agents and lunatics.

This warning should be enough.



HUMAN SACRIFICES ON THE ALTAR OF MAMMON

# Can Woman Stop War?

The women of all countries are circulating a pledge, with space for signatures, binding women to efforts to make war impossible. It is a world-wide female conspiracy to compel nations to keep the peace. We doubt very much that they can do this, but we wish they could. That is why we here publish the following call to women:

May 13, 1920.

To the Editor: This pledge comes from the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom, whose headquarters is in Geneva, Switzerland. The pledge has been widely circulated in European countries, most notably Germany, and is now being sent throughout the United States. All signatures received here will be forwarded to the Geneva headquarters.

We would welcome any publicity which can be given through your paper.

Yours very sincerely,

JENNIE MINNICK OTIS.

Acting for the Palo Alto Branch of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom. Address, Palo Alto, California.

**To Women and Mothers:**

At the International Congress of Women in the spring of 1919, all the women present solemnly pledged themselves never again to support future wars by help of any kind. The universal international strike of women in the case of war was unanimously voted. But this strike must be prepared long beforehand in all countries in order that in the hour of danger there may be a united force against which the will of those in power, who lust for war, shall be shattered. It is for us women and mothers, who have been through the unspeakable suffering and horror of the world war, to crush future wars in the bud. If we are united, war and peace are in our hands. Against our will, without our readiness to fill all the gaps at home and to keep business, transportation and industry going, the cannon on the fields of slaughter could not carry on their work of death for an hour. Therefore, women and mothers of all countries, sign your names below, bind yourself by this world-embracing pledge and hold faithfully to it, if the time of danger should make it necessary.

Recognizing the great responsibility of each one of us for the fate of millions upon millions, we, women and mothers, declare by our signature that to us the sacredness and inviolability of life is the supreme law, that we therefore repudiate all organized killing as unworthy of humanity and that never again will we render any support to war, including civil war, whether, through money, propaganda or work.

Name
Address

Lists can be obtained from the above-mentioned address.

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Having fulfilled this duty, we might as well proceed to state our own position on the question of world peace and the role woman is destined to play in it.

We do not in the least desire to pour cold water on the noble and inspired efforts instanced in the above call, but we wish to respectfully point out that there are two sides to this question, the psychic and the economic, and it is a question whether the economic side does not entirely dominate the psychic side. In other words, it is very possible that woman's abhorrence of bloody strife and intense desire for peace has its root in economic reasons. In the final analysis, the object of woman in creation is motherhood, just as that of man is fatherhood, and for that reason everything that interferes with motherhood is repugnant to her, while everything that furthers its normal and

peaceful consummation as well as the welfare of the offspring is attractive to her. This being so, we submit that the proper way to deal with this question is to directly attack it from an economic approach instead of merely appealing to the pacific instincts of the women. Unless these instincts are led into the channels of practical economic effort with a view to making war impossible, it seems to us that they will merely lead to a sex conspiracy against warlike men of propertarian instincts.

The pledge to "never again render any support to war, including civil war, whether through money, propaganda or work," is beautiful and surely has a great agitational value, but being purely negative in nature, it will be insufficient to secure permanent world peace.

In order to strike at the root of the evil we would have to abolish the cause of wars, the struggle for private property. That can be done only by abolishing private property in the means of production and distribution. This, in turn, can only be accomplished by organizing society on a communist basis. In other words, to secure permanent peace we must abolish capitalism and introduce communism.

We would therefore suggest that women of high ideals should not stop with the anti-war agitation embodied in the above pledge, but take steps toward forming a communist society.

And how should that be done?

Here is the way:

Those women who are already actively engaged in productive or distributive pursuits, in factories, mills, offices, hotels, restaurants or in domestic service, should immediately, with complete forgetfulness of all sex lines, organize together with the men, making an industrial union branch of each establishment, with a view to taking it over on a communist basis. Those who are not actively engaged in production but are "merely" mothers and housewives, had also better straighten their back and look up for a moment from their drudgery, and get together and devise the new forms of family life, of social housekeeping that corresponds to a communist system of production and distribution.

Only by thus adding the economic feature to the agitation here planned will the women succeed in extinguishing for all times the flame that periodically bursts out in conflagrations devastating the world and wreaking misery on all mankind.

Summing it up, the I. W. W. position on this question is: By all means carry on the anti-war agitation to the limit of your inspiration, and in consonance with your pacific nature, but do not forget that in order to obtain permanent results you will have to organize the industrial workers industrially and have the mothers and wives organize the housekeeping and family life on a communist basis.

As long as private property exists there will be wars, in spite of the most heroic efforts by the comparatively few women who think.

## Enumerating Our Prisoners

In our March, April, May and June issues we published names of our prisoners of late years. The total number of cases enumerated to date are 1,327.

The Twelfth Annual Convention decided to have the publication of the names discontinued, as it is apt to result in victimizing of our members by employers and others.

Since our last issue three minor lists have come in. One from Bellingham, Wash., containing four names, gives the information that one of the four, who was suffering from stomach trouble, was fooled into signing some sort of "confession," with the promise that he would be taken care of and get his stomach all fixed up. He was given a $2,000 fine instead and is now serving his time on the Whatcomb County Farm. The other three were given a jury trial and were unanimously acquitted.

The second list covers the Scotts Bluff, Neb., cases and contains ten names of members of I. U. No. 400, 450 and 573. All of these were arrested on Sept. 29 and released on Dec. 8, 1919, with the exception of one who was arrested on October 3 and discharged on November 1 on writ of habeas corpus. The others were released on account of the sugar trust being unable to frame up a case against them. Several others were taken and held a few days.

The third list contains fourteen names and covers the arrests in Kansas City, Mo., on March 2, 1919. All convicted of vagrancy and sentenced to eleven months and twenty-nine days of hard labor. They were released on April 2, 1919, on unconditional parole.

We have also been informed that our Leavenworth list in the March number is short ten names.

In this number we have, consequently, accounted for thirty-eight additional cases, making a total up to date of 1,365 cases.

As we can now no longer publish the names without breaking the rule laid down by the convention, all concerned are requested to send their reports to the Secretary of the General Defense Committee, William D. Haywood, who is gathering the material for a complete story of the persecutions against the I. W. W. Be sure to help him out with the cases that you know of, so that the story may be complete, when it is printed, some time in the future, and becomes part of United States history.

The total number of cases has been estimated at about 2,000 since the beginning of the war, not counting the Bisbee "deportation" cases. Give us the names and facts in the remaining 600 cases.

### FINANCIAL REPORTS

The absence of financial reports in this issue is in compliance with decisions of the Twelfth Annual Convention of the I. W. W.

---

Our circulation is now 15,000 copies. Did you stop to consider that if you got only **one** new reader each this month, it will jump to 30,000?

# The Bureau of Industrial Research and its Work

By RALPH CHAPLIN

The one question that confronts the organization at the present time is the publication of new literature. Everyone is agreed that new books and pamphlets are vitally necessary. The point to consider is where these are to come from.

The last convention arranged for the organization of the much talked of Bureau of Industrial Research. A secretary was employed and the work of producing the new publications was started at once. Already the booklet for Industrial Union No. 400, Agricultural Workers, is hammered into shape. It is held up at present because the members of No. 400 have not taken hold of the questionnaire as they should.

A booklet for No. 573, Construction Workers, is also started and the questionnaire published. If members of this union will send in for questionnaires and answer the questions, or a few of the questions on the list, the matter of putting out a splendid pamphlet for 573 is as good as settled.

But both 400 and 573 will have to get back of the Bureau of Industrial Research and support it with their experience and energy if these booklets are to appear in proper time. The booklets will not make themselves. Either the rank and file will have to get busy and produce its own literature or we will have to wait month in and month out for new literature, as we have in the past. Immediate action is necessary.

Any worker anywhere who knows anything about either the Construction or the Agricultural industries is urged to send for the questionnaire. Full instructions are supplied with each one. Branches and industrial unions are also urged to see that wide circulation is given the questionnaires and that members are encouraged to help make the plan a success.

Please don't delay. We have simply got to get the 400 booklet out in time for the harvest. No. 573 should come out in a short time also. Get busy at once. It's up to you.

Send all mail to Bureau of Industrial Research, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

**Can the Rank and File Write Its Own Literature?**

The time has come when the Industrial Workers of the World must produce a statement of its true principles. The capitalist press has vilified us until the public is sated with lies. A great many working people are looking to us to learn from our own lips of the things we believe. These are willing to listen to our side of the question. What literature have we got to offer them?

Unfortunately, our meager supply of pamphlets has always been inadequate from every point of view. The war has made much of our printed matter out of date. Some of it has been garbled and misinterpreted until it is useless. The Publishing Bureau must cease to function as an open forum. There is a crying need for new literature—our I. W. W. literature. We need one clear, strong and attractively printed pamphlet for each of the Industrial Unions. We need a number of general pamphlets as well. We need them quickly.

The question is, must the Industrial Workers of the World be dependent on a few "high-brows"—whether sympathizers or members—or can the rank and file take the matter into their own hands and tell in their own words what the organization means to them and what the organization has done for them?

The idea of the Bureau of Industrial Research and the new literature for the organization was conceived in the Cook County Jail in 1917. Imprisoned workers from many different industries found they could learn a lot from one another. Cannot the entire membership do likewise?

Five hundred or a couple of thousand members can write a better booklet than any ONE man that ever lived. Let's collect the knowledge and experience of our many members in various industries and preserve them in printed form for the benefit of all who care to investigate.

Questionnaires are already prepared for all the principal industries. Ask for the one you are interested in today. You don't have to write a lot. If each member would write only a little—and that little the best there is in him—we would have results that would be astounding. Do your part. Get busy at once. Send in any good photos or illustrations you may have. Each booklet will be well illustrated. Send in also any suggestions you may have about the plan. But DON'T DELAY. Let's get in action for the greatest educational campaign the world ever saw. Address

BUREAU OF INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH,
1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

**SAMPLE OF QUESTIONNAIRE**

Note—Pick out as many of the following questions as you feel qualified to answer. Write distinctly and briefly on a separate sheet of paper. Mail to above address without delay.

CONSTRUCTION

1. How is the Department of Construction divided? Explain the importance of the general construction workers.

1. Explain how impossible civilization would have been without the labor of men employed in this industry.

3. What was construction like in primitive times? (Dwellings, bridges, etc.)

4. What was construction like in ancient times? (Public buildings, irrigation works, monuments.)

5. What ho you know of the construction of castles, cathedrals, etc., of Mediaeval times?

6. What was the condition of construction workers under primitive communism? Slavery? Serfdom?

7. How have changing methods of construction affected the construction industry and its workers? (Wood, stone, brick and steel and concrete.)

8. Have modern methods of construction tended to eliminate the skill of the workers? Give general outline of evolution of tools and materials.

9. How is the modern construction industry interrelated to other industries? (Transportation, steel, concrete, lumber, etc.)

10. How are present-day construction bosses different from those of ancient days? Fifty years? Have the workers and employers interests in common?

11. Have great fortunes been made by the master class in the construction industry? (Give details showing the concentration of wealth into fewer and fewer hands.)

12. What are the conditions of the construction workers of today? (Need for organization.)

13. Contrast conditions in organized and unorganized districts in this and other countries.

14. How and when did craft unions first start to organize general construction workers?

15. Is the craft form of organization suitable for the construction industry?

16. When did the I. W. W. first start to organize construction workers? (Show strength of the One Big Union form of organization, solidarity, job tactics, etc.)

17. How has the I. W. W. bettered the conditions of construction workers? How can it better conditions still more? (Give examples and contrast with previous conditions.)

18. How are construction workers exploited at the point of production? (Give immediate aims of I. W. W. in construction industry.)

19. What are the principles, tactics and ultimate aim of the I. W. W. in construction industry?

20. How is the One Big Union of construction workers related to the One Big Union of related industries? Of all industries?

21. Why are construction workers necessary to a program of social change?

22. How is the I. W. W. helping to build the structure of the new society within the shell of the old in the construction industry?

23. How will construction workers function in the new society?

24. What does solidarity mean to construction workers organized in the I. W. W.?

25. Give your best reasons why construction workers should join the Industrial Workers of the World and suggest how best to work for the organization. (Lining up members, distributing literature, getting subs, etc.)

26. Have you any suggestions for the improvement of the pamphlet to be published on the construction industry?

**Answer these questions and mail your papers to us.**


# The Puget Sound PICNIC

## *on July 4th*

**will be a memorable event in the labor history of the Northwest.**

It will be held at

## PEOPLES PARK

RENTON JUNCTION

Near Seattle, Wash.

Speakers will be

## WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

Sec'y of the General Defense Committee

and

## ELMER SMITH

One of the Centralia Defendants

**Let the workers of the Northwest from far and near gather here for a giant demonstration to demand the liberation of all class-war prisoners and to show their solidarity.**

Take Interurban cars at Yesler way and Occidental Ave. in Seattle.


# I, The Fourth

By Covington Ami

I am the Fourth of July—
I celebrate "Sedition," "Treason" and "Disloyalty"—
I fired on my country's flag—
I rebelled against its government—
I flaunted the Crimson Banner in its face—
I committed sabotage—
I overthrew "law and order"—
I wrecked the Feudal System—

Not a single one of my superheroes was a Christian—
Leagues of Nations—
"Holy Alliances"—
Formed against me—
But—
The Spirit of the Age was with me—
I marched with evolution—
They failed and fell—
I won—
And now, great God!—
I am RESPECTABLE.

---

Leon Vasilio is requested to communicate with the editor of "Muncitorul," 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Important.




**CHARITY**

# A "Gummy Goo" Story

**(Having to do with Charity)**

**By ROBERTA BRUNER**

A man stood on the street showing how a bit of cement from the tiny tube in his hand would "mend" rubber bags. Many people were buying, for the demonstration showed that the cement p ched the leaking hot water bottles. Few realized that a patch is but a patch and may not stand real service as well as it appears to. Very few speculated on the fact that water bottles are made from "junk" rubber. Such speculation would merely have explained the cause of the frequent leaks, however, and would not have mended the bags. Perhaps none knew that the contents of each of

the tubes they were buying cost less than two cents, or that the tube itself cost more than the cement and that the total cost of all was less than three cents.

"It is a fake," was someone's comment. "Yes," thought I, "it is a fake."

* * * * * * *

Two blocks more and the identical article was being "demonstrated" under the protection of a great store—but it was none the less a fake. The faker who sold here was merely paying a large tribute to a respectable—no, **respected**—business house, for prestige. More people bought here, and more "respectable looking" people.

* * * * * * *

On the street a woman stood holding a bunch of tags and a box with a slot in the top.

Many more such women picketed the streets of the famous loop of Chicago. Other cities were also being panhandled.

"May I tag you?" Her endeavor brought a gleam to her eye not unlike the "Gummy Goo" faker. She, too, was selling at 900 per cent profit (not to herself but to the charity to old folks—or was it babies?—it was for something that brought a universal heart-throb, anyway). She was selling a patch for the rotten water bottle of our present form of society, the capitalist system.

Her customers bought tags for voluntary prices; some bought because their hearts were touched; more bought to purchase protection from being molested by further benevolently inclined solicitors, but all who bought bought a patch for a fast decaying rubber water bottle which no amount of patching can hold together much longer.

Few who bought or sold realized they were dealing in mere patches at all—and that a patch is but a patch at best and proclaims the oldness of the thing patched. Very few speculated on the fact that a system of society which urges competition to the extent of slaying the more poorly fitted and which crowns only him victor who has gained gold and crowns any victor who has gained, by any means "within the law"—few speculated that such a social system is a "junk" rubber bottle which can but burst and leak.

Perhaps none knew that less than 10 cents of every dollar they contributed to the "Aged Adults" or "Orphan Children," or whatever it was, ever reached those for whom it was intended. More than 90 per cent was used for the overhead expenses of the professional charity workers.

None said this was a fake—but it was. It was a "Gummy Goo" fake.

If rubber bags were made of virgin rubber patches would not be needed. If society were decent, old folks and babies as well as fine, strong, commercial age people would be safe. It would not be necessary to patch and prop a worm-eaten profiteering treasure chest to which only a few hold a key, in order to keep the most brazen robberies half smothered.

(Now I suppose the wilful misinterpreters of truth will say that the I. W. W. does not believe in taking care of old folks and babies, because one member sees in almsgiving a strong resemblance to the "Gummy Goo Gip" and writes upon it. But this is the truth: The I. W. W. is opposed to a system which **causes a need of almsgiving**, and the I. W. W. is dedicated to destroying that system. Then "Gummy Goo's" will no longer be needed nor tolerated.)

Long live the Industrial Republic! Death to capitalistic tyrants!

## Hon. Quasimodo Von Belvedere is Criticizing the Government

Tampa, Fla., May 29th.

One of our clever correspondents obtained from Von Belvedere two important political statements which we present here in full:

The President deems that the adopting of the Knox Peace Resolution would be an ineffaceable stain upon the gallantry and honor of the United States. He goes on, saying:

> Have we sacrificed the lives of more than 100,000 Americans and ruined the lives of thousands of others and brought thousands of American families an unhappiness that can never end, for purposes which we do not now care to state or take further steps to attain?

To a sane business man this statement appears ridiculous. All that was attainable from the war we have already attained; we got more than our share of Germany's trade, and we do not want any cash indemnity; in that respect our national honor is very scrupulous, you know.

Furthermore, Germany is now reduced to a naked skeleton; why should we waste any more of our time upon her? I count the President among my most devoted friends, and it would be unkind on my part to make any further derogatory comments upon this curious epistle of his. God knows that there is not a single individual within the borders of our fair country who has a letter knowledge about the true reasons for which we went to war than the President himself.

Our correspondent then asked Mr. Von Belvedere if he did not think that the natural resources of Mexico were too precious an asset to be left in the hands of such barbarians as the Mexicans are. Quasimodo gave him an admiring look and commended him upon this truly American mode of reasoning. "That is my motto." he said. "Make peace with Germany and then devote all of our spare time to disciplining Mexico and establish an American protectorate over her."

After this the conversation was switched to the presidential race, and our correspondent quoted the ensuing aphorism from Mr. Gary's after dinner hallucination:

The next President of the United States

must be able, wise and well informed; of unquestioned honesty, morally and intellectually, eminently fair and impartial, frank and sincere, broad-minded, deeply sympathetic, courageous, sturdy and well balanced (this is not a slam at Woodrow Wilson) and, above everything else, loyal to the constitution and the law of the land.

Quasimodo laughed at this. "Such a President," he said, "would have been all right a decade ago. If these thirteen points of my friend Gary's were a sufficient qualification now—then we should elect him, or Mr. McAdoo. These are the only two honest souls I know. However, I see trouble ahead; such a situation as we are confronting can successfully be coped with only by a good soldier."

"I see," said our scribe. "You are going to vote for General Wood."

"Not only that," says Quasimodo, "but I shall have two hundred thousand of my dollars vote for him also.

# Was it Murder?

By EUGENE BARNETT

They had come to America, the land of the Indian, and had settled in a colony for mutual protection. They were exiles from England, men who had been imprisoned for their political and religious beliefs, which were not in accord with those sanctioned by the ruling class.

The overlords of England had hit upon a fine plan. They had said to these malcontents: "We will give you your freedom if you will go to America. If you are so dissatisfied here and know so much about the way things should be run, go to America and run that country and we will leave you alone."

So they came to the wilderness that was to be the New World. And they built themselves homes where they could be free to speak their thoughts and to worship God in their own way. For these things they had been persecuted and imprisoned, and for these things they were willing to brave the dangers of the then uncharted sea.

In the new and unknown world in which they found themselves they built their humble cabins near to each other, for they had faith in the maxim, "United we stand, but divided we fall." Savages were everywhere about them, so they built a block house out of dreams and determination and stout logs, where all might find shelter in case of a raid from their hostile neighbors.

Just over the hill was a fine meadowland, and John Smith (not necessarily Captain John), having seen the possibilities it offered for whiteman's cultivation, said: "What a fine home I can make here for the colony and myself." Being of a brave and progressive nature, he proceeded to build his house and moved over in the midst of the waving grasses.

All went well for a few weeks. But one day a painted Indian saw the new home and promptly carried the tidings to the Big Chief of the savage Red Elks. When the Big Chief heard the news he called a pow-wow in the Red Elks' lodge or teepee. The savages discussed the situation. The Big Chief's name was Hub-Hub, and he told his tribesmen that the white men were a menace and must be driven out. "These settlers are a bunch of ignorant foreigners," he told them, "and if we let them go on like this our hunting grounds will disappear and we will be compelled to go to work earning our living with the sweat of our brows." A wail of angry disapproval greeted his remarks.

Another befeathered leader also made speech at the pow-wow. He was called Scales, after the skin of the rattlesnake, whom he resembled in more ways than one. Holding a string of red, white and blue medicine beads in his upraised hand, he said: "I won't tell you to raid the block house, but if you touch this magical wampum before starting on the raid no white man's bullet can ever touch you."

The savages started out to appoint a committee to find out how many white men there were, to lay plans to destroy the block house and to decide what to do with the scalps of its occupants. The first Indian appointed on the committee refused to serve. The Big Chief called him a "pale-faced skunk." A secret committee was appointed. It took for its totem the scorpion, because it is all sting and no brains, and the sting is always located in the right place. The Indians flourished their tomahawks, chanted a war chant and danced the war-dance until far into the night.

Now it happened that the Indian who had refused to serve had enjoyed some of the good things that the toil of the colonists had produced. He recognized in them the builders of a higher form of civilization. So he stole away to the colony and warned the white men and they carried the warning over the hill to Smith. Smith said, "This is my home; I have done no wrong; I will stand my ground."

"All right; we will help defend you," said his fellow settlers, "if we know when the Indians are coming."

By this time the secret committee had finished its plans. They had decided to raid Smith's home and massacre the family as a warning to the others of what would happen if they tried to progress further. So they started north toward Smith's house, marching one abreast (Indian file). A war-whoop was to be the signal for the attack.

But once again the friendship of the one Indian was stronger than the tie that bound him to his tribe. So again he warned the colony of the impending danger. The men hurried the women and chil-

dren into the blockhouse. They took their guns and hurried to the top of the hill. When they got in range of Smith's cabin they trained their guns on the approaches to the clearing and waited.

Soon they saw the savages crawling up to the house, saw them spring up in a body and rush for the doors and windows, which were smashed in the rush. Shots rang out from the cabin where Smith was defending himself. The men on the hill began firing also. The savages scurried for cover. Four of them were killed. WAS IT MURDER?

One of the colonists was captured by the Indians as he was leaving the scene. He was horribly mutilated (as the victims of savages always were) while he was yet alive. Later he was hanged. WAS THAT MURDER?

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Vol. II, No. 8,

# The One Big Union Monthly




PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown.

By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.




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SUNRISE OVER THE HARVEST FIELDS

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# THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

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## The Agricultural Workers Campaign

The high spots in human history are not the story of the reign of emperors and kings, nor the story of the battles they have fought. Even the phenomenal carreers of an Alexander "the Great", an Attila, a Djenghis Khan, a Napoleon, form no mile stones along the path of mankind from savagery to civilization. The world war itself, a ghastly wound as it is upon the body of the human family, will hardly leave a scar behind to remind future generations of its horrors. Our great-grand-children will have to dig deep into old records to find the outlines of it.

The milestones of human history are of a different kind, and they are as numerous as the inventions and discoveries that go to make up civilization. These are the living facts of human history, known to even the illiterate. They are the front side of civilization, and therefore of history, while the chronicle of kings and wars is the back side of it.

The invention of the spade, the plow, the hammer, the ax, the needle, the sail, the loom; the discovery that the dog and the horse could be tamed and used, and that the cow could be domesticated; the discovery made within reasonably modern time that children of blood relations tended to degeneracy; the discovery of improved methods of tilling the soil and making the tools; the discovery of improvements in the organization of the work—these are the mile stones, these are the high spots in human history.

For that reason the agricultural workers campaign in the United States in the year 1920, as well as of preceeding and coming years, is an event that far outshadows in importance America's participation in the world war.

These ragged, unkempt, penniless and persecuted men who quietly are enlisting their fellow workers into Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 400 are, consciously or unconsciously, doing the most important work of the ages. They are taking the initial steps towards a rational organization of the production of the food-stuffs of mankind. They are preparing the workers to do away with all antiquated methods and to begin producing the food stuffs in accordance with a well thought out, detailed plan embracing the whole world. In fact, they are engaged in the stupendous task of merging the millions of small and independent human households or economic units into one great human household, into one world-embracing economic unit.

That is why this campaign of I. U. No. 400 of the I. W. W. is a high spot in history. In fact we believe that when this campaign has been carried to its final and successful conclusion it will be the central monument of all history, for in the changes it embodies lies a complete regeneration and transformation of all mankind.

The work that the harvest worker performs is almost sacred, for on it depends the welfare of all from year to year. We wish that each and every one of them, as they are being hounded from place to place, would be able to rise to this religious view of the task they are performing. It would serve the same purpose as chloroform at an operation. It would take away the spiritual agony of jail and the bodily pain of the hired slugger's club; it would give that elementary, irresistible power possessed by the Saracens as they smilingly threw themselves against a thousand deaths, certain of being in paradise the next moment. We wish they would all wake up to grasp the full importance of the task they are performing. If they did they would become iron men whom nothing could resist. Their names may not be spelled on the pages of written history, but the memory of them all will live to the end of time. Wherever the men of the future shall turn they will run across the pioneer work of these early strugglers intertwined in all social institutions. Each single one of their efforts becomes a stone in that magnificent structure which soon shall house all mankind—the structure of Industrial Communism.

In this same issue will be found part of the entrancing story of the battles of the agricultural workers and other slaves of 2,000 years ago. Their heroism was sublime, but they failed. Lack of solidarity and organization among the workers resulted in the slavery of centuries for their class. The 100% Roman, "free" workers, corresponding to the "100% American" workers of today, just as the Roman ruling class corresponds to our Wall street, considered themselves better than the slaves, and helped the masters to crush them. As a result both went down. Only through mutual aid and cooperation can our class master the world and establish the rule of the good spirits on earth.

May the workers of today never lose sight of that important fact and they will solve the social problem and bring heaven down on earth.

# The Leaning Tower of Capitalism is Swaying

## THE RAIL AND COAL SITUATION

Almost in every number of this magazine we speak of "the collapse of capitalism." Some have objected to this term as not being aggressive enough for a 100% I. W. W. member, especially as the preamble distinctly speaks of the **overthrow** of capitalism. But still we repeat the term and with more emphasis than ever. Capitalism is being overthrown by the capitalist class itself through the inherent inconsistencies and the mathematical absurdities underlying it and it is now collapsing over our heads.

Somebody has calculated, for fun, that if someone had put a penny in the bank in his favor at the time of Christ, and allowed compound interest at current rate to be added to the original capital all the time, he would now not only be the richest man in the world but the sum would be so tremendous that the world would be unable to create the interest on it.

It is something of this kind that has really happened. The amount of rent, interest and profit that the capitalist class is now trying to collect is such a stupendous sum in the aggregate that the world, already staggering under the burden before the war, now is entirely unable to carry it. The capitalist class is trying to collect these three items by any and all means. In order to do it, the capitalists are raising the prices without regard for the people's ability to pay. They are dodging the taxes and, finally, resorting to violence in order to make the people submit to the impossible extortion, and they have lately made a general scramble for the pile of wealth that is about to capsize the ship of society.

They are like the farmer who thought the horse was too expensive to feed. He quit giving him his feed, and finally, one day, the horse died. "That's too bad," he said. "I was just making a success of breaking him from his habit of eating. If he had lived a little longer I would have broken him from the habit of drinking too."

That is just what the capitalist class is doing with the workers. They cannot collect the rent, interest and profit they desire and at the same time pay the workers living wages, so of the four items it starts, like the farmer above mentioned, with paring down the living of the productive people, the social work horses. It is in this fact that the collapse of capitalism consists. It has come to the point where, in order to exist a while longer, it is killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, by refusing to feed it. Thus the tremendous upheavals of the big American strikes for the last couple of years are symptoms of the collapse of capitalism.

**Greed and Money Madness are Wrecking Society**

When capitalism cannot produce steel and coal, these prime necessities of man, without grinding the producers almost to death, then capitalism is a failure. When it cannot turn out the food supply of the people without driving the packing house workers to desperation, then capitalism has proven itself unfit. When it cannot transport its wares without almost destroying, socially, the men who work on the docks, then capitalism should go and another system be given a chance, which does not destroy the people.

These and many other similar symptoms of the progressive collapse of capitalism are culminating in the present rail and coal situation which is so terrible that the capitalist class themselves stand aghast at their work—only too late to remedy it.

In their individual and collective attempts to accumulate wealth they have overlooked the elementary requirements of the system as a whole. Private interest has taken precedence to public welfare, and as a result we stand at the very brink of a country-wide disaster, a national calamity. The people are about to pay the penalty for having turned down the appeals of the I. W. W. to organize for the purpose of taking over the railroads and the coal fields in the name of the people. The collectors of rent, interest and profit have been given a free hand so long that they have finally scuttled the ship of society, threatening to sink us all.

Lest somebody may say that we are overdrawing the picture, we will here reproduce parts of a report of the rail and coal situation written by **Richard C. Burritt in the Chicago Daily News** (July 20), a paper which cannot possibly be suspected of overdrawing the picture for purposes of red propaganda:

Says Mr. Burritt among other things:

> "The industrial United States today is a cripple. In the broad sense business is either limping along or is beginning to stagnate. The shop, the factory, the home, the comfort, the welfare of practically every man, woman and child are threatened.
>
> "Railroad congestion is a menace. It has brought about a shortage of cars at loading points necessary to distribute the nation's wealth. The shortage has slowed down the production of bituminous coal which in turn is slowing down the production of essential commodities and **may bring business to a dead halt next winter in many states.** Drastic measures alone can save the nation from a severe depression with hundreds of thousands of wage earners unemployed, with bread lines in many of the great cities, with cold homes, lightless days and all the accompanying misery * * *
>
> "To fill the requirements of coal for the country this year 550,000,000 tons are needed, and the railroads must distribute 11,500,000 tons each week * * *
>
> **"Since April 1, the country has been running short of that amount by more than 2,425,000 tons weekly,** because the railroads have not supplied the mines with sufficient cars.
>
> "Chicago and Illinois commerce and industry are on the ragged edge. They are being squeezed by the car and coal shortage to such an extent that **it is only a question of time before plants will be shutting**

**down and wage earners will be walking the streets for employment** * * *

Chas Piez (formerly of the U. S. Emergency Fleet Corporation) is quoted as saying that he sees "terrible times ahead." * * *

"Illinois and every other state of the union will be badly hit by the reflex action from **the crisis now confronting the Northwest.** The Northwest is even now in a desperate plight. The coal shortage menaces 'the bread basket of the world' there. In fact, great quantities of bituminous coal must be moved to the head of the lakes in the next 60 days, or next winter **the Northwest will run great risks of being closed down entirely** * * *

"Montana, North and South Dakota, Minnesota, northern Wisconsin, northern Iowa, parts of Nebraska and northern Michigan are becoming frightened. They have reason to be. The lake season is rapidly passing. It is on the great lakes that the Northwest must depend for coal * * *

"Fuel that will turn the wheels of industry in the Northwest and move the grain and ore has to be shipped to the storage docks when navigation is open. If it is not, the Northwest will close down and freeze and the world will be crying for bread. That's as simple as the proposition that two and two make four. Is that an alarmist cry? It is not. As a matter of fact the farmers are now moving grain that should have gone to market sixty days ago. Last year's spring wheat is not yet marketed. Why? Because the farmers could not get the grain cars they needed. There is nearly as great a shortage of grain cars on western roads as of open top equipment or coal cars on eastern roads, and **it is unlikely the grain men will get anywhere near as many grain cars this fall as they will need** * * *

"Northwestern railroads must have more fuel at once. Some are in a bad way, particularly those that haul most of the grain. The Northern Pacific for instance, is but two days ahead of the fight for existence. **It was admitted by one of the road's chief executives that he fears the coal shortage will tie up the railroads of the Northwest and keep them tied up this winter** * * *

"It is doubtful whether the situation can be entirely saved. The Interstate commerce commission must act as a czar * * *

"There is plenty of coal in the mines. There are mine workers to mine it. There are enough boats to haul it to the northwest. The dock companies can load and unload it. They have the facilities to store it. There would be no coal shortage if the railroads could supply open top cars at the mines and afterwards move them. **They are doing neither to an extent greater than 45%** * * *

**"The Northwest is up in arms for grain cars** * * *

"Everyone knows that the strike of outlaw railroad switchmen injured the roads. Everyone does not know that **the harmful effects of that strike are far worse than have ever been admitted in print.** Switching districts throughout the east are clogged with goods. Many switching districts within striking distance of the minefields are clogged with coal * * *

"Many railroad men, coal operators and others are declaring that the manufacture of pleasure cars and other non-essential industries should be stopped at once. It may be forced to stop. James B. Walsh, vice president of the Pittsburgh coal and associated companies, the largest coal operating company in the world, goes much further. In Pittsburgh recently he told the writer that **all industry on either side of Pittsburgh, the United States Steel Corporation as well, should be closed down at once** * * *

"The steel corporation is inclining to his view and it will not be strange if the corporation should suspend the last of this month or the first of the next month for a period of from 30 to 60 days. The eastern steel mills are choked with unshipped products, despite the fact that the railroads have been deliberately favoring them, and **the corporation is hanging on to the open top equipment that it should not have at this time.** Some of the mills have borrowed to their eyebrows, and **the banks cannot hope to carry them much longer.**

"Canada, or that citizenry of the Dominion which has to furnish fuel is nearly crazy. Canadian railroads hoped to get much of their coal from the lakes. All round the lake region people are crying for coal.

"Bituminous coal now being exported is but a very small proportion of the coal being mined.

"These exporters are hogs and they ought to be run out of business' many a big operator has told the writer."

**HOGS is right.** But it should not be applied to the exporter of coal alone. It applies to the whole rent, interest and profit collecting capitalist class. In their hoggishness they have created a situation in transportation that is equal to a log jam in timber driving. Only the transportation jam cannot be relieved with a stick of dynamite like the log jam. Only a dictator from the ranks of the workers can now solve the problem satisfactorily.

If any one of us were making such a failure at our work as capitalism is making of transportation, bringing all of us to the verge of destruction we would get fired from our job on the spot as incompetent, and a better man would be put in our place.

Let us fire the capitalist class from the ownership and the control of the means of production and distribution and take charge ourselves.

Hogs should no longer be in control of the affairs of mankind. They should be run out of business, every one of them.

But we can take over the industries only by means of industrial unions with their job branches.

Therefore the morale is:

Organize in industrial unions with the I. W. W. and let us take over everything ourselves before we all go down with the scuttled ship. There is no other choice.

The collapse of capitalism is a ghastly, overhanging reality.

We have warned and warned and we can do no

more. Before many months perhaps the storm has broken loose.

The capitalist class, realizing what they have done, are armed to the teeth and have the machine guns oiled up to be used against the starved and freezing people this winter.

Their last devilish desire is to slake the thirst of their murderous souls in innocent blood. Do not go to slaughter like innocent lambs. Organize, organize every place of work as a job branch in an industrial union of the I. W. W. Then we need not fear the machine guns.

# FEAR

By Pacific Red

Panic!
Fear of death by starvation and freezing!
It is gripping the nation, it has chilled the hearts of all.
Those who have a home are afraid of losing it,
Those who have none, fear to be ousted by steel faced landlords.
No wheat; no coal; no oil, sugar milk, hay,
Nothing for man or beast.

Yet the land has plenty of resources,
Only capitalism has none.
It is broken down, busted, kerflummuxt, gone blooey, smasht.
It can't provide cars to haul goods,
Can't pay men a living wage, on land or sea,
Can't function on the farm, in the store,
Can't deliver f. o. b., C. O. D., or P. D. Q.
Can't do nuthin'! It is dead.

And the graveyards of capitalism were the last two conventions,
Where the platforms were mere epitafs,
And the candidates corpses dragged out of the charnel house.

Come on and imprison me for conspiring to change the gov't by force!
I see my shack taken away from over my head and the heads of wife and bairns,
I fear sickness, separation, starvation, freezing,
Therefore I am guilty of treason against the gov't!
Because to ask the gov't to provide life, liberty, and plenty,
Is to be guilty of criminal syndicalism.
The gov't isn't doing any such a job,
It is protecting the interests of Wall Street, whatever they are,
With one last expiring puny effort,
Before it gives up the ghost.
It will arrest some more radicals,
And incite mob violence against others,
And sing gospel hymns,
And kiss itself goodbye,
And die.
Amen!

The taking over will occur before another four years.
This winter will be hell,
Next one heller, and so on until endurance ceases.
Revolution comes not thru conspiracies,
But thru the failure of the powers that be,
To feed its parasites.
When you starve a soldier you dampen his powder;
When you freeze a policeman, you soften his club;
When you fail to provide the necessities of life
To those who hold the gun you get all shot up.

That is all there is to conspiracy!
Conspiracy means the recognition of the collapse of capitalism
One day in advance of the daily newspapers' latest dispatch.
I'm afraid; but I am willing to suffer
So as to carry on after the smash-up.

## Make a Break for Liberty

**You are chained to your fellow workers in slavery. You can not gain your own liberty except you make them free also.**

**We stand together and we fall together.**

**If you want freedom you have got to enlighten your fellows. If you keep your knowledge to yourself you will get nowhere.**

**Spread the I. W. W. literature.**

**Take home a bundle of One Big Union Monthly every month to sell!**

**Get subscribers!**

# The I. W. W. and Politics

This is the political season and the open season on politicians.

The old members of the I. W. W. are fully conversant with our organization's stand versus politics, but there are great numbers that know nothing about it. For their benefit let us restate it, lest somebody come and say that we are too cowardly to come out and show our hand.

The key-note speaker of the mishappen Third-party used an illustration in describing the Republican and Democratic parties which is apt to survive the party he helped to form. He said: "The Republican and Democratic parties are merely the right and the left wings of the same bird of prey."

No truer words have ever been uttered.

He who would learn the truth about the various groups of the ruling class had better keep his ears open about election time, for that is the time it leaks out.

What the republican factions contesting for the presidential nomination at the late convention in Chicago said about one another leaves nothing further to be desired. The corruption and the crookedness they uncovered about one another would be enough to make a responsible citizen lose hope for the future, if it were not for other factors, outside of politics, that are stronger. It became plain that the "republican party" is nothing but a corrupt political machine run by Wall street, a villanious and sinister conspiracy against the liberties of the American people.

The Democratic convention in San Francisco proved practically the same thing about that party. It is apparent that it is an utterly corrupt machine dominated by the wealthy men of the country. That Sam Gompers is flirting with it, does not alter this fact.

It passed lightly over the aircraft steal of one-half billion, the ship yard swindle, and the thousands of cases of graft and profiteering on an hitherto unheard of scale, threatening to continue the same policy of terrorism against the workers.

The ruling class has to maintain these two machines in order to preserve a semblance of political democracy. The people must be deluded into believing that they are actually sovereign, while they are in fact merely voting cattle. It does not matter much to Wall street and their groups which party wins. They control them both. Wall street wins in either case.

They are really "the right and the left wings of the same bird of prey."

But every bird needs a tail to be well balanced. The political bird of prey could not fly without a tail, and we maintain that the tail feathers are supplied by—The Third Party, and the other minor parties such as the Non-Partisan League and the Socialist Party, Single taxers, the Liberal Party, etc.

We do not want to charge that either of them is subsidized directly by Wall street, but nevertheless they perform the function of steadying the flight of the capitalist bird of prey.

They help to foster and maintain the illusion that we can solve our social difficulties by electing a new set of officials, and as long as the people are suffering from this delusion the capitalist battle is won, no matter what set of officials is elected.

The minds of the large masses of the people of this country are now set on politics. Having ascertained this fact the robber knights of Wall street feel calm and satisfied and go to enjoy their vacation. The people will have the fun and the excitement of the contest, the outcome of which can in no case alarm the capitalist class. They will enjoy it like a prize fight or a great ball game. As long as everybody gets a party that suits him to vote for, the river of discontent runs out in the sand of politics, and the exploiters are safe.

The thing that the capitalist class is in deadly fear of is that people will get together and attack their ownership and control of the wealth of the country. None of the political parties threatens that ownership and that control.

We do not take seriously the economic program of the third party. If we did we should be terribly alarmed, because we consider it the bungling work of social quacks and hold that it would be disastrous if carried out.

Nor do we take seriously the platonic declaration of the socialists in regard to the means of production and distribution. We have seen what their fellow political socialists of Sweden and Germany and other countries are doing, now that they have power, and we refuse to listen to the noise made by these socialist politicians. It is all campaign buncombe peddled for the purpose of rolling up a vote among ignorant people. Neither of them stands a ghost of a show of winning, so it does not matter much.

The Socialists have nominated Debs in order to help free him. The Third party has a platform plank about free speech, free press, free assemblage and amnesty for class war prisoners, and that is about all that an I. W. W. man can endorse in their program.

Now, then, should an I. W. W. man vote for either of them or for both of them, if possible, on this account, in order to show appreciation and give encouragement?

The question is not of great interest to the I. W. W. members.

Nearly one-half of our membership are foreigners, and of these only an insignificant percentage are citizens, particularly as we are of late being denied citizenship. Of the native-born half of our membership only a small number are able to vote, due to residence and tax qualifications. They are harvest workers, railroad construction workers, lumber workers, miners, marine transport workers, etc., that is, migratory workers, and a large part of our members in other industries are industrial float-

ers, due to one reason or another. Another large group is disfranchised by being convicted or indicted for sedition, etc. The small percentage of our members who really have a vote and intend to use it will know how to use it without being told by this editor.

Nearly all of our members admit that we have nothing to gain through political action, but some may entertain a glimmering hope of being able to vote down the gang of terrorists that are now oppressing the people and get a change of officials. The I. W. W. does not intend to interfere with such harmless pastime on the part of individual members, but we positively refuse to endorse any political party.

As an organization we cannot take any political stand. The first attempt to do so, in favor of one party or another, would immediately tend to burst our organization into fragments. There is just one point we all have in common, and that is our economic interest as wage workers, and on that basis alone can we unite the masses, and it is a slow and difficult task at that.

We intend to set up a complete administration of society of our own, both local and regional and industrial, but we have to bide our time about it. That administration, based upon representatives elected by the shop branches or corresponding units, may give rise to new "political" parties within the industrial organization, just as now there are contending factions and somewhat conflicting currents within the I. W. W. Most of our members will postpone their political activities until the day comes that these elections assume a national importance to the people in general. They will refuse to have their interest and their attention diverted from the all important industrial struggle to the sham contest between the wings and the tailfeathers of the capitalist bird of prey as it swoops down upon the workers. They plan and scheme how to deprive him of his prey.

Every time our thoughts happen to be drawn towards politics we dig in with more determinatic than ever in the work of industrial organization as our only salvation.

Instead of hitching ourselves as draft horses to the wagons of the political parties, we call upon all sensible citizens to quit that kind of nonsense and unite with us in creating new organs of production, distribution and administration. We will need them right away. The fall of capitalism is dangerously near.

In consonance herewith, the sum total of our editorial wisdom on this point is:

"To hell with politics!" "All together for industrial organization!"

# Poland and Italy

The breakdown of capitalism in Europe continues. The combined allied and Polish forces have crumbled before Soviet Russia's armies. Another capitalist dream has gone a-glimmering. The Polish people are desperate and only await a favorable opportunity to throw off the parasites which have bled them for centuries. There can hardly be any doubt that Poland will soon join Russia in ousting the capitalist class to the limit of its ability. The people, ignorant and untrained to organization as it is, may be no more capable than the Russian people was to take immediate charge and establish industrial democracy. Like the Russians they may have to establish a communist dictatorship, consisting of the more advanced elements. These will probably in a few years set things right in Poland and get production and distribution started on a communist basis, at least partially.

Of course, one should not sell the hide before one has shot the bear, but we are already interested to see whether the Polish peasantry will be able to solve the agricultural problem without breaking up the great estates into small holdings. We hope they will enlarge them instead of breaking them up. That means a higher state of civilization.

As for Italy, the capitalist press of America has almost given up hope of saving it for capitalism. The kept papers have as much as acknowledged that capitalism is over in that country. It has ceased to function. In order to live, the workers have been compelled in some places to resort to makeshift substitutes for private ownership and control. The Italian workers are experimenting and learning. The revolution is ripening. Capitalism having broken down, the government is also crumbling. The king is said to have engaged lodgings in London. Dissolution is imminent.

The Italian Workers are considerably better prepared to take over production and distribution than the Polanders or than the Russians and Hungarians or even the Germans were, but they are far from ready. Due to the influence of the Unione Sindacale Italiana, The Italian I. W. W., a few hundred thousand workers are organized industrially, thus being able to continue production and distribution without interruption, but here as elsewhere the political leaders have succeeded in deceiving large masses up to the last moment, telling them that the people could come into possession of its own by means of political action. These political minded people will now find out how helpless they are before the crumbling giant.

The Italian masses are far better situated for taking control locally through their camere del lavoro (labor exchanges—our City Central Councils) than the workers in many other countries.

The landslide of the world revolution is in progress.

Who is next?

# City Central Councils

In the past we have been so busy building the productive and distributive organs of the future—the industrial unions with their branches and councils—that we have had little time to devote to another equally important function of the job branches, namely as the basis of local and regional administration.

But we need not only organs of production and distribution. We must also have local administration to begin with and regional administration in the second place.

Such an organ is the City Central Council, pictured on the Hardy chart as a representative local body, drawing its members from the various job branches. This council will have nothing directly to do with production but will function as intermediary between the job branches for purposes of local administration.

It will take over most of the functions of the present city councils, but will in addition have many functions growing out of the change from private ownership to communism.

So far we have had little use for these City Central Councils except as a body to handle the question of joint local propaganda for all the branches, such as renting of a common hall and office, handling literature and arranging meetings and entertainments, etc. But these functions are apt to be immensely widened almost any moment without any particular effort on our side.

That capitalism is about to collapse completely nobody denies. Production and distribution are breaking down daily. Capitalism is making a failure of almost every branch of human activity. Particularly dangerous is the railway and coal situation.

The capitalist press is making no secret of the fact that even if a railroad settlement is now effected, which is by no means sure, the railroads will not even approximately be able to get in shape in time to handle the crops. Famine stares us in the face in the near future. If railroad transportation breaks down all industries will suffer. They will have to shut down, and more particularly for the reason that there is little or no coal available. People in an authoritative position are repeatedly warning us that there will be a coal shortage this winter, that factories will have to shut down and that people will freeze. It is these very things that constitute the collapse of capitalism. Add to this that conditions in Europe are much worse and tend to drag American capitalism along to destruction, and we may without drawing too much on imagination say, that the collapse here is impending.

No chain is stronger than its weakest links, and the rail and coal situation are two links that are ready to snap.

All modern governments depend for their existence on taxes. If capitalism collapses, taxes will soon cease to flow. There will be little or no revenue for the governments. No capitalist government, local, state or national, can exist without revenue. When capitalism collapses the various governments will soon follow. They will be unable to function. The administration of our cities will go to pieces. Streets, light, water, schools, courts, institutions—all of these items of local administration will be stranded.

In Chicago f. i. the local government has been in a state of collapse for some time past. City employees of all kinds, including police and firemen have repeatedly gone on strike. The city had insufficient revenue to keep going.

People will become desperate from suffering and disorder. The bad elements, the same ones who lynch Negroes or start race riots or raid I. W. W. halls, will get out their guns and begin a reign of terror like in Centralia, with this difference that they will have no organized production and distribution to fall back on. Banditry itself on a large scale (such as Villa's) will be impossible. Then people will grasp at straws for their salvation. They will try the A. F. of L. labor councils in many cities as an organ of local administration. It will be better than nothing, but unless it speedily regroups the workers industrially so they can take over production and distribution through their unions, they will make a failure of their administration.

Only a council elected by the workers in the shop or the place of work, penetrates with its power to the bottom of society and draws its inspiration from the whole people, and is in touch with living life. The modern governments are not in touch with the masses. Only such a City Central Council will enjoy the confidence of the people as a whole sufficiently to restore order without bloodshed. Only such a council will have the means at hand of running a city administration without collecting taxes. It will base the administration on an exchange of services.

While we may have no immediate use for such councils in some places, the question of organizing them should be taken up, to be ready for an emergency. We must not allow capitalism to crush us in its fall. We may not have time to organize any considerable portion of the cities before the great crash. But the start we have will serve as a nucleus around which we can in an emergency manner group representatives from all occupations until such time as we have a chance to thoroughly organize them for productive and distributive purposes. Thus the City Central Council will not differ very much from the Russian soviets at the time when capitalism and capitalist government broke down in Russia.

These City Central Councils are bound to become the basic units of the local administration of the near future.

In England the workers have suddenly awakened to the necessity of immediate action in this regard. They are now organizing the same kind of bodies under the name of Social Committees in Scotland and Social Soviets in England.

In Sweden the syndicalist organization has from the start built for local administration rather than for productive and distributive purposes. The local samorganizations of the Swedes will serve like a charm as organs of local administration, while they still have a good deal to do before they get their productive and distributive organs in shape.

In Germany the Labor Exchanges correspond most nearly to our City Central Councils, the English Social Soviets, and the Swedish Local Samorganizations. In Latin Europe they also have their labor exchanges. (Bourse du travail, camera del lavoro, etc.) Everywhere the workers are getting ready for the great crash which they see coming. The penalty for neglecting it will be severe.

There is one danger attending this work.

Some people may become so captivated with the idea of making a body of local administration, no matter how it is made up, that the professional politician will get too much play and precipitate us into revolutionary adventures a la left wing. It is always a good rule to keep the politicians out. All they want is power and wealth without going the legitimate way in getting it.

The proper way to go about it, is to organize one shop after another, one place of work after another. As the number of job branches grows, the City Central Council grows by having new members added. Every shop branch that sends delegates adds to its power. Thus we secure a natural and organic growth of the future organ of administration, which leaves no room for the professional politician to get in, except he works as a useful producer.

Henceforth we have, consequently, to build in two directions. We have to hurry to build our industrial unions, in order to have new organs of production and distribution when capitalist production collapses, and we have to build City Central Councils so as to have organs of local administration when capitalist administration, built as it is on private property and taxes, comes down in a heap.

# STOOLS AND FOOLS

Things are coming to light which make us believe that the mock "revolutionary" events in this country during the last two years, as well as the r-r-r-r-r-revolutionary propaganda now being carried on above and "under ground" can all be traced to the so-called Department of Justice and Attorney General Palmer.

Every one you meet seems to be convinced that the bomb "outrages" of last year were all frame-ups by the Palmer stools, and that Palmer's porch was blown up at his own suggestion, to make political capital for himself, to make him a martyr, and to give a plausible back ground for the suspension of all laws and constitutional guarantees in dealing with "the reds."

The propaganda for insurrection and civil war carried on in certain quarters also very likely has its root in the secret service.

Events are daily taking place which strengthen this supposition.

In the trial of Bross Lloyd and 19 other communist labor party members in Chicago, there are two witnesses which attract special attention, namely Ole Hanson, ex-mayor of Seattle and Harry Wilson, a government agent or a "stool".

From the newspaper accounts our enemies appear to be gloating over the fact that Harry Wilson and Ole Hanson had "the reds" completely duped during the great strike of 1919 in Seattle. Harry Wilson is said to have been at the head of the "Soldiers' Sailors' and Workingmen's Council" or "soviet" which is supposed to have been the body that was staging a revolution in that city, a revolution which brave Ole nipped in the bud. It now appears that Ole and Harry, the two pals, together staged the "revolution" and they "suppressed" it, much to the glory of Ole. He has been traveling all round the country ever since lecturing about his wonderful deed to simple minded people who have not the slightest idea that the whole thing was a stage revolution. As such it, no doubt, had a twofold purpose. First to make the "reds" hated and suspected and to facilitate illegal measures against them. In short to create a hostile public opinion against them. Secondly it had for its aim to, if possible, inveigle the masses to some deed of violence which would give Ole an occasion to play the machine guns. Wouldn't that have been great! To kill, say, a couple of thousand wobblies led by the Father Gapons of today, the government agents. What Hanson and the lumber barons and the stools seem to have been playing for was a "Bloody Sunday" similar to the one in Petrograd 1905. Only the common sense of the workers saved the day.

Thus it goes in every part of the country. Whenever you hear of any "revolutionary" act somewhere, don't ask as they used to do—"ou est la femme?" "where is the woman," but ask "where is the Palmer stool pigeon?"

We learn that the secret service has 133,000 men at work. These hyenas have got to earn their blood money some way, and they do it by staging fake revolts, bomb plots, riots, effectively aided by the thugs employed by private detective agencies.

They worm their way into the workers organizations and begin their provocateur agitation. Soon they will gather round them a small bunch of fools. Together they will start knocking anything that is successful and anyone who is doing useful work. To the limit of their ability they sow dissension, voicing suspicion and spreading slander and lies, and creating disorder and pessimism, That is what they are hired for.

Stools and fools are both a nuisance. We should be on our guard against both and never let them make any headway.

# The Stoolpigeon and His Sphere

In a previous issue of The One Big Union Monthly we mentioned the "Sherman Service, Inc." We related, after the daily press, how State's Attorney Hoyne of Illinois, the same official who recently caused our headquarters to be raided and had numbers of us arrested, found himself compelled to make a raid on the offices of the said firm. It had become a matter of public knowledge that it was the "operatives" of this firm who started and conducted the rioting in the steel strike zone, this "work" being paid for by the steel capitalists.

We pointed out that "sabotage" and "inciting to riot" and "violence" is a regular business carried on by such firms, supported by the capitalists but generally blamed on the I. W. W.

Herewith we publish a letter from another firm of the same kind, "The American Detective Service Co.":

Chicago, Dec. 10, 1919.

Dear Sirs:

Our Field Superintendent will be in your territory for the next few days on special business and will be at leisure to call.

The HOLIDAY business is approaching and we suggest that you confer with him relative to our improved method and system for protection of Dry Goods, Department Stores and Sundry Mercantile Houses against:

Dishonest employes
Shoplifting
Petty thieving
**Acts of disloyalty by employes**
**Conspiracies**
**Labor agitation**
Systematizing—efficiency
Leaks and other irregularities.

No charges are made for consultation. Please appoint the time and place by return mail when it will be convenient to see him.

Your prompt reply will be greatly appreciated. by

Yours very truly,

AMERICAN DETECTIVE SERVICE CO.
John W. Weccard, General Manager.

From the letterhead it appears that this firm has office connections in twenty important cities.

How many other firms of a similar kind there are throughout the country we do not know, but we suppose there are many. As will be seen, this extensive firm supplies not only the regular store detective, who watches for thieves and shoplifters, but also "stoolpigeons," who report on "acts of disloyalty by employes," "conspiracies" and "labor agitation."

From the size and number of these firms we must conclude that shops and stores are honeycombed with stoolpigeons. We further know that the big trusts, such as the lumber trust, the copper trust, the steel trust, etc., maintain their own secret police and corps of gunmen.

As a matter of fact the capitalist class has now come to a pass where it can maintain itself only by employing hundreds of thousands of individuals from the very dregs of society as spies, informers and provocateurs, while other thousands are hired as gunmen for downright murder.

Only recently we noticed an advertisement in a Chicago daily paper calling for big and resolute men weighing not less than 180 pounds to enlist for guard duty in the northern forests. This means that a regular gunman rule is going to be established in the woods. In the forests of the northwest "suicide" by hanging is becoming alarmingly common of late. It is the hirelings of the lumber trust that handle the rope in these cases of "suicide" and the victims are men who talk One Big Union. The advice of ex-Mayor Ole Hanson is being followed.

At the same time police and soldiery are working overtime in all parts of the country suppressing and oppressing the workers.

Such facts as these go to prove that the capitalist system is about to collapse. When production and distribution can be carried on only by such extreme, anti-social and abhorrent measures, it shows that the people as a whole are out of sympathy with the system and want it removed and replaced with a better one.

At the same time the capitalist class is making a ghastly failure of supplying the needs of mankind. Hundreds of millions are deprived of the necessaries of life, while other millions can buy them only at outrageous figures.

In these various manners the capitalist class is rapidly alienating the good will and the loyalty of the great masses and driving them to despair.

No system of stoolpigeons, no companies of gunmen, no regiments of soldiers will then be able to prevent disaster. The welfare of mankind rests primarily on the uninterrupted flow of products from the various industries, produced with mutual good will. The One Big Union movement, that is, the I. W. W., is the only force in present-day society which strives to protect mankind from this overhanging disaster, but this movement the capitalist class in its criminal career seeks to break down with stoolpigeons and gunmen.

Thus these hired stoolpigeons and gunmen and their masters are the worst enemies of mankind and should immediately be curbed through the collective action of the people.

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Does your conscience hurt you? Are you dissatisfied with yourself? Do you want to get peace with your ego and become happy?

All right! We will tell you how. Become an I. W. W. agitator. Begin with ordering a bundle of the One Big Union Monthly.



# MONEY MADNESS

By

## W. C. Weber

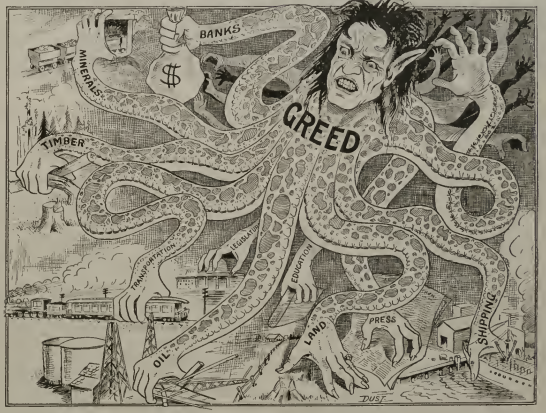
Greed! Greed! Greed! What horrors are properly laid at its door! Crime and bloodshed, tyranny and oppression, poverty and prostitution, — in fact all the evils known to mankind, can be traced, directly or indirectly, to greed.

In greed there is no reason nor sanity. Can we conceive of greed existing in a balanced mentality? Must not one who is swayed by greed in the very nature of things, be of abnormal mentality? How otherwise can we account for the inhuman cruelties practiced by him upon his fellow man? How else account for his total disregard for human suffering, misery and death? The practices of big business are evidence plain to the student that the leaders of Wall Street are mentally unbalanced. The Stock Exchange in New York, as viewed from the balcony, gives all the evidences of madness one could possibly find in a madhouse. The individual who resorts to unscrupulous means and methods to obtain money, or to further his business interests, which is the same thing, is in identically the same class as the thief, the burglar and the highway robber, they are all mentally defective.

Insanity is either functional or organic. That is, there may be actual physical injury or deformation of the brain, preventing certain parts from functioning; or, the brain being perfect in all its parts, from some other cause than physical injury or deformation it may fail to function normally. Money madness may well be called a kind of hysteria, a functional nervous and mental disorder. Fixed ideas, dominating impulses and motives may come to hold such absolute sway over the mind as to produce actual derangement of function. An insane man is one of illogical or irrational mentation. Illogical or irrational mentation produces loss of function or improper functioning, the resultant thought and action which follows is abnormal or supernormal or insane. Of course there are degrees of insanity. Many really insane people pass ordinarily for sane because of very slight degree of derangement. However derangement in any degree is insanity. An individual may become so wrapped up in the pursuit of wealth as to seriously interfere with normal functioning of all the mind when there follows, as naturally as night follows day, the loss of a sense of justice and a proper understanding of right and wrong. The pursuit of selfish interests induces a perverted reasoning which excuses even inhumanity and cruelty.

There is a parallel in cases of dual personality. In such cases certain portions of the nervous system wherein are stored memories of past experiences or sensations are cleft off and lose their connection with the rest of the nervous system. These memories can not be recalled or brought into connection with the rest of the brain and therefore remain outside of consciousness. The individual possesses a limited power of mentation while actually possessed of a perfect mentality. When some nervous crisis, such as shock, worry or physical accident has caused such a state to come into existence the individual seems to have changed his personality. The amount of isolated experience may be so great as to make this change of personality most profound and complete. The previously retiring, timid man may become bold and brazen, and cruel. The psychological explanation of this lies in the theory of the complex. A complex is a group of associated sense impressions retained in the nervous system, — the nerve centers and association nerve paths. All sense impressions tend to group themselves together in the brain according to associations of contrast, similarity or contiguity in time or space. The word apple may suggest an orchard or a fruit store. Its shape may cause you to think of an orange; its color of a rose. These suggestions follow the laws of association. Things seen together each recall the others. All connected thoughts centering around one idea are called a complex. The mind is made up of innumerable complexes normally all possible of being brought into consciousness and linked together. Insanity is the result when any number of these complexes are cut off and thus rendered inaccessible. Because of the lost or severed connection the experiences stored in these several complexes are not available for use and do not come into consciousness at all or for as long as the abnormal condition lasts. The thoughts and actions of the individual not being the result of the functioning of the whole mind, but of only a part of it, these thoughts and actions are the expression only of part of the real personality. With so much of the individual's mentality missing it is no wonder that his character is changed and his habits are different from the habits of the whole,

normal man. If we voluntarily or by chance, continuously think and experience sensations along only one line of endeavor to the exclusion of all other lines, the complex thus formed, because of frequency of stimulation, soon tends to dominate the mind. It will soon be unnecessary to voluntarily exclude extraneous matters. The nature of the mind is such that when one complex has become dominant, it automatically excluded such extraneous matter from consideration. In time the individual becomes a man of one idea, all other complexes, by reason of their disuse, will have entirely lost their connection with the main line of thought. It is like a stream having many channels. The channel through which the most water flows becomes steadily deeper and deeper until sooner or later the other channels will




dry up and all the water will be running through the one channel; even the very location of the other channels may be lost. A sensation, like water, tends to pass through the path of least resistance — where the channel is deepest — all new sensations therefore, instantly pass into and through the dominant complex and are inexorably kept within these bounds. Resultant thinking, after the formation of a dominant complex, is not as broad as the whole mind, but is narrowed down to conform to the ideas embraced within the complex.

A specialist — an individual who has necessarily confined himself to one line — is narrow. He cannot see all of life for he must narrow it down to his viewpoint if he is to succeed in his calling. We all know the man who talks nothing but shop. The truth is, — that's all he thinks. It is veritably true that any certain landscape appears much different to an artist than to a farmer. A tailor sees the clothes one wears, a shoemaker sees the shoes. A money-hog viewing the same landscape with the artist mentioned above would be very likely to narrow down his vision to the possibilities of exploitation of real estate values, oil rights, mineral rights, timber rights and food products. The more a money-hog he was the less of anything else he'd see. The broad, normal minded man viewing the same landscape would see a thousand things in it no money-hog could possibly see. He'd see all the possibilities of human happiness in it, not his own only, but of others. He would be inspired to picture the joy and comfort to be derived for humanity from the beauty of the scene and the products of its fields, its mines, its wells, its timbered hills and flowered dells. These things he would see from the viewpoint of a sane and normal mind, and a lot of other things would appear to him too numerous to mention. The money-hog is limited in his appreciation to personal, selfish interests by reason of his lifelong thinking and scheming for financial advantage and personal aggrandizement. This complex has been reinforced over and over again until it has become a dominant passion. All opposing ideas are excluded, hence right and wrong are but relative terms with little meaning; and reasoning is biased because of the limitation of his mental content. Everything in his life's experience which would help him form logical and correct conclusions is outside the circle of his customary thought, stored away in the inner recesses of his brain where they are altogether inaccessible. It is very easy, in fact most natural,

for him to justify himself in all sorts of dishonest and inhuman practices, which are very patently dishonest and inhuman to all sane, right-thinking men.

The small number of men in this country who own all the tools of production and command all the sources of raw material and even control the government, are not fit mentally to hold any positions of trust at all. It can be easily proven that they are all insane, money mad, mentally unbalanced. Witness only their inhumanity, dishonesty and horrible atrocities. Like all other criminals, they should be placed in institutions where they can be restrained for the protection of society. Fining them does no good. Restrictive laws do less good, for they are seldom enforced if passed. Laws serve only to make such men more crafty in order to evade punishment and their subversion makes our country the laughing stock of the world. Even under an entire change of system, which is inevitably coming, they will be dangerous if left at large. The only safe place for a money-hog is in an asylum. Here they can be treated, and by a process of re-education and psychological training it may be they can be cured of their disorder. They should never be released until competent alienists and psychological experts have pronounced their cure complete. Only in that event will there be any hope of them becoming worthy and honest citizens.

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NOTE: — The above is a phychological explanation of a lawless, dishonorable, inhuman being of the present master class. When we have done away with the present system and removed all possibility of profits and wage slavery there will be no more MONEY MADNESS.

# THE GENERAL DEFENSE

By Wm. D. Haywood

It was agreed with the Attorneys for the Government, before the argument of the Chicago Appeal, that a fifty thousand dollar joint bond would be accepted as bail for all of the remaining members of the Chicago group now held in the Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas.

An effort is being made to raise this sum at the earliest possible date. Fifty-five hundred and fifty dollars has been received from Los Angeles, California; Nine Hundred Dollars from the Ladies Sewing Clubs of Hoquiam and Aberdeen, Washington; Three Hundred from Minneapolis; Two Hundred from Baltimore. Several thousand was raised at the Picnics held at Seattle and Portland. The Bail and Bond Committee of Philadelphia has Seven Thousand Dollars in hand. There are several thousand dollars on hand in this office, and as soon as the necessary amount is collected, it will be deposited in the Appellate Court.

All persons interested in the members of the I. W. W. are urged to get busy now in behalf of these men who have been so viciously persecuted—men who have suffered long years of imprisonment, men who were arrested, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary because they had opinions and because some expressed those opinions.

It must be remembered that no member of the I. W. W. was guilty of any crime. The only charge against any of them grew out of the extraordinary laws that were enacted during the war period.

Money and Liberty Bonds for the Chicago group are not all that is necessary. Bail for the Sacramento group has been fixed at $1,000.00 for each year's sentence imposed upon the defendants. Bail will be set for the members comprising the Wichita group as soon as the transcript in their case is presented to the Appellate Court at St. Louis, Missouri.

When bond is secured for all, there will still be more money needed as there will be large expense for transportation of the men to their respective homes. There will also be a need in many instances to purchase clothes, as most of the men wore out their clothes while confined in the county jail and what little they had left were destroyed upon arrival at the penitentiary.

The only authorized General Defense Stamp now is the new day's wage stamp—$6.00. Members can help by getting one of these stamps in their membership book. Do not neglect this—it is important.

Attorneys Mulks and Lowe have been looking after the interests of delegates and members of the Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 400 in Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri. In these states many members have been arrested and in some cases held indefinitely; at times without any warrant or any charge having been preferred against them.

Here is an instance—Robert Barker, an eighteen year old member, was grabbed by a brutal thug who was burdened with a little temporary authority at Wichita, Kansas. Fellow Worker Barker was attending to his own business when the big, two fisted idiot with star and club arrested him without a warrant. After beating the lad severely he threw him into jail and then stole his overalls, shoes, and supplies.

Barker had been held in jail several weeks when he was released by the court and immediately re-arrested on the street as he was going to the office of our attorneys. His release was again secured through a writ of habeas corpus and a warrant has been sworn out charging the officer who first arrested him with unlawful imprisonment, assault, and battery.

George F. Vanderveer, Attorney, has several criminal syndicalism appeals pending and is also looking after the Centralia appeal.

There are twenty-one criminal syndicalism cases pending in California, also 10 cases under the same law coming up on appeal.

Now is the time for all members and friends to get their shoulder to the wheel. The reaction is coming. Let us be prepared to take advantage of it.



# The "Harvest Stiff" of Ancient Days

## A CHAPTER OF SUPPRESSED HISTORY

*(The following is a portion of the first Industrial Union Handbook soon to be issued by the I. W. W., prepared under the direction of the Bureau of Industrial Research.)*

Agricultural work has been looked down upon by the lily-fingered gentry of the idle classes, and agricultural workers have been despised thruout the ages as "menial" and "low"; yet the human race never could have survived without such labor and such men. Theirs are the hands that have nourished alike the brawn of the builder and the brain of the dreamer of dreams. Agricultural work is the most ancient and the most honorable of all work. It is the "man with the hoe," and not the fabled Atlas, who has always carried the world on his shoulders.

Harvest workers in all countries and all times are surprisingly alike. They swelter today in the hot fields of golden grain just as they did two thousand years ago, and longer. The implements they use are different at present, it is true, but the sweat, the backache and the old, old spirit of revolt, are identical.

Few modern harvest workers are aware of the fact that the branded slaves who garnered the Roman crops of twenty centuries ago were organized into unions, went on strike, slept in the "jungles" and sang rebel songs, much as the "400 stiff" is doing at present. But these things are true.

The chattel slave of classical days was not migratory. In fact, he usually went about with an iron collar and a chain. But he was a rebel, and he has written a page of history that bourgeois historians have seen fit to ignore. Labor disturbances have always been unpleasant things for social parasites to consider.

Few people know that the strikes and revolts of ancient agricultural slaves were so huge and so powerful that they shook the proud aristocracy of Rome to its foundations and, eventually, helped to shake it down. Few people realize that the harvest "stiff" of bygone days waged mighty warfare against the hated institution of slavery and, in places, actually emancipated themselves from its yoke. What is more, they forced the release of thousands of their fellow workers from prison; confiscated great estates from their parasitical "owners," and "made the boss don overalls." At one time 300,000 of them marched against Rome, the vicious center of the ancient slave market, and caused the mighty to tremble in their seats of power.

The "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" did not originate in Russia, but in the island of Sicily—the granary of the ancient world—one hundred and forty years before the rebel hobo known as Jesus is supposed to have been born. On one occasion, under the leadership of a runaway slave named Eunus, this dictatorship endured for a dozen years and successfully withstood the strongest armies the landed aristocrats of Rome could send against it.

### Ancient Labor Unions

There were countless slave strikes and uprisings in ancient days, but only a meager few have been recorded. Our limited space makes it necessary for us to confine ourselves to the most spectacular of these. Old inscriptions and fragments of history have proved that agricultural and other workers

were organized as long ago as one thousand years before Christ. In ancient Greece these unions were called "therasoi," in Rome "collegium." These unions were of three varieties: brotherhoods, burial societies and communist. All were, no doubt, the product of the old communal mode of life. At first they were used by the free workers against slave hunters, afterward by the slaves against their "owners." The active resistance to the raids of slave merchants and the subsequent displacement of free labor on vast estates, that had been stolen from the common land, gave rise to much discontent and many uprisings. These occurred ever more frequently as the aristocrats seized the lands and sought to break up the unions. The discontent reacheda climax in 58 B. C., when the Roman Senate sought to pass a law outlawing labor organization. During this time a series of gigantic labor disturbances swept great portions of Asia Minor, Italy and the whole of Sicily. It was during this period that the gladiator Spartacus made his gallant stand for human freedom. The Spartacan movement in Germany, of which the martyred Liebknecht was the head, was named after this heroic rebel.

It must be remembered that slaves in those days were branded like cattle. Like beasts, they were not supposed to have human souls or human feelings, and like beasts they were compelled to toil for their "owners." They were in the condition that the master class of today would like to see all modern wage workers in. But these men were closer to the period of primitive communism than we are, and the memory of freedom was fresher in their minds. The efforts of the patricians to drive them into slavery and to keep them there were always resented and always resisted.

### A Revolt Against the Slave Trade

In ancient Spain, 149 B. C., a great revolt against the Roman slave trade occurred. This uprising is connected with the name of Variathus, a rebel sheep herder. The slave market had made terrible inroads upon the population of agrarian Spain, whose sturdy population was admirably adapted for agricultural labor upon the great estates of the Roman grandees. So the spearmen of Rome were dispatched thither to carry off the strongest and best into bondage. This plan worked flawlessly for a while.



THE FREE HARVEST WORKER OF GAUL

The ancient Gauls harvested on the communal plan. They invented machinery to make their work lighter. The man in the picture knocks off the heads of the grain as they come between the comb-like teeth which project from the box. Slaves were so cheap in Rome that labor-saving machinery "didn't pay".

Variathus rebelled against the cruel custom from the time he was a young man. The Romans looked upon him as an agitator, his fellow slaves as an efficient and daring leader. No doubt, like Spartacus, he was an organizer for the "collegium" of agricultural workers. Variathus kept himself out of the clutches of "the law," bided his time, and when he struck, he struck hard.

Thousands of Spanish workers were slaving in foreign harvest fields. Many were sweating under the lash of tyranny at home. After the battle of Pydna the Romans sacked or destroyed seventy cities and took a hundred and fifty thousand free workers into captivity. Variathus continued to agitate until Spain was fairly sizzling with rebellion. A Roman general named Galba perpetrated a massacre in order to intimidate the population. It had the opposite effect. Variathus, who fortunately had

escaped, marshalled the agricultural workers into an orderly force and told them the hour had come to choose between resistance or slavery. They chose to resist. He then proceeded to drill and discipline his forces.

When the next slave-hunting expedition reached the shores of sunny Spain it was met by a determined host of sun-burned huskies armed with swords made out of sickles and spears fashioned from scythe blades. The proud invaders were ingloriously defeated. During the following twenty years Rome sent six great armies to Spain. Each one was annihilated. Slavery was a thing of the past. The fertile fields of Lusitania were tilled by free communal labor as they had been for centuries past. The black cloud of slavery had vanished.

Eventually the rebel sheep herder was murdered by Roman stool pigeons from his own ranks. But the slave market had been cheated of hundreds of thousands of victims by his twenty years of valiant struggle.

### The "Dictatorship" in Sicily

The story of Eunus, the Syrian runaway slave, and the great revolt of agricultural workers in Sicily, is one of the strangest and most romantic in history. Sicily, in ancient days, was noted for its wheat. Oil and wine were produced also, but wheat was the chief product. From it much of the bread of the then known world was made. Sicily was a place of great natural fertility and beauty. Even today, travelers state, the rich, spicy odor of the island can be detected at sea, miles before its shores are sighted. But, in the days of Eunus, land monopoly and slavery had made a hell out of what should have been a paradise. Every inhabitant not of noble blood was a slave. The possessing class was becoming more greedy and vicious all the time. Also, the wealth of the island was being concentrated into constantly fewer and fewer hands. The city of Leontini, for example, had but 88 property owners, Mutice but 188, Herbita but 257. Other large cities counted its property owners by the dozens. There were absentee Roman land owners also. The main part of the population was composed of slaves—mostly discontented slaves.

All histories state that Eunus was a union man. Even in Syria he belonged to the "thiasos" of Dionysian artists, which is the ancient name for actors' union. Eunus' "stunt" as an entertainer was fire spitting and wonder-working by means of conjuror's tricks. The Romans looked upon him as a dangerous agitator, but the agricultural slaves considered him a messiah. He was an organizer for the "eranos" or union of agricultural workers in Sicily.

A harvest strike started near the city of Enna over demands for better clothing and more food. The rich land owner, Damophilus by name, warmed the hides of the strike committee with a "scorpion" and sent them back to the fields.

This action, characteristic of the greed-blind exploiters of all ages, was the signal for a strike. This strike grew into one of the greatest labor rebellions the world ever saw. The outraged slaves,



**BREEDING SLAVE REVOLTS IN ANCIENT ROME**

**Entire cities were often driven into slavery by the Romans. The slave market was the backbone of ancient commerce. It is not surprising that such workers not only organized, but revolted.**

after working summary vengeance upon Damophilus and his equally cruel wife, took to the mountains and "jungled up" in the vine-clad security of the craggy heights. News of the exploit spread rapidly and soon the agricultural workers of the entire island had downed tools and joined the revolt. It was then that Eunus, the agitator and worker of wonders, took command.

His first step was to urge the rebels to trample human slavery underfoot, appropriate the estates of the idle land owners and build up a free society on the old communal plan of common ownership and equal labor. One after another these estates were taken over. Their rich and idle "owners" were uniformly put to work or thrown in prison if they refused.

### Class War Prisoners Released

The jails of the day were called "ergastula." These were underground workhouses similar to the "solitary" at Leavenworth where Uncle Sam punishes workingmen for the crime of thinking. The "ergastula" of Sicily were full of recaptured runaway slaves and other workers who had committed offenses against the law-buttressed land owners. No doubt they contained their quota of union organizers, just as do the prisons of today. These gruesome holes were of course hated by the workers. One of the first things they did after the revolt was to batter down the iron doors and free the inmates. Sixty thousand slaves, mostly class war prisoners, were released in this manner to serve in the rebel forces. It is not reported that the rebels in ancient Sicily used lawyers to force the release of fellow workers unjustly imprisoned.

A great number of freedmen had become tramps, owing to the labor market being continually flooded with slaves. These joined the revolt also. The rebellion grew in strength and numbers. Small cultivators, willing to work, were spared, but the great landed parasites were summarily dealt with. During the following years most of Sicily was farmed co-op-



PLOWING IN MODERN SICILY

**This is a recent picture. The method of plowing has changed but little since the days of Eunus and Athenion.**

out the world. Like the lumber barons of today, the Roman patricians did not intend to permit their human beasts of burden to organize and put a stop to the process of exploitation. The law permitting slaves to organize was being fought with extreme ferocity by the land owners and their tools in the prostituted Roman Senate. Then came the gladiator, Spartacus, and the rebellion that bears his name. Capitalist historians have tried to suppress the facts about this monumental revolt but it stands as one of the greatest labor struggles of history.

From all accounts Spartacus, although a physical and mental giant, was born a slave, and he was a rebel, every inch of him. There is a legend to the effect that as a boy of fifteen he stood beside his dying father, who had been nailed to a log for the crime of agitating, and swore lifelong vengeance upon the enemies of labor.

It was probably because of his powerful physique that Spartacus was sent to Capua to become a gladiator. Compared with Thracian Greece, where he had been born and had always lived, Capua appeared in anything but a favorable light. Life here was cramped and crowded. The amphitheatre, with its bloody arena, the incessant battles between men and beasts or men and other men, and always the great circle of patricians for whose amusement he was forced to fight. Capua was a hateful place. Only one thing Spartacus desired more than to return to his native hills; that was to punish the cruel aristocrats for the evil they had done and were doing. In Thrace the sheep herders and harvest workers were organized. Why not try to organize the gladiators? Then some day things would be different.

### Freedom, Battle and Victory

All about Capua the communal land was covered with vast private estates which had been illegally seized by the land grabbers. The old agricultural unions, which for centuries had dealt direct with the cities in supplying food, had been broken up. The right to organize had been abrogated at last. Organization was outlawed. Thousands of slaves, in the last stages of desperation, were only awaiting an opportunity to fly at the throats of their oppressors.

In ancient days when slaves exhibited fighting instincts they were seized and sent to the arena. They might there fight with other slaves or wild beasts while their masters looked on from safety, but they must never think of fighting with the masters themselves. The Roman aristocrats were as crafty as modern imperialists in this respect.

Spartacus, although a seasoned and unvanquished gladiator, loathed the killing of his fellow slaves for the perverse amusement of the drunken overlords of Rome. Also he hated the dishonored weapons with which he was compelled to fight. He was a fighter by nature and longed to battle with the sword of honor in a cause worth while. No Roman soldier would ever touch the detested weapons of the gladiatorial butcher-house. Spartacus abhorred them also. If only he could rig himself out in shining armor, with a Roman sword in his skillful hand —surely no mere soldier could stand before him!

So the dauntless Spartacus and 200 gladiators whom he had lined up for the project made a burst for freedom one fine day just as the bloody games were starting. Due to the duplicity of a stool pigeon, only 78 of them managed to escape. These broke impetuously through the guard of Roman sentries, fought their way to the gates of the city and escaped down the Appian Way. Seizing weapons on the road, the brave bond did not stop until they reached the vine-clad heights of Mt. Vesuvius. Three thousand Roman troops were immediately dispatched from Capua to hunt them down. That night the legion camped underneath the cliff where the gladiators were hiding. The situation was desperate.

Although vastly outnumbered, Spartacus and his heroic men made a surprise attack in the dead of night. The legionaires, too confident of their numbers, were caught off guard and put to flight. A great number were killed and a large supply of arms and war material captured. The following day the gladiators adorned their mighty limbs with the polished armor of Roman centurions. The barbarous gladiatorial knives were thrown away in disgust. Multitudes of slaves flocked to the rebel forces as soon as the story spread abroad.

Another army was sent forth to capture or kill the rebels. The gladiators, eager to try out their new weapons, made short work of their pursuers.

### Revolt Sweeps Onward

Each of the original seventy-eight was well trained in the use of arms. These men made splendid officers. After the little army had been well drilled it began to move forward, sweeping everything before it. The "ergastula," or prisons, were opened along the way and all class war prisoners were invested with full military dignity. The rebel army of Spartacus soon numbered 70,000 freed slaves, desperate, determined and well armed.

With these forces Spartacus met and defeated one of the greatest pro-consuls of Rome. Afterward he overran the rich territory of Campania, freeing his fellow workers from slavery and dungeon wherever he went. Labor organizers and agitators were dispatched to all parts of Italy. Unions sprang up like magic in all the industrial centers. Cicero, the notorious Roman labor-hater, after contemplating the successful career of the brave young rebel, exclaimed in despair to the Roman Senate: "Not only these ancient labor unions have their right of organization restored, but, by one gladiator, innumerable others and new ones, have been instituted."

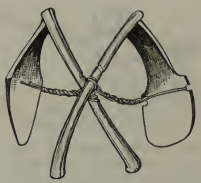
By 74 B. C. the rebel forces numbered 120,000. These were supplied with armor, weapons and supplies. The labor unions of all Italy were secretly working to keep the army equipped with war material and food. Victory after victory perched upon the red banners of the rebel slaves, for the red flag was the ancient and honored emblem of Labor long before Spartacus became a rebel. A march on Rome was started. It failed because of dissensions within the revolutionary ranks. Crixus, a lieutenant of Spartacus, envious of the success and prestige of his chief, sought to induce a portion of the army to make a premature attack on the mighty city. He managed to lead 35,000 slaves to defeat and death. Spartacus crushed the army that had vanquished Crixus. All the Roman aristocrats who were captured were forced to fight each other in the arena with dishonored gladiatorial weapons, just as Spartacus and his men had been compelled to do in days gone by. The situation was completely reversed; the erstwhile slaves were the spectators and the haughty aristocrats supplied the amusement.

Consternation reigned in Rome. Another huge army was assembled. Like its predecessors, it was demolished. The degenerate patricians, most of whom worked from one thousand to ten thousand slaves on their local estates, began to see visions of themselves going to work for a living, or else being thrown in jail for their crimes against labor. They were now thoroughly aroused to the seriousness of the situation.

**"Better to Die a Man Than to Live a Slave"**

By this time Spartacus was in command of 300,000 veterans. The often defeated Romans had now become cautious as well as determined. The slave army was harrassed for a long time but not given an opportunity to fight in the open. Finally Spartacus broke through the iron ring that surrounded his army and made a break for Sicily. No doubt his intention was to re-establish the free society that had been overthrown twenty-seven years previous. But it was too late. The land owners of Rome had massed three great armies under three of its most famous generals, Pompey, Crassus and Lucullus. Spartacus and his huge army were now outnumbered. The combined forces of the Roman legions totalled nearly half a million, nearly all of them veterans of foreign wars.

A terrific and desperate battle occurred. But the



ANCIENT HOES

gladiator and slave who had outgeneraled and defeated eight Roman armies was this time doomed to defeat. The great Spartacus, witnessing the rout of men with whom he had fought for freedom from slavery, rushed into the fray with indescribable fury and heroism. He was determined to sell his life dearly. His one aim was to meet the hated Crassus in personal combat before dying. "It was a fierce struggle. Long after victory was hopeless, Spartacus was traced by heaps of slain who had fallen by his hand, and his body was lost completely in the awful carnage which closed that day of blood."

Most of the rebel heroes were butchered without mercy on the spot. Some managed to escape to the mountains. Thousands were crucified on the highroad to Rome. The sacred right to exploit had once more been made secure. History says that Spartacus, like all his predecessors, was considered a savior by the great masses that fought under his command.

**"Pie in the Sky"**

The wave of terror that followed the last and greatest of the slave rebellions of ancient days lasted until long after the birth of Jesus—the last of the "saviors" of the class.

All the ancient labor unions merged into primitive Christianity. This was originally a communistic and revolutionary movement. Its early adherents were lynched and persecuted just as the I. W. W.'s of today are lynched and persecuted. And, like the I. W. W., their movement thrived on persecution.

Communistic Christianity became more powerful as the years passed by. Its doctrines of equality, brotherhood and justice were all drawn from the three types of unions out of which the movement sprang. The early Christians sought to establish "the kingdom of God on earth"—not in heaven only. They expected to see the millenium with their own eyes. Jesus, the rebel carpenter, was crucified as an agitator like thousands of other rebels of his day. Like Eunus, Athenion, Spartacus and other slave leaders, he was said to have been a wonder worker and a messiah. Today he stands as an imperishable monument to the fact that unpopular movements cannot be crushed with force.

Three hundred and twenty years after the death of Jesus the Roman empire, under Constantine, adopted Christianity rather than be overthrown by it. As a state religion it became harmless as far



TYPE OF PLOW USED BY ANCIENT AGRICULTURAL SLAVES

as its menace to the established order was concerned. The "kingdom of heaven" was placed somewhere up above the clouds and the equality of man came to mean the equality of the grave. From this time onward the once revolutionary movement has simply stood for submission on earth and "pie in the sky when you die."

Neither primitive Christianity or the horrible and bloody uprisings that preceded it overthrew the system of slavery. History had not yet sounded the hour for this hideous institution to disappear. Slavery ceased when changing conditions of society demanded another form of productive labor. When slavery became unprofitable it was abandoned. But the great labor revolts of ancient days did show the world that millions of noble workers lived in those times who would rather face death than endure the infamy of servitude. The productive system of the ancient world probably made it impossible for slaves to organize on industrial lines and achieve real solidarity on the job. Had it been in their power to do so they could have gained far more than they did with far less cost. A general strike of all harvest workers, organized into one mighty agricultural unit, might conceivably have forced the exploiting class from their backs. But these brave rebels deserve no blame, even if they fought blindly. All honor to their memory! They proved by their gameness that they were worthy to be called men!

**Rotten Rome**

The slave empire of Rome was dying of its own castes and its own corruption. In her last days the concentration of wealth into the hands of the idle few was only a little greater than it is in the United States today. Toward the end, torn asunder with labor troubles within and wars without, she sought to placate the rebellious slave population with free corn and amusements. "While the Egyptian fellah and the Moorish peasant were laboring in the fields, the sturdy beggars of Byzantium and Rome were amusing themselves at the circus, or basking on marble in the sun." But this could not last for long.

When the slave market went to smash, Rome went to smash with it. The inevitable law of social chance demanded a new foundation for society. Rotten old Rome, as hide-bound as the capitalist nations of today, could not do business on other than a slave basis. Goth, Vandal and Hun swept down on her, fat, senile and defenseless. All that survived was the church that had amalgamated with her once despised labor unions. Rome had become nothing but a name.

Feudalism became the next step in human progress. The agricultural worker became a serf instead of a chattel.

# The Skookum Boy

**By D. S. DIETZ**

We see a great big handsome boy,
Of earnest mien and poise;
He's clean of face and bright of eye,
As nature meant all boys.

He sings the new and wholesome strains
Wherever he's at play—
"Oh, all our daddies must come out
Of dungeons dark and grey!

"They're only in there just because
They love such boys as me,
And by the great big bunch of us,
We'll get them all out free!"

He has a wondrous physique, too,
And wallops thugs of strife—
Those, bred by Mammon's greedy god
To crush the workers' life.

He swings an awful uppercut
For one so young as he,
That 'ere he's one-half adult size
He'll jolt us wage slaves free.

His name is known thruout the land—
Now you can surely guess
Who lights emancipation's way—
The Industrial Workers' PRESS.

# Renunciation

**By Joachim Raucher**

When hungry millions are unfed
And little orphans weep,
I cannot eat in peace my bread,
Nor sing my grief to sleep.

When thoughts arising from the heart
Are hampered in their flight,
I cannot sit and muse apart
Upon a dreamy height.

When craven lies oft seek to blind
The eyes of shining Truth,
I cannot turn my maddened mind
To songs of love and youth.

Nor can I sing in lyric strains
Of private, little woes,
When Greed is reaping golden gains
From bloody seeds it sows.

("Freedom")

# After the War

After the war is over,
After the slaughter is done,
After the people are ruined,
After the victory's won,
Labor will go on drudging,
Wondering what it was for,
Paying for generations,
After the war.

# The I. W. W. in California

*(Some time during the fall of 1919 the social science class of the Stanford University of California sent out an investigator in the Santa Clara Valley in central California to study the I. W. W.'s in that vicinity. The following is the investigator's report.)*

## PART I

### Existing Economic and Social Conditions

Each county in the United States has its more or less peculiar industrial and social development. Santa Clara Valley in California is one of the largest fruit raising sections in America. Now, there is no special reason to assume that the working class as a whole are worse off in this rich fruit growing region than they are in the average county throughout the nation. Quite to the contrary, there is every reason to believe the condition of the worker to be as good as, if not better, than in most other counties thruout our country.

Yet, strange to say, in Santa Clara County a feeling of social unrest, an undercurrent of dissatisfaction, seems to exist among the workers. As evidence of this discontent, a number of strikes and threats of wage disagreements have taken place just within the last three months. And wages have been higher than ever, in fact raised considerably during the last nine weeks. But in most places the situation seems to be at a boiling point between the worker and his employer. The relation between them is anything but one of co-operation and mutual confidence.

## PART II

### Revolutionists at Work

Into the causes for the prevailing murmur of discontent I intended to inquire, but my attention was called to a far more interesting and human study. In this widespread condition of grumbling on the part of the workers, I, to my surprise, came across a well organized party of revolutionists. Continued investigation led me to find these radicals in the shops, in the hay fields, in the mills and factories, in fact, I met them in nearly every place in the county where a large body of workingmen were employed.

According to newspaper authority, I was convinced that the I. W. W. was practically non-existent. What I discovered though, only served to bring back to my mind the well-known dictum: "You cannot believe all you see in the newspapers." For I found this much disliked and publicly hated group of revolutionists not at all broken up in their organization, but on the other hand, better organized than ever, and busy in the solicitation of members, together with an active spreading of their propaganda.

My first interview with a member of the I. W. W. was at the Co-operative Cannery in San Jose, where I first started out to find from the workers themselves the reasons for their discontent. It so chanced to happen that the first individual I questioned was a member of the "Wobblies," as he said.

J—— was a tall, red-haired member, an Englishman by birth, so I learned. "How many followers have you in this county?" I questioned.

"I do not care to tell you just how many members we have in this county," responded J——. "You see, the government agents will not allow us to meet. There is much bitterness and prejudice on the part of most people against us at the present. Many of the boys, therefore, do not want it known that they carry red cards. We are subject to arrest on most any pretense. I can only say since the authorities will not let us come out in the open that we are quietly increasing our membership daily. If you want any of our literature or desire to know anything about our organization I will be more than glad to be of service to you."

"What is your main idea?" I asked J——.

"You will understand," replied J——, "that we are a labor union that is also a revolution and the germ of a new social order. Our philosophy is based upon modern science and the Marxian analysis of economics and history. We propose a more sensible and orderly arrangement of society than the present. We urge that the shop, mill, industrial plant, or college hall, shall be the repository of the ballot box and that the worker shall declare his will according to his immediate economic interests rather than through the vague and confusing electoral district with its conflicting interests."

"But," I replied, "a number of your members have been tried and found guilty of violence and destruction of property."

J—— then told me that he would give me directions so I could find SB, who was working at Santa Clara. According to J—, SB was a graduate of the University of Texas and better informed on the violence side of the question than he was. SB had been at the famous trial in Chicago.

Two days later I met SB at Santa Clara. He was a heavy set, dark complexioned young fellow. I soon learned that he was very well informed on economics and sociology.

"What is your answer to all these convictions and charges of violence and destruction of property by your organization?" I questioned SB.

"Take the trial at Chicago," said SB, "that is a fair example of the numerous charges that have been brought against us. I have in my possession a full copy of the evidence given on both sides. You can examine it for yourself, and I challenge you or any one else to find one iota of testimony that connects our organization with the charges made against us. Deputy Sheriff Gole of Colfax, Washington, told how scores of threshing machines had burned. But both the State Agricultural College and the United States Department of Agriculture had proved that smut in wheat exploded by electric sparks from gearings was the cause. Why, they might have convicted the Women's Christian Temperance Union of these things—it

would have been just as logical. But we were picked on simply because we advocate a form of labor organization which the capitalist interests don't like. The newspapers started a campaign of slander to stir up public sentiment against us, then we were grabbed when the patriotic feeling was at its height and railroaded through."

"Let me read," continued SB, "a few extracts from the testimony to you. Vanderveer was our attorney. He is here examining R. J. Whittaker of Missoula, Montana, an ex-sheriff and owner of a 640-acre ranch. Whittaker had two sons in the army and owned liberty bonds galore.

"VANDERVEER: Do you do your own threshing?

A. Yes, and my neighbors' as well.

Q. Have you and your neighbors employed I. W. W.'s?

A. Why, yes; we employed them the same as anyone else.

Q. Did they ever throw pitchforks through your machine, or iron or rocks?

A. No.

Q. Did they ever destroy property or raise hell?

A. Not that I ever heard of, except in the papers. The newspapers are always full of it.*

"The testimony of a man named Burdell," added SB, "was remarkable. In broad daylight, one noon, back in 1913, an I. W. W. had deliberately, so the "cookee" told him, picked up a 1,500-pound horse by the tail and thrown the critter down a well! Had added insult to injury by saying 'the bugger ought to have been down there long ago'! Witness had rescued the animal from a watery grave by means of a derrick and a slip-noose cast round the horse's neck."

"What is your objection to the American Federation of Labor? I see the newspapers say your organization is bitterly opposed to it?" was the next question I put to SB.

"We condemn the American Federation of Labor," answered SB, "because it associates the workers in such a way that they are rendered ineffective as an economic force, either to help themselves or to safeguard humanity, and at the same industrial and social responsibilities. We hold that the new organs of production and administration must be developed within the body of the present society, so that upon the birth of the new society it will be able to function immediately. The American Federation of Labor has no vision of a new society. The federation, by the craft form of organization, lifts men out of their natural industrial context and groups them artificially. We hold that the shop is the cell of the new organic life and the worker must be organized in the terms of production (industrially), rather than in terms of tools (by crafts). Thus organized, the natural industrial context is preserved and the workers will be able to continue production and guarantee the fundamental needs of life in the transition period that would follow the breakdown of the present system."

I next inquired of SB about the form of their organization and how they worked. He told me I had better go out to Los Gatos and have a talk with one of their delegates. He explained to me that their organization had perfected a wonderful delegate system. One of their delegates, K., was now going the rounds of the California District, and happened to be stopping at the present in Los Gatos. Delegate K. would explain to me in detail the workings of their organization.

"I met delegate K. by arrangement. He was a great big fellow, highly tanned, and had dark curly hair. He had been a lumberjack most of his life, so he told me. He seemed to be a man about forty-five, and to possess a remarkable bodily vigor.

"You are a delegate," said I, "what is the purpose of your delegate system?"

"At the present time," he replied, "it performs several functions. You see since the government agents have been arresting and persecuting us we have had to raise money for defense funds. For a long time we sent this money thru the mails. But our mail was held up and our contributions never reached our attorneys. Consequently, we are using the delegate system to collect our defense funds, to line up members and to issue them cards, to carry our literature from place to place, and to act as the connecting link and reliable information bureau to our members scattered throughout the nation. Once and a while they pinch one of our delegates but we always have another one to take his place."

'Do the authorities know about this delegate system of yours," I asked.

"Oh yes," answered delegate K., "but they cannot put us all in jail, and every one of us is just as capable of being a delegate as the other fellow. What we are going to prove is that our idea cannot be suppressed by force and that if we are denied our constitutional rights we will need methods that are quiet an dpeaceful to carry on our propaganda anyhow. As long as the present social injustice exists we are bound to grow, and tarring and feathering us and jailing or deporting some of our members, is not going to remedy matters one bit. The Czar of Russia sent every one to Siberia that did not agree with him, or who dared to speak out their convictions. But where is the Czar now? There are a lot of people in this country who have not learned the lesson of history, that the domination of those in power is not eternal, that some day those whom they persecute may come to power and then think of the reprisals!"

"To make this thought clear to you," continued delegate K., "let me read to you the closing remarks of Gustave Herve at the close of his trial before the Jury of La Seine."

He then opened the pamphlet, which he pulled from his inner coat pocket while talking, and read the following:

"It will require great courage on your part to acquit us. It will be necessary for you to act contrary to your every day belief, which has been imposed upon you by your newspapers and which paints us as demons, passing our lives in insulting

*Seventh Circuit Court Records, Report 1918.

the military, and trampling the flag in the mud.

"It will be necessary for you to overcome the temptation to crush the adversaries you have in power.

"It will involve your exposing yourself to the reproaches and railleries of your friends, who will never forgive you for having freed 'the man with the flag on the dung-hill.'

"To those who reproach you with our acquittal, you will say: "It was impossible for us not to acquit men for having expressed frankly and regardless of the consequences their opinion. We were unwilling to throw upon the twentieth century the ridicule and the odium of having condemned men on the pretext that they were heretics, and their doctrines dangerous."

"Yes, gentlemen, I say it in all sincerity, it is in the interest of your own class itself, to bring in a verdict of acquittal. Although we do not belong to the same class, although we consider our class as an enemy to yours, our drawing of class lines has not killed in our hearts all sentiments of humanity.

"We know that under your bourgeois broad-cloth beats the heart of a man, like ours. We entreat you, in the interests of your class, even the men and women of your class, our brothers and sisters in humanity, not to exasperate further, by verdicts of ill will, our class, which is already sufficienly exasperated against you. We desire to save you from terrible reprisals. You are today the stronger, but your domination is not eternal. I have an inkling that it will not last a great while. Perhaps you do believe it. No more did the Czar, when he came, some years ago, to his full glory, believe the time so near when he would have to settle accounts with his people. In the day when our class will settle scores with yours, it will be a pleasure to us, your prisoners of today, to plead extenuating circumstances in your favor.

"Do not mistake my meaning. I do not threaten you with reprisals. I am not trying to frighten you. Fear is no nearer your hearts, I imagine, than it is ours. But, as we do hold you individually responsible for the crimes of the present society, we would wish that the Revolution, which is gathering, should seize as few victims as possible among you. When it shall be our class which judges, in its turn, the class to which you belong, we shall be happy to be able to say to the more exasperated of our members, that, at the time of your might, there were brave men among you—which is true. We shall be happy to say that there was a good judge Magnaud and a good judge Sere de Rivieres among your magistrates, that there were court presidents, like the present one, to preside over the Court of the Assizes; that there were advocates general who did not seek in the mire for insults to hurl at the heads of the defendants, and that there were good jurymen like those of Auxerre of Troyes, and even of patriotic Paris who would acquit their political opponents".

"Yes, I see your point," I replied, "but you speak of the social injustice now prevailing. Just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean," answered Delegate K, "I mean the great gulf between the poor on one hand and the rich on the other. Let me go into the house and get my copy of the Industrial Relations Commission Report, the commission that was appointed by President Wilson, and I will give you the government's own words to support my contentions."

Delegate K then read to me two statements from the report, which are as follows: "It is a sad commentary on our system that 79 per cent of the heads of our working families are utterly unable to support their families and to educate their children on a plane of civic decency." . . . "Two per cent of the people of this country own two-thirds of all its wealth, real and personal. Sity-five per cent of the people, comprising the working class of the country, own less than 5 per cent of the wealth of this country, and this wealth is represented in the mines, in the forests, in our national industries, and stands over and dominates all our industrial and social life."

"Now when we I. W. W.," continued delegate K, "hold, as we do in the preamble to our constitution, that there are two classes in this country which have nothing in common, you see we do not rely on fiction for our statement."

"What does the preamble to your constitution state?" I immediately asked.

I was given a copy. It reads like this:

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working class and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

"Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

"We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

"These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

"Instead of the conservative motto, 'a fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, **'Abolition of the wage system.'**

"It is the historic mission of the working class

to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with the capitalists, but also **to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."**

Delegate K excused himself, saying he had to catch a train. Another member, who had come up to where we were talking, took me by machine to Lawrence Station to meet "Fellow Worker" Conrad. Conrad had been a school teacher and was well informed on all matters, according to this member. At the time Conrad was working on a threshing machine crew.

I soon learned that Conrad was well informed on literature, especially was he fond of Milton, Shakespeare, and Ben Johnson. Our conversation drifted to the "free speech fights" the I. W. W. had engaged in. Conrad said that the I. W. W. took the position that Milton did when he wrote in the "Areopagitica" "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties."

In response to a few questions Conrad went on to say, "Now we I. W. W. firmly believe our ideas to be correct. Those who oppose us are afraid that if too much light is turned upon them they will take hold of the working class and act in a way detrimental to the interests of the employers. Consequently, they are trying to crush us by lying about us, by using brute force against us, and by throwing our leaders in jail. But we expect this. Any new movement is subject to misrepresentation and its leaders are bound to be abused. You remember history tells us of a heretic named John Huss. A century in advance of Luther he heralded and demanded the Protestant reformation. For the crime the council condemned him to be burned. As the first martyr of Protestantism ascended the pile, an old devotee of the town of Constance came bringing yet another faggot, which she threw on the heap, evidently thinking it not high enough. 'Sancta simplicitas,' said John Huss, shrugging his shoulders in gentle pity.

"I tell you, young fellow," added Conrad, "that same devotee's spirit is exhibited in America today against the I. W. W. One of our able speakers, James P. Thompson, now sentenced to serve twenty years in Leavenworth Penitentiary, once said, 'The very people who are abusing the I. W. W., if they had lived in the days of our forefathers, would have been licking the boots of King George. They would have said of the boys fighting barefoot in the snow at Valley Forge, "Look at them! They haven't got a shoe to their feet and they are talking about Liberty!" The people who are knocking the I. W. W. are the same type who dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the streets of Boston with a halter; who killed Lovejoy and threw his printing press into the Mississippi river; it is the same type who murdered our comrade, Frank Little.' You will find this statement true a few years hence, mark my words, young fellow."

I asked Conrad as to what he thought was the effect of adverse public opinion upon the membership of the organization.

The reply was, "Well, of course we have lost some; it has had a cleansing effect, on the whole; the sheep are gone. On the other hand, we have greatly increased our membership so that we have about five hundred thousand fighters for industrial freedom in this country. We are spreading our ideas very successfully in a quiet and secret manner since the police will not let us hold street or hall meetings. You will see by the papers that the labor unions of Canada and Australia are adopting our idea of the ONE BIG UNION. Also you will notice in the papers today that the unions of Montana and Washington are voting on the same thing. This is all due to our continuous propaganda activity. I also noticed that the Triple Alliance of England is going to use our 'method of industrial direct action' in the place of the outworn 'political action' method to get its demands in the future."

I inquired of Conrad as to what he thought was the chief difficulty that confronted the I. W. W. in Santa Clara County at the present time.

He answered my question by handing me the bulletin of the California District Defense of August 4th, 1919, which read:

"A decision has been handed down by the Supreme Court of this state in the case of Thomas McDermott, that declares the Criminal Syndicalism Law to be constitutional. This action of the Supreme Court is no surprise to the members of the I. W. W., as they have long been aware that no law directed at the working class and benefiting the exploiting class would be found otherwise, but we are surprised that the learned judges of the Supreme Court come out so openly in a class distinction. At the least, it was expected they would ponder lengthily upon the meaning of the law until it would appear that in their superior wisdom they had thoroughly decided its status, but instead they apparently took snap judgment and arrived at a decision in a very short time, thus acting like ordinary mortals and very much belittling their exalted positi n and the honorable traditions of the slowness of the courts.

"The upholding of the constitutionality of this law will probably be commended by labor haters throughout this state, and well it should be, for, as a weapon to be used against the workers, it is exceptional inasmuch as it can be used to make a multitude of rights into wrongs, if so decided by any court. This law is at present being used to deny workers the right to organize, to spread the propaganda of their class, to assemble peacefully, and to freedom of speech. It is worded so that it can be used to abolish the right to strike if at any time it is so needed.

"For the above reasons it is essential that we fight every case in which a member of the I. W. W. is arrested under this law, as once a conviction is secured, it is a precedent for those who are fighting the working class to firmly establish the interpreta-

tion of this law as being directed against the I. W. W. Our weakness as an organization makes it impossible to carry on the fight in the industrial field at the present time and win by the display of our economic strength, therefore, it is necessary to fight in the master's courts. Their weapons of warfare are controlled by the pocket book, and it takes money to get results. Money is needed for the defense. A donation is asked from every member of the I. W. W."

Two days after my interview with Conrad, I met by arrangement another member at a cannery in Campbell. This man was a Frenchman by birth. His strong point was his good knowledge of the Syndicalist movement in France, which he said was the same as the I. W. W. movement in America.

"The French organization," remarked F, "La Confederation Generale du Travail, is the most powerful body of labor in France. It is in France what the Triple Alliance of Labor is in England, only La Confederation long ago decided in favor of 'direct action' and against 'political action' as a means to get its demands. For example, in May, 1918, the organization called a general munitions strike. Two hundred thousand were on strike in Paris alone. Then Clemenceau, the Tiger, who eats syndicalists for breakfast, had to beg on his knees Merrheim, the secretary and chief spokesman of the Metal Workers, to settle the strike."

F— went on to say: "You see, we I. W. W. are internationalists. Raymond Pericat, member of the Administrative Council of the Building Federation of La Confederation Generale du Travail, is working night and day in our behalf and that of the Bolsheviki in Russia, with whom we are closely associated. Our members in this country are comrades in the world-wide movement of labor that will eventually come to rule. The preamble of the constitution, to which we workers in Santa Clara County subscribe, is in substance the same to which the revolutionary workers of the world agree."

Now, I met a good many more I. W. W. I met some in the towns of Mountain View, Sunnyvale, and Saratoga; I came across some at Morgan Hill and Cuperino, and I talked with some in Palo Alto and on the Stanford Farm. The conversation presented and the opinions set forth in this paper is representative of them all; that is, it gives a fair statement of what they are all thinking and doing.

There are a few other features about the Santa Clara County I. W. W. of interesting mention. One thing is the monthly report of their receipts and expenditures. Just a sample of the July statement is given here:

RECEIPTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 1 | Stamps | $ 1.00 |
| July 2 | Donation jail comforts | 5.00 |
| July 5 | List No. 13 | 5.75 |
| July 7 | List No. 65 | 9.80 |
| July 10 | Defense money | 14.65 |
| July 17 | Donation | 50.00 |

EXPENDITURES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| July 1 | Stamps | $15.00 |
| July 1 | Paper pad | .10 |
| July 1 | Registered letter | .10 |
| July 2 | Tobacco (jail) | .10 |
| July 2 | Telegram Chicago | 1.00 |
| July 2 | Tobacco (jail) | 1.00 |
| July 5 | Pills, bandage, peroxide, vaseline, shoe strings | 1.09 |
| July 7 | Marmalade 2 lbs (jail) | .50 |

Total receipts, $319.72; total expenditures, $72.21. Turned over, $147.51.

A few other things were noticeable. On the whole the men were a jolly and good-natured set. And it is not at all a mistake to say that they were far above the average workingman in intelligence and alertness to vital questions. Practically all of them were readers of "The Dial," "The Nation" and "The New Republic." These they called "fair" magazines. Other magazines and newspapers they styled as "subsidized capitalist mouthpieces." Nearly all the men took pains to impress upon me the fact that the old days of the "mulligan" by the railroad track and the "jungle ups" in barn-houses were over. They said that if I should in my investigation pay a visit to one of their old "boiling up" quarters under some bridge, where a small boy on his way home from school wrote on a sign above "The Home of the Irresponsible Wandering Willies," that I would find those places deserted forever. Their motto was now, "Every man on a job for 'Education—Organization—Emancipation.'"

## PART III

### Critical Reflections

Now in the matter of personal attitudes toward our problem of social unrest, which, I pointed out, exists even in Santa Clara County, we are confronted with three possibilities. There is the ultra-conservative attitude which refuses to do anything but pass oppressive legislation; the liberal attitude, which proposes to bring about change on the basis of the present order, and the revolutionary position. All of us will have to choose either one of these positions sooner or later.

A typical stand-pat attitude, or the recourse to oppressive measures, two sides of the ultra-conservative position, will solve no vital issue. Measures such as the Syndicalist Laws and the Overman Bill, now pending before the Senate, are examples of pseudo-statesmanship. They aim at effects and absolutely fail to comprehend the underlying causes inherent in the system. Our famous bourgeois lynch law—by which we have had on an average of three lynchings a week—killing colored men and women for the past thirty years—3,224 negroes known to have been put to death since 1889, is a good sample of intolerance and club rule carried to its height; yet an utter failure to remedy causes.

We could build a Chinese wall around Santa Clara County, California, or the United States. We could expel all the I. W. W., or put them in jail or even put them to death, but if conditions remained the

same we would have a bigger crop in a short while. Revolutionists are not made by propaganda to any great extent. If the conditions of revolution are not present no sort of propaganda will either hasten or impede it.

Our own revolutionists are a product of a natural evolutionary process. If the invention of gunpowder and printing in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries presaged the Reformation of the sixteenth, and if the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century was the forerunner of the political revolution throughout the western world, we may well, after the mechanical and economic cataclysm of the nineteenth, cease wondering that the twentieth century is an age of revolution. The centralization of big business going hand in hand with the centralization of the political state, making it the reflex committee of the Capitalist Class, can produce nothing else.

The days of the reformer are over. No more can the politician grasp upon a compromise measure. The age is forcing the liberal either into the camp of the reactionary plutocrat and his vile way of doing things, or compelling him to go where he belongs, the camp of the revolutionist. The gulf between the rich and the poor is getting wider and wider day by day. Hope of a liberal position is only a phantom dream. You are forced to say whether you want to try to stop progress or whether you want to stand in with progress. If you are a little advanced above the dumb brutes you will realize that mankind can advance by taking thought about his environment. If you stop to think seriously at all about the present world-wide condition of the working class, you will be forced to accept but one position, that of the revolutionist.

This thought, therefore, will compel you to adopt the only motto worthy of utterance: "ALL POWER TO THE INDUSTRIAL UNION. THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION. FORWARD! MARCH!

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## INCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED RECENTLY IN A MODERN BASTILE (SAN QUENTIN, CALIF.)

Joe Martinez (serving four years for breaking jail while doing a six months' sentence on a trumped up charge of poisoning sheep) has his foot badly smashed by a rock rolling on it. The doctor dressed the foot but refused to give him a crutch. He went to the captain of the guard and secured a cane. The next day when he went back to have the foot dressed the doctor took the cane away from him and informed him: "You damned I. W. W., there is nothing the matter with you, only you want to get out of work. Tomorrow you go back to work."

This is only one of the numerous instances which show the manner in which the I. W. W.'s are being discriminated against by the prison doctor.

Recently one of our fellow workers was up before the doctor for examination of his lungs. The doctor told him: "Your lungs are in a bad shape, and if you were not a damned I. W. W. maybe we could get lighter work for you."

J. Malley went before the doctor with a bad cold and requested him to give him an order for some woolen underwear. Instead the doctor gave him some pills and had him punished for throwing the pills away. That is how they are trying to break the men's spirits.

Charles Bentley, convicted under the criminal syndicalism law, filled out a book slip in which he put in the names of ten liberal books, among which were such books as Mill's book on economics, Jack London's "The Revolution" and Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." Did he get one of the ten? No. He did not, but instead got a book called "Two Patriots." Did someone say a man could think what he pleases? If so, that man never served a term in San Quentin, for there they carefully guide your thoughts so that when you leave there you will be a "well broken slave."—Card No. 391592.

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"Great Britain has gained in the war all, and indeed, much more than all she SET OUT TO WIN. Our navy remains at the end of the war intact and unassailed. The principle of freedom of the seas, which is the basis of our national existence, stands unimpaired and unimpugned. The British protectorate of Egypt is provided for in one of the clauses of this treaty. We are demobilizing our forces, but we cannot lay down our arms; we cannot disband them altogether. We must still be able to FIGHT FOR WHAT WE HAVE WON, and be sure that it is not taken from us after we have won it."—Lord Curzon, discussing the Peace Treaty in the House of Lords.

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"It is absolutely necessary at this time to provide for a strong regular military establishment in this country, not for the purposes of external defense or aggression primarily, but I believe that this country needs a strong military establishment FOR ITS INTERNAL PROTECTION FOR SOME YEARS TO COME, following this war, and we are providing, by this bill, such an establishment, sufficient to preserve law and order and civilized constitutional government." — Congressman Anthony, speaking in favor of the Army Reorganization Bill, passed by the House of Representatives, March 18, by a vote of 244 to 92.

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Though we be buried in blood and filth up to our necks, though thick clouds of vile and disgusting vapor envelope our heads and blind our eyes, though it seems, at times, as if vulgarity had killed the beautiful dream bore in agony and suffering, though all the torches that we once lighted on the path that was to lead us to a new and better world seem to have been extinguished, **humanity will win.** For that is the great meaning of life in this world. Life has no other meaning.

Perhaps, after all, we are doomed to destruction! Were it not better, then, to be burned up in the fierce fire of the revolution than to rot slowly on the dung-heap, as we have been doing?

—Maxim Gorky.




**SCENE:** The shady side of a barn on a Sunday afternoon. It is a red barn with white trimmings. It extends across the back of the stage, and if the width of the stage permits, the round outlines of a brick silo will be visible at one end, with room for passageway. The barn door is rolled back—and if the opposite door can also be opened we will find ourselves looking through the barn and out over the rolling fields, yellow with wheat ripe for cutting.

BILL, the hired man, and BENNY and HILDA are sitting in the doorway, BILL on an overturned half-bushel measure, BENNY and HILDA at his feet. BILL is long and lean, of the Yankee type. In age he is probably in the late twenties. BENNY and HILDA are as young as children reasonably can be on the stage. BENNY is some two years the elder. There is an atmosphere of Sunday calm about the place. BILL is smoking a pipe. HILDA is humming the tune of a song popular some dozen or so years ago, by the name "San Antonio" . . . but the words she occasionally interpolates are strange.

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HILDA

**(Humming)**

Tra-la la-la from the word go,
And to the master, they'll tra-la-la-la.
How do the words go there, Bill?

BILL

(*Keeping time with his pipe*)

And if you'll join them, they'll let you know
Just the reason the boss must go!
Say, kiddie, where'd you learn that?

HILDA

From Benny. He whistles it.

(*Bill turns to Benny, Puzzled*)

BENNY

You're always whistling it while you work.

HILDA

Then I found the words in your little red book.

BILL

Well, I'm darned. Where'd you get hold of that?

HILDA

Upstairs in your room when mamma was cleaning.

BENNY

What business you got monkeying with Bill's things?

HILDA

I wasn't . . . It was right there on the table . . and I read the words and mamma hummed some of the tunes for me . . . Wasn't that all right, Bill? Bill I want a little red book like that for my own.

BILL

What'd your mamma have to say about it?

HILDA

Nothing . . . I ast her did she think you'd let me have it and she guessed you thought a lot of it, and I ast her did she think you'd get me one like it, and she said maybe. Bill, will you?

BILL

Well . . . if she doesn't care . . . I wonder about your dad, tho. (*Grinning to himself.*) Did he ever hear that song?

HILDA

'Oh, he doesn't pay much attention to us. He's always too busy.

BENNY

(*Insinuatingly.*)

Bill, if I had a new mouth organ I could play those tunes. My old one's no good anymore.

BILL

Sure, we could have a whole wobbly orchestra.

HILDA

I like the one about the red flag best **(Humming it softly—break off.)** Bill, you promised me a story.

BILL

(*Pulling her hair.*)

Story nothing. This is Sunday.

HILDA

That's why. You said wait till Sunday. (*Settling herself against his knee.*) One about giants.

BENNY

Ah, naw! A real one. You promised me a real one. You said some day you'll tell me about Joe Hill . . . You promised.

BILL

Well . . . all right . . . if I promised.

(*Enter Swanson.*)

*Swanson is a big raw-boned Scandinavian farmer. He is taller than Bill and heavier. He was dressed up for Sunday earlier in the day, but is now in his shirt sleeves and has taken off his collar. His shirt is open at the throat with a gold*

*collar button dangling. He looks cooly and searchingly at Bill.*

SWANSON

You young ones, you run in to your mamma. She wants you.

BENNY

**(Protesting.)**

Ah!

SWANSON

Run!

HILDA

But Bill was just going to tell us a story.

SWANSON

The story can wait.

BILL

(*Quietly.*)

What is it, Mr. Swanson?

SWANSON

Well, now I find you out! So you been one of those fellows, heh? One of thoes damn alleged I. W. W.'s... and never said nothing!

BILL

(*Showing button on his shirt front.*)

Why, yes, Mr. Swanson. I've never made any secret of it. Here's the button. I've worn it out in plain sight.



"I LIKE THE ONE ABOUT THE RED FLAG BEST"

HILDA

Just let him begin it.

BILL

It's all right, kids. I'll tell the story after chores.

HILDA

Sure? And will you make it a giant story?

BENNY

No, a real one.

BILL

Well... maybe both.

(*Under their father's stern eye Benny and Hilda depart.*)

SWANSON

Well... Mr. Bill!

SWANSON

How I know what that thing is? I thought it was a lodge or something.

BILL

Well, so it is... sort of.

SWANSON

Hal of a lodge that is! Setting fire to barns... burning up crops!

BILL

(*Sharply.*)

Hold on, Swanson. You're going too far... making wild statements that have no proof. I've never mentioned the matter to you. Guess we've been too busy since I came, but I've thought that

when things let up a bit, we might sit down and talk it over. I'd like to explain to you—

SWANSON

Explain nothing! Don't I know? Can't I read English? Can't hardly pick up a paper nowadays without reading about some damage done by those damn alleged I. W. W.'s.

BILL

Oh, yes, those damn alleged I. W. W.'s might do most anything.

SWANSON

And here I got one all the time on my place!

BILL

Oh, no. I'm not alleged. I'm real.

SWANSON

I know now what you are all right. And I guess you better get!

BILL

What's that?

SWANSON

Get! Get out! Quit! Vamoose! Get off my place. I got no use here for such a kind of a—

BILL

Oh, now, Mr. Swanson — If you say so, it goes of course, but I wish you'd think it over. Got any complaint to make about me personally?

SWANSON

No-o. You been good worker all right. But now when I know what you are...

BILL

Who told you?

SWANSON

Lindquist... damn him... he think he got laugh on me! I say we should drive all dose rascals out of the country.. and he said I got one on my own place... golly I not stand for that.

BILL

(*Placatingly.*)

I s'pose it did make you sort of mad... but I wouldn't let Lindquist scare me out that way. See here Mr. Swanson, you and I get along fine. Ever since the day I met you in town, you needing a man, I looking for a job... no questions were asked, but we hit it off pretty well from the start...

SWANSON

I know. I know. You been good worker. I like you. Those kids they crazy about you, and the women folks they think you all right... but I can't have you round no more...

BILL

And it's just the beginning of harvest. We were going to cut the south quarter section tomorrow.

SWANSON

Yes, I know it will leave me in bad fix, but I can't help it, I can't run no such risks...

BILL

Oh, hell, Swanson, you know I won't set the quarter section on fire.

SWANSON

Maybe not, maybe not you... but it's what you call a principle...

BILL

That's the idea. Let's get down to principles. You see Mr. Swanson, it's this way...

SWANSON

No—no. I don't care what way it is.

BILL

But take the meeting you fellows are holding in the school house Thursday night... the idea isn't so different. You want to organize...

SWANSON

That's different matter entirely. We got to organize to protect our rights...

BILL

That's the idea... that's what we think. Now you see, it's this way...

SWANSON

I tell you I don't care what way it is! I ain't going to listen to you, and you got to go!

BILL

All right, Mr. Swanson.

SWANSON

Tomorrow morning I hitch up bay team and take you back to town where you came from.

BILL

Just's you say.

(*Enter Benny and Hilda running.*)

SWANSON

(*Muttering.*)

And I suppose those kids going to make hal of fuss.

BENNY AND HILDA together

Automobile come up road... turned into lane... from town... big shiny car... man from town wants to see you... Ma said he'd find you round the barns somewhere... He said call you... she said he could find you... he's still talking to her... we run out to tell you... he said if we saw you to tell you...

SWANSON

All right, I guess he can find me.

BENNY

Go on up to the house and see his car. Gee, it's a swell one.

SWANSON

I guess if he got any business with me he find me.

BENNY

Hilda, you better run on and hunt those eggs like mamma told you.

HILDA

Smarty, she didn't tell me any more than you. (*To Bill.*) She's going to make a custard pie for supper.

BILL

Hurray! Then I guess we better get the eggs for her. Come on.

BENNY

Oh, if Bill's going... (*Follows the other two around the silo, whistling, "There all fighters...".*)

(*DUNCAN enters. DUNCAN is a man from town.*)

DUNCAN

(*Genially.*)

Well, Swanson, how are you? How are you? (*Shakes hands as heartily as possible with no response from Swanson.*)

SWANSON

There ain't no interest due till November.

DUNCAN

No, Swanson, no. I understand that all right enough. Not till your crop is in — crops are looking fine up in this section too by the way. No, no, This is another matter entirely. I was driving by and just thought I'd drop in. You've heard, I suppose, of this meeting planned for Thursday night?

SWANSON

Well?

DUNCAN

Don't have anything to do with it, Swanson. I just offer that as a suggestion.

SWANSON

And, why?

DUNCAN

For your own good, Swanson. This man Bentley's a bad lot. Don't get mixed up with him. He's a smooth talker of course, but he's not to be trusted. Why, good Lord, man, he went bankrupt! (*Confidentially.*) Now we've always done business together Swanson, and I've liked you — you're straight and honest and tend to your own affairs — and I don't want to see you taking the wrong turning if I can steer you straight. Now, you farmers don't want to go mixing up in politics — all this talk of your owning your own elevators and running your own men for office and all that sort of thing, why that's pure nonsense! No man can run two jobs and it's the farmer's business to raise crops — the more crops and the bigger, the better off the country. See! And the better off the country, the better for the farmer, of course. Now as to this meeting on Thursday night — you weren't really thinking of going, Swanson?

SWANSON

Well, I think maybe I go over and see what they got to say...

DUNCAN

No! Take a tip from me. Stay away.

SWANSON

I think I yust go over and take a look around.

DUNCAN

Let's see, Swanson, What's the amount of that note you owe our bank?

SWANSON

I guess you know that, Mr. Duncan.

DUNCAN

Yes, I guess I do, Swanson. ... Due in November. And I'll give you another tip — wheat's going to drop. No more war prices for wheat ... and I may suggest to you that the bank might decide not to let these small loans run on... ther's nothing in it for us, you know. Of course I understand that you've had heavy expenses, with your wife's operation in the spring—

SWANSON

(*Fiercely.*)

That's my business.

DUNCAN

And your new binder not paid for—

SWANSON

By gar, how you know that?

DUNCAN

A banker knows a good many things that go on in his town. The North West Farm Machinery Company doesn't sell goods on time without knowing something of the man... besides I have a small investment in the business. ... And wheat's going to drop, Swanson. Put that in your pipe and smoke it — Wheat's going to drop.

SWANSON

By gar, let her drop! I will hold on to my grain till she goes up again!

DUNCAN

Will you, Swanson? You have storage space, I suppose, for several thousand bushels!

SWANSON

No Mr. Duncan, I ain't. So I will sell it to you at that dropped price, and you will keep it in your elevator till the price goes up, and then sell it to millers in Minneapolis.

DUNCAN

Now that's right, Swanson, don't get hot under the collar. That's what we're here for — to handle the stuff for you. Your business is to raise the crop. We'll look after the rest.

SWANSON

Yes, I guess you look after the rest all right— and I guess I go to that meeting Thursday night to hear something about farmers in North Dakota owning elevators.

DUNCAN

We won't beat around the bush any longer, Swanson. I've given you a hint. Now I put it to you straight. You've got the crop. I've got the elevator. You can't store your own grain. You've got to sell it to me. But I haven't got to buy it of you. See!

SWANSON

By gar, I get lumber and build something if it takes all the crop comes to!

DUNCAN

Need I remind you that you may not get credit at the lumber yard... and until your wheat is sold... I guess you better stay away from that meeting. And just let me tell you, if anybody around here begins to get too fresh, something may happen! I dare say you've heard how a meeting of the kind turned out over in Ferguson?

SWANSON

Yes. I hear about that. I hear they had little exercise with fire hose.

DUNCAN

(*Jovially—good-nature restored.*)

You're right, Swanson. Little exercise with fire hose is good. I guess maybe we understand one another after all, eh?

SWANSON

I guess I understand.

DUNCAN

Good! I knew you were a man of sense, and maybe it won't be necessary to call in that note. Well good day to you, Swanson.

SWANSON

Good day, Mr. Duncan.

(*Bill saunters around the corner, followed by Benny and Hilda.*)

DUNCAN

(*Turning back.*)

Oh, by the way (*catches sight of Bill.*) Um! That's just what I was going to speak to you about. (*With lowered tone.*) Who is he?

SWANSON

My hired man.

DUNCAN

Get rid of him... dangerous character... agitator... one of these I Won't Workers, you know.

SWANSON

He work pretty good for me.

DUNCAN

Never mind. Send him about his business — the sooner the quicker, as they say. Well, so long.

SWANSON

Anything more, Duncan?

DUNCAN

No that's all. Good day. (*Exit briskly.*)

SWANSON

(*Muttering.*)

By hal! He own bank — he own elevator —

HILDA

Who is he, papa?

SWANSON

He is Mister Duncan. He own bank. He own elevator. He own lumber yard. And by gar, I gues he think he own me.

HILDA

O-oh! Then he's a giant. Is he a giant?

SWANSON

What's that you say?

HILDA

A giant — one of Bill's giants. Bill tells us stories about them. They have a hundred arms. They live in Town... in the vaults of the bank... in the big elevators by the tracks... and they reach out with their hundred arms... like those things in the sea... and wrap them around the farms, and around the grain fields and the farmers and the mothers and the little children, and when the time comes and they get good and ready, they *squeeze!* And down in Minneapolis there's the biggest giant of all, and he reaches out and wraps his arms around the banks, and around the elevators...

SWANSON

(*Shaking her playfully by the shoulders.*)

Now, that's a nice story all right — but these here giants, you know, have been dead a long time.

HILDA

That's what I thought, but Bill said—

SWANSON

I used to hear such stories about giants in old country. There was a snake like that, that reach all around the earth... Some day I tell you that story, if you want to listen to such foolishness... now you run in with those eggs to your mamma.

HILDA

Will you surely tell it to me some day? You never told me a story in all your life!

SWANSON

I aint got no time for stories. I got to raise crop for Mr. Duncan! Now you run... only look out for those eggs.

(*Running.*)

I'm going to tell mamma.

BENNY

Is Duncan one of your giants, Bill?

Ask your father that, Benny — after Thursday. (*Bill has seated himself in the barn door way.*)

SWANSON

Benny, you run along and let them yearlings into the pasture. Pretty soon your mamma will be calling for supper.

BENNY

(*Looking back at Bill.*)

Just the same, I bet he is. So that's what you meant. I never knew before. (*Exit, thoughtfully.*)

SWANSON

(*Sits down with Bill. Takes out package tobacco, fills pipe. Offering sack to Bill.*)

Fill her up.

(*The two smoke in silence.*)

SWANSON

I guess we get nice day tomorrow.

BILL

Looks like it... If it's all the same to you, Mr. Swanson, I'll get up and hit the trail early. I can catch the way freight over at the crossing. I won't need any breakfast... don't want to put Mrs. Swanson to the trouble... and don't want to bother you either. You'll want to begin on that south quarter section.

SWANSON

(*After a pause.*)

If it's all the same to you, Bill, I guess you better begin cutting in that south quarter section. (*Another pause.*) I got to look around and see what I got in way of lumber to fix some bins. ... Then maybe I transact some business around the country in afternoon.

BILL

How you off for stack covers... if we had enough canvas...

SWANSON

By gar, that's good idea! I send to Chicago for more canvas. Thank God, Duncan he don't own Sears-Roebuck... not yet.

BILL

How about Thursday?

SWANSON

I guess I go over to meeting, take a look around and see what they got to say.

*(Bill grins appreciatively.)*

SWANSON

*(Knocking the ashes out of his pipe and turning around to face Bill.)*

Now, about those giants! What you fellows think you going to do about 'em, heh?

BILL

*(Swinging about to face Swanson — gesturing with pipe bowl against his palm.)*

Well, Mr. Swanson, you see it's this way...

*(Swanson leans forward listening eagerly, and while Bill expounds the principle of the I. W. W. as applied to agriculture, the curtain slowly falls.*

END.

# As a Doctor Sees it

**Brief Notes—By Dr. B. Liber**

**1. He Is All Right—**

I am a mason. I was always healthy and am not sick now, either. Have just a backache, or rather, a pain in the small of the back. It came after I carried a heavy stone—three months ago. Suddenly I felt an awful pain and it has not left me since. I am working, but it is very hard. Except that, I am all right.

—And this?

This was an operation on account of a fracture of the thigh bone. I fell down from a stepladder—not very high, fifteen feet. Was laid up for four months in the hospital, you know. But it is all healed. Only this leg is somewhat weaker than the other one. Outside of that I am all right.

—And this?

Here I suffered from an injury at work and the hand remained a little stiff. The doctors had to cut out something. But otherwise there is nothing the matter with me. I was never really sick.

—And this?

Oh, here? It was a burn with a hot iron, near the eye. But that happened at another kind of work, when I had no job at my own trade. It was terrible. The face is now a little crooked, but the eye has been saved, as you see, and I am all right.

**2. Boxes and Legs—**

—I examine the patient's legs, which are covered with ulcerations.

This is nothing, doctor. You know, I am a driver, and it often happens that the clerks, when they are in a hurry, throw boxes and packages on my feet, especially if there is no more room on the wagon. Of course, my shin-bones get hurt every day and are always sore. They never heal. But this is nothing and I would not have come to you for such a trifle. I meant to tell you that I have a cold.

**3. Poverty and Sacrifice—**

Just a news item: Her husband was crushed and killed by the elevator in the factory. She became insane. She has three young children and lives with them in her old mother's house. The old woman, herself weak and poor, takes care of them. There is the old father, too, who peddles the whole day, rain or sunshine.

Every minute there is a sacrifice.

I am called to one of the children and I see here that sad poetry that I so frequently meet wherever there is poverty.

**4. Remembrance—**

A case of lung tuberculosis. A young man. When I ask him about his past, he lifts his head, and his cloudy eyes glimmer. After a while he begins to smile and tells me the story of his adventurous life. Then he concludes with these words:

"Yes, it is difficult to stay the whole day in a shop, together with so many other people, especially for a man like me. I was born on the water, in Europe, on a river boat, of which my father was the captain, and I was always out-of-doors, under the broad, blue sky, until a few years ago. Here in the shop I am suffocating. I cannot breathe. No, I cannot breathe"—

And he has a fit of coughing.

**5. Degeneration—**

I am called to a man with a nervous attack. In the course of our conversation he tells me, among other things:

"Years ago I used to read very much. I was a Socialist. I knew the Communist Manifesto by heart. I was a workingman and an idealist, and I was always contented. But the devil inspired me to change my opinions, and now . . . now . . . I have a shop with fifty workers. Unfortunately, I am making good business. I think of nothing but my shop. If I can make something cheaper than my competitor I am glad. I am sinking deeper and deeper into the swamp. For five years I have not read a book. The people I meet are rough and unlearned; they can sign big checks, but they know nothing except business."

He stopped, cried like a baby, and then continued:

"The other day I met a comrade of the good old days. When he pronounced the word Ibsen, I was moved to tears as at the sight of a dead friend who had become alive again. He left a book in my house, by my mistake. I read it, and—this is the result."

"Yes, doctor," said his wife, "he is crying and shaking ever since he read that terrible book. He cannot go to the shop."

"What book was it?"

He: "Oh, it does not matter. It contained ideas, and, if I am to go on with my money-making business, I must not think."

# Future of the American Working Class and the I. W. W.

By HENRY VAN DORN

I

Anybody who is familiar with the present economic and labor situation in Europe and America must acknowledge that we are on the eve of events which will be of tremendous significance for the future of the American workingman. *Continental Europe is economically bankrupt.* It does not produce enough to keep its population from starving. With the possible exception of France, England, and the Scandinavian countries, the exchange value of European money is practically zero. As a consequence American export trade to Europe is but the ghost of its former self. This is one reason for a slump of production in our industries.

Russia is in great need of agricultural implements, rolling stock and many other things. For the last year it has offered to pay in gold for these things to any country which would sell to her. Anybody with an ounce of intelligence knows that the Soviet regime in Russia is there to stay. Nevertheless, on account of the stupidity of our so-called "statesmen" the United States has up to the present time refused to enter into diplomatic or trade relationships with Russia. Great Britain, however, has at last awakened to the folly of the Allied attitude towards Russia and has allowed Russian trading stations to be opened in London and other places. The indications are that Germany and the Scandinavian countries will follow her example. It is therefore a fairly safe prediction to make that thru the shortsightedness of her foreign policy the United States has lost the enormous volume of the Russian import trade, thereby losing what would have been a great stimulus to increased production in her industries.

While the war was on, a large portion of our working class was busy making munitions, or was engaged in other activities caused directly or indirectly by the war. Only just enough production for home consumption was going on to supply the immediate needs of the country. Since the armistice the entire man-power which formerly was engaged in war work of one kind or another has been diverted into fields of production for home consumption and for peace time export to those countries which are still able to pay. Now, it ought to be apparent to anybody who has a sound mind that if during the war this country could engage a very large part of its man power on war work and still provide its population with practically all the necessary things of life, that after the war, with our resources intact and our industries unimpaired and the countries whole man-power engaged in producing for home consumption and for a diminished export trade, it would only be a matter of time before the country would catch up with its partly neglected industries, would have the warehouses stocked with commodities and would be *confronted with overproduction, unemployment and an economic crisis.* How far down this road of economic disaster have we traveled?

After the armistice a number of factors combined to keep up for a while the appearances of war-time prosperity. There was a great deal of construction work to be caught up with, such as the building of dwellings, hotels, factories for the production of peace-time commodities, and highways would have been put off until after the end of the war. An oil boom was on in Texas and in parts of Oklahoma and Louisiana which supplied employment to thousands of men. The war had created a multitude of rich and and nearly rich men who were doing their best to spend a part of their easily-gained wealth. Automobiles were in greater demand than ever before and the factories that make them were kept working overtime while new factories were being built on an unprecedented scale. That portion of the working class which had made comparatively high wages in war industries had acquired the habit of spending their earnings somewhat more lavishly than before, which habit it kept up until their savings became exhausted and the high cost of living put a stop to it.

These combined factors have had the effect of stimulating production for a year and a half after the signing of the armistice, thus lending to the United States the appearance of possessing a healthy economic life. What is the situation confronting the American working class today?

II

The American working class as a whole is worse off today than it ever had been prior to the war. While the sturdy sons of this land of the brave and home of the free were over in Europe fighting to make the world safe for democracy, Congress "slipped one over" on them and made America safe for Autocracy. Under the pretext of war-time necessity it passed legislation which took away from the people their rights of free speech, free press, and free assemblage. To make a good job of it, most of the states have passed the so-called Anti-Syndicalism laws. Kansas and other states have recently passed legislation making strikes and other manifestations of industrial unrest a crime in the eyes of the law. To this must be added the arbitrary power of judges to issue injuctions against strikers, to pass unwarrantedly harsh sentences and to allow political and industrial prisoners to languish in jail for months and years before bringing them to trial. When some of the leaders of the recent coal and railroad strikes were arrested, one

or the other of the above enumerated laws or usurpations of power were brought into operation. Thousands of I. W. W.'s, Communists, Unionists are today in prison, either serving their sentences or awaiting trial or deportation. *Thus has the American working class lost its civil and political liberties and its legal rights.*

The purchasing power of the dollar is now about one third of what it was in 1914. Have wages increased in a like ratio? Not by any means. Outside of a few crafts in the building industry, the wage increases lag far behind the rise in the cost of living. The wages of a large part of the population are so low as to bring it dangerously near to the starvation line. This has been the main reason for the very great number of strikes during the past year, — and especially of the so-called "outlaw" strikes. Which brings us to the *American Federation of Labor.*

Every big strike conducted since the Armistice by the American Federation of Labor has been lost. By losing the coal strike, the longhoremen's strike and the steel strike, the A. F. of L. has conclusively proven its utter inability to successfully wage war against the employing class. By trying to break the so-called "outlaw" strikes of printers and switchmen at least those brotherhood heads involved in these strikes have made an official entry on the side of the employing class. Being based on the antiquated principle of craft unionism, reeking with corruption from top to bottom, and being controlled by a group of well-to-do, self-seeking, old-time political traders, the American Federation of Labor has lost whatever value it ever possessed as a weapon for fighting the battles of the American working class.

This past year has also witnessed the break-up of the *Socialist Party* into three bitterly antagonistic factions. What remains of the original Socialist Party has been irretrievably discredited by its leaders, Morris Hillquit and Seymour Stedman, at the trial of the five expelled New York Socialist assemblymen. These gentlemen showed themselves up admirably in their true colors of smooth bourgeois politicians hostile to every truly revolutionary principle and to every move or genuine benefit to the working class, fawning and currying to the powers that be, in order to retain their finger in the political pie. On the other hand, the *Communist and Communist Labor parties* repudiate parliamentarism and political action in the commonly accepted sense of that term, yet they are political organizations; they profess to believe in direct action, yet they do nothing towards organizing the workers in their respective industries; they aver their fervent faith in industrial democracy and in the dictatorship of the proletariat, yet the members of these parties lift not their little fingers that the workers may get control of industry and may run it efficiently; they loudly proclaim their strict adherence to cold facts and realities, and they boast of the wisdom that they have imbibed from the mistakes of past ages, yet to the American working class they offer "mass action", which is so utterly unsuited to our political and industrial conditions as the weapon with which to bring down the beast of capitalism. In short, they are neither fowl, fish, nor venison. As far as its usefulness to the proletariat is concerned the Socialist party is dead, while the other two parties are tangled up in such a mass of contradictions that the working class has little or nothing to expect from them.

From the newly organized *Labor Party* we have no reason to expect more than we could have received from the Socialist Party of former years. Should the Labor candidates be lucky enough to get into office in some localities, the most that they could obtain for the working class would be a few mild municipal reforms. The same argument that holds good against political Socialism in this country applies with equal force to the Labor Party: if all the wage-earning men and women eligible to vote would cast their ballots for the Labor Party it would not receive a clear majority because our industrial proletariat entitled to vote does not form fifty per cent of the voting population.

*Already signs of unemployment are seen wherever one may turn.* It is a bet that this year the harvest fields will be overflooded with men. Our working class is facing a hard winter and a still harder spring.

While the condition of the working class has been becoming more unbearable day by day, and while their defenses have broken down, *the ranks of the employing class have undergone a process of solidification.* A number of anti-labor organizations, such as the American Legion and others have been formed and are steadily growing stronger. A nation-wide campaign for the open shop, backed by the whole money power of big business, is on foot. To give one instance of it: James F. Costello of the Brooklyn Central Labor Council declared at the Convention of the American Federation of Labor in Montreal that the Manufacturers' Association and the business interests of New York City were raising a fund of $5,000,000 to carry on an open shop war.

To sum up: *the working class has lost its political and legal rights; it has witnessed the breakdown of those organizations on which it formerly relied to better its living conditions; it has suffered a drop in wages as measured in terms of their purchasing power; and it is faced by a protracted period of un-employment; the employing class is stronger and more solidly organized than ever before.*

What is there left for the working class to turn to in this its hour of supreme need?

III

The only organization able to wage war for

the working class against these tremendous odds is a class-conscious, revolutionary, industrial organization with a stiff backbone, which knows what it wants, realizes what it is up against, and is willing to pay the price in order to attain its ends. It must be an organization that cannot be cajoled into submission, cannot be bought, disrupted or corrupted.

*That Organization is the Industrial Workers of the World. Founded on the rock of revolutionary industrial unionism, it has stood the acid test of time and of adversity. With thousands of its members in prison, calumniated and persecuted as no other organization in the history of America, it emerges today stronger and more buoyantly hopeful of final victory for the laboring masses than it ever has been since the day of its inception. The Industrial Workers of the World is the only bulwark from behind which the working class may successfully fight against our dollar plutocracy which is trying to impose a system of industrial slavery upon the American people.*

The I. W. W. is the only labor union in America which organizes the workers by industries and not by crafts. What is more, it organizes the workers in all the industries. When the workers in all the industries are united together in a compact, class-conscious body which believes that an injury to one is an injury to all, then we have the One Big Union. The I. W. W. is based on industrial unionism, and its aim is to build up the One Big Union of all the workers.

When the workers in any industry, such as the building, the railroad or the metal and machinery workers' industry, are all united together in one union and act as one man, their power is almost limitless. By virtue of their absolute control over the industry to which they belong, as well as on account of the disastrous effect on other industries, should they go out on strike, they can obtain from the employing class any demand that they see fit and just to make. In the course of time these industrial unions would become so powerful and efficient that if they so desired, they could dispense with the capitalist class altogether, so that instead of working for the profits of a few individuals, from then on they would be working for the good of all the people.

The capitalist class of America realizes this and that is why it persecutes the I. W. W. and lies about it. It realizes that its game of robbing the people is up once the I. W. W. is given the chance to organize the workers into the One Big Union. So the mouthpieces of the capitalists spread lies about the I. W. W. and call it ugly names. They say that the I. W. W. preaches violence, murder and destruction, while the truth is that the I. W. W., by advocating a course which will save our working class from starvation and our industries from ruin, is the one sane and constructive force in America today, while it is the capitalists themselves who practice violence by the employment of thugs and gunmen, and who murder, — body, mind and soul, — millions of working men and women by imposing upon them insanitary and inhuman conditions of employment at insufficient wages.

Another reason why the capitalists are afraid of the I. W. W. is because it is so easily accessible to the working class and is practically corruption-proof. Its initiation fee and monthly dues are very low; it has a universal transfer system from one industry into another and from one locality to another, without extra charge, and its officers are elected by referendum, are subject to recall at any time, and their salary is equivalent to the average wage of an ordinary worker. Most important of all, only wage-earning men and women may become members of the I. W. W. All these things combine to make of the Industrial Workers of the World a tower of strength.

IV

The message that I hope this article will bring to the members as well as to the non-members of the I. W. W. is this: Your Salvation, my salvation, and the salvation of every working man and woman in this country rests upon the triumph of working class solidarity over criminal capitalism; that *Solidarity is the only thing that counts.* And the welfare, the growth, the coming into power of the organization which embodies that solidarity should form the uppermost concern of your mind. To *it* you should consecrate the choicest products of your hand and brain, at all times and under all circumstances, whatever you may do and wherever you may be. Let the three golden letters, I. W. W., which stand for education, organization, and emancipation become the three faithful seekers after truth and justice, you should follow them, looking neither to the right nor to left, until you see the glorious red dawn o fthe new day of Freedom breaking over the horizon.

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## *Remember!*

There are still many hundreds of I. W. W. men in jail.

There are three kinds of work in behalf of these men that must never stop:

1. **Raise bail for them.**
2. **Raise money for defense in the courts.**
3. **Raise money for jail comforts and for family relief.**

But most important of all:

**Push the organization work to the limit of your endurance.** Without that, all the other work will fail.

**Buy the stamps!**
**Send contributions!**

# Instinct and Better Organization

By RALPH WINSTEAD

To the Industrial Workers of the World a suggested change in structure does not seem like sacrilege. Battling as this organization does against terrible odds, it is forced by the unremitting ferocity of its struggle for existence to change its organs and use them for the best advantage as every new difficulty presents itself. Without this capacity for adaptation the I. W. W. would have gone under while still in its swaddling clothes. So it is with no surprise that we loggers of the Northwest find presented at this the most crucial hour of our existence both as an organization and perhaps as human beings, a new plan, or modification, of organization, o fthe whole One Big Union.

Throughout the camps and mills of the lumber industry the workers have been discussing this proposed change, so perhaps it will not be out of order to examine the new plan here and compare it with what we have at present. In Solidarity as well as The One Big Union Monthly a chart was printed giving an outline of the change, which is to be based on shop or job units.

If the arguments here presented give only examples of how the change will work in the lumber workers' organization it is through no thought of local or industrial union patriotism but only because the writer is more familiar with the workings of the Seattle District of L. W. I. U. No. 500, and believes that members of other units can apply the thoughts here expressed to their own branch.

The new plan provides for job organizations in an industrial union with more than 5,000 members. When any job can scare up seven members of that union in good standing they are entitled to send a delegate to a central job council, which must have seven jobs in an industry represented before being founded. These central job councils elect delegates to the District Industrial Union Council, which has an executive committee which will function somewhat as the present District Organization Committees function. Then the District Industrial Union Councils will also send delegates to the Industrial Union Headquarters Council, which in turn will have a General Organization Committee, as at present, and will nominate members of the General council.

The District Industrial Union Councils will elect delegates to a District Joint Council composed of delegates from all the Industrial Unions in the district, and this District Joint Council will, in addition to looking after general organization work in the district, have charge of propaganda, defense and auditing the district clearing house books as well as regulating the personnel of the clearing house clerks.

Now this is a radical change or departure from the system now in practice, even when the present system works smoothly without any friction with the police. At present district membership meetings are held, which, as rule, accommodate only a small fraction of the membership that could attend and scarcely a fraction of those who are in the organization. These Industrial Union meetings attend to the routine business, handle complaints, listen to the meows of malcontents, and in general are inefficient and unsatisfactory. In the lumber industry especially, with the great number of members who can never travel clear across the district to attend the meetings, this form of transacting routine business and of supervising the various committees is unsatisfactory. It has been felt so, and a move has been made already to have a delegate council to meet in Seattle every month to transact what business lies in their province and to discuss their various jobs, with their problems, and to get literature.

So it is no new thing to the loggers to hear about job organization. That emphasis has been placed for quite a while but as yet no system has been installed that will enable all the different isolated jobs to keep in touch with one another and make industrial effort replace job effort. This new plan of having councils solves the difficulty.

The one great fear of the membership is that their officials may become autocratic and that control of those officials may pass out of the hands of the interested members. So we find in a district all standing committees and officials being nominated from the floor of the district business meeting or in the job branches and voted on by a referendum of the entire membership. In theory this is the most democratic way of election, but in practice we often find that men are elected to responsible positions and then after a few days refuse to either resign or to function properly. They can be recalled by a referendum, but such a proceeding is costly and usually the organization worries along with the fifth wheel until the next election, when there is another attempt made.

Now under the new system each delegate will be picked from the active members by his fellow workers on the job. After functioning in the central job councils and proving his worth, he may be elected to the district council and from there, still keeping his connection with his job, he will be eligible to the district joint council and the general council. If at any time the workers on this job do not like the way he is representing them he can be recalled at a job meeting and a delegate sent in his place to the central job council with demands for his withdrawal.

Still, if the method of general referendum is preferred for election purposes, such a system could easily be worked out so far as the election of permanent committees was concerned, such as the District Organization Committee and General Organization Committee, along with district clerks and

the like, without interfering with the council principle.

The main factor in favor of the new plan is that it favors cohesiveness, renders each part of the organization susceptible to movements and dangers of the other parts. It establishes means of intercommunication that are absolutely necessary if the I. W. W. is to carry out its mission and to establish order out of misery and chaos.

The very basis of the whole Revolutionary Industrial movement is social feeling, SOLIDARITY, the realization that the workers must act together. Those industries have responded best to the agitation of the I. W. W. wherein the workers live group lives. In the camps and other social aggregations the Wobbly could impress his fellow slaves with his teachings and so they, because they could not segregate themselves, were forced to learn and adopt the new social philosophy. Solidarity has slowly been built up in the camps and jobs, till every one can boast at least of a small group of earnest-eyed workers who know and belong.

At this point, in the lumber industry, at least, we seem to have halted temporarily. Job action there has been—lots of it. Some has paid and some has failed to produce definite results. But the point is that beyond job action there has been little activity since the general eight-hour day strike. Why? The answer is plain. THERE ARE NO CONSTANTLY OPEN CHANNELS OF INTERCOMMUNICATION UNITING ALL THE WORKERS ON ALL THE JOBS IN THE INDUSTRY TOGETHER. Two or three jobs in the same locality suffering from the same conditions call job strikes at different times without knowing that the other neighbor camps are ready to act. Job bulletins are splendid things but by the time the news filters in to the printer and then gets distributed to the camps weeks may elapse. By having the job, central and district council system in operation all that great fund of solidarity which in most cases lies unused and unexpressed with little chance for expression except in the little group on the jobs, would be called on to work for the whole organization intelligently and not blindly as at present.

Working class solidarity is an offshoot or development of an inherent instinct. It cannot be eradicated—because that instinct is as old as life. It is called gregariousness, and through its aid the old primitive herds of men fought and conquered the giant mammoth, the saber-toothed tiger and all their other mortal enemies. It is closely bound up with biological instincts of fear and self-preservation. The herd developed, even before speech was possible, means of intercommunication.

Sometimes, when chattering and searching for their food, gathering berries, munching roots and searching for shell fish, an occasional alarm was given. How they all closed ranks, deciding in an instant the line of action to take, and then, their fear overcome by that feeling of courage which touch and communication with the herd always gives one, they would fall on their enemy, would start an orderly retreat, or would return to their eating satisfied that the alarm was false. Ingrained in each of us is that instinct of gregariousness, and we workers have translated it into terms of solidarity to members of our class.

Last November came from Centralia the terrible news that our fellow workers were being slaughtered by howling mobs. Everywhere that story spread, of the bloody lynchings with more to follow. In the heart of every true worker who had listened to the message of class consciousness flashed that herd concept of instinctive fear. That old impulse to gather together and act against the enemy surged into the consciousness of every one of us.

In every camp and job where there were wobblies working men stumbled out into the night when they heard the word, seeking their fellow workers, gathering in groups, talking, worrying, wishing for something to do. But there were no means of communication. There was no way to take intelligent steps or to use that great conception of solidarity that flared up on all sides. The Scissorbill used it, and a hundred raids testify to the herd instinct that was aroused in the henchmen of the powers that be. But we could gather no force for either protection or offense. In a few days the herd instinct of gathering the forces had spent itself and there came—as always comes when fear finds no antidote in intelligent action—panic.

Scattered were the organs that had been built up. Gone were the fighting members who would have stuck to the last ditch could they have been able to communicate and act intelligently **together.** So, starting with a handful of cynical members, those whom neither fire nor water cause to flinch, the weary, back-bending task of reorganizing the old structure and getting the defense ready for the victims commenced. These fearless warriors have done this job not once, but a dozen times in the last few years. Each clash proves how deeply ingrained the teachings of the I. W. W. are in the minds of the workers and proves further than a structure capable of supplying social action rather than only job action must be raised if we are to go into the bigger fight, the social fight, and come out victor.

Could the members on the different jobs have called their meetings, elected delegates to specially called Central Job Councils, and so got into touch with the whole organization they would have felt their strength, they would have at least known that they **were doing something** and the panic would have been averted even though they could not strike a blow at their enemy that would stagger him.

It is the concept or feeling of action that strengthens the courage of the group and which is capable of calling all the latent solidarity of the masses into action. **Nothing is so demoralizing as lack of communication and the consequent feeling of isolation combined with inaction.** Even in those members who have been unflinchingly on the battle front for years, isolation and inaction produces a querulousness and a nervousness that prevents the full application of fighting ability to the immediate task.

The I. W. W. is a solid unit, unsplit by factional fights or warring egoism, yet so great is the isolation of its members that there is developed in times of need a nervous reaction of anxiety, of pessimism, and we see an alarming spread of rumors of all sorts among members who would refuse to listen to such guff or be disturbed over little things in other times. All these happenings are symptoms of repressed panic and are there because their is no opportunity for concerted action on the part of the group.

This lack of inter-communication causes in many instances a lack of unity between the rank and file and the officials as well as disputes between officials. Gossip finds listeners and breeds distrust while intolerance in personal peculiarities developes because the channels for diverting all this nervous and critical energy are blocked.

With the full development of the job unit system there will be formed the District General Council which will take charge of general organization affairs. Their functioning will tend to nullify any tendencies toward Industrial patriotism and make of all the workers in all the industries, fellow workers, with a chance for development and expression of true solidarity.

Let us perfect our lines of communication. The job unit and council plan show the way.

# Conditions on the Pacific Coast

By A WANDERING WOBBLY

The Canadian "One Big Union" claims to have considerable vogue in Los Angeles, Oakland, and other California points, and in Butte and Billings, in Montana. Just to what extent I am unable to determine, for the movement seems to have neither head nor tail. It is too cowardly, in my estimation, to arrive anywhere. It seems to want the workers to think it is the same as the I. W. W. and the authorities to think that it is not. To the workers it makes the claim to be the logical "successor" to the S. T. and L. A., the Knights of Labor, the W. I. I. U., and the I. W. W., while the testimony of its officials in recent trials in California are frantic denials of the slightest connection with a revolutionary purpose.

George W. Graydon, secretary of the O. B. U. in Los Angeles, testified in the criminal syndicalism case of Syndey Flowers, that "We are trying to organize the wage workers for the purpose of getting better wages and better working conditions and solidifying the workers' political power. The One Big Union stands for political action and is opposed to strikes unless they are forced upon us. We will do anything we can to keep from striking. We believe strikes are a loss to the workers.

In Seattle this "One Big Union" is safely in the hands of a very few doctrinaire Canadian and English "commodity struggle" socialists, who are busily engaged in splitting hairs as to the exact meaning of the word "political" and in deriding the idea that an industrial union could possibly build the framework of a new society within the shell of the old. As these men have no citizenship, it follows that they have no votes, and their grouping is not industrial lines. In fact they seem afraid to hold an open meeting except in the form of a "study class." They are making no headway.

The Seattle situation is peculiar. From one to fourteen years just for packing a red card, and yet everything the wobblies say can be said by those who do not carry cards or whose membership cannot be proved. The building laborers, the longshoremen, many of the machinists, some of the electricians, laundry workers, shipyard laborers, shipwrights, carpenters, and others in the craft unions have absolutely no use for the A. F. of L. and will accept the I. W. W. plan and program, but will not join the I. W. W. itself at this time. This feeling is purely a rank and file development, scarcely a radical in any of the bodies mentioned could be called a "leader", and the few who might be thus termed are holding back the mass so that, when the break does come, as inevitably it must, there will be a large enough body to hold its own against the combined onslaughts of the capitalists and their agents, the international union officials.

The actions of Seattle radicals seem peculiar to anyone who does not know of the conditions mentioned. The choice rests between "boring from within", splitting into an "independent industrial organization," or joining the I. W. W. at a time when the organization is honeycombed with spies and its membership lists are constantly falling into the hands of the employers and the police.

The craft unions are in the last ditch. This is not solely due to craft weaknesses, for there has been a shut-down in the shipyards. Boilermakers, heralded as having the largest local union in the world, has dropped in one year from more than 17,000 members to less than 4,500. Shipyard laborers, riggers and fasteners, which was the second largest union, is now one of the smaller unions with an average attendance of less than 35 members. This union, however, which was industrial to the extent of being recruited entirely within shipyard construction, is a victim of craft unionism, for, as soon as a decline in membership started in the other unions, there was a scramble to partition its members among the different international unions. The machinists admit that their union is on the down grade with no hope in sight unless they quit the A. F. of L. and unite industrially with other workers.

The tailors, strong advocates of industrial unionism even to some of the higher officials, and with a shop steward system second to none, lost their recent strike and returned to an open shop. They are getting the wages and hours they sought, but they lost

shop control and will have to rebuild their shop committee system.

The longshoremen lost their last strike, both truckers and stevedores having to relinquish the list system of calling gangs, but this is no victory for the employers either, as practically no freight is moving to the port of Seattle since the "outlaw" switchmen took a vacation and the waterfront workers of Japan cut off much of the Oriental commerce.

The tyrographical union strike was lost, the building trade strike was lost, the dye works strike was lost, and the bakers are now on strike, but with some chance of success. There is talk among the bakers of an amalgamation of foodstuffs unions, which is not industrial unionism by any means, but has such significance since it proceeeds from the rank and file.

The Central Labor Council lacks life or purpose. The seats are half empty. Scarcely a week that some pseudo-intellectual, broken-down preacher, hare-brained visionary or governmental propagandist is not introduced to make a talk. The council has no economic function at all since its component parts have lost all economic strength.

The leaders of the craft unions, in fact, are opposed to economic progress for it always takes a turn that they are unable to control. So they are devoting their time and attention and the money of the dues-payers to a fake outfit called the Triple Alliance, which is vainly trying to unite on the political field the farmers, the railwaymen outside of the A. F. of L, and the craft unions lined up in the State Federation of Labor.

In addition to that they are furthering all sorts of co-operatives, some of them with the most honest of intentions, however, misled, but many of them with the deliberate purpose of faking the deal. Neither the craft union leaders nor the Rochdale brand of co-operators have any use for the three non-profit co-operatives—the Equity Printing Company, operated to insure some freedom of press; the Co-operative Cafe that puts all surplus into radical propaganda; and the People's Park, which was started because every picnic ground in the Northwest had been closed to the radicals.

The union leaders are also whooping it up for a group of allied stock-selling schemes of the get-rich-quick order:—the Deep Sea Salvage Company, Federated Films, United Theatres, Co-operative Stevedoring, Padillah Bay tide flat lands to be reclaimed with a dyke at some future date, and then to clinch the hold—a Producers' National Bank. The Union Record bunch is in this muck up to its neck.

The State Federation officials have had to get into peanut politics because there is not enough economic activity connected with their jobs to justify a State office. With a few exceptions, the radicals wisely refrained from accepting any offices in the last union elections, so none of the blame for all this muddle can be saddled on the element that favors a different form of organization, a different set of tactics and a social system different from that which seems so dear to the hearts of the advocates and supporters of craft unionism.

The encouraging feature of the situation of the entire Pacific Coast and especially in the Northwest, including the copper region of Montana, is that there are thousands who have sufficient understanding of revolutionary industrial unionism and the historic mission of the workers to withstand the attacks of enemies and false friends on the I. W. W.

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# Give Us a Photo Play of Life

**By Raymond Corder**

**Give us a photo play of life—**
**Banish the tinsel from the screen;**
**Do away with the heroine**
**With lips that suck at saccharine**
**Nymph-like shapes and naiad curves,**
**And doctored hair like burnished gold;**
**Such stuff is stale, it's getting old.**
**It's getting on our jaded nerves.**
**Won't some one write scenarios**
**Void of the sickening weeps and woes**
**Of a bourgeois wife with an aching heart,**
**A vampire fluff with a powdered nose,**
**And a silk hat spouse to cap the part—**
**Give us a play of life.**

**Give us a photo play we live—**
**Show us the life of a common slob,**
**With unshaved chin and a slanted nob,**
**Empty bellied, out of a job.**
**Give us a look at the factory Jane**
**(And damn the dashing pink tea tout,**
**Who meets her, loves her, takes her out)—**
**Let her marry an overalled swain.**
**Give us a show of the bloody strife**
**On the picket line, and the traitor's knife,**
**Of gunmen, hunger, cold and dirt,**
**Hell and pain of a worker's life,**
**Idyls of the knights of the greasy shirt—**
**Give us the play we live.**

# A Near Industrial Union

By MATILDA ROBBINS

Those who read the "New Republic" have recently been introduced to a series of articles on an organization known as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, written by William Hard, star journalist of that periodical.

Hard is a very clever writer—clever with that superficial knowledge and play on words so peculiar to his trade. It is amazing with what degree of sureness he discusses things that are seemingly foreign to him and how misleading the whole tone of his articles is while appearing to be well-informed. He tries to show a familiarity with labor union jargon, with proletarian jargon, with revolutionary jargon. But his mind and his pen constantly run on bourgeois ethics, on "business" methods, on "specialists" and on leaders. The great mass of workers that comprise the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America counts for nothing in his articles; he dwells among executives, officials and "leaders," and it is from them that he gets his estimate of problems and conditions of labor. He may be a good observer, but labor organizations need more than observation; they need study. This he has not done, and the result is that he gets over, under guise of progressivism, a most pernicious set of practices by as unscrupulous a set of "leaders" as ever took root in the American labor movement.

I cannot quarrel with Hard too much. He is just a journalist, writing for a periodical whose readers are mainly liberal harmonizers between capital and labor and would always welcome such labor leaders as have fastened themselves on the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. My protest and the protest of my earnest and class-conscious fellow workers is against this newly powerful group of leaders who have come among us to cloak their conservatism, if not reactionism, with honeyed and "revolutionary" phrases; who speak of the A. F. of L. as reactionary and undemocratic, only to become as that organization and even worse.

A convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America was recently held in Boston. According to William Hard this is "the most proletarianly advanced trade union in America." The president of this union, Mr. Sidney Hillman, who addressed the delegates to the convention—workers from the clothing shops of New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Rochester and other places—as "fellow workers," costs the union $7,500 a year in salary alone. Small wonder that Hard saw in Hillman a "neat, trim, quiet, collected" (I should say collecting), agreeable, smiling . . . extremely successful manager of the most proletarianly advanced trade union in America."

I think that Samuel Gompers is a much underpaid official, for he, president of the whole American Federation of Labor, gets only a little more than Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, only lately a secession union of one of the A. F. of L. internationals.

I don't know how much Sidney Hillman earned as cutter in a clothing factory five years ago, but I strongly suspect that it was considerably less than $7,500 a year, even in rush seasons when he worked overtime. Five years or so of managing a "proletarianly advanced" union, however, has a tendency to raise the standards of the manager. When I think of Lenin and Trotzky and other members of the Central Committee of the Federated Russian Soviet Republic receiving about $90 a month, and how little this sum can now buy in Russia, I wonder if those delegates who cheered Russia's Soviet Republic and Russia's Red Army could have remembered their $7,500 a year president and their other expensive officials.

A strange anomaly are these clothing workers! They fought their way through the most pernicious system of sweat shop exploitation known in this country into some semblance of organization in the A. F. of L. years ago. It took them more years to find out the corrupt leadership in their unions, the chicanery, the trading with the bosses. Then came the split of their international in the A. F. of L. and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America was formed.

This latest organization came into existence with the class-conscious element as a leaven. These were the rebels against the tyrannical domination of the A. F. of L. machine; against high-salaried, swallow-tail coated, Civic Federationized officials; against autocratic executive boards; against the old form of craft union morality of "identity of interests between capital and labor." This was to be an industrial, democratically managed union; a true workers' organization. Such was the wish of the rank and file of the seceding faction. But such was not the will of the crafty ones who saw opportunity for themselves in the turn of events.

After five years of life, the Amalgamated came to Boston for its 1920 convention with a swollen treasury, seeking an outlet in enterprise. It brought with it as expensive and domineering a set of officials as can be found in any of the A. F. of L. old internationals. It listened without rising in revolt against President Sidney Hillman's plea for **increased production!** It silently concurred in the opinion of Executive Board Member Hyman Blumberg as to standards of work and the grading of workers according to measure of production in the clothing shops. It listened, although somewhat bored, to the lengthy reading of the secretary's printed report, and it found no criticism with his juggling of "the philosophy of work and wages." It was perfectly behaved, this erstwhile rebellious contingent from the clothing shops, and it let the official machine run away with it.

I say "run away," because the Hillman type of officialdom is too shrewd to run over it. This type found the steam roller of the Gompers official machine too crude and in the long run inefficient. It knows that the tendency among the workers is to recoil from craft union blows and strike back. So it has adopted the suave persuasiveness of certain lawyers in defense of ousted socialist assemblymen. It uses the term "comrade" a lot. It uses a certain kind of "good-fellow" diplomacy. It uses, above all, much verbiage—soft, superior, equivocal verbiage. Verbiage designed to show why it should get $7,500 a year jobs from the workers in the clothing industry; why these workers ought to be for increased production, for standards, for the "shop"; all these things, which really mean the maintenance of harmonious relations between the union and the boss.

It is no mere accident that the discussion of "standards" for increased production and measure of output by each "grade" of workers in the clothing shops, according to pay, was left to the very last hours of the convention. It has always been the game of officially manned conventions to leave important and delicate business to as near the close of the convention as possible, anticipating the waning freshness and patience of the delegates, and then rush it through with machine-like speed.

So the protests of those delegates who saw in this pernicious system of standards of output and increased production the revival of the old sweatshop, speeding-up, piece-work slavery were squelched by these "radical" labor-union diplomats and the convention went on record as endorsing it. These have become Amalgamated standards.

At this writing the report comes from Baltimore that 3,000 workers who pursued "Amalgamated standards" in the factory of Sonneborn & Co. are locked out. The firm claims that the manufacturing cost of clothing is too high, consequently clothing in the market is too highly priced and under-consumption ensues. Or shall we say "overproduction"? The firm proposed putting the workers with their Amalgamated standards on half time. This the union refused. So it was locked out—standards for increased production and all.

According to William Hard's enthusiastic report of the executive board member's emphatic demand that the opponents of standards at the convention "know that the workers in Sonneborn's believe in standards" was about the biggest thing that happened at the convention. This grading and standardization of work and workers so impressed Hard that he could only compare it with one thing—perhaps the one he knows most about—"handicapping in golf." I'm sure the readers of the "New Republic" will understand what that means.

To the workers in the clothing industry, however, these standards that their officialdom foists on them are a real handicap—a handicap to efficient, revolutionary organization. What are these "standards" but the old "identity of interests between capital and labor"? This old wolf in his new sheepskin proposes increased production—increased production so that the workers may all the sooner be thrown out of employment; increased production so that the lines of unemployed may grow even greater.

Ah, yes, but the convention voted that "The Industry," the bosses, that is, should provide an Unemployment Fund of a million or so, which William Hard (whom it gives me pleasure to quote) declares to be "a principle natural to a truly industrial union." I wonder if the officials of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers told Hard that this joker, designed to lead the workers away from the problem of organization along revolutionary lines, was a "principle natural to a truly industrial union." Or else, where did he get his information? It could not come from the workers, for those who did not protest against the crumbs of benevolent industrialism to be thrown to them by the bosses when they have produced too much wealth were just dumbly quiescent.

So at the convention of this "most proletarianly advanced trade-union" increased production and standards of grading were fastened on the workers in the clothing industry in the attempt of the officials to insure some degree of amity between the bosses and the union and to avert strikes. For the leaders are always against strikes. Strikes threaten their berths and disturb their peace and plenty. Anything but strikes. So the workers are led into intricacies and entanglements for which these "leaders" and interpreters and harmonizers and adjustment boards and all the rest of the legalistic machinery devised by "labor experts" must be retained at high cost. And the workers pay.

## Notice to Subscribers

If you fail to receive your magazine regularly, we suggest that you send in an additional 10 cents for each copy, and we will send it by first class mail.

The post office accepts our publications for insurance and registry, but if we mail it as plain "printed matter" the Palmer-Burleson servants hold part of it "for inspection."

As it will be several months before we get rid of this obnoxious gang of politicians, we have to ask our subscribers to be patient. Perhaps it will be better afterwards.

# Strike on the Job

By FREDERICK A. BLOSSOM

At a time when the class-conscious workers of England, France and Italy are systematically decreasing production in order to help put the final crimp into the capitalist system, and when the I. W. W., at its Annual Convention, adopts a resolution advocating the "strike on the job" as an effective weapon against industrial tyranny. the "radical" leaders of the Socialist unions in the textile industry are running true to form as defenders of the capitalist system by introducing *speeding-up methods* in order to ensure the boss's profits against any slowing down on the part of the workers. This is on a par with their system of contracts forbidding strikes and goes further than the A. F. of L. in increasing the employer's profits at the expense of the workers.

The official ring of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, in spite of feeble protests from the more enlightened and courageous portions of their membership, are establishing "production standards" in connection with week work. Under this system, a worker must turn out a certain amount of work per day. If he falls below this minimum, he will be discharged, with the consent and approval of his union. This is even worse than piece work, as, under that system, if you produce less, you earn less but you hold on to your job.

In similar manner the officials of the International Ladies Garment Workers are adopting *"efficiency systems"* for their branch of the industry. In Cleveland, for example, they are paying $10,000 from union funds to "efficiency experts" to work out methods of increasing production. In other words, officials who get their salaries from the workers are using the workers' money to install a system by which the boss will be able to drive his slaves harder, increase his profits and get the same production with fewer employees!

In the contract entered into on April 9 with four leading ribbon manufacturers of New York and vicinity, the minister-reformers at the head of the Amalgamated Textile Workers followed the seductive example of their evil genius, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and made careful provision for keeping production up to standard. "Public interest," the preamble to this contract declares, "requires increasing production as a PRIME factor in reducing commodity prices. (Not a word about decreasing profits!) Weavers should not intentionally restrict individual output."

Any ruling of the Impartial (?) Chairman with regard to wages, the contract expressly stipulates, "must provide for DEDUCTIONS of pay for any failure to accomplish fair production on the part of the individual weaver. Any such ruling or regulating of the basis of compensation of weavers shall be ordered by the Impartial Chairman which permits decreased production or fails to guarantee fair production. Any ruling which results in decreased production shall be immediately revoked and rectified. Every wage scale shall be accompanied by a scale of production."

These leaders, even if they are honest, are misleading the workers.

Increased production means more profits for the boss, but more unemployment for the workers. The more they produce, the sooner the market will be filled with goods and the factories will shut down.

Speeding up wrecks the workers' health, throws them out of employment and strengthens the system under which they are exploited.

Slow down, fellow workers! Speeding up wears you out and makes you old before your time. When you are broken down from overwork, the boss will throw you on the scrap heap like a worn-out piece of machinery. Take it easy and save your strength.

Slow down, fellow worker, and make a place for the man or woman who is out of work. The less you produce, the more employees the boss will have to hire. If you speed up, you keep someone else out of a job. Take it easy and give the other fellow a chance!

Slow down, fellow worker, and make your own job last longer! The faster you work, the sooner the boss will lay you off. *Don't work yourself out of a job.* Take it easy!

Do not listen to the fools and fakers who try to persuade you that "the prosperity of the industry is your prosperity." You have no interest in the business beyond your daily wage. Whether your boss makes thousands or millions, you will never get more than just enough to live on — and often not even that. If you increase production, you are merely making more profits for the boss and providing him with more money to fight you when you go out on strike. Why kill yourself making ammunition for your enemy? *Slow Down!*

Profits are the life-blood of capitalism. Without them, it cannot live. When you increase production, you increase profits and thereby build up the capitalist system — you help to prolong its life. If you are a revolutionary worker, therefore, if you want the day to come when the workers will control industry, you will turn a deaf ear to the union officials and other servants of the employing class, when they urge you to "increase production." Instead, you will resist every effort to make you speed up, whether by "production standards," efficiency systems, bonuses, premiums, overtime or any other slave-driving trick.

Slow down fellow worker! Help to strangle the capitalist system by cutting off its profits. *Strike on the job—all the time!*

STAND BY YOUR CLASS! SLOW DOWN!

# The Germans and the I. W. W.

**White Guard Atrocities Against the German Workers**
**(Translated from the German by Wm. Weyh)**

*"The General Workingmen's Union* (Allegemeine Arbeiter Union) is a part of the international revolutionary working class movement which is trying by all means to bring about the overthrow of the capitalist system and to secure for the proletariat political and economic control in order that it may use the soviet power against the counter-revolutionaries.

As an economic revolutionary organization, we are in goal and in fighting spirit most like the I. W. W. of America. (Here follow extracts from "The Revolutionary I. W. W." by Grover Perry, with which we are all familiar, and then the article continues.)

A literal translation of this shows plainly the international and revolutionary character of the I. W. W. and that its goal is the same as ours.

Before all else, the I. W. W. has to vanquish the guild-crazy, nationalistic and race-prejudiced Gompers unions. Not the craft, but the **industry**, is the foundation of the I. W. W. The different branches belonging to one industry unite in that given industry. In accord with American conditions, where the power of the trusts and other organizations of exploiters is more far-reaching than in Germany, the structure of the revolutionary I. W. W. must also be different from ours. We concentrate first on the trade organization, then on the industries and districts and still further, organize these into a big national union (One Big Union).

In contrast to this, the I. W. W. concentrates on the industrial organization, as in America an industry rules whole districts and even wide areas of land. But in tactics and aims the A. A. U. is fully in accord with the I. W. W. in America."

The following articles, dealing with the movement of the German working class, require a brief foreword to English readers.

"The *"Kommunistische Partei Deutschlands"* is the remnant of the Spartacan movement founded by Liebknecht, Luxemburg, etc. But today it is only an organization in decay, dominated by a few politicians like Levi and Duwell. Recently those who were expelled from the K. P. D. formed the Kommunistische Arbeiter Partei. (They have as many splits and names and parties as we here!) The most important revolutionary class organization is the Allgemeine Arbeiter Union (General Workingmen's Union) *besides Die Freie Arbeiterunion — the Syndicalist organization of Germany. Ed.*)

It is an organization which is in full accord with the spirit and principles of the I. W. W. and works along the same lines. That union already embraces **over a million** class-conscious workers, and therefore in the near future will be a power with which the reactionary socialists, the militarists and the capitalists will have to reckon. They will not again be able to crush its members as in the recent bloody White Terror. The slogan of this union is **Organization on the Job**, and in the next battle it will be seen that the workers will be victorious through their organization power. It is expected that in the near future the Kommunistische Arbeiter Partei and the Allegemeine Arbeiter Union will amalgamate.

The Communist Party of Germany (Kommunistische Partei, originally called Spartakus Bund), founded by Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Franz Mehring and others, became bankrupt morally and politically after the death of those pioneers of the international proletariat. A clique of ambitious and corrupt leaders, eager to control the organization for their own egotistical interests, succeeded in sabotaging every thought and aim of the Proletarian Revolution. They succeeded in steering the Spartakus Bund into reformistic lines, although the great majority of the membership were emphatically opposed to the reform methods. The executives (Zentrale) succeeded in ousting all the districts which were actively opposed to the "Counter-revolutionary institution known as Parliament," to the craft unions and to the "lawfully" organized worker's councils (a la Legien) without giving those districts an opportunity to bring the matter before the party, although they were the largest districts in the organization. The "Zentrale" thereby proved that they deliberately attempted to bring about a split, because the revolutionary activities of the rank and file were out of harmony with their counter-revolutionary tendencies.

The revolutionary opposition, determined to bring the German Revolution to a successful conclusion, is known as the Communist Workingmen's Party (Kommunistische Arbeiter Partei). **That organization is not a "Party" in the exact sense of the word.** It is no party of leaders. Its chief aim is to help the German proletariat with all its power to get rid of the last vestiges of leadership. To free the workers of the traitorous counter-revolutionary leader politicians is the quickest way of uniting the proletariat. The K. A. P. D. is nevertheless conscious of the fact that the union of the workers, the unity of those elements striving for the soviet idea, shall be the aim of the Revolution.

Workers! The K. A. P. D. is the pioneer of the revolutionary proletariat. Help us put our party on an efficient basis, which will insure a successful conclusion of the struggle.

Long live the World Revolution!

Signed:

COMMUNIST WORKINGMEN'S PARTY.
OF GERMANY"

### Massacres in the Ruhr District

(Translation from "Kommunistische Arbeiter-Zeitung," Hamburg, April 17.)

The "police action" which was instituted by Zeitung," Hamburg, April 17.)

Ebert and Muller to restore "order" and "constitutionality" in the Ruhr district gave the White Bandits an opportunity for the perpetration of such atrocities as were not committed during the world war nor have been written of in any revolution in any other country. The reports of the refugees, who with the greatest difficulty escaped the claws of the blood-thirsty soldiery, tell a fearful tale. Among others, there has come into our hands the letter of a Ruhr fighter to his relatives, which illustrates with terrible forcefulness the motto under which the executioners of proletarians marched into the district: "No prisoners will be taken!"

In this letter, which was written in the town of Walsum, there are pictured in unexaggerated terms the events of Easter Sunday.

The Whites attempted by all means to get out of the fortified towns of Munster and Wesel, which were surrounded by the workers. They put on the civilian suits of the captured Red Guards, tied red bands about their sleeves, and so approached the lines of the worker troops. When they believed themselves near enough, they ordered, with an accompaniment of bullets, "Hands up!" Unprepared for such trickery, the workers had to withdraw their lines three miles. The Whites followed in armored autos. With reinforcements the workers again drove them back. Then came a bath of blood. As the above mentioned letter describes:

"The captured Red Guards were compelled to walk as fast as the armored cars retreated. Many a one succumbed on the long stretch, and every one of those who were left behind was murdered."

Then there is related the almost unbelievable barbarity with which the Whites treated the prisoners and workers whom they picked up later.

"Some were found with wrists and ankles burnt through; others had the mouth slit from ear to ear; still others were disembowelled. And often the sex organs were cut off. Men were found whose legs were bound to trees and whose head and upper body were buried in the earth. We also found naked, charred corpses. Even seven Red-Cross Sisters who were captured were not spared; the stumps of their bodies were discovered."

These things explain why the workers, even when their battle was lost, stood together like an iron wall. As the letter continues:

"We have begun the fight and must carry it to the end, for when Noske arrived here we had nothing to laugh about. Without any ado, every worker was stood against the wall."

Following are other facts bearing upon the frightful deeds of the Whites.

The leader of a company of Red Guards, Stephan Brohl, of 168 Hindenburg Street, Muhlheim, Ruhr, declares as follows:

"I went to Streckrade with Company Liebknecht. We lay there at the depot until 1:30 a. m. By that time the company was reduced to three men. Of these three I had sent two to bring reinforcements, as we could no longer hold the position. But they never returned. In the meantime there arrived a Sister of Mercy, Wilhelmina Cullikes of Wehofen. Then a depot official came and announced the approach of an armored train with reinforcements. But when the train halted the "reinforcements" were revealed as Noske "brothers" and cavalry. We were immediately taken prisoners by a young lieutenant. I was severely beaten with the butt of a gun and the Sister was hit across the face. We were then put into a shack in which we were for more than seven hours. During these hours the Sister, and I also, were undressed to nakedness. I was left lying, but the Sister, within my sight, was used sexually by all comers. We did not get our clothes back. My watch and 124 marks, and a medal, and 40 marks belonging to the Sister, as well as every piece of clothing, disappeared.

After the passage of these seven and a half hours we were enabled to escape. The Sister of Mercy found an old torn blouse and a skirt and I a pair of overalls and a jacket. And so we went to the Red Army the Saturday after Easter and put ourselves at its disposition.

Sworn to in the presence of A. Ploeger, Notary Public, Elberfeld, April 9, 1920.

(Signed) STEPHAN BROHL.
168 Hindenburg Street, Muhlheim, Ruhr.

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The revolutionary workers do not wonder at the fact that the capitalist press, even when specially informed, kept dead silence regarding these "heroic" deeds of the "brave" troops; and it is significant enough that the successor of Gustave Noske, Reichswehr Minister Gessler, at the National Convention, could speak of these beasts in human form as "the safeguards of the people in their evolution toward freedom," without being cried down. By the thousands they fled into the arms of the entente troops, though they were Senegal negroes. Every man knew that no such fate awaited him at their hands as that from which he fled.

The industrial proletariat is beaten. Betrayed by its leaders, from Legien to Levi, the Ruhr proletariat, the bulwark of the proletarian revolution in Germany lies bleeding of a thousand wounds. We must look the fact in the face. **By means of unequalled brutality, the White Terror is triumphant.** Undeniably it is again forced upon the proletariat that there can be no negotiation between revolution and counter-revolution. Hard and thorny is the road which the German working class must go. But let us grit our teeth. The hour is coming when the proletariat will settle its accounts with the enemy. That hour must come!

# The Labor Movement in Argentina

By TOM BARKER

During the last eighteen months the industrial organizations in Argentina have almost trebled their membership. In all directions and all industries the strides made have been phenomenal. The impetus has largely come about as a result of the brutal attack of the Irigoyen administration upon the working class in Buenos Aires in January, 1919, when the streets literally ran with blood.

The **National Socialist Party** is an influential institution with a bad reputation. It stands for national defense and its leaders are middle-class bellwethers. Their daily organ "La Vanguardia," opposes, tooth and nail, the militant campaign of the **Federacion Communista.** During the boycott of the "43" cigarettes by the industrial organizations during 1919, the Socialist daily published the advertisements of the company, thus earning the well-deserved opprobrium of being a scab newspaper. It is the intrigues of this outfit that maintains a very deplorable division in the industrial movement in the Republic. **The International Socialist Party** is the political equivalent of Moscow, and is a divergence from the National Party. Politically it is of minor importance, and it has little marked industrial inclinations. They publish a weekly paper, "La Internacional."

There are two **"Federacion Obrera Regional Argentinas"** (Regional Labor Federations). The one of importance is known as the **"Quinta" and adheres** to the principles established at the Fifth—or Quinto —Congress, in which the organization declared itself for the proletarian revolution based upon the principles enunciated by Michael Bakunin. The dissenters broke away and created what is known today as the **"Decimos,"** or Tenth Congressionales. This outfit is of little importance, and sizes with Sammy Gompers and the A. F. of L. It is, however, as is to be expected, on good terms with the exploiters, who always manage to send some of the "Decimos' " bell-wethers to foreign conventions. The "Decimo" Marotta, who toured Europe and America during 1919, was a person of the rottenest industrial type.

The Quintos, on the other hand, cannot obtain passports from the government, and, in addition, had all their premises closed by the authorities. It is a secret organization, but contains affiliated members numbering over 200,000 organized workers. I am carrying credentials from the Federacion, and represent them in Europe.

Affiliated with the Quintos is the **"Federacion Portuaria,"** numbering 47,000 members. This is the longshore organization in the Republic, and to it belong all the ports excepting two yellow sections in Buenos Aires, known as the "Carboneros" (Coal Workers) and the "Diques y Darsenas" (Docks and Basins). These two organizations have been a constant nuisance to the fighting Federacion. Run by pimps, many of whom are secret service men, they are constantly used to scab on the militants of the branches at California and the South Dock. One of the secretaries of the Diques and Darsenas was found embezzling funds. He disappeared for a few weeks and then he was found to be a police commissary at a small town out in the country.

In October, 1919, in Rosario, there were only 500 members in the Federacion. In this year they had the closed shop with 6,500 members. In Bahia Blanca, Santa Fe, Ensenada and Campana, the Federacion has grown and taken control. In Rosario, in December, the authorities arrested the secretary. They held him a few days, and then one day about 3,000 wharf laborers suddenly appeared before the gaol with knives and revolvers. He was immediately released.

In Villa Constitucion, late last year, there was a strike. Scabs were brought in. The union men attacked them. The police were sent to protect the scabs. The next thing was that the police and the union men united, and what they did to those scabs would shock Mr. Gompers. But, of course, this was in Argentina, where people are not civilized!

The Federacion Portuaria was founded in December last year, and aggregeated, less the two "carnero" (yellow) unions, all the port workers in the Republic. Among the port workers the names of Damonte, Vidal Matte and Armada Lopez will long be remembered for their fearless pioneering of an organization that is to Argentina what the I. W. W. is to the North.

The **"Federacion de Transportes y Rodados"** is another excellent and militant organization. The secretary, F. W. Sanmartin, is a capable industrialist and knows his work. The Federacion contains the chauffeurs, wagon drivers and quite a number of railwaymen. When the latter are brought in, the "Wheeled Transport Federacion" will be powerful, and will strengthen the Quintos Federacion. The "Conductores de Carros" (wagon drivers) is very militant, perfectly organized, which is: quick in action and sparing in words. The bosses hate it, and so do the port authorities and their tools in the yellow union.

Then there are **several textile unions,** including the **Boot and Shoe Workers,** who adhere to the Federacion Communista, and lastly comes the U. T. A., **"Union Trabajadores Agricolas"** (Union of Agricultural Workers), the new and rapidly growing child of the Federacion, which secured 30,000 members in its first three months of existence, and which, as I described in my article in the March "One Big Union Monthly," transformed conditions and wages from the day the enthusiasts of the Federacion Communista launched it. Long may the Federacion Obrera Regional Communista de Argentina continue to live and fight for the proletarian Revolution. I lift my hat to the enthusiasts of the "Quinto" Congress!

of the I. W. W., and at all their conventions they telegraph their greetings to Chicago. They are out to establish the "Pacto de Solidaridad" with all the advanced workers in all countries. Their form of organization works upon the same line as the delegate system of the I. W. W. and the shop steward movement in Great Britain. The executive committees of the organizations in the transport industry meet every night. They take action quickly and drastically. The secret executive meetings are connected with each other, and the well oiled machinery not only stops the ships loading, but also the wagons that carry the cargo to the waterfront, the handlers in the depot yard, to the man who loads the railway cars at the country depot.

One of the most important events in the history of the Argentine labor movement took place last year, when the **M. T. W. (Marine Transport Workers)** was established in Buenos Aires by 250 homeless and hungry marine workers. This proved to be the great connecting link between the Argentine and the outside world, and there is surely no country in the world where the interests of the foreign-going seamen and the shore organizations are more closely allied for action, offensive and defensive.

A flattering thing was said of the M. T. W. branch a little while ago by a member of the local union, "Los Marine Transport Workers se habla poco, se hace mucho." (The Marine Transport Workers say little, they do much.) And that is the spirit of the class-conscious organizations in South America, to act, and to leave talking to the Gomperians of the Decimo Congress. By the way, when the M. T. W. got its foothold in Buenos Aires, Gompers sent a wire to the Argentine authorities to root it out, as it was a branch of the I. W. W.

**The telegram killed the A. F. of L. in South America, and Gompers' Pan-American F. of L. is dead as the dodo there as a result.** Which is as it should be. In closing, I may say that there was not a delegate of the M. T. W. who wasn't in the calabosa less than four times. But gaol deterred them not, and the result is that the ports in Argentina belong to the only sound industrial organization for marine workers, the Marine Transport Workers.

**In the Republic over the Hills (Chile), the I. W. W. increased its membership from 200 in August, 1918, to over 25,000 in January, 1920,** due to the magnificent work of the fearless fighter, Juan O. Chamorro of Valparaiso.

**In Uruguay, the "Federacion Obrera Regional Uruguay" is I. W. W. in sentiment,** and although it is small in numbers, the day is rapidly coming when it will, like its peers in Argentina and Chile, throw down the gauntlet to the ruling class of that republic.

Viva los Portuarios, los Rodados, los Conductores de carros, los Agricolas. Y Viva Los Quintos, y los Trabajadores de Ultramar!

VIVA! VIVA!

# One Big Union in Japan

We have not sent any organizers or agitators to Japan but we have been expecting good news from there anyhow. And here they are, in a letter from one of our friends in that country:

"Dear Friends:—

In our country the socialist and labor movement has become lively since the Russian revolution and a labor movement has developed with the rapid progress of the industries in war time.

The Yu-ai-kwai (Friendly Society which Sen Katayama called a "yellow movement" in his "Labor Movement in Japan") has been reconstructed and is now red. It has established the principle of **One Big Union** in the last August. Baron Shibusawa and other yellow men were excluded from it. In Tokyo Yu-ai-kwai, Shingu-kwai (the printers' union) led by some syndicalists and Nippon-Kotsu-Rodo-Kumaiai (The Tram Workers' Union in Tokyo) are active now.

There have been many labor strikes in the last year; for instance the remarkable strike of all newspaper printers in Tokyo, the sabotage in the Kawasaki shipyards in Kobe, the great strike in Ashio copper mines resulting in riots, and the subtle sabotage of the tram workers in Tokyo in December.

In this year great strikes were made twice in Yawata iron works of the government, the tram car strike in Tokyo, and the workers of the Sonoiki iron works get the right of a Shop Committee first in Japan. These labor movements and numerous articles of magazines stimulate the workers very much.

Owing to the severe suppression of labor movement and the unsparing censorship of books, sacrifices were made by many workers, professors and others. Our workers do not yet understand socialism and unionism very well. So we must propagate them in pamphlets, leaflets and other methods. In Japan there are not many pamphlets.

The panic is coming. The number of the unemployed is increasing. The propaganda of socialism and unionism are indispensable at this time.

I am sending you best wishes to the socialists and members of the One Big Union in America.

Your comrade,

**Koji Nakada."**

## WHAT IS BOLSHEVISM

In our last number we stated that we would in this number give the facts about the taking over of the large industries by the Russian people and the status of the unions. Unfortunately the matter was crowded out. We will return to the question at our first opportunity. Among other articles on the subject we will publish "The Communst Party and Industrial Unionism" by G. Zinoviev.



I. W. W. MEMBERS OF STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, ON AN OUTING AT VÄRTAN, NEAR STOCKHOLM.

# THE I. W. W. IN SWEDEN

The above photo shows the branch of Marine Transport Workers No. 8, I. W. W. on an outing at Värtan, near Stockholm, Sweden. The members of this branch have later asked the I. W. W. for a recruiting union charter, but the General Executive Board has, after looking into the question thoroughly, decided not to issue industrial union charters in countries where there are already organizations in existence with a program similar to ours, and as the Syndicalist movement of Sweden organizes the workers for about the same purpose as the I. W. W. The I. W. W. prefers to seek federation with that movement to entering into competition with it.

(In our next number we shall have an article on the origin, growth and present status of the Swedish Syndicalist movement, by John Anderson, member of the Executive Committee of that movement).

The Stockholm branch will therefor, probably, have to establish itself as a propaganda league with the object of making the Swedish workers more familiar with the American method of organizing the workers industrially.

The Swedish Syndicalist movement has, due to the low industrial development of the country, devoted itself more to the creation of local samorganizations, or organs of local administration, than industrial unions on a nation wide scale.

The social democratic unions have for years had under consideration a plan of changing from craft unions to industrial unions (industriforbund). If they do, it seems that the proper thing to work for would be a consolidation of the social democratic and the syndicalist unions. The former would supply the organs of production and distribution through their eventual industrial unions, and the syndicalists would supply the organs of local administration. Thus the Swedish working class would be better prepared for a bloodless solution of the social problem than any other country.

Let us hope that it will be so.

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**AUSTRALIAN WORKERS DEFENCE COMMITTEE**

**28 East Rd, City Rd, London, England**

Have for sale the sensational pamphlet of 52 pages, entitled, "Guilty or Not Guilty," by Henry E. Boote of the Australian Worker.

This pamphlet is a masterly analysis of the evidence against and for the men. The I. W. W. Treason Cases is the most sensational case in the history of the Working Class Movement of Great Britain. Proceeds to the Defence Fund and the Wives and Children. 13 copies, $1.00; 100 copies for $7.50, express paid.

Address Tom Barker, Hon. Secy., A. W. D. Com.,

28 East Rd, City Rd, London, N., England.

# Mexican I. W. W. Permanently Organized

**By Jose Refugio Rodriguez, Secretary-Treasurer**

The Mexican Administration of the I. W. W. which was provisionally organized in September, 1919, with a committee of three in charge, has now been organized on a permanent basis with a General Executive Committee in charge of the six departments of industry, following conferences between representatives of workers' organizations from various parts of the country. The headquarters will be in Mexico City as formerly and the post-office address of the administration will continue to be P. O. Box 985, Mexico City.

The officers are as follows: General Secretary-Treasurer, Jose Refugio Rodriguez; General Executive Committee: 1. Hipolito Flores, in charge of agriculture, land, fisheries and aquatic products; 2. C. F. Tabler, in charge of mining; 3. Vicente Ortega, in charge of transportation and communications; 4. Francisco Cervantez Lopez, in charge of manufacturs and production; 5. Maclo Pacheco, in charge of construction; 6. Linn A. E. Gale, in charge of public service.

Of the officers, Rodriguez is a printer; Flores is a farmer; Tabler is a miner employed in Guanajuato; Ortega is a bridge-builder and has also worked in oil wells; Lopez is a printer and pressman and now has a little job printing office in which, however, he does most of the manual work himself; Pacheco is a carpenter and has worked in various factories; and Gale is the editor of "El Obrero Industrial" (The Industrial Worker) official organ of the Mexican I. W. W. in Spanish and of "Gale's," his own Communist monthly magazine published in English, besides being an extensive contributor to the working class press. All of the men are wage slaves in the fullest sense of the word with the exception, perhaps of Lopez and Gale, who might literally be styled small business men. However, both work as hard as any wage slave and neither makes a profit, each having a constant struggle to make both ends meet. Although the American I. W. W. prohibits membership or offices to those not actually working for wages, the Mexican I. W. W. has believed it wise to stretch the point in these cases as both Lopez and Gale are valuable elements who are strong advocates of Industrial Unionism and have long rendered important service to the movement. Lopez has for some time been National Secretary of the Mexican Socialist Party and was editor of "El Socialista" until it suspended. Gale has been a member of the Executive Committee of the Communist Party since its inception. The two parties have effected a union recently. Both reject political action and are committed to Industrial Unionism so there is no friction between them and the I. W. W. A national I. W. W. convention will be held later in the season.

The Auxiliary Executive Committee of 6 will be named shortly and later committees of 21 workers in every department. Active propaganda by means of job delegates will begin at once among all unions. The workers are very enthusiastic feeling that with the permanent organization of the Mexican Administration, a long step has been taken toward the Industrial Republic in Mexico.

I. W. W. members and unions in the United States and in foreign countries are invited to correspond with the Mexican I. W. W., addressing Jose Refugio Rodriguez, Secretary-Treasurer, P. O. Box 985, Mexico City, D. F., Mexico.

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# Scandinavian Workers in U. S. A. Endorsing I. W. W.

At the time of the suspension of the Swedish I. W. W. paper "Nya Världen" we announced the prospects of a landslide of Scandinavian workers to the I. W. W. These prospects are now taking shape in quite a satisfactory manner.

**The Scandinavian Socialist Federation** is a body of Scandinavian workers which up to about a year ago paid dues to the socialist party. At the time of the split in that party in the summer of 1919 this Scandinavian Federation cut loose from the political program and refused to join any of the fragments. Some were in favor of joining the socialist party, others preferred the communists, still others the communist labor party, while some wanted to go over to the I. W. W. In spite of this friction the Federation has kept alive by remaining independent. At the present time it is publishing three weekly papers, one in Swedish, one in Danish and one in English ("Truth" in Duluth, Minn.) It has between 60 and 70 locals, we believe, and several thousand members.

Through the Swedish paper "Nya Världen" the I. W. W. came with a proposition to unite all the socialist elements among the Scandinavians in this country on the basis of industrial unionism, dropping politics altogether, and the I. W. W. Scandinavians issued a pamphlet stating their proposition, which was received favorably.

The Eastern conference of the Federation has now, recently voted to have the Federation remain an independent, educational body, but gives an unqualified endorsement of the I. W. W. The conference of the locals of the Central states, held in Minneapolis on July 4-5, adopted a resolution of the same purpose but with the qualification that it expects the I. W. W. to take the initiative to the forming of a real One Big Union or to unite with others who take the initiative.

The General convention of the Federation will be held in September, and we have the best hope that this convention will come to decisions which will place another large body of workers in the ranks of the I. W. W., much as the Finnish, Hungarian, Russian and Roumanian and other federations have done.

# PHILADELPHIA STRIKE IS OVER

The strike on the Philadelphia waterfront has come to a close. The conditions of the settlement are best told in the following report of the committee, which was accepted at a general meeting of the strikers on July 7th. In brief, it is:—

The Employing Stevedores and Shipping Interests on foreign shipping trade agree to pay off all scabs before we return to work.

All strikers to return to work as union men and to receive the same scale as was paid at the time of strike, **this wage to remain in force till September 30th, when new awards are made by the U. S. Shipping Board.**

If the Adjustment Board makes any awards to the workers in other ports, we are to receive same automatically.

(Note: The union does not bind itself to any time agreement nor does it agree to accept an award. The union agreed to return to work if the old scale is paid and all scabs cleared from the docks.)

The grain ceilers are to get $9.00 a day instead of $8.00, which they formerly received. The bosses wanted to know from the grain ceilers if it would be all right for them (the bosses) to hire non-union men in case there were not sufficient union men to handle the work. The grain ceilers informed the bosses that they would refuse to work with scabs and that extra men could always be gotten at the longshoremen's hall.

The checkers reported that they had the assurance that their grievances would be satisfactorily adjusted by the following morning. They also refuse to work with scabs.

After discussion the report was accepted and a motion made that we return to work on Thursday at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The motion was carried by a great majority by the men in the hall and the overflow crowd in the street.

Everyone was then given a new work button free, so that everybody could get to work with an up-to-date button on his hat.

With the adjourning of the meeting the waterfront took on a new hum, bosses hiring men, rigging going up, all noise and racket.

### THE STRIKE COST TO BOSS AND WORKER

That the strike, which has just come to an end, was one of the most bitterly contested, is proven by the figures given in the Philadelphia Public Ledger of July 3rd. At the time the strike started there were 140 ships in port. Many of these were nearly loaded and some left without completing the loading of cargo, yet a month after the strike began there were 173 ships in port. The tie-up was as complete when the strike was voted off as when the strike started.

The Ledger article follows:

### LONGSHORE STRIKE FIGURES SHOW APPALLING LOSS IN LIFE AND MONEY

Figures on the longshoremen's strike and the cost to the city in casualties and business since the walkout May 26:

#### CASUALTIES

| | |
|---|---|
| Number of persons killed | 5 |
| Number of persons injured | 200 |
| Number of persons arrested | 80 |
| Held for murder | 1 |
| Number of riots | 20 |

#### MATERIAL LOSSES

| | |
|---|---|
| Number of vessels lying in port today awaiting loading or unloading | 175 |
| Daily cost of operation of average vessel while idle | $2,000 |
| Estimated cost to merchants and ship owners, due to demurrage, insurance, loss of business, interest and ship expenses | $50,000,000 |
| Number of working days lost | 34 |
| Number of striking men | 7,800 |
| Estimated daily loss to men in wages | $63,000 |
| Loss last month to the men | $2,142,000 |

#### CAUSES

Demand for closed shop and wage increases.

Hourly rate for "deep-sea" stevedores, of whom there are 3,000, is eighty cents; they want $1.

Hourly rate for "coastwise" stevedores, of whom there are 4,800, is forty cents; they want sixty-five cents, which was the United States Shipping Board rate, reduced to forty cents on relinquishment by the board and increased to forty-five and fifty cents at beginning of strike.

#### OTHER POINTS

Called the worst strike in Philadelphia since the street car strike of 1907.

Among vessels tied up are two loaded with sugar from Cuba.

Of men arrested, the greater number were found to have no permanent address; none had been at boarding house more than two weeks.

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## ONE DOLLAR PER MONTH AFTER THE FIRST OF AUGUST

The SPECIAL REFERENDUM on the raise of the dues has been taken and the General Ballot Committee finds that the majority of those voting are in favor of the change.

After the first of August the monthly dues will be $1.00 per month, and all who are paid ahead of that date will be required to pay an additional fifty cents ($ .50) on each month so paid ahead.

A special fifty-cent stamp will be pasted over the stamp that was paid ahead. The regular stamp that has been used all along will be issued for the regular payments of dues as orignally fixed, the delegate writing "one dollar" across the face of the stamp, along with the date and his credentials number.



HEADER CREW AT WORK IN THE KANSAS HARVEST FIELDS

# The Modern Agricultural Slave

By E. W. Latchem

## HARVESTING IN KANSAS

The parasites of the State of Kansas are having their yearly spasm over the I. W. W. Ever since 1915 when the first concerted move was made by the I. W. W. to organize the harvest workers, the ruling powers of that state have had a brainstorm of some kind, just about harvest time.

### Conditions in the Harvest Fields

Every year large numbers of men go to the harvest fields in answer to calls in the newspapers asking for men at big wages to help harvest the crops, but who find that they are not only forced to work at less wages than promised, but that nearly everything else in connection with the harvest has been misrepresented.

During harvest the farmer seldom works longer than 10 hours owing to the fact that horses and mules cannot stand the intense heat longer than that. When the harvest is over and threshing starts there is little or no stock used and the hours are lengthened to as long as the slaves will work which sometimes is as much as 14 or 16 hours of pitching headed wheat, which, is the hardest kind of work.

During harvest the sleeping facilities are fairly good as a rule, but when threshing starts the worker is forced to shift for himself, and must find a bed in the barn in a space not used by four legged stock, and if no room is found there, he can hunt up a discarded horse blanket and hunt sleeping quarters in a straw pile or keep company with the coyotes on the prairie.

It was only natural that all self respecting workers should resent being classed as beneath the so-called "lower animals," but they found themselves powerless as individuals; against the well organized financial interests and an overstocked slave market.

### Enters the I. W. W.

In 1915 harvest workers organized in the I. W. W. presented the first wage scale ever set by themselves as follows: A minimum of $3.00 for a 10-hour day together with decent food and sleeping quarters; this to apply all over middle and southern Kansas, and the heavier fields of the northern part of the state to receive a higher wage.

These demands served to cement the harvest workers together with a common aim and they discovered that when they stood solidly together as one, that they had the power to force decent working hours as well as good food and better sleeping quarters.

Seeing the results of the Solidarity of the workers through organization, the harvesters joined the I. W. W. by the hundreds, and this of course was a challenge to those who live by robbing the bread basket of the nation.

No matter how well off a farmer appeared, he was, as a rule completely at the mercy of these exploiters, because of being head over heels in debt

and could be easily handled; but if the harvest workers should be able through their organization to get and hold better working conditions, it opened up the possibility of the farmer getting next to the skin game that was used on him, and the thoughts of the possibility of having to earn a living by honest toil drove these so-called respectable citizens frantic.

**Insurance Capitalists Traffick in I. W. W. Scare**

The papers of the wheat belt were filled with weird and fantastic tales about the I. W. W. burning wheat crops, etc., but very rarely did a bit of truth get into print.

The insurance agents were quick to take advantage of these fantastic stories and use them to get money from the farmer to insure his crop against fire, etc., when in reality they knew that the I. W. W. was not setting out any fires and that the stories printed in the papers were lies published with the object of creating prejudice against workers who were trying to better their working conditions.

In spite of all misrepresentation and abuse the I. W. W. continued to grow by leaps and bounds. This served to make the parasites more frantic. Their lies and abuse had failed of its object. What were they to do?

When the United States entered the war against Germany it suggested another chance which they grasped like a drowning man grasping a straw. They lost no time in making use of the war hysteria in an effort to deal a blow to those who had challenged their right to live by robbing the nations' bread basket. The mental prostitutes of the newspapers were again called into action and this time the I. W. W. was "pro-German" and "out to destroy all the nations' food so as to keep the United States out of the war."

But this did not have the desired effect of stopping the I. W. W. The only result was an increase in the number of insurance agents who reaped a rich harvest from the ignorant farmer who had become frightened at the lies he had read.

**Our Enemies Become Frantic**

By this time the parasites had become desperate and dropped all their camouflage of respect for the constitution and laws of the United States and in the later part of Nov., 1917, about 25 members and delegates were arrested without warrants or due process of law and thrown into jail and held for two years without trial in a desperate attempt to stop the work of organization, but to no avail as the work of organization went along anyhow.

The failure of their efforts to stop the I. W. W. found these parasites and their henchmen on the verge of insanity at the opening of the harvest of 1919.

They again called on the prostitutes of the press, each of whom, this time, tried to outdo the other in committing terrible crimes on paper and blaming the I. W. W., in an attempt to get the ignorant workers and farmers worked up into the same insane state of mind as themselves, and act as their catspaw. Members and delegates were arrested all over the wheat belt, but all were released without trial as they had committed no crime.

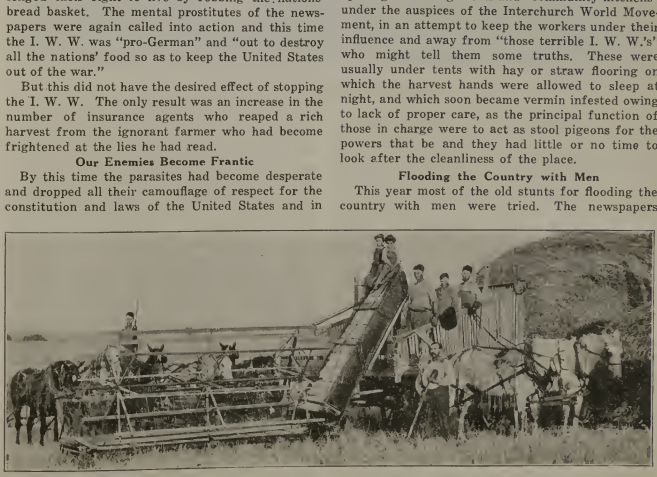
While the people's minds were still stultified from reading the ravings of insane newspaper prostitutes, 28 members and delegates who had been in jail for 2 years without trial were rushed into court convicted and sentenced to the Federal Penitentiary for from 3 to 9 years. Their only crime was activity in the organization that had challenged the worst set of brigands that ever lived off the labor of another.

**Enters the Interchurch Movement**

Another feature of the harvest of 1919 was the opening of reading rooms and "community kitchens" under the auspices of the Interchurch World Movement, in an attempt to keep the workers under their influence and away from "those terrible I. W. W.'s" who might tell them some truths. These were usually under tents with hay or straw flooring on which the harvest hands were allowed to sleep at night, and which soon became vermin infested owing to lack of proper care, as the principal function of those in charge were to act as stool pigeons for the powers that be and they had little or no time to look after the cleanliness of the place.

**Flooding the Country with Men**

This year most of the old stunts for flooding the country with men were tried. The newspapers



HEADER CREW BUSY FILLING THE WORLD'S BREAD BASKET

stated that the farmers had set the wages at 70 cents per hour, but on arrival you were told that the farmers could not afford to pay that amount. Also that the farmers did not have anything to do with setting this wage and that it had been set by the bankers and business interests without consulting the farmers and that they were not under any obligation to abide by it.

If any suggestion was made to the effect that the harvest hands should have something to say in regard wages, you were told that you were welcome to all that you could get as an individual. **But there was to be no pooling of interests among harvest hands, and that anybody attempting it would land in jail pretty d—— quick.**

You are deliberately told that the business interests have set the wages and if you attempt any effective resistance, you will feel the "mailed fist" in the hands of our modern descendants of the "cave man" who has been dressed as officers of the law and who are usually ready and anxious to show that they still have the same stupid mentality as their ancestors.

A talk with any county or state official in the harvest belt is sufficient to convince all workers of the necessity of organization among the harvesters, and if his mentality be above that of the "cave man" he will also see the need of a society that is not based on robbery and ruled by those who have inherited the ferocious instincts and stupid mind of the cave man who scientists claim passed away centuries ago.

It is time to abolish the savage remnants of the past which remain in our so-called civilization, and when we do, we can say that we are above the savages, but until then we have nothing to boast of.



HEADER CREW READY TO GO HOME

# Who Does Not Work Neither Shall He Eat

The Hotel, Restaurant and Domestic Workers' Industrial Union is a more important industrial union than most of the membership give it credit for. In fact, it is a very important industrial union, as I will try to show in this brief article, in the hope that it will bring renewed effort on the part of the membership to help us build it up to a point of vantage.

We of the hotels, restaurants, etc., are the ones who will be called upon to take charge of the feeding and housing problem when capitalism has been abolished.

We are the ones you will have to look to for the regulation of your food supply, especially so during the period of reconstruction, and we are the ones who will have to organize the distributive forces of this particular industry and completely change the existing order of service in this line of human activity.

Organization is absolutely necessary and so is education, for without the latter we are helpless and can be driven anywhere, but if we understand, we can do anything, for we all know by this time that might makes right, and it is up to us to organize and educate that might.

From all indications we are going to be successful, perhaps more successful than most of us think, but that should only spur us on to do something greater, for we realize that the sooner we get the organized power, the sooner will capitalism with all of its rotten, festered hypocrisy, fall.

We are living in a time when the workers are looking to the I. W. W. as never before for relief, and it is up to us to make every minute count. Agitate. Educate. Organize. Morning, noon and night, and even while we sleep, let us dream I. W. W., for it alone is the remedy for all humanity. Others come and go, some stay longer than others, humbugging and fooling the workers, but now we have about arrived at a stage of the game where the workers refuse to be longer humbugged and are demanding the real thing, and the only real thing for them is the I. W. W.

Now as to the hotels and restaurants, etc., again. Today a man can start a small place or perhaps a large one, and exploit his slaves to the limit of his

ability. The dishwasher, the waiter, the cook and so on, all down the line, they work long hours and receive a bare existence wage, simply because of their disorganization. Some are organized in craft unions, some are split over religious issues, some over politics, and all are split over something that does not concern the workers in any manner whatever.

But no matter what they are split over, the fact of the matter is that they have only ONE recourse in the long run, and that is Industrial Unionism. They must unite as ONE. They must organize and educate their membership so that they will be able to not only shorten their hours and raise their wages, but for the final and most necessary reason, of taking over and operating the hotels, restaurants, etc., of the workers, by the workers and for the workers. For under the new order that soon will be established we will have to know how to manage our own affairs, not only for ourselves, but also for all humanity, because we will have to feed and house all the people.

How are we going to do this? Simple as can be. We are the ones who do the work, all of it, but we let the boss do the dictating. Under the new order we will not alone do the work but we WILL DO THE DICTATING. We will find out the number of workers engaged in this industry, we will wipe out all unnecessary small places, and have the ONE LARGE PLACE, or whatever is necessary, and then the subdivisions near the places where the workers work. There will be no profits; there will be service. For our wages we will receive according to the time we have put in in necessary work for society. The time cost of production. By eliminating all the small, unnecessary places and establishing the large ones where we find it necessary, we release a great majority of workers engaged in this industry and we place them at work in the places necessary, thereby reducing the hours of labor to the very minimum, and yet the workers will get more, by at the very least two-thirds, than what they receive today under capitalism. It can be best illustrated thusly:

We recognize first that all workers engaged in useful occupation are necessary. One is no more necessary than the other. Now, then, that being the case, we say that they should be paid according to the time they put in in work, and not according to what the boss can get them for so he can make a profit. Then, if you work three hours a day under the new order you will receive more of the social products of labor than you would if you worked twelve hours a day for a master as you do today.

We will take over all hotels, restaurants, clubs, boarding houses, etc. That will be the first step. Then, by committees as a whole, we will get together, and whatever we decide will be the thing done, regulated as we go along to suit the best interests of all society. **We will establish as one of the first edicts of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers that if a man do no work neither shall he eat.** We will e to it that nobody gets food or lodging unless he proves that he has earned it by useful labor, or can show cause for exception.

So, Fellow Workers, in closing, let me say this: That we are numbered today in this country in the millions; we are a factor to be reckoned with; we are determined that we are going to rule; we are out to do all in our power to make the other slave wake up to his true position in society; we are out to win, and we ask all workers to think over what his course will be. Will it be with the workers in our common fight for emancipation, or will you stand with the masters and fight for them, so that they can prolong the agony of wage slavery, where all workers are compelled to be slaves to a parasite who does no useful work and who is no more necessary to society than the flea on the back of a dog.

Fellow Workers, I appeal to you in the name of the workers who want to live as human beings should live. I appeal to you in the name of suffering humanity, I appeal to you, to all that is good in you, to your sense of duty to your class, and to your sense of JUSTICE. ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE!

C. DEVLIN, Sec'y-Treas.
Hotel, Restaurant and Domestic Workers I. U. 1100.

# Some Timely Remarks

The arch traitors against all humankind have been the kings, the czars and the profiteers, with their long train of soothsayers and politicians.

* * *

All wealth is produced by human effort, and those who take no part in this production should have no part in the affairs of state.

* * *

An itemized account of the expense of the visit of the Belgian "royal" family to America indicates that Americans vastly overcontributed to the Belgian relief fund.

* * *

The people of 1920 are not repeating, after some bemedaled commander, "My country, right or wrong." They are saying "War must cease; and **in order that war may cease, profits must cease."**

* * *

So many orators and would-be orators are beating their breasts and shouting "Americanism" and "Democracy" that they are in danger of cheapening those terms. Americanism and democracy are both susceptible to the progress of evolution.

* * *

The people of the United States have paid millions of dollars in taxation to keep state and national legislators engaged in drafting laws, until it now takes hundreds of heavy volumes to contain the copies of these laws. From this great mass it would probably be difficult to select a score that are of undoubted benefit to the rank and file, the people who make up 90 per cent of the population.

J. C. C.

# THE SPENDTHRIFT WORKERS

## By Mary E. Marcy




AMID all the ignorance, cupidity and shaos surrounding the capitalist system today, the characteristic that stands out most strongly is the growing hatred of capitalists for the working class. You hear it on all sides.

When an employer of labor, for example, sees a workingman who has slaved away in some machine shop or mill or factory for twenty years, riding around in a Ford automobile of his own, he just naturally foams at the mouth and shrieks that the only way to save society from utter barbarism is to lower wages right away.

When a magazine writer, who has done nothing in a long life of uselessness but dress up the ideas of the owners of industry in forms to fool the workers, sees a workingman buying a ticket for a vacation and riding in a PULLMAN, he goes home and breaks out in a long article showing why the extravagances of the laboring classes is raising prices and driving the old ship of state straight for the rocks.

He exclaims with horror that the workmen today are demanding good and "expensive" clothing instead of shoddy, and to prove his statement he tells us how the second-hand clothing dealer has gone out of business and how a bang-up haberdasher is doing a land-office business at the old stand.

Working girls are known, during these unprecedented times, to go about wearing silk stockings, occasionally, and the clergy are shocked and grieved to learn that plumbers and steam fitters and electricians are to be seen now and then wearing SILK shirts.

And during all these outrages the employers of labor have been forced to sit back helpless and grind their teeth and endure these sights and plot to bring back the good old days when the workers who produced everything had to be satisfied if they had any sort of clothes to their backs and to eat the tougher portions of beef, when they had any.

The workers have had the employers in a corner owing to the great demand for American goods the past year and the shortage of labor, but the old politicians and the capitalist class are preparing to give us a great jolt in the near future.

Now that the bank deposits amount to about twenty-two times the currency in this country, the banks are up against the proposition of obeying the banking laws and holding the legal reserve in bank to (partially) protect their depositors, or of starting the printing presses going again and loading us all up with more paper notes and thereby lifting prices another thirty or forty per cent.

And so the banks are going to curtail credit. They are going to refuse credit to "legitimate business enterprises." We know it because they have all said so. And, knowing the banking fraternity as we do, we may rest assured that each and every banker is going to preserve a noble exterior and tell the world he yields to social needs and social welfare, while he will secretly extend credit to favored clients—for special considerations. And so the banking situation is going to be acute before long.

There simply will not be enough credit to go around, so that some industries are going to find their loans called and the capitalists in these fields will probably have to dispose of their stocks at a reduction to meet the bank calls; some will be put out of business.

And while the press and the politicians, and, above all, the capitalists, are crying for "increased production" out of one side of their mouths, they will be forced to refuse credit where it is necessary and will thus cause DECREASED production in certain industries.

Now some capitalists are up against this curtailment of credit. The banks have called their loans; they know they are up against a stiff condition; the banks require additional security for any loans. But the employers of labor, the exploiters of labor, are so obsessed with their growing FEAR and hatred of the workers that in spite of their own economic dan-






ger they often welcome a situation that will throw labor out of employment. They imagine unemployment will take out the new backbone the workers have developed during the past two years and make them servile wage slaves once more.

The capitalists regard it as perfectly right, justifiable and natural for the financiers, bankers or other groups of capitalists to prey upon any social group, to hold them up when they can do so, to squander, and loot and lie and steal. They admire and envy the capitalist who toils not and who is known as a conspicuous waster, but their bile rises when they read about a teamster eating porterhouse steak or a mere producer owning his Ford, or wearing a silk shirt.

A silk shirt on a workingman unites the entire capitalist and parasitical classes against the productive workers in society as nothing else on earth can. It draws attention so patently to the difference between the new and the old conditions, and it strikes the fear of the giant home into the hearts of those who prey upon society.

The workers in America today are in no mood for curbings, and the capitalists are in danger of losing all the power they have misused so long. Consequently, they are organizing to put up the fight of their very lives against the working class.

We shall see the waging of a giant battle during the coming months, in which it is not unlikely that the old craft unions may be torn and rent asunder never to be united again. For the pure and simple craft union will prove utterly unable to stand up before the onslaughts of united capitalism, and great numbers of men in the old unions will refuse to suffer disaster for the sake of an outgrown and dying institution.

These months ought to be the great harvest days for the I. W. W. It would be an extremely wise man who would be able to foresee what the next year will bring forth. But of one thing, I think, we may feel rather certain. It will bring us the greatest opportunity for the organization work of real class unionism that we have ever seen.

## SOME FAMOUS DRIVES

**St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland, but overlooked the capitalist class.**

**It remains for the I. W. W. to drive out the capitalist class, not only from Ireland but from other countries as well.**

**Part of that drive falls on the lot of the One Big Union Monthly.**

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Next on the list is:

**THE I. W. W. IN THEORY AND PRACTICE,** by Justus Ebert, the first book to be issued by the said sommittee. See advertisements in other places.

Next we recommend:

**THE CENTRALIA CONSPIRACY** by Ralph Chaplin. See advertisement elsewhere.

And next:

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Vol. II, No. 9 SEPTEMBER, 1920 Whole Number 19

# The One Big Union Monthly

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# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

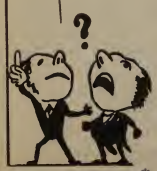
It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown.

By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.




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THE MONSTER WHICH CAUSES MOST OF OUR SUFFERINGS

Vol. II, No. 9 SEPTEMBER, 1920 Whole Number 19

# THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

Published Monthly by the Genenral Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World
1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.
JOHN SANDGREN, Editor

Subscription price, $2.50 per year; 25 cents per copy; bundle orders, 15 cents per copy, non-returnable; express charges "collect".

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We will take our readers into our confidence and tell you why.

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We have recently been running at some loss, but have delayed the raising of the price in the hope that the circulation would possibly rise to a point where the magazine would still be on a paying basis. The circulation has been going up all the time, being at present round 15,000, and thus warranting such hopes. And it would have been a great advantage to be able to keep it at a low price, but all such aspirations were crushed by the manager of the printshop who showed us that he was paying about 23 cents a pound for the paper, which is quite a jump from previous 14 cents. A raise of the price to 15 cents per copy wholesale will barely put us on the safe side for the time being.

The last I. W. W. convention recommended an enlargement of the magazine by about one-third and the adding of a colored cover as well as the raising of the price to 25 cents. The reason this recommendation has not yet been carried out is solely the fact that we have so far been unable to secure the proper printpaper for the purpose.

As soon as we succeed in getting that paper, and we hope it will be soon, we shall come out in larger size and with a substantial cover in colors.

In the meantime the new prices in effect with the September issue will be:

25 cents per copy retail.

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$2.50 per year; $1.25 for 6 months.

Old subscriptions will continue to run at the old price. The new price takes effect at renewal. Those subscribers who are not getting their magazine regularly through the mail could secure prompter delivery by having it sent by first class mail. This will cost them 10 cents extra per copy, or $1.20 per year.

Our bundle order agents everywhere are urgently requested to try to help us over this change in price without a loss in circulation. The magazine is cheap anyhow, considering that it is all text and illustrations and no advertisements.

All together for an increase of our circulation to at least 25,000 by Christmas. If we all help, it can be done.

THE EDITOR.

# Philadelphia Marine Transport Workers Charter Revoked

The following statement issued by the General Executive Board and the General Secretary-Treasurer speaks for itself.

## STATEMENT ON PHILADELPHIA MARINE TRANSPORT WORKERS

On August 11, 1920 the General Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World learned, for the first time of the treasonable action of the Philadelphia branch M. T. W. No. 8. This situation is the result of circumstances over which the General Executive Board had no control.

This branch was immediately expelled from membership and their charter revoked.

We consider that these misguided longshoremen have been guilty of a crime against the working class. They have betrayed the international labor movement by loading shrapnel shells consigned to the infamous Allied catspaw, Wrangel, for the purpose of drowning the Russian revolution in a sea of blood.

Such action is diametrically opposed to every principle of working class honor that the I. W. W. has stood for, fought for and bled for from its inception.

The I. W. W. views the accomplishments of the Soviet government of Russia with breathless interest and intense admiration.

Workers who load munitions of war at the behest of any capitalist government to help defeat any working class revolution are guilty of high treason to their class.

The I. W. W. has stood for unqualified industrial solidarity to defeat such ignoble ends and it stands for it now. The organization would rather face death and dismemberment than stand the disgrace of having its members render any assistance in keeping its workers enslaved to the Moloch of capitalism.

The I. W. W. has always expelled members who were not true to the basic principles of the world revolution. We would expel members for aiding in the overthrow of a working class government in Poland as readily as for aiding in the overthrow of the working class government of Russia. We look forward joyfully to the day when the proletariat of Poland will cast into oblivion the imperialistic fakirs who now dominate the nation.

The I. W. W. has proved by deeds that it is willing and eager at all costs to fight and sacrifice for the cause of international solidarity. It still keeps the faith.

The organization was designed to make it impossible for one group of workers to be used against another group in the great struggle of the classes. We do not want and will not tolerate in our membership men who can stoop so low as to aid and abet any capitalist government or any other national or international section of the common enemy in keeping the working class in slavery.

We look with horror and disgust upon the action of the Philadelphia longshoremen in loading high explosives on ships for the purpose of butchering our brave fellow workers in Russia who have established the first working class government in the world.

The I. W. W. has stood the brunt of the fury of master class hatred in America. More of our members have been imprisoned, murdered and brutalized than all other revolutionary organizations combined. The reason is that we stand and have always stood for the use of militant direct action to overthrow the dictatorship of the capitalist class.

The I. W. W. wishes to keep its fair name untarnished in the eyes of the world's proletariat.

We call upon the membership of our organization to use their utmost power to assist the Soviet government of Russia in fighting the world's battle against capitalism.

We pledge ourselves and our organization to help overthrow capitalism and everything that stands for capitalism.

We appeal to the working class in general and the United Communist Party in particular to take a stand in industry and help build up a revolutionary organization that will make forever impossible repetition of the dastardly action of the Philadelphia longshoremen.

The I. W. W. holds out the clean hand of brotherhood to the revolutionary workers of the world.

Signed by **General Executive Board of the I. W. W.**
**Thomas Whitehead,**
Gen. Sec'y-Treas.
**August Walquist**
**Patrick McClellan**
**P. F. Mashlykin**
**George Speed,**
Chairman, G. E. B.

That this action of the General Executive Board meets with the approval of those I. W. W. members who are nearest to and best in touch with the situation is proven by the following resolution from New York, which has arrived after the revoking of the charter.

Word reached members of the I. W. W. of New York on Aug. 8th, 1920, that Longshoremen, members of the I. W. W. at Philadelphia, Pa., were loading amunition that would be sent to General Wrangle. The Sec'y Treas. of the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union District No. 8 and two members of the newly elected General Executive Board went to Phila. Pa. to investigate. The Longshoremen refused to quit loading the ship. Whereon a general membership meeting of the New York membership was called to take action. The following resolutions were adopted.

1. At a special general membership meeting on August 10th, 1920, of the New York I. W. W. con-

sisting of all the Industrial Unions the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

2. Whereas it has been brought to our attention that I. W. W. members of Philadelphia District No. 8 Marine Transport Workers have knowingly and wilfully loaded ammunitions of War bound for Poland, to be used against the Workers of Russia in their fight for freedom from the world Imperialist, and

Whereas they have violated the spirit of working class solidarity and their right to continue as an integral part of the Industrial Workers of the World,

Be it therefore resolved that we, the I. W. W. members of New York refuse to have any relations with the Philadelphia District No. 8 M. T. W. and demand from the General Executive Board that they revoke the Charter of the above mentioned Branch instantly, and that the expulsion of the entire Branch be made Public in all of our official Organs.

(Signed) RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE

Irving Freeman, No. 299409 M. M. W. No. 300
Albert J. Carrol, No. 515157 M. M. W. No. 300
John L. Jones, No. 472830 M. M. W. No. 300
Dan Rickert, No. 289028 M. M. W. No. 8
John L. Maning, No. 741159 M. M. W. No. 300

# The Lesson of Philadelphia

That a union of the I. W. W. should be so derelict in international solidarity as to actually load munitions with which to kill the Russian workers now fighting our battle against the combined capitalist powers over in Europe seems almost incredible and requires an explanation.

The I. W. W. Marine Transport Workers had job control in Philadelphia, and that means that in order to get a job on the water front of that city you had to have an I. W. W. card. By holding the club of job control over these workers we made "adherents" and "converts" by the thousands, much as the Swedes made "converts to christianity" of the Finlanders in the 11th and 12th centuries. They went over there with big armies and conquered the Finns in battle and then drove them down into the rivers by the thousands to baptize them in a bunch.

Before his clothes were dry the outraged Finnlander again prostrated himself before his "idols" and prayed for the death of the invader.

The Philadelphia Marine Transport Workers, at least part of them, have been taken into the I. W. W. by the wholesale without previous education in our principles. They lined up because they liked the economic advantages gained through the I. W. W. method of fighting and not because they had absorbed our philosophy.

Such a state of affairs quickly revenges itself, as we have seen in this case. The I. W. W. had bit off more than it could chew and we had to spit it out.

The lesson to be drawn from this incident is that EDUCATION IS THE PRIME FACTOR in our work. If we build up a membership without education it will grow into a tail which will wag the I. W. W. dog. When we are again confronted with a situation of mass affiliation, the first thing to do is to put our literature into the hands of every new member by any means in our power. THEY MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO BE IGNORANT.

No doubt the numerous I. W. W. element on Philadelphia's wharfs will again get in control of the situation, but when they do, it is to be hoped they will be wise from this experience and make every member take our papers and magazines and read our books, each one in the language he best understands. We have plenty of literature of the right kind.

# Criminal Syndicalism

Criminal Syndicalism continues to be the club with which the master class tries to keep the slaves subjugated in California.

There are now twelve of our fellow workers in San Quentin Penitentiary under this vicious law. MONEY IS BADLY NEEDED FOR THE APPEALS OF THESE CASES AS WELL AS FOR THE OTHERS THAT ARE STILL PENDING IN THE SUPERIOR COURTS.

Send all remittances to:

W. I. FRUIT,
Sec. Cal. District Defense Committee,
219 Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

# What is Bolshevism?

As announced, this is a bolshevik number.

We have made it our object to answer, as fully as our limited space permits, the question "What is bolshevism".

To that end we printed in our July issue several articles which had appeared in "Soviet Russia," covering agriculture and the co-operative movement in the Soviet Republic. As promised, we are in this number printing some chapters from a book recommended to us by the same "Soviet Russia", covering nationalization of industry, the position of the unions and the status of the workers.

In addition we are publishing the reports of two of the largest Industrial Unions in Soviet Russia, the Food Stuff Workers Union and the Civil Servant' Shop assistants' and Clerks' Unions. By means of these two reports, which are fresh here from Russia, we have furnished a first hand insight into the life of the union movement of Russia which will help our readers to grasp Russian present day conditions.

Finally we are in this issue publishing two documents signed by G. Zinoviev, the president of the Third international. The one is an appeal to the I. W. W. calling upon us to accept the program of the Third International and to seek unity with the members of that international in this country. The second one is called "The Communist Party and the Industrial Unions" and contains the communist view of the relations between the political party and the unions.

All these documents speak for themselves and we admonish our readers to study them carefully in order to be able to form an opinion independently.

We only wish to point out from "The Communist Party and the Industrial Unions" that Zinoviev recognizes the necessity of an industrial international as separate from the political international. The invitation to join such an industrial international, issued recently by the Russian Industrial Unions and reprinted in the February and April issue of this magazine is in line with this suggestion. The I. W. W. has not yet been able to directly connect with the Russian Unions, but we are sure that not a voice will be raised against affiliating with such an industrial international. On the other hand we think that the number of I. W. W. men that would affiliate directly with the political, The Third International, are easily counted. We always have been and are now a purely industrial organization and expect to solve the whole social problem on an industrial union basis. We want to build industrial unions as organs of production and distribution and central councils emanating from the industrial unions as organs of local and regional administration, subordinating both these kinds of organs to the I. W. W. general administration. That is how we propose to solve the social problem. We cannot introduce a political party, communist or otherwise, into this scheme, without surrendering our fundamental principles and abolishing our own independence. For us to adopt the plan of the Third International would mean that we step down from our assumed position of world leadership and acknowledge as our masters and leaders the membership of a political party recruited from all layers of society. The I. W. W. membership, having once tasted spiritual independence and feeling that they now are the masters of their own destiny, will never seriously consider any such proposition.

They are out to establish the rule of the workers, they have been at it now for fifteen years and grown into a world movement on the strength of it. They are not likely to adopt a program which saddles a political party on their back as their taskmasters.

As for endorsing armed insurrection as a means of attaining our ends, no body of men in possession of their senses would advocate such a policy. To do so would undoubtedly immediately result in our being wiped off the earth here in America and driven "under ground", compelling us to cease being a bona fide industrial movement and becoming a hunted set of underground political conspirators. But even if

we were secure for such a fate, an endorsement of such a program would be outside our sphere. We are in the business of creating new organs of productions, distribution and administration. Our fear is not that capitalism will not be overthrown. Our fear is that we shall not be able to get the new organs ready in time for the collapse.

In our opinion capitalist government will collapse of itself when capitalism collapses. Capitalism will collapse politically soon after it has collapsed economically, as a sort of reflex. Capitalist government exists on revenue, principally taxes. When capitalism collapses industrially, as it is doing throughout the world, the capitalist governments will collapse from insufficient revenue if for no other reason. Italy today is a case in point. Being too weak numerically to speed on this collapse by artificial means, even were it desirable, we have no choice but to go ahead and teach industrial organization and create what new organs we can. By doing this we are both undermining and overthrowing capitalism to the limit of our ability and at the same time providing for the future.

Armed insurrections may come without our assistance. By the way the capitalist class is now treating the people they are driving the masses to despair. The masses will stand cold steel just so deep. When they can go no longer they will revolt, first sporadically and on a small scale, as the coal miners and the outlaw railroad strikers, then in greater masses. Out of this clash of interests a head-on collision is apt to result in due time, when the discontent of the masses has gathered a sufficient momentum. In rejecting the program of armed insurrection we, consequently, do not by any means imagine that we will be able to avert the calamity of such a collision. But we do not wish to bring about that calamity and try to cause a premature collision by artificial stimulation. If it has to come, let it come about naturally as a result of insufferable conditions. We the I. W. W. will be on the spot when that time comes, trying to bring order out of chaos.

So much for the general principles involved in the above manifestoes.

But the Third International is one thing and the Russian Revolution is another.

The Third International is composed of various political and some industrial organizations of many different countries. The Russian Revolution is a living fact in which we rejoice as a great movement of the people for freedom. To the Russian people in revolution we extend the hand of fellowship and pledge them all the assistance in our power. But to the Third International we must say, that our place is with the Industrial International that has been proposed and that we will have to work out the solution of the social program along the lines proposed by ourselves and outlined above.

With this understanding we grasp the outstretched hand of the Third International, through its president, and pledge our solidaric co-operation in the struggle for Industrial Communism.

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We wish to call the readers' special attention to the series of articles by HOWARD SCOTT commencing in this issue. As you will no doubt immediately notice this writer projects his mind still further than we are used to doing and penetrates deeper into the question of production and distribution than we usually do. By paying close attention to these articles we shall be able to learn many important new points and avoid many errors in our attempt to build a new society. By adding these points to our store of knowledge we shall be able to go about the task of economic reconstruction with considerably increased efficiency. Do not neglect to call people's attention to these articles. They will help to get new readers.

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The new General Executive Board is now in session, and we shall probably have some interesting reports from their meetings in the next issue of The One Big Union Monthly.

# The World Situation

The central fact of present day history is of course the steady and rapid collapse of world capitalism, which seems to be irresistibly drawn to its destruction. The cornerstones of capitalism have turned into mill stones round its neck and the invisible leaden weights of its inherent mathematical absurdities are bearing it down. This spectacle is so imposing and gigantic that one can hardly have eyes for some of the details.

Nevertheless we cannot but be impressed by the drama now being enacted round Warsaw, the capital of Poland.

If it were only a common war of conquest, an ordinary conflict between two peoples, of which history has recorded so many, the average American would pay little attention to the happenings on Russo-Polish battlefields. But the fact of the matter is that Russo-Polish is a misnomer. It is not a battle for supremacy between two peoples.

There is no use concealing the fact that it is a Communist-Capitalist battlefield. It is the beginning of the last battle. It is a battle between the red flag of socialism or communism, whichever you want to call it, and the black flag of piratical capitalism. The peoples of the earth have lined up behind the combatants. Back of the Bolsheviks stand the socialist and communist workers of the whole world, their heart beating with sacred expectation. Back of the Polish troops stand the capitalists and their hangers-on of every country. The two nations, the capitalist class and the working class have come to a final collision. On the outcome of this battle depends the fate of the working class for a long time time to come, whether it shall be mastery of the world or subjection to capitalist reaction and white terror.

The English Workers have been quick to grasp it. They have taken a stand which is forcing the English Government to voluble even if insincere declarations of neutrality. The French Workers are straining every nerve to make impossible the sending of troops and ammunition against the Bolsheviks, although with less success. An international convention of marine transport workers in session a few days ago in Belgium adopted a resolution to make war impossible by a refusal to carry war implements and soldiers. The I. W. W. of America has shown its hand by expelling the unsolidaric longshoremen of Philadelphia who were loading ammunition for Wrangle, with which to fall the Russian workers in the back. Only the American Federation of Labor seems to have thrown its lot with the backers of the Polish armies.

A recent newspaper dispatch announces that A. F. of L. officials are seriously considering withdrawal from the Trade Union International they belong to, as the European labor organizations are becoming too radical to suit these officials. At its last convention, in Montreal, they voted down the proposition to endorse the present regime in Russia. After that a withdrawal is naturally in order, as the European workers are nearly all backing the Russian workers.

On the outcome of the present battle in Poland depends the course of Europe and the world for the near future. If the bolshevik armies are victorious, Europe and the world goes red; if the bolsheviks are defeated the white terror will hold its sway in many countries and reaction will triumph.

We here in America are so distant from the field of action that we can do little to bring victory to the bolshevik arms and defeat to the legions of capitalism. But we can shout our encouragement and help indirectly by digging in and doubling or trebling our efforts for industrial unionism. For that is our way to weaken and fight capitalism.

By paralizing the arm of American capitalism raised for a dastardly blow against labor the world over, we are doing the best we can to bring victory to the bolshevik arms.

Ergo:

Make another dash through the enemies' lines with that bundle of I. W. W. literature.

Buttonhole two or three more fellows a day in the shop and tell them about our mission. Go after the workers with books and papers in one hand and a membership card in the other. Get on the soapbox if and where you can and talk to groups of workers. Speak, write and agitate without rest. Every worker won over to our ideas means increased chances for the red cause on the battlefront in Poland and everywhere else.

# FOUR HEROES

By Robin Dunbar

Radicals have their heroes just like scissor-bills have theirs.
You hear of several mushroom millionaires
Every day; their names adorn the front page
Of your favorite newspaper quite often.
Let them wear their pants a little longer
Or their skirts a little shorter,
The news is put on the ass. press wires at once.

Well I'm not going to bother about such silly folk;
I'm going to sing of real men, four of them.
None of them was a hero to his valet
For the simple reason he never had one.

Well the hero of my youth was AUGUST SPIES,
I'd like to have met him; he died for a cause,
The cause of freedom and died game.
He helpt me to form good tastes,
For real men and women, instead of wax figures.

JOE HILL came next; I liked the way he died
With a song on his lips
And a message of cheer to his comrades.
He died like a man; shot by coward bullets.

FRANK LITTLE soon followed him; a true martyr.
Little was a consistent pacifist;
Rather than acclaim slaughter god,
He went a willing victim to the trestle.
Never was a bridge more honored
Than when it sustained his bruised body
Suspended on a ruffian rope.

Last comes WESLEY EVEREST, who died fighting;
He is the most dramatic figure of them all.
I like the way he returned shot for shot,
Until his gun clogged from heat.
He had been taught to murder for pelf,
And he wiped out that stain by killing for self,
And in defense of the sacred right of asylum.
No wonder his heroic stand roused the fury of the hell hounds
To heights of insane froth.
His example is a great inspiration;
His death a noble martyrdom;
His blood shed in freedom's cause
Is already breeding defenders.
A sacrifice like his proves more than words,
That slavery is doomed
To sudden and ignoble death.

# Blood and Wine

**A certain little renegade of the Revolution chants a hymn of praise to his erstwhile Enemy.**

By Ralph Chaplin

Behold! the helots of the land
Are cowed beneath thy iron fist;
They are too blind to understand—
Too dumb and spineless to resist.

Victorious one! against thy gains
These chattels cannot, dare not rise;
Stifle the thought within their brains
And rule with bayonets and lies.

So may thy sons, with greed uncurbed,
Their children's children rule again;
Aye, rule with iron undisturbed,
The all-prolific sons of men.

What matters that ten million died
To give thy lust a dwelling place?
Does not thy Terror set aside
The ancient freedom of the race?

What matters that the peasant's plow
Bites at a soil baptised with red?
Are not thy bloody dollars now
More myriad than the myriad dead?

That in charred cities, wan with pain,
War-desolated mothers live,
While lips of babies tug in vain
At breasts that have no milk to give?

Or that beneath thy towered walls,
Cursed with the eloquence of hell,
Black want to red Rebellion calls * * *?
Heed not! I tell thee, ALL IS WELL!

Heed not! have vine-clad maidens sing
And serve thee scented wine and gore;
Laugh! glut thyself to vomiting
And hiccough, screaming still for more.

What of the Men against the gate,
Black-massed and sullen, gaunt and lean?
Like thee they crave one thing to hate * * *
Be glad * * * and whet thy guillotine!




# Let's Line Up "Bill"

By "Wingy" Thomas

It's a long way to good conditions
While Scissor Bill hangs around,
For he's solid out at Roach's—
Strong on Hump's and Shippey's ground;
The only place he's absent
Is at Mills' SIX-BITS camp—
There they've all joined the wobblies,
So "Bill" had to decamp!

To hell with these old blankets!
Where cooties swarm at will;
We can end these fierce conditions
With the help of scissor bill.
When "Bill" joins ONE BIG UNION,
On clean beds we will flop—
Not in a portable dog-house
With rain pouring in at the top.

The crumbs are running races,
The garbage makes us sigh;
If "Bill" would line up with us,
Away these things 'u'd fly!
In place of "belly" and cabbage,
And all that kind of junk,
We'd have a cook and cookee
Whose chuck would ne'er punk.

Now to better our conditions
We must take OLD SCISSOR BILL,
And teach him organization—
His wood block we must drill!
Of demo-cracy he's had plenty
And he's longing for a change;
With "Bill" wised up and raving,
We'll drive the GYPPOS from the range!

# Does this Fit You?

By John E. Nordquist

Oh, for a legion of workers
Who dare to think and do,
Who cannot be cowed by the masters,
And never for mercy sue.
Men of nerve and action
Men who forge straight ahead;
Oh, for a legion of workers
Who refuse to be towed and led!

Oh, for a band of toilers
With the spirits of Everest and Hill,
And courage like Little's and Larkin's—
And others in dungeons chill.
They recked not consequences
Nor censure and scorn of man:
Oh, for a band of workers
Imaged after this fearfree clan!

# The Storm

By Chas. Devlin

The storm approaches, still the air
Quiet here, but there the blare
Boom and crash and lightening flash
Stirred as with a mighty lash
Hearts of men, and eyes as well
Gaze at this infernal hell,
Canons boom and shrapnel shrieks
Lo! The system surely creaks.

The world's aflame, revolt is here
Revolt of millions coming near
With words and deeds and valor they
Are mapping out the ONE real way
On the land and in the air
Revolution everywhere
The Proletariat is up
Drinking now from victory's cup.

And when the storm is spent and done
And workers everywhere have won
A system new from out the old
Will rise and spread its every fold
Embracing all Humanity
Giving lasting liberty.
The goal is worth our very best
Let every worker stand the test.


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THE NIGHTMARE OF THE CAPITALIST

# The Scourge of Politics in a Land of Manna

BY HOWARD SCOTT
(Industrial Engineer.)

Through the missed of the fourteen points, the clamor of the League of Nations, and the speed of the "may I knote", shrieks the siren of the newspapers proclaiming the efficacy of some one political programme as a panacea for the immediate ills. We have with us today as many breeds of political parties as we have religious sects, all advocating greater or lesser reforms, varying in their demands according to the strata of society they represent, all antithetical to each other, but all possessing one common factor, their belief in the efficacy of political action.

Color, music, religion, morals and politics are subjective realities. For the color-blind, as, for instance, those who fail to perceive the greens, light of this color does not exist, although it may for others. Those of normal vision may have the sensation which they call green light, which means, not that the green light is real, but only that the impression is real to them. By the defective in hearing certain sounds may not be heard at all, although another man may hear them clearly. Sound does not exist for one who is totally deaf.

Religions, morals, and politics, being beliefs, create impressions which are real to some people, to others are totally different, varying in accordance with race, geographical location and economic conditions, and to others do not exist at all.

Political power is centered in the emotional expression of the mass, and its adherence to the political party in power depends on the amount of belief in each individual member. Written on the flyleaf of the book of rules of every able politician and statesman is that sentence of Macchiavelli's, "The appearance of belief in any popular faith is as necessary as the belief in it is harmful;" followed by the addenda of Bismark, "Religion, patriotism, and politics are the primary weapons for controlling the mob." The political leaders of the past and present have, through the inculcation of beliefs or subjective realities into the minds of the mass, achieved for themselves a goal which lies on a separate and distinct plane, and does not concern itself with the objective realities of the mass. It is the fervour of faith, the fanaticism of belief, the reaction of all primal instincts and personal impressions that sweeps a candidate or party into political power. If there existed that queer paradox, a political party, based, not upon theory but upon actual facts, the situation would not be such a hopeless one.

The structure of our present legislative bodies is composed of representatives elected on the basis of geographical divisions, the qualification of an electee consisting in the possession of a definite amount of capital vested in real estate, bond, or other holdings. He is not required to be involved in the production of any of the essentials of life for his district, nor even to possess a knowledge of the methods of production. We therefore have that queer anomaly of a man being elected from a division the important function of which, for the country as a whole, is the production of coal who is a lawyer, and whose knowledge is limited to law and litigation; or we have a doctor of medicine representing a steel district, or a banker a farming district. Thus are made possible the debates which frequently occur in Congress on the subject of operating railroads in which lawyer, doctor, banker and professional politician participate with equal ignorance argueing away the nation's legislative time and money. And though such an unrepresentative group may legislate, it becomes still more innocuous through the fact that it does not carry its legislation into execution.

There are before the public at the present moment a number of political expedients through which they are attempting to solve one of our primary industrial problems, namely railroads. But the railroads are only one unit of the industry of transportation and cannot be dealt with separately and obtain efficient service in our common carriers. Of all the plans presented not one has taken into consideration the technique of this industry, or has apparently realized that under scientific administration of our carrier system, railroads must be secondary to that more efficient method of hauling bulk cargoes, namely waterways—depending, of course on the geographical conformation of the country. Nor do they realize that the motor trucks on our highways are relieving the railroads of an ever increasing portion of their bulk freight. Still again! Nor do they realize that our transmission lines and our pipe lines provide a better method of transporting power and fuel than do our railroad coal cars and tank cars.

The inadequacy of any plan that proposes to allow the workers to share in the profits of an industry is that it places the basis of efficiency not on scientific grounds, but on methods of management that will obtain greater profits for all parties involved. If such a plan were imposed on the transportation system of this country it would induce a condition so static that all other forms of transportation would be discriminated against in order that the railroad workers and railroad capitalists be enabled to maintain their established earnings. The railroad interests in the past, by devious financial and financially induced legal means, have killed every form of water transportation in the United States excepting those required by the railroad interests for their own ends. Our railroad interests have chased the river steamer and the canal boat out of existence, leaving them and their docks to disintegrate under the ravages of time. In the majority of cases the rivers and waterways of our country are today paralleled, not only on one, but

on both sides by railroads. Under scientifically operated transportation the waterways, with feeder highways or short line feeder railroads, would relieve the present trunk line railroads of the United States of over one half of their freight load. So it is that any political solution to the railroad workers problem endangers the transportation problem of the entire nation. Efficient transportation is not only a matter of carrying goods, but also of eliminating the unnecessary carrying.

In view of the complexity of the industrial situation in this country, and the fact that the industries are so closely inter-related, any fundamental change in the methods of operation of any one industrial unit would involve a corresponding change in every unit that is correlated to it; and any method of scientific operation which might be introduced in any seperate unit would be immediately sabotaged by the financial control which is equally interlocked and co-related, and thereby strangle at birth. The absurdity of any plan for the operation of railroads (whether it be the Plumb plan, or it's adversary, the Cummins bill) is immediately apparent when one is brought into cognizance of the fact that the present group of railroad interests own and control the sources of supply of power and fuel in coal, oil, and water, and that they own and control the manufacturing of railroad equipment, and in the further knowledge that the earnings of the railroad groups are accentuated by the carrying of products which they own and control in preference to transporting them by a more efficient method, but one in which they have no vested interest. The introduction of a scientific system of operation would carry with it the scientific use of materials inter-related with the railroads, and the scientific use of one of these materials alone, namely bituminous coal, which is one-third of all the freight moved on common carriers would render it impossible for the railroads of this country to earn dividends on their present capitalization.

We are living today in an industrial age which concerns itself with the production and use of energy and matter in the forms of electricity, steam, steel, lumber and cotton, etc. The amount of energy or work required to produce a given amount of a certain material under a given condition can be accurately calculated. The machine necessary for the production of so many units of power can be accurately designed. The resultant of a chemical reaction can be determined before the reaction takes place. The candle power of a given amount of electricity is a known factor. The food content of a bushel of wheat of standard grade is an established fact. The production factor of the worker can be determined under all conditions.

Political legislation cannot decide the question of the number of hours a worker shall work in a given industry under a given condition, or what materials, quantity and quality, shall be used, or the methods of production, unless politics can co-relate all industry.

Why be carried away by the momentum of our multiple verbiage in the discussion of the high cost of living? Why not consider the fact that only one in ten of our population is engaged in actual production?

Why allow a million petty stores to muddle up the problem of retail distribution with their inefficiencies? Why not eliminate 75 per cent of the inefficiency and the individuals engaged in this trading, by consolidation into scientific distribution depots on a large scale,putting the 75 per cent of the men no longer needed into essential production?

Why insist upon the different agricultural industries being personally operated by any method that the individual farmer cares to adopt? Why not industrialize agriculture by operating large areas as industrial units, vesting the personal rights of the farmer, not in possession, but in an equity of productive effort?

Why mine bituminous coal for the production of power? Why waste fifteen-sixteenths of it's multiple content by burning it under boilers? Why not develop the remaining 97 per cent of our water-power resources in this country?

Why operate manufacturing establishments 2,000 miles from their source of supply? Why not have manufacturing establishments located in the center of their source of supply, or as nearly so as possible?

Why have the ill-health of a citizen an incentive to profiteer on the part of our medical profession? Why not have public health and hygiene nationally operated on the basis of service?

Why have the security of the individual from starvation the income provider for the insurance companies? Why not have it that the individual's social service contract with the state provides him with a livelihood until death?

Why involve ourselves in the discussion of the laws and the inefficiencies of our law courts? Why not eliminate the major number of inefficiencies by cancelling all causes of litigation?

Why indulge our national vanity in wasting effort, time, and materials in the production of gold as a ballast for international treasuries, necessary with a gold basis currency? Why not have a currency that one cannot store up to rust, and that thieves cannot steal, of purchasing value only to the individual to whom it is issued in exchange for his productive effort?

Why tolerate the throttling of our industrial life by politicians and political action? Why not eliminate all politics and political action by instituting an industrial organization composed of men who, by their training and experience, have the knowledge of operation and direction?

Why the demand for higher wages? Why the higher prices? Why not a system of industrial operation wherein one would obtain, not a wage that is in the ratio of 8 per cent to his productive effort, as exists today, but 69.3 per cent, the remaining 30.7 per cent being no tribute to capital, but the normal contribution of each citizen to the

requirements of replacement and depreciation, and the maintenance and operation of the administration and it's indirect industries, such as education, sanitation etc.

These questions are not of a destructive character; individually they may seem so, but as components of a sequence they partially reveal the possibilities that would develop in a plan, nation-wide, that was not political, but industrial, wherein production would be for use, not for price.

It is possible under a system of scientific administration to increase the present standard of living over 800 per cent. The day is pregnant with the need of just such a readjustment. There can be no cessation to industrial unrest so long as the conditions heretofore mentioned persist. They are blocking the wheels of the industrial mechanism. Given a plan or design of industrial administration the movement of the mass can be directed into constructive channels, but without such the country shall be plunged into a maelstrom beside which the Russian revolution is but a tempest in a tea-pot; no, not a maelstrom, but an eruption of mud.

## *International Relations*
### *Will be Submitted to a Referendum Vote*

The following extracts from the minutes of the G. E. B. now in session were made at the moment of closing the last form. They refer to International relations.

1. Moved by McClellan, Seconded by Mashlykin, **That we endorse the Third International. Motion lost.**

   For: McClellan, Mashlykin. Against: Brown, Nordquist, Lessig, Sullivan and Fisher.

2. Moved by Brown, Seconded by Sullivan, **That we do not endorse the Third International officially, and that we notify the Third International that our position makes it impossible to endorse same as it is outlined in the Zinovieff appeal to the I. W. W., and that we are in favor of an Economic Industrial International. Motion carried.** For: Brown, Lessig, Sullivan, Nordquist. Against: Fisher, McClellan, Mashlykin.

3. Moved by Lessig, Seconded by Nordquist, **That we endorse the Third International with reservation, as follows: That we do not take any part whatsoever in parliamentary action and that we reserve the right to develop our own tactics according to conditions prevailing. Motion carried.** For: Nordquist, Lessig, Sullivan, Fisher. Against: Brown, McClellan. Mashlykin not voting.

4. Moved by McClellan, Seconded by Mashlykin **that the three above propositions be submitted to the membership for a referendum vote. Motion carried.**

The appeal in question will be found in this issue of the magazine Everybody should read it before casting his vote in this referendum.

## "The Amnesty Key"

**By John Nordquist**

**Tune—"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"**

**I'm having dreams,**
**I'm seeing gleams,**
**Of men in prison cells—**
**Sentenced long years**
**To haunting fears,**
**And death in these earthly hells.**
**If you would hasten the dawning**
**Of blissful "AMNESTY MORNING,"**

**Chorus—**
**Come, then, workers, strike together**
**In one mighty union grand;**
**Hear Ye the call, Freedom for all—**
**Strike till the masters' bastiles fall;**
**Empty every cell house,**
**Make all sorrow flee.**
**We can open up the prisons**
**With the "ONE BIG UNION" key.**

**Organized right**
**We'll win the fight,**
**For all we'll freedom gain—**
**After the strife**
**They'll find new life**
**With wife and babies again.**
**If you would shorten their anguish**
**Break down the bars where they languish.**
**(Chorus)**

### GOOD NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA

We are in receipt of a letter from Tom Barker, now in London, where he has vigorously championed the cause of the 12 I. W. W. members under long sentences in Australia. The letter came too late for this issue. We are able to quote, however, that a Royal Commission has rendered a report which acknowledges that these men were framed up. As a result ten of them have been released alrady, and the other two are expected to be free very soon.

It now remains for a commission in this country to unmask the frame up against the American I. W. W. members in jail so that they also may go free.

# Sidelights on American Industrial Evolution

*(What here follows is another chapter of the new Industrial Union Handbook for Agricultural Workers, soon to be issued by the I. W. W.)*

### The Condor and the Eagle

Europe, after the capitalist class had intrenched itself within the smouldering ruins of Feudalism, was a hot-bed of intrigue and oppression. Karl Marx summed up the situation with an expressive phrase: Capitalism came into the world dripping blood and filth at every pore." The agricultural population was largely driven into the mills, mines and factories there to toil prodigously that the ruling classes of the various capitalist nations might compete with one another for control of the world market.

After the settlement of the eastern shores of the new world the young continents of America began to germinate with the seed of social progress. In a comparatively short time they fell in line with the general development of Europe. In the United States, even in earliest times, forces were at work that would eventually produce the evil weed of industrial autocracy. Capitalism must follow its natural bent here, just as in the rest of the world. But the country was so young and so full of manifold opportunities that years must elapse before the new despotism might enslave the people. Even today there are workers, known as "scissor-bills" who look at the present world through the eyes of their great-grandfathers. They have not brought their minds up to date and therefore have the psychology of two generations ago.

But the early American pioneer, ever venturing westward into the wilderness lived over again the whole history of the human race. First came the daring explorer steering his adventurous canoe up the courses of uncharted rivers; the hunters, trapper and fisherman, blazing a trail across the untamed continent for multitudes yet unborn; then the first settlers with their families, agricultural implements and stock; also the farmer and herder with their rough free life on the virgin prairies or the range in the middle of the last century, and finally the merchant, manufacturer and banker, erecting railroads along the old trails, factories at the junctions, court houses on the town commons and jails on the sites of the block-houses.

The capitalist class eventually dominated the land of our forefathers and put its heel-print upon the life of the nation. The traditions of the Revolution were forgotten and the government, as in the rest of the world, became an instrument of working class repression. The principle of democracy was not extended into industry when the country became industrialized. The condor of industrial despotism luxuriated the nest of the proud American eagle.

### The Iron Law of History

But capitalism was not always reactionary as it is today. In the beginning it was of real service to the human race. Progress had entrusted to capitalists the task of constructing a system of production that was adequate for the growing needs of the population. Industrial evolution had to follow its inevitable course. Wasteful competition had to be eliminated. Inefficient methods had to give way to organized and centralized production. Industry had to expand and keep pace with the progress of the world. In helping to make these things possible the early captains of industry were a help to society. They prepared the processes of production for the next inevitable step in human progress. They built up an industrial arrangement that could survive them when their services would no longer be needed. Like the early explorers they blazed the trail for the New Society that was to arise when the mission of capitalism had been fulfilled.

They prepared the industries for the ownership of the people.

The doom of private ownership in the means of life was sealed from the beginning. The process of industrial evolution was slowly but surely leading the masters of bread to a point where they would become purely parasitical—mere barnacles on the social organism. We must give the old school of capitalists credit for contributing immensely to the welfare of the human race. The forefathers of the present third generation idle rich helped to organize the wonderful mechanism of today. But this is no reason why their profligate offspring should be supported in luxury to the end of time.

The same laws that produced capitalism are bringing about its collapse. The world is constantly changing. No system based on social parasitism has or can remain permanent. The egg of capitalism contains Industrial Communism just as surely as the egg of Feudalism contained that of Capitalism. The development in the egg is **evolutionary**; the process of breaking the egg is **revolutionary.** In a way the capitalists also were "building the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

The feudal lord and the modern capitalist stand together before the bar of history. The downfall of the latter is just as inevitable as that of the former. Whatever becomes a hindrance to human progress must go. Slavery, feudalism, capitalism; each in turn have yielded and must yield to the iron law of history.

America was primarily an agricultural country for many years. Before the land and machinery of production were monopolized the United States was in reality the land of opportunity. Capitalism could not enslave nor break the spirit of the American people as long as the frontier beckoned in the golden West. There was a time, in the early days when a Yankee simply would not work for wages. Land was cheap out toward the sunset or, if farming did not allure, there were thousands of business opportunities that had not yet been gobbled up by monopolists. About the only things that would keep a man from succeeding were his own indifference

or laziness. It was comparatively easy for the farm hand to become a farmer, the mechanic a manufacturer, the clerk a merchant. Classes and castes existed only in embryo. Strikes were few in number and local in character. The class struggle, like the industries in which it was developing, was still in its infancy. Wall street, in these days, had not yet taught the people to eat from its hand.

### The Industrial Revolution

Gradually the old free America was changed. The western prairies were fenced in and the range became a series of ranches. A shining network of rails was thrown across the land and the historic trails were no longer trampled with hoofs of countless herds. The door of Opportunity was slammed in the face of the working class. Monopoly spread like a black plague upon the land. The industrial pirates of the East, not content with the millions of acres of land which had been conveniently given them by their government, defrauded both the government and people out of millions of acres more. The story of land grabbing and the hogging of the nation's industries is a long record of robbery and fraud. The titles to all the property of the United States began to find their way more and more into the strong coffers of the social parasites. Hand production was changed to machine production. Smoking factories sprang up in all directions. Eventually the whole nation was safely in the clutch of private greed. Capitalism, by means of a series of prodigous robberies, had reached its afflorescence. When the working class get ready to take back the world that was stolen from them they will use far cleaner tactics than did the present "owners" in getting possession.

The centralization of industry gave birth to marvelous machines which rapidly displaced the skill of the workers. Instead of lifting the burden of labor these wonderful inventions served only to enrich the favored few. The entire working class was reduced to the dead level of uninteresting drudgery. Classes became ever more clearly defined and the class struggle ever more intense. Overproduction, strikes, wars and unemployment became more frequent and wider in scope. Wealth became more and more concentrated into the hands of an ever decreasing number of parasites. In the cities the machine proletariat had become divorced from the means of production; in the country the agricultural proletariat was shut off forever from ownership of the land. The possessing class became more powerful and the working class more dependent. On the one side, now that the system is "rotten ripe for change", stand the industrial autocrats, law-buttressed and arrogant; on the other the rebellious tenants and workers, vaguely trying to comprehend the great changes that have taken place all about them. The breath of Revolution is already stirring this miasmic jungle of despotism and decay. America, like the France of 1779 is about to feel the birth-pangs of the new society. Will the hideous system of Capitalism leave the stage as it entered, "dripping blood and filth at every pore?" The future alone will tell.

### Modern Serfdom—the Tenant Farmer

Land tenantry is serfdom without the picturesque background of feudalism. It exists in America to a surprising extent. The Industrial Relations Commission, at the suggestion of William D. Haywood, investigated this disgraceful symptom of social sickness. Their disclosures have since been almost suppressed, but any worker who has lived in the south knows of the real situation from first hand observation.

The tenant farmers, particularly those in the states of Oklahoma, Texas, and Louisiana, occupy a position peculiar to themselves in the economic and social structure of the nation.

These people are not actual wage earners, but at the same time the most viciously exploited of any division of workers in the United States by the capitalist land owners.

In the Lone Star state there are no federal lands. A few persons have, however, schemed and contrived to gain possession of vast tracts of land that were formerly used for grazing purposes only.

A certain contractor for erecting the capitol building at Austin, Texas, came into possession of something like a million and a half acres of state land. The Dunlops are credited with owning some three million acres of land, while those who visited Widow King discovered that it is fifty miles from her front gate to the front door of her residence.

Armour and Company own huge tracts of land in California. The Taft Company owns a farm of 150 square miles. The holdings of the Miller and Lux Company run contiguously through six states and embrace millions of acres. Farming is not only becoming industrialized but the agricultural proletariat is now an established fact.

In this territory the typical farm renter of the south is the grandson of the aristocratic slave owning patricians, tall, clear eyed, broad shouldered and deep chested. They marry young and are early burdened with a rapidly increasing family of children.

Equipped with a span of mules, a dead-axe wagon, some household furniture, a coop of chickens, and his family aboard he is looking for a farm to rent. Traveling about he secures a piece of land forty or eighty acres from the Burlesons or Gregories of the south; usually rented by the season. For his tenure he gives a fourth of the corn and a third of the cotton he raises. His temporary habitation is a miserable shack built of boards and batten which are little barrier for the cold Texas winds or the blazing hot summer sun.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" never originated on a tenant farm. There is no such thing as a well or a spring. Water for household use comes from an open cistern.

### The Refinement of Exploitation

The farm owner exacts that all the land be tilled, and it usually is farmed up to the back door, leav-

ing no pasturage for a cow. The tenant farmer and his children seldom taste the delicacies of milk, butter, and eggs which are supposed to go with farm life.

Crowd the houses of the farm renters together and you will have tenement quarters such as does not exist in any part of the world. Whitechapel, London or the east side of New York would be paradise in comparison with the jumbled shacks of the people who raise corn and cotton to feed and clothe others.

The tenant farmer in his overalls and broad brimmed hat stands alone and helpless. Robbed as are the black men of the south, he accepts his condition with little protest.

The crop he raises, good or bad as it may be, after giving the share exacted by the land owner, does not then belong to the man of toil. He has been compelled to borrow a little money from the bank for which he must pay an excessive interest. He has purchased some supplies from the store on all of which he has paid an exorbitant profit.

When he comes to sell his crop, the cotton is baled and hauled to market. A Commissioner or Sales Agent inspects the cotton and says with an air of authority, "This is short." He will then quote a price three or four cents less than the market value. Thus it can be seen, though cotton may be King, the man who produces is robbed in four ways: Rent, interest, profit, and commission, all of which he meets at the point of production.

Not only is the farmer himself robbed but his entire family. His children during cotton picking time are in the field—little babes four and five years old, dragging along tiny sacks, picking off their mite of cotton from the plants, while the mother leaving her nursing babe at one end of the row drags herself through the fields of green and white gathering, as it were, the material to make the shrouds of her class.

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# The Dear ? Old Blanket Roll

By Chas. O. Olsen

Blanket-roll! I ought to love you,
Dear and dirty, warm and worn;
For the sleep-compelling virtue
Of your folds so old and torn;
But the best of friends must sever
Ties that bind—and go you MUST;
So I'll bid good-bye forever,
As you vanish, dust to dust.

When I bought you of the Hebrew,
You were somewhat neat and clean,
Though outside his door, you had to
Lie for weeks without a screen.
This was but an intimation
Of the life you were to lead;
Many a day you've had occasion
To regret those days indeed.

New and tender—unprotected,
You were dragged across the floor,
By a baggage man ejected,
Through the "depot's" open door.
Flung by scornful, careless fingers,
In a filthy baggage car,
Where you won a scent that lingers
With you, and I smell afar.

Outside many a little station
You have left a mottled stain,
As your rainbow decoration
Gently faded in the rain.
Many a mile I've watched you bobbing,
Lashed beside an auto stage;
Often times I've seen you dropping
In the mud, with silent rage.

Oh, you're full of fleas and splinters
From many a soiled and caulk-worn floor
When in weary, workless winters
You were "left" behind the door.
Many a dog in friendly greeting
Sniffed your bulging drapery;
Many a cat has found a fleeting
Couch of hospitality.

Snug within your folds are hiding
Germs and microbes of decay;
Patiently their time abiding
To infect me and to slay;
But I laugh at all this danger,
I'm a close friend—hence immune,
But it's hell on any stranger
Who might have the misfortune.

Hidebound custom did unite us
Whom education must divorce;
Shall indifference, blind and callous,
Like an ancient dragging curse
Chain us to a foul condition,
Relic of old, ignorant ways?
Surely not—a cleaner vision
Points a path to saner days.

(SEATTLE UNION RECORD)

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**Please note that from and with September 1 the subscription price of this magazine is $2.50 a year. If you want it sent by first class mail, to be sure of delivery, add 10 cents per copy.**

# Evolution and the I. W. W.

BY JACK GAVEEL

This is a short sketch of a vast evolutionary and historical process. However an exposition of details is not necessary here as the aim of this article is education which will enable the workers to break the mental chains which hold them in subjection to the present system of society (a society from which they have nothing to gain and by the disappearance of which they stand nothing to lose), and for this purpose an outline of the most essential facts contained in the evolution of man and Society is all that is required.

The value of a knowledge of the facts of human and social evolution in its relation to the emancipation of the workers may not at first be appreciated, and even by many ignored, but, after a more thorough consideration of the question by all those willing and capable to use their brains, the fact will then clearly stand out that, before the workers can give the best that is in them in their struggle to abolish wage slavery and capitalism and establish Industrial Democracy, an understanding of Evolution in its broadest aspects is essential.

Evolution is that succession of transformations through which matter and force pass in their eternal restlessness. To understand Evolution therefore is to understand its manifold transformations which include Man, his mind and his Society.

Take the mind of man for instance. According to the poisonous teachings of those who prostitute the uses of their intellect at the command of the ruling class the mind is a mystery, not belonging to the things of the material world. It is uncaused and constitutes part of the divine substance and as such its dictates are the arbitrary will of—God, a will not to be brought under natural law, not to be understood and therefore to be obeyed implicitly.

According to the evolutionary point of view, however, Man's mind is the result of a long natural development beginning with the lowest forms of life, leading on through ever higher forms of existence and finally culminating in Reason, Judgment, Imagination, Sympathy, etc. Also according to the same point of view the succession of ideas in the History of Human Society has been caused by changes in the economic conditions. That is; at all times Man's social consciousness has been adapted to the mode of wealth production. To take a concrete illustration; if the prevailing notion in regard to the nature of the human mind is that the latter is a mystery not to be understood we know in the light of Evolution that this view, this state of mind is an effect determined by the interests of the present ruling class which derives its existence from the exploitation of the wage workers and which therefore has to have a set of rules for the conduct of its slaves, rules which must be made to look mysterious and as if emanating from the Divinity to insure their successful operation. And how can this be done better than by ascribing to the mind and its ideas a supernatural origin?

From the above illustration it will be readily seen that the worker who has studied and understands evolution has a great advantage over his fellow-worker of the field, mine or shop who is not so instructed. For the latter will swallow all his master's teachings and morality bait and hook without ever inquiring into the wherefore of things thereby forging the chains of slavery around his own legs whereas the former will treat with disdain an education tainted with the lust for greed of the capitalist class; and set up in opposition an education and morality suited to the interests of himself and his class, the workingclass.

If we go back in our imagination to that period of the dim past when man first made his appearance on the earth we must perform a mental elimination of all his wondrous accomplishments. The steam ship dissolves in the dugout, the electric train becomes a rude device consisting of a wooden body supported and rolling along on wooden discs sliced off some tree trunk. Modern telegraphy finds its prototype in the signal fire lit on the forest hill. The machine gun goes back to the blowpipe. Instead of nations we meet with tribes and federations of tribes held loosely together. One by one disappear his modern means of production. The plow is replaced by a stick used for rooting up the ground. There are no clothes except animal skins worn across the shoulders with sometimes the head of the bear or the horns of the aurochs attached. And if we go back far enough we arrive at a time when the melting of iron had not been invented yet and when instead of iron tools and weapons men used stone clubs, axes, knives and spear heads chipped out of flint. However, even these finally disappear together with agriculture, the domestication of animals and the use of fire. Here all co-operation ceases and man becomes the animal primitive In our imagination we can reconstruct him in this primitive state. We can see him even without a bow and arrow depending for his survival in the struggle for existence on his brute strength on the length and sharpness of his big tusks, the degree of power residing in his bulging jaw muscles and the capacity of his mobile ears to detect the slightest sound of danger.

Prowling through the gloom and stillness of the forests of the ancient world, surrounded by dangers on all sides, having nobody to depend upon in his fierce battles but himself this gibbering savage was nothing but a bundle of ferocious instincts continually slaying and being slayed. Awe, wonder, cruelty and stupidity took the place in his narrow and flat skull of imagination, sympathy and intelligence.

Came a time when his conditions of existence started to change, when he was forced to leave be-

hind his arboreal life and was driven out on the wide open plains teeming with new and much more formidable dangers. For here, bereft of the protection offered by the lofty foliage of the forest trees, all his individual strength, his brute ferocity and his prowess availed him naught. Henceforth if he wanted to survive he must say good bye to his former hermit's life. Thus originated the social instinct born in the struggle for existence drawing men together. Thus were the germs of sympathy planted in men's minds. But out of this co-operation evolved also a higher intelligence, for language (implied by association) draws out the ideas and develops the mind. A further mental development resulted from the use of artificial means of offense and defense (tools and weapons).

As co-operation, intelligence and sympathy increased; as life became more secure and the struggle for existence lost a good deal of its harshness and ferocity, man's whole structure changed. His skull grew broader and higher, his big canine teeth became shorter, his ears lost their power of motion, his posture became erect, in short man became man.

Anyone who doubts the truth of the above facts will do well to study the growth of the child. He will here see repeated the same identical stages of growth through which the race has passed. The child at one point in its evolution has the mental equipment of the savage. The primitive hunting, killing and fighting instincts are well developed much more so than in full grown people in whom these instincts through long disuse have assumed the nature of vestigial instincts. It is also a well known fact that children are more cruel and more devoid of sympathy than adults. At the same time awe, wonder, and curiosity play a prominent part in the child's psychology. The explanation of this repetition of ancestral traits lies in the Law of Biogenesis according to which the individual in his development passes through the same stages that the race has gone through.

Man's whole history has been one long and bloody struggle for an ever more perfect existence, a battle for food, clothing and shelter. In this struggle he has schemed and planned, failed and been successful, organized and changed his organizations. Empires have come and gone, races been exterminated, governments and laws been reduced to dust and classes succeeded each other. And the progress made in this yearning and groping for a nobler, better and happier life has been due chiefly to two factors: Man's use of tools and his use of science. Without these he would still be at the mercy of the forces of nature, the limits of his expansion would still be determined by the possibilities offered by raw, undeveloped nature whereas the law of the survival of the fittest would still have its way with him causing him to continuously change his whole structure at the expense of wholesale extermination.

And yet in spite of all his great accomplishments the battle for food and shelter still rages.

The degree of perfection of men's tools has determined the degree of perfection of their lives.

When we study the successive stages of man's development since his emersion out of the jungle we see that the development of production has been the fundamental cause of all progress. Throughout savagery, barbarism and civilization the source of man's ideas, customs, inventions and institutions can be traced to the condition of his economic development, the nature of his tools.

The savage, although with his bow and arrow he controlled a greater food supply than his immediate predecessor, still, having no agriculture, when game became scarce in his territory, was forced to resort to migrations and invasion of the hunting grounds of other tribes. A battle would follow and if the invading famished horde was victorious the victory would be celebrated by a heartly meal of the enemy's flesh.

These mutual migrations, invasions and wars, together with the practice of cannibalism, ceased after men as barbarians had still further augmented the control of their food supply by the cultivation of the soil and the domestication of animals. The cultivation of the soil tied men to one place, also on account of a comparative abundance of food migrations, invasions, wars and cannibalism ceased to exist.

Talking about inventions we can see the truth of the statement that inventions are the result of the development of man's productive powers when we consider that the fire of the savage was the forerunner of the art of pottery. Another fact belonging to the same category is the origin of agriculture most probably in the domestication of animals. (When food for the herd became scarce there would be a tendency to grow plants and grasses instead of leaving their generation to nature.)

And how about the institutions of private property and the state? Have not these their beginning in the increased productivity supplied by the invention of agriculture.

And when we come to deal with religion (which is nothing but a substitute for ignorance and a sense of helplessness and dependence in the face of the unconquered forces of nature) evolution teaches us that as man wrests from nature one by one her secrets he loses his fears and according as he bends her stubborn will to his own thru his inventions and discoveries he develops a sense of his own importance and power, culminating in the conviction that, the same as he is, the creator of all things, so he was also the creator of the mental delusion called God.

The present historical period is called civilization, its later development capitalism and machine production. Before the capitalist class became the ruling class there was a social revolution. New and gigantic forces of production had made their appearance. The old administrative or political powers were no longer capable to administer to these new interests represented by the capitalist class. A new government and new laws adapted to the development of the new productive forces were re-

quired. Natural resources had to be developed, markets must be opened up, railways built, commerce expanded and wage labor was required, also bigger and more efficient armies and navies. Compromise between the old and new ruling classes was out of the question because their interests were diametrically opposed. One believed in stagnation and death, the other in activity and life. So the revolution came.

In less time than it takes for the lightning to flash across the dark sky, old cherished beliefs, customs and institutions were flung in the dust and trampled. Men went mad. Nothing was stable any longer. Stunning changes followed each other in quick succession. Everything was examined, all things revalued. The jails were full. Hundreds of thousands lost their lives, title, heredity and position all of a sudden mingled with the filth in the gutter. Princes, kings and nobles mixed their blood under the knife of the guillotine. At last, amidst the crash and roar of the collapsing timbers of the old feudal society, capitalism reared its bloody but victorious head. All had been accomplished in the name of Liberty Equality, Fraternity and FREE TRADE, although what really took place was this: Revolution in the forces of production had lead to a revolution thru the whole social superstructure.

Have since that time the social forces ceased to act, or is Man still developing, and are his productive forces still expanding? Is it possible that the existence of such an organization as the Industrial Workers of the World is an indication of that development and a prediction of its outcome? That is; is it possible that the I. W. W. is the inevitable outcome of the historical process.

Was the human race emancipated when the capitalist class broke the shackles of the old tyranny? Were justice, equality and fraternity extended to all? Had progress been put in shackles because perfection had at last been attained?

After the capitalist revolution the disillusionment came. Reality which came as a cold shower extinguishing the fires of the most ardent expectations and hopes soon stripped the golden mask off the things of the new order and laid bare all the ugly sores. It was now seen that Equality and Justice was a fool's dream. Society had resolved itself into capitalists and wage workers. The worker had nothing but his labor power. This he sold to the capitalist for wages in order to live. The capitalist on the other hand owned the gigantic means of production (so recently come into existence thru men's united efforts) and this enabled him to exploit the workers of the lion's share of what they produced. Unemployment became rampant, wages went down, women and children took the place of men, panics became more frequent. So did wars and poverty and crimes and prostitution.

Revolution is again casting its shadow over the world. The capitalist administration, its legal and political forms cannot take care of the expanding forces of production. At one time the logical promoters of these forces, the latter have now become unmanageable in its hands. Still they resist all improvement. A class once revolutionary and progressive has become conservative and stagnant.

The struggle today is not carried on any longer in the interest of markets, commerce and the development of natural resources but against private ownership in the means of production which are socially operated. With the productivity of today's gigantic machinery of production abundance may be the lot of all men, nobody needs work long hours, unemployment is unnecessary and there is no need for poverty and inefficiency in production. Still under a system of private ownership in the means of life and production for profits there must be unemployment, some workers must be made to carry the burden of all the others, wages cannot be anything else but low and starvation, poverty, death and disease are let loose broadcast over the land.

So the cry goes up for socialization of the means of production. A new invisible government is already in process of formation. It is the One Big Union of all the workers or the Industrial Democracy and its legality lies in the fact that it alone can organize social production in conformity with the requirements of the expanding forces of production. It is the inevitable outcome of Man's vast struggle for Liberty all thru the ages.

The I. W. W. aims to put the workers in possession of the means of production thereby doing away with production for profits. When the workers own the shops, mills and mines in which they work unemployment will be done away with. All men will put their shoulder to the wheel, thereby lightening the burden of each. The maximum limit of the working day under such conditions will probably be two hours. All will receive according to their needs. Poverty and disease will disappear, also crime, prostitution and war. The aged, sick and crippled will be cared for. Ample opportunity will be given for education and travel. Political government as we know it today based on private property will be replaced by an Industrial government having its basis in the workshops. This government will consist of representatives from the different jobs who will be the "legislators" passing "laws" with a view to the promotion of the most suitable conditions on all jobs.

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## REMEMBER!

There are still many hundreds of I. W. W. men in jail.

There are three kinds of work in behalf of these men that must never stop:

1. **Raise bail for them.**
2. **Raise money for defense in the courts.**
3. **Raise money for jail comforts and for family relief.**

But most important of all:

**Push the organization work to the limit of your endurance.** Without that, all the other work will fail.




**A. F. OF L. "UNION MEN" SCABBING ON ONE ANOTHER IN SIOUX CITY, IOWA**
**(Building laborers picketing. Carpenters hustling.—Spring, 1920.)**

# Social Structures

BY RALPH WINSTEAD

All the ideas that are a part of the system of political democracy seem endowed with a stubborn strength and persistency. Their virility was best expressed, however, in that long struggle which finally gave birth to "representative government." All to late was the victory, for the same age that saw the beginnings of parliamentarism also saw the development of the factory system and the displacement of the handicraft methods.

Political Democracy — theoretically desirable under the handicraft economy, is productive only of strife, chaos and waste under capitalism. In fact it is only thru the constant efforts of patchwork reformers that the structure maintains its dizzy balance.

An analysis of the failure of parliamentary (political democratic) methods of social organization, to advance even the simplest life processes shows several outstanding reasons why that failure exists.

The success or failure of normal national political democracy depends entirely upon the clearness with which the constituent population views the questions of the day and the degree of control which they can exercise over their elected representatives in the three branches of government—legislative, executive and judicial.

Clear vision in the matter of vital social questions is one of the assumptions on which political democracy is based. That any group could control the formation of general opinion was unthinkable during the stage of development that was represented in America by the democratic town meetings.

Yet, with the growth of large industrial units in the basic industries has grown the trustification of the machinery of news dissemination. The economic interests that control the major industrial life of the community control also the means of molding opinion. The town meeting is a relic of the past and has so far fallen out of fashion as to be nonexistent even in those small villages where it is a practicable form of expressing the wishes of the people. Today the majority of the people cannot help but think on POLITICAL questions as the press, school and pulpit influence them or, in other words, as the barons of industry desire.

Just in the last few years some of the most important of the social sciences have developed. These sciences—individual and social psychology—have been reclaimed from the realm of guess work and superstition and have been examined in the light of modern knowledge.

The prevalent idea that man is mainly a reasoning and logical animal has been exploded. The facts have been established that mankind thinks and acts largely because of instinctive forces. It is true that reason is slowly gaining ground in the settling of human questions but it is as yet only a minority factor in that settlement. The examination of the idiotic course which human activities have been prone to follow gives small hope of refuting this Psychological theory. *

Chief among the instincts that have great effect in the molding of opinion are those gregarious or herd instincts that cause men to wish to conform to the ideas and actions of the group. Gregariousness, imitativeness and emulation show themselves in countless forms and variations thruout the whole social life of humanity. Closely bound up with action of these instinctive forces are the means of communication which under the present system are to be found in the press, the schools and the churches. Without communication there can be no conformity of thought or action. There can be no general molding of opinion.

*On this question the reader may be referred to a whole mass of psychological works chief among

which may be mentioned Veblen's—"Instinct of Workmanship," "Theory of the Leisure Class," and "TheNature of Peace," Ellwood's "Introduction to Social Psychology"; Wm. McDougall's "Introduction to Social Psychology" and Trotter's "Instinct of the Herd in Peace and War."

Each small group would tend to develop different customs, thoughts and actions in answer to the promptings of their instincts and the pressure of their environment.

The development of the gigantic rotary presses furnishes a means of communication that will standardize social thought. The ownership and control of those presses gives the capitalistic class a power never held by any ancient tyrant. Social thot can be turned into any channel that the press dictates. The millions can be stimulated into blood-thirsty activity or can be made good and willing slaves. The ownership and control of the means of intercommunication is the key to the whole modern social structure.

The capitalist class, with but pitifully few exceptions, owns and controls the press. By means of the agitational value of the press they can create sentiment among the masses so that the press controls the ballot. The people seldom use any but instinctive processes in political questions hence the ability of political parties to elect the proverbial yellow dog. So much for the clearness of vision which was assumed as unquestionable by the old heroic fighters for "democracy."

The ability to control the activities of elected representatives is even less in evidence than the ability to elect true representatives. Modern psychology also throws the light of knowledge on that ancient phenomenon which Lincoln called "Fooling the People."

Every person, no matter how gigantic an intellect he or she may have, still depends on those instinctive processes which demand group sanction for their acts and thots. To go single handed into the enemies' camp and to live there without compromise is unnatural and inhuman.

It is impossible of accomplishment unless the person trying it has all the surroundings of the group he came from, and can gain inspiration and renewed strength from constant contact and communication with that group.

Modern political life furnishes none of the essentials for carrying on working class battles in parliamentary circles. The horny handed conscientious son of toil is (perhaps) elected to office. That office carries a salary far above what his class receives at day labor. His surroundings are of a much more luxurious character. All of his new associates are of those people whom he has been sent to fight. He has no group to which he can retire and gain that sanction which is so necessary if the fight against his environment is to proceed. The net is spread and the political victim is snared so gently that he never feels his coils. He conforms to his group surroundings and soon adopts their attitude of looking at things.

Such forces would prevent efficient political action or change even tho the news channels were free. However it would not prohibit political changes. With the news channels in the hands of the capitalist class the working man's ballot has no chance of having any effect.

Under the old system of handicraft production the elected representative of his community lived either in his community and associated daily with his constituency or in another group of the same character. Under such conditions representative government would have had some chance to represent. With present day mass production and centralized population there is no chance for political democracy to produce anything more than it currently does produce—graft, greed and corrupted manhood.

All of which is liable to bring pessimism to the social student. The extraction of a written resignation from a candidate by the members of a political party so that they may demand his living up to their principles by that candidate does not work. There is nothing to prevent the candidate denying the authenticity of the resignation, even tho the mass should learn enough of the truth to demand his removal.

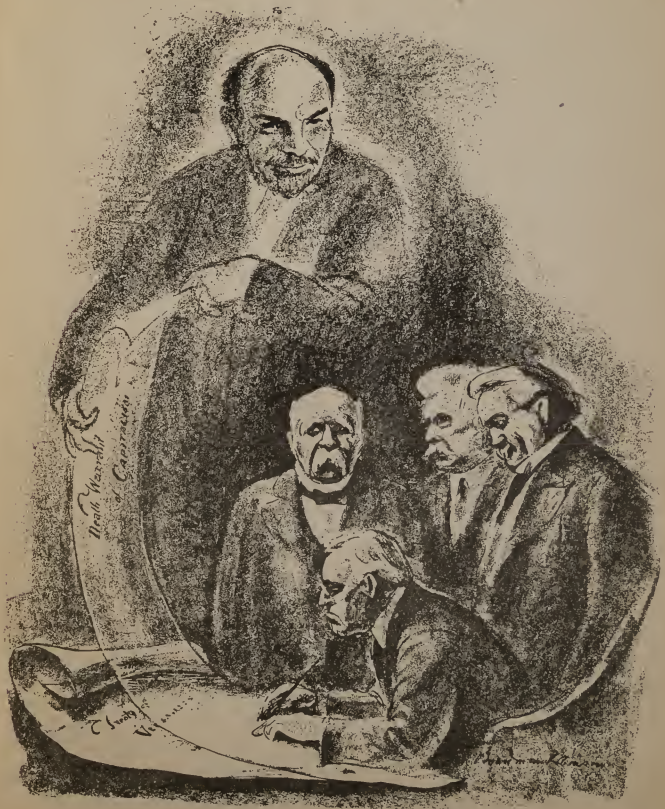
The initiative, referendum and recall are no safeguards. The press perverts and twists these makeshifts of popular control to suit themselves. Control of industrial processes—economic power thru industrial organization is the only road that the working class can travel without seeing the pick of their membership lost to them in the battle with the capitalist class.

Social progress and the building of a sane social order can come only thru the initiative and action of the working class themselves and not thru the exaltation of a few egoistic leaders. Social progress depends on the creation of a new social or gregarious viewpoint and the spread of that viewpoint, by means of new organs of communication and industrial power, to the whole working class.

The machinery of that new structure is already in action. It is embodied in the organization of the Industrial Workers of the World. Instead of being structurally based on non-existent township and precinct geographical organization, this organ of the new society is founded on the modern economic development—the industries.

The dominant factors of social life are the economic ones. Revolutionary Industrial Unionism seeks to build up organs for the developing of economic power by the working class; using the power so developed in their every day struggle for better wages and working conditions and perfecting their organs so that when the evident inefficiency of the present political economic system of disorganization brings the world to chaos the workers may rescue civilization.

Then may be built up a new world not based on outworn ideas of political democracy but based on the structure of the modern economic organizations. Industrial Democracy—the rule of the Industrial Workers of the World is the future society. Active membership in the Industrial Workers of the World is the one working class activity that will not prove waste effort. (The structure of this organization will be viewed later in comparison with other economic organizations.)




SIGNING THE DEATH WARRANT OF CAPITALISM (From the "Liberator")

# The Communist International to the I. W. W.

## *An Appeal of the Executive Committee of the Third International at Moscow*

COMRADES AND FELLOW WORKERS:

The Executive Committee of the Communist International in session at Moscow, the heart of the Russian Revolution, greets the revolutionary American proletariat in the ranks of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Capitalism, ruined by the World War, unable any longer to contain within itself the tremendous forces it has created is breaking down.

The hour of the working class has struck. The Social Revolution has begun, and here, on the Russian plain, the first vanguard battle is being fought.

History does not ask whether we like it or not, whether the workers are ready or not. Here is the opportunity. Take it-and the world will belong to the workers; leave it—there may not be another for generations.

**Now is no time to talk of "building the new society within the shell of the old." The old society is cracking its shell. The workers must establish the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, which alone can build the new society.**

An article in the ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY, your official organ, asks, "Why should we follow the Bolsheviks?" According to the writer, all that the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia has done is "to give the Russian people the vote."

This is, of course, untrue. The Bolshevik Revolution has taken the factories, mills, mines, land and financial institutions out of the hands of the capitalists, and **transferred them to the WHOLE WORKING CLASS.**

We understand, and share with you, your disgust for the principles and tactics of the "yellow" Socialist politicians, who, all over the world, have discredited the very name of Socialism. Our aim is the same as yours—a commonwealth without State, without Government, without classes, in which the workers shall administer the means of production and distribution for the common benefit of all.

We address this letter to you, fellow-workers of the I. W. W., in recognition of your long and heroic services in the class war, of which you may have borne the brunt in your own country, so that you may clearly understand our Communist principles and program.

We appeal to you, as revolutionists, to rally to the Communist International, born in the dawn of the World Social Revolution.

We call you to take the place to which your courage and revolutionary experience entitles you, in the front ranks of the proletarian Red Army fighting under the banner of Communism.

### Communism and the I. W. W.

The American Capitalist class is revealing itself in its true colors.

The constantly rising cost of living, the growing unemployment, the savage repression of all efforts of the workers to better their condition, the deportation and imprisonment of "Bolsheviks," the series of anti-strike laws, "criminal syndicalist" laws, "red flag" laws, and laws against propaganda advocating the "forcible overthrow of government and the unlawful destruction of property"—all these measures can have but one meaning for every intelligent worker.

BUT NOW THE CAPITALISTS OF THE WORLD—THE AMERICAN CAPITALISTS AS WELL AS THOSE OF FRANCE, ITALY, ENGLAND, GERMANY, ETC., ARE PLANNING TO REDUCE THE WORKERS ONCE FOR ALL TO ABSOLUTE AND HOPELESS SERFDOM.

**Either this, or the Dictatorship of the Working Class**—there is no other alternative. And the workers must choose **now.**

Capitalism is making desperate efforts to reconstruct its shattered world. The workers must seize by force the power of the State, and reconstruct society in their own interests.

### The Coming Slave State

Before the American Civil War, the Negro slaves of the South were bound to the land. The industrial capitalists of the North, who needed a floating population to operate their factories, declared slavery to be an outrage, and abolished it by force. Now the industrial capitalists are attempting to bind the workers to the factories.

In every country, during the world war, it was practically forbidden for the workers to strike, or even to stop work. You will remember the "Work or Fight" laws in your own country.

And now that the war is over, what has happened? The cost of living has gone up and up, while the capitalists have actually tried to reduce wages. And when the workers, faced by starvation, are forced to strike, the whole power of the State is mobilized to drive them back to the machines. When the railway shopmen walked out, the United States Marshal of California threatened to bring in Federal troops to force them to work. When the Railroad Brotherhoods demanded higher wages or the nationalization of the railways, the President of the United States menaced them with the full armed power of the Government. When the United Mine Workers laid down their tools, thousands of soldiers occupied the mines, and the Federal Court issued the most sweeping injunction in history, forbidding the Union leaders from sending out the strike order or in any way assisting in conducting the strike, and forcibly preventing the payment of strike-benefits. And finally, the Attorney General of the United States declared officially that the Government would not permit strikes in "industries necessary to the community."

Judge Gary, head of the Steel Trust, can refuse the demand of the President of the United States to meet a committee of his workers. But when the steelworkers dare to go on strike for a living wage and the elementary right to join a Union, they are called Bolsheviks and shot down in the streets by the Pennsylvania Cossacks.

And you, fellow-workers of the I. W. W., with your bitter memories of Everett, of Tulsa, of Wheatland, of Centralia, in which your comrades were butchered; with—your thousands in prison—you who nevertheless must do the "dirty work" in the harvest-fields, on the docks, in the forests—you must see plainly the process by which the capitalists, by means—of their weapon, the State, are trying to inaugurate the Slave Society.

Everywhere the capitalist cry: "More production! More production!" In other words, the workers must do more work for less wages, so that their blood and sweat may be turned into gold, to pay the war-debts of the ruined capitalist world.

In order to accomplish this the workers must no longer have the right to leave their jobs; they must be forbidden to organize so that they may be able to wring concessions from the bosses, or profit by capitalist competition. At all costs the Labor Movement must be halted, and broken.

To save the old system of exploitation, the capitalists must unite, and chain the workers to the machines of industry.

### Or the Social Revolution

Will the capitalists be able to do this?

They will, unless the workers declare war on the

whole capitalist system, overthrow the capitalist governments, and set up a Government of the working class, which shall destroy the institution of capitalist private property and make all wealth the property of all the workers in common.

This is what the Russian workers have done, and this is the ONLY WAY for the workers of other countries to free themselves from industrial slavery, and to make over the world so that the worker shall get ALL HE PRODUCES, and nobody shall be able to make money out of the labor of other men.

But unless the workers of other countries rise against their own capitalists, the Russian Revolution cannot last. The capitalists of the entire world, realizing the example of the danger of Soviet Russia, have united to crush it. The Allies have quickly forgotten their hatred for Germany, and have invited the German capitalists to join them in the common cause.

And the workers of other countries are beginning to understand, in Italy, Germany, France and England the tide of Revolution is rising. In America, too, even the conservative members of the A. F. of L. are realizing that strikes for higher wages and better conditions don't mean anything, because the cost of living is always higher and higher. They have proposed all sorts of remedies, reforms, such as the Plumb Plan, nationalization of mines, etc. They have founded a so-called "Labor Party," which works for municipal and Government ownership of industry, more democratic electoral machinery, etc.

But these reforms would not solve the problem, even if they could be achieved. SO LONG AS THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM EXISTS, THE SAME MEN WILL BE MAKING MONEY OUT OF THE LABOR OF OTHERS. ALL REFORMS OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF SOCIETY SIMPLY FOOL THE WORKER INTO BELIEVING THAT HE ISN'T BEING ROBBED AS MUCH AS HE WAS BEFORE.

The Social Revolution has begun, and the first battle is on in Russia. It will not wait for the Workers to experiment with reforms. The capitalists have already destroyed the Hungarian Soviet Republic. If they can dominate and break the Labor movement in the other countries, then will follow an industrial Slave State.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, the class-conscious workers of the world must prepare to meet the shock of the capitalist assault, to attack and destroy capitalism, and root it out of the world.

**The Capitalist State**

The war and its aftermath have revealed with startling clearness the real function of the capitalist State—with its legislatures, courts of justice, police armies and bureaucrats.

The State is USED to defend and strengthen the power of the capitalists, and to oppress the workers. This is particularly true in the United States, whose constitution was framed by the great merchants, speculators and land-owners, with the deliberate purpose of protecting their class interests against the majority of the people.

AT THE PRESENT TIME THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES IS OPENLY ACTING AS THE WEAPON OF THE CAPITALISTS AGAINST THE WORKERS.

The I. W. W. should realize this more clearly than any other body of workers, for it has been savagely persecuted by the Government—its leaders imprisoned, its papers suppressed, its members deported, jailed on false charges, refused bail, tortured, its headquarters closed, and its propaganda illegal in many States.

Any worker can see this fact with his own eyes. All the people vote for Governors, Mayors, Judges and Sheriffs; but in time of strike the Governor calls in the militia to protect the scabs, the Mayor orders the police to beat up and arrest the pickets, the Judge imprisons the workers for "rioting," "disturbing the peace," and the Sheriff hires thugs as deputies, to break the strike.

Capitalist society all together presents a solid front against the worker. The priest tells the worker to be contented; the press curses him for a "Bolshevik"; the policeman arrests him; the court sentences him to jail; the Sheriff seizes his furniture for debt; and the Poor-House takes his wife and children.

In order to destroy Capitalism, the workers must first wrest the State power out of the hands of the capitalist class. They must not only SEIZE this power, but ABOLISH THE OLD CAPITALIST APPARATUS ENTIRELY.

For the experience of Revolutions has shown that the workers cannot take hold of the State machine and use it for their own purposes—such as the Yellow Socialist politicians propose to do. The capitalist State is built to serve capitalism, and that is all it can do, no matter who is running it.

And in place of the capitalist State the workers must build their own WORKERS' STATE, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

**The Dictatorship of the Proletariat**

Many members of the I. W. W. do not agree with this. They are against "the State in general." They propose to overthrow the capitalist State, and to establish in its place immediately the Industrial Commonwealth.

The Communists are also opposed to the "State." They also wish to abolish it—to substitute for the government of men, the administration of things.

But unfortunately this cannot be done immediately. The destruction of the capitalist State does not mean that capitalism automatically and immediately disappears. The capitalists still have arms, which must be taken away from them; they are still supported by hordes of loyal bureaucrats, managers, superintendents, foremen, and trained men of all sorts, who will sabotage industry—and these must be persuaded or compelled to serve the working class; they still have army officers who can betray the Revolution, preachers who can raise superstitious fears against it, teachers and orators who can misrepresent it to the ignorant, thugs who can be hired to discredit it by evil behavior, newspaper editors who can deceive the people with floods of lies, and "yellow" Socialists and Labor fakers who prefer capitalist "democracy" to the Revolution. All these people must be sternly suppressed

To break down the capitalist State, to crush capitalist resistance and disarm the capitalist class, to confiscate capitalist property and turn it over to the WHOLE WORKING CLASS IN COMMON,—for all these tasks a government is necessary—a State, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, in which the workers, through their Soviets, can uproot the capitalist system with an iron hand.

This is exactly what exists in Soviet Russia today.

BUT THIS DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT IS ONLY TEMPORARY.

We, Communists, also want to abolish the State. The State can only exist as long as there is class struggle. The function of the Proletarian Dictatorship is to abolish the capitalist class as a class; in fact, do away with all class divisions of every kind. And when this condition is reached then the PROLETARIAN DICTATORSHIP, THE STATE, AUTOMATICALLY DISAPPEARS—to make way for an industrial administrative body which will be something like the General Executive Board of the I. W. W.

In a recent leaflet, Mary Marcy argues that, although the I. W. W. does not theoretically recognize the necessity for the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, it will be forced to do so IN FACT at the time of

the Revolution, in order to suppress the capitalist counter-revolution.

This is true, but unless the I. W. W. acknowledges beforehand the necessity of **the Workers' State,** and prepares for it, there will be confusion and weakness at a time when firmness and swift action are imperative.

### The Workers' State

What will be the form of the Workers' State?

We have before us the example of the Russian Soviet Republic, whose structure, in view of the conflicting reports printed in other countries, it may be useful to describe briefly here.

The unit of government is the local Soviet, or Council, of Workers', Red Army, and Peasants' Deputies.

The city Workers' Soviet is made up as follows: each factory elects one delegate for a certain number of workers, and each local Union also elects delegates. These delegates are elected according to political parties—or, if the workers wish it, as individual candidates.

The Red Army delegates are chosen by military units.

For the peasants, each village has its local Soviet, which sends delegates to the Township Soviet, which in turn elects to the County Soviet, and this to the Provincial Soviet.

Nobody who employs labor for profit can vote.

Every six months the City and Provincial Soviets elect delegates to the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, which is the supreme governing body of the country. This Congress decides upon the policies which are to govern the country for six months, and then elects a Central Executive Committee of two hundred, which is to carry out these policies. The Congress also elects the Cabinet—The Council of People's Commissars, who are heads of Government Departments—or People's Commissariats.

The People's Commissars can be recalled at any time by the Central Executive Committee. The members of all Soviets can be recalled very easily, and at any time, by their constituents.

These Soviets are not only LEGISLATIVE bodies, but also EXECUTIVE organs. Unlike your Congress, they do not make the laws and leave them to the President to carry out, but the members carry out the laws themselves; and there is no Supreme Court to say whether or not these laws are "constitutional."

Between the All-Russian Congresses of Soviets the Central Executive Committee is the SUPREME POWER in Russia. It meets at least every two months, and in the meanwhile, the Council of People's Commissars directs the country, while the members of the Central Executive Committee go to work in the various government departments.

### The Organization of Production and Distribution

In Russia the workers are organized in Industrial Unions, all the workers in each industry belonging to one Union. For example, in a factory making metal products, even the carpenters and painters are members of the Metal Workers' Union. Each factory is a local Union, and the Shop Committee elected by the workers is its Executive Committee.

The All-Russian Central Executive Committee of the federated Unions is elected by the annual Trade Union Convention. A Scale Committee elected by the Convention fixes the wages of all categories of workers.

With very few exceptions, all important factories in Russia have been nationalized, and are now the property of all the workers in common. The business of the Unions is therefore no longer to fight the capitalists, but to RUN INDUSTRY.

Hand in hand with the Unions works the Department of Labor of the Soviet Government, whose chief is the People's Commissar of Labor, elected by the Soviet Congress with the approval of the Unions.

In charge of the economic life of the country is the elected Supreme Council of People's Economy, divided into departments, such as, Metal Department, Chemical Department, etc., each one headed by experts and workers, appointed, with the approval of the Union by the Supreme Council of People's Economy.

In each factory production is carried on by a committee consisting of three members: a representative of the Shop Committee of the Unions, a representative of the Central Executive of the Unions, and a representative of the Supreme Council of People's Economy.

### Democratic Centralization

The Unions are thus a **branch of the government**—and this government is the MOST HIGHLY CENTRALIZED GOVERNMENT THAT EXISTS.

It is also the most democratic government in history. For all the organs of government are in constant touch with the working masses, and constantly sensitive to their will. Moreover, the local Soviets all over Russia have complete autonomy to manage their own local affairs, provided they carry out the national policies laid down by the Soviet Congress. Also, the Soviet Government represents ONLY THE WORKERS, and cannot help but act in the workers' interests.

Many members of the I. W. W. are opposed to centralization, because they do not think it can be democratic. But where there are great masses of people, it is impossible to register the will of individuals; only the will of majorities can be registered, and in Soviet Russia the government is administered only for the common good of the working class.

The private property of the capitalist class, in order to become the SOCIAL property of the workers, cannot be turned over to individuals or groups of individuals. It must become the property of **all in common,** and a centralized authority is necessary to accomplish this change.

The industries, too, which supply the needs of all the people, are not the concern only of the workers in each industry, but of ALL IN COMMON, and must be administered for the benefit of all. Moreover, modern industry is so complicated and interdependent, that in order to operate most economically and with the greatest production, it must be subject to one general scheme, and one central management.

The Revolution must be defended against the formidable assaults of the combined forces of capitalism. Vast armies must be raised, drilled, equipped and directed. This means centralization. Soviet Russia has for two years almost alone fought off the massed attacks of the capitalist world. How could the Red Army, more than two million strong, have been formed without central directing authority?

The capitalist class has a strongly centralized organization, which permits its full strength to be hurried against the scattered and divided sections of the working class. The class war is war. To overthrow capitalism, the workers must be a military force, with its General Staff—but this General Staff elected and controlled by the workers.

In time of strike every worker knows that there must be a Strike Committee—a centralized organ to conduct the strike, whose orders must be obeyed—although this Committee is elected and controlled by the rank and file. SOVIET RUSSIA IS ON STRIKE AGAINST THE WHOLE CAPITALIST WORLD. THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IS A GENERAL STRIKE AGAINST THE WHOLE

CAPITALIST SYSTEM. THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT IS THE STRIKE COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

Probably the coming proletarian revolutions in America and other countries will develop new forms of organization. The Bolsheviki do not pretend that they have said the final word in the Social Revolution. But the experience of two years of Workers government in Russia is naturally of the greatest importance, and should be closely studied by the workers of other countries.

### Politics

The word "politics" is to many members of the I. W. W. like a red flag to a bull—or a capitalist. Politics, to them, means simply politicians—usually "yellow" Socialist candidates trying to catch votes to elect them to some comfortable office, where they can comfortably forget all about the workers.

These "anti-political" fellow-workers oppose the Communist because they call themselves a "political party," and sometimes take part in political campaigns.

This is using the world "politics" in too narrow a sense. One of the principles upon which the I. W. W. was founded is expressed in the saying of Karl Marx, "EVERY CLASS STRUGGLE IS A POLITICAL STRUGGLE." That is to say, every struggle of the workers against the capitalists, is a struggle of the workers for the POLITICAL power—the State power.

This is using the word "politics" in too narrow a use the word "politics."

The "yellow" Socialists believe that they can gradually gain this political power by using the political machinery of the capitalist State to win reforms, and when they have elected a majority of the members of Congress and the Legislatures, and the President, Governors, Mayors and Sheriffs, they can proceed to use the State power to legislate capitalism peacefully out, and the Industrial Commonwealth in.

This leads the "yellow" Socialists to preach all sorts of reforms of the capitalist system, draws to their ranks small capitalists and political adventurers of all kinds, and finally causes them to make deals and compromises with the capitalist class.

The I. W. W. do not believe in this, and NEITHER DO THE COMMUNISTS.

We, Communists, do not think that it is possible to capture the State power by using political machinery of the capitalist State. The State being the particular weapon of the capitalist class, its machinery is naturally constructed so as to defend and strengthen the power of capitalism. Capitalist control of all agencies molding public opinion—press, schools, churches, and Labor fakers, capitalist control of the workers' political conduct through control of their means of living, make it extremely improbable that the workers under the present capitalist "democracy" could ever legally elect a government devoted to their interests.

And at this time when the capitalist class the world over is launching a desperate campaign of repression against all conscious working class organizations, it is unthinkable.

But even if it were possible for the workers to win the State power by means of the political machinery, the capitalist State could never be used to introduce the Industrial Commonwealth. The real source of capitalist power lies in CAPITALIST OWNERSHIP AND CONTROL OF THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION. The capitalist State exists for the purpose of protecting and extending this ownership and control—it cannot therefore be used to destroy it.

So far the Communists and the I. W. W. are in accord. The capitalist State must be attacked by DIRECT ACTION. This, in the correct meaning of the word, is also POLITICAL action, for it has a POLITICAL aim—the seizure of State power.

The I. W. W. proposes to attain this end by the General Strike. The Communists go farther. History indicates clearly that the General Strike is not enough. The capitalists have arms—and the experience with White Guards in Russia, Finland and Germany proves that they have sufficient organization and training to use these arms against the workers. Moreover, the capitalists possess stores of food, which enable them to hold out longer than the workers, always on the verge of actual want.

The Communists also advocate the General Strike, but they add that it must turn into **ARMED INSURRECTION.** Both the General Strike and the insurrection are forms of POLITICAL ACTION.

### Revolutionary Parliamentarism

If this is so, if the Communists do not believe in capturing the State power by means of the ballot-box, why do the Communist Parties participate in elections, and nominate candidates for office?

The question of whether or not Communists should participate in elections is of secondary importance. Some Communist organizations do others do not. But those who DO act on the political field, do so only for PROPAGANDA. Political campaigns give an opportunity for revolutionists to speak to the working class, pointing out the class character of the State and THEIR class interests as workers. They enable them to show the futility of reforms, to demonstrate the real interests which dominate the capitalist—and "yellow" Socialist—political parties, and to point out why the entire capitalist system must be overthrown.

Communists elected to Congress or the Legislatures have as their function to make propaganda; to ceaselessly expose the real nature of the capitalist State, to obstruct the operations of capitalist government and show their class character, to explain the futility of all capitalist reform measures, etc. In the halls of the legislative assembly, against the sounding-board of the Nation, the Communist can show up capitalist brutality and call the workers to revolt.

Karl Liebknecht showed what a Communist in the Parliament can do. His words, spoken in the German Reichstag, were heard around the world.

Others in Russia, in Sweden (Hoglund) and in other countries, have done the same thing.

The most common objection to electing candidates to capitalist legislatures, is that, no matter how good revolutionists they are, they will invariably be corrupted by their environment, and will betray the workers.

This belief is born of long experience, chiefly with Socialist politicians and Labor Fakers. But we, Communists, say that a REALLY REVOLUTIONARY PARTY WILL ELECT REAL REVOLUTIONISTS, AND WILL KNOW HOW TO KEEP THEM UNDER ITS CONTROL.

Many members of the I. W. W. are bitterly opposed to making ANY use of legislatures and other Government institutions for purposes of propaganda. But the I. W. W. as an organization has often used them. In the Lawrence Strike of 1912 the I. W. W. made good use EVEN OF VICTOR BERGER, THE SOCIALIST CONGRESSMAN, who advertised the strikes and the I. W. W. on the floor of the House of Representatives. William D. Haywood, Vincent St. John, and many other I. W. W. leaders voluntarily testified before the Industrial Relations Commission of the United States Government, using this method to make propaganda for their organization. But the most striking example of using the political machinery of the State for purposes of propaganda occurred in 1918, when the

Federal Court in Chicago was turned into a three-months-long I. W. W. agitation meeting—extremely valuable for us—by one hundred I. W. W. leaders on trial there.

These are all cases of using the political machinery of the capitalist State to make revolutionary propaganda among the masses. This method of propaganda should be used as circumstances dictate—as should parliamentarian action. NO weapon should be totally condemned.

The special and particular business of the I. W. W. is to train the workers for the seizure and management of industry. The special function of the Communist political party is to train the workers for the capture of political power, and the administration of the Proletarian Dictatorship. All workers should at the same time be members of the revolutionary industrial union of their industry, and of the political party which advocates Communism.

**The Social Revolution and the Future Society**

The aim of the I. W. W. is "to build the new society within the shell of the old." This means, to organize the workers so thoroughly that at a given time the capitalist system will be burst asunder, and the Industrial Commonwealth, fully developed, shall take its place.

Such an act requires the organization, and discipline, of the great majority of the workers. Before the war there was reason to believe that this might be feasible—although in the fourteen years of its history the I. W. W. had been able to organize comparatively only a small fraction of the American workers.

But at the present time such a plan is utopian. Capitalism is breaking down, the Social Revolution is upon us and HISTORY WILL NOT WAIT UNTIL THE MAJORITY OF THE WORKERS ARE ORGANIZED 100% ACCORDING TO THE PLAN OF THE I. W. W. OR ANY OTHER ORGANIZATION. There is no longer before us the prospect of normal industrial development which would alone allow the carrying out of such a plan. The War has hurled the peoples of the world into the great Cataclysm, and they must plan for IMMEDIATE ACTION—not for the working out of schemes which would take years to accomplish.

The new society is not to be built, as we thought, within the shell of the capitalist system. We cannot wait for that. THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IS HERE. And when the workers have overthrown capitalism and have crushed all attempts to re-establish it, then, at their leisure, through their Soviet State, they can build the new society in freedom.

In the face of the Social Revolution, what is the immediate important work of the Industrial Workers of the World?

They, as the most important organization based on revolutionary Unionism in America, should take the initiative in trying to establish a basis for the uniting in one organization of all Unions which have a class-conscious revolutionary character, of all workers who accept the class struggle—such as the W. I. I. U., the One Big Union, and certain insurgent Unions in the A. F. of L. This is no time to quibble about a name or minor questions of organization. The essential task is to draw together all workers capable of revolutionary mass action in time of crisis.

They, as revolutionists, should not repel the attempts of the American Communists to come to an agreement with them for common revolutionary action. The political party and the economic organization must go forward shoulder to shoulder toward the common goal—the abolition of capitalism by means of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat and the formation of Soviets, and the disappearance of classes and the State.

The Communist International holds out to the I. W. W. the hand of brotherhood.

January, 1920.

**President of the Central Executive Committee**
**G. ZINOVIEV.**




RECEPTION TO THE ENGLISH LABOR DELEGATION IN MOSCOW, 1920

# The Communist Party and Industrial Unionism

BY G. ZINOVIEV.
(President of the Third International)

## THE PURPOSE AND STRUCTURE OF INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION.

To arrive at a clear understanding of the proper relationship of the Communist Party and the workers' industrial organizations, one must first examine the purpose and structure of industrial organization.

According to Webb, the aim "is to maintain and increase the standard of wages." Brentano and Sombart say that the object is "to subsidize the members in time of strike, and to safeguard their interests by increasing their wages."

The Bolshevik* Party has never given its adhesion to these phrases. It has never aproved the formula generally accepted by the Second International. This was defined by a well-known Austrian militant industrialist, Adolf Braun, as the organization of the workers "in permanent craft or Trade Unions of wage earners, with the object of securing ameliorations of working conditions within the limits of the capitalists system, and to fight within those limits to prevent conditions growing worse."

In its controversy with the Menshiviki in 1913, the Bolshevik* Party laid down that the workers should be organized in a Union covering the entire industry, not merely a sectional craft trade within the industry.

The Communist Party declared that the Industrial Unions should conduct the economic fight of the workers, and should constantly collaborate with the workers' political party in the working class struggle for emancipation, the abolition of wage slavery, and the victory of Socialism.

For this reason the Bolshevik Party has never considered the Industrial Union as an organization aspiring only to secure some reforms and ameliorations of working conditions within the limits of capitalist society. On the contrary, the Bolshevik Party, in complete accord with the doctrine of Marx, has always seen that the Industrial Union is one of the most important organizations of the working class; one that has been created for the fight for Socialism in intimate collaboration with the political party, and one that, in consequence, is favorable to the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Since 1913 important changes have come about in Russia. The power has passed into the hands of the working class. The bourgeoisie as been expropriated; the workers are no longer obliged to sell their labor power to the divers exploiting employers.

If we consider that fact, it immediately becomes clear to us that the functions of the Industrial Unions in Russia are subject to important modifications.

## A STATEMENT BY THE ALL-RUSSIAN CONGRESS OF TRADE UNIONS.

The resolution adopted at the First All-Russian Congress of Trade Unions in 1918 is as follows:—

"The October Revolution, which transferred the power from the bourgeoisie to the workers and poor peasants, has created entirely new conditions for all the workers' organizations, and especially for the Industrial Unions.

"Under the changed conditions, the industrial organization can no longer be regarded as the advance guard of the fight put up by the worker in selling himself to the employer. The employer who used to buy labor power of old, exists no more. It is no longer necessary for the Unions to collect strike funds or to organize strikes.

*Now the Communist Party of Russia.

## THE PRESENT FUNCTIONS OF RUSSIAN TRADE UNIONS.

What are the real functions of the industrial organizations in Russia today?

The same resolution of the First All-Russian Congress of Industrial Unions says on this point:—

"The Unions must now transfer their center of gravity to economic reconstruction."

To explain what an industrial organization really is under the conditions now obtaining in Russia, one is first obliged to make clear that:—

"An Industrial Union in Russia today is a permanent union of all the workers in a given industry; it represents one of the principal bases of the organization of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

"The Industrial Union today (under the guidance of the Communist Party) transfers its center of gravity to the domain of economic organization, by making its aim an energetic participation in all the efforts of the workers for a Communist reconstruction of society and for the abolition of social classes. This participation takes the following forms:—

"(1) General co-operation in the organization of production on a Communist basis.

"(2) The re-establishment of the productive power of the country, which was destroyed by the war and the internal crisis.

"(3) The calculation and redistribution of labor for the entire country.

"(4) The organization of the exchange between town and country.

"(5) The introduction of the obligation to work.

"(6) Helping the State Departments to provide food.

"(7) Helping to solve the fuel crisis and other difficulties.

"(8) Giving general aid to the formation of the Red army.

"(9) Defending the economic interests of the workers, and at the same time fighting against the individualist tendencies, and the short-sighted views of that section of the workers which, because of its ignorance, still retains the habit of regarding the Proletarian state of today as though it were the old employer.

"Because the industrial organizations of today are the Communist schools of the proletarian and semi-proletarian masses, they have become, little by little, an integral part of the general mechanism of the state. They are one of the organs of the state of working people who submit to the rule of the Soviets because the Soviets are the vehicle indicated by history for the Dictatorship of the Proletariat."

## THE COMMUNIST PARTY AND THE SOVIETS.

The Industrial Unions work in conjunction with the Communist Party and the Soviets. The activities of these three institutions are closely linked. To make clear the relations of these bodies, it must be remembered that the Soviets actually include larger masses than the Industrial Unions themselves; also that the Soviets have taken over part of the functions of the Industrial Unions.

The Eighth Congress of the Russian Communist Party has given the following definition of the party and of the Soviets:—

"The Soviets are the state organizations of the workers and poor peasants which effectuate the Dictatorship of the Proletariat during the period when the state in all its forms is gradually being extinguished. The Soviets unite within their ranks ten million workers, and, little by little, must strive to

(Continued on Page 34).

# Report of Ballot Committee on Referendum for Officers, Amendments and Resolutions Adopted by the Twelfth Annual Convention

| Vote By Ind. Unions | 8 | 46 | 300 | 450 400 | 500 573 | Sct'd | M. O. 600 | 800 | 900 1000 | 1100 | 1200 | 1300 | 1500 | G.R. | Sct'd | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **General Sec.-Treas.** | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| George Hardy ..... | 4 | 1 | 105 | 127 | 86 | 48 | 77 | 27 | 92 | 14 | 10 | 3 | 1 | 13 | 39 | 14 | 661 |
| John Grady ..... | 10 | 1 | 15 | 44 | 71 | 21 | 32 | 7 | 26 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 8 | 0 | 7 | 9 | 256 |
| A. S. Embree ..... | 16 | 1 | 27 | 15 | 27 | 13 | 42 | 3 | 44 | 6 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 8 | 218 |
| **Editor Solidarity** | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Hugh R. Richards.... | 16 | 3 | 145 | 150 | 164 | 72 | 138 | 38 | 160 | 19 | 11 | 4 | 4 | 10 | 46 | 28 | 990 |
| **Editor O. B. U. Mag.** | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| John Sandgren ..... | 16 | 1 | 90 | 127 | 130 | 53 | 100 | 21 | 115 | 19 | 8 | 3 | 1 | 11 | 20 | 20 | 745 |
| Billy Walden ..... | 4 | 2 | 18 | 26 | 25 | 14 | 28 | 7 | 30 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 168 |
| L. E. Chumley ..... | 5 | 0 | 32 | 32 | 27 | 13 | 27 | 9 | 19 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 11 | 9 | 187 |
| **G. E. B. No. 6 M.T.W.** | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| P. F. Mashlykin..... | 28 | 4 | 130 | 189 | 154 | 70 | 120 | 32 | 135 | 17 | 9 | 4 | 4 | 10 | 35 | 26 | 917 |
| **G.E.B.,A.W.I.U.,400** | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Albert Bare..... | 6 | 1 | 42 | 59 | 36 | 25 | 39 | 4 | 68 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 6 | 21 | 3 | 312 |
| Joe Fisher ..... | 14 | 1 | 82 | 57 | 85 | 32 | 78 | 19 | 61 | 10 | 5 | 1 | 2 | 6 | 26 | 19 | 499 |
| E. W. Latchem ..... | 4 | 2 | 18 | 70 | 44 | 21 | 31 | 10 | 17 | 6 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 15 | 2 | 242 |

| Vote By Ind. Unions | 8 | 46 | 300 | 450 400 | 500 573 | Sct'd | M. O. 600 | 800 | 900 1000 | 1100 | 1200 | 1300 | 1500 | G.R | Sct'd | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **G.E.B., C.W. I. U. 573** | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| M. H. Patten ..... | 7 | 1 | 58 | 101 | 56 | 35 | 64 | 13 | 33 | 11 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 22 | 16 | 423 |
| James Clark ..... | 16 | 1 | 63 | 46 | 75 | 15 | 42 | 16 | 62 | 8 | 5 | 1 | 3 | 9 | 12 | 9 | 331 |
| Jesse Siegal ..... | 2 | 2 | 16 | 27 | 29 | 80 | 41 | 6 | 50 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 12 | 3 | 227 |
| **G.E.B.M.&M.W.I.U.300** | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Patrick McClellen ... | 23 | 1 | 107 | 85 | 107 | 46 | 67 | 20 | 58 | 13 | 8 | 8 | 4 | 4 | 13 | 21 | 16 | 699 |
| Otto Justh ..... | 6 | 3 | 84 | 79 | 57 | 30 | 64 | 15 | 64 | 9 | 4 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 16 | 11 | 337 |
| **G.E.B.,L.W.I.U.,500** | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Roy Brown ..... | 21 | 1 | 46 | 71 | 76 | 30 | 87 | 11 | 52 | 9 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 1 | 29 | 14 | 442 |
| P. J. Gorman ..... | 5 | 1 | 54 | 83 | 53 | 29 | 44 | 16 | 27 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 17 | 10 | 347 |
| Arthur Tala ..... | 1 | 2 | 35 | 27 | 47 | 17 | 23 | 11 | 74 | 6 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 263 |
| **G.E.B.,M.W.W.I.U.600** | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Tom Bones ..... | 8 | 0 | 57 | 50 | 51 | 23 | 60 | 9 | 47 | 8 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 22 | 14 | 339 |
| M. C. Sullivan ..... | 8 | 2 | 43 | 79 | 82 | 38 | 55 | 21 | 92 | 7 | 7 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 17 | 9 | 467 |
| Tom Meany ..... | 3 | 2 | 37 | 45 | 30 | 14 | 24 | 1 | 19 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 177 |
| **G.E.B.,Smaller I.U's.** | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Adolph Lessig, 1000% | 17 | 4 | 56 | 55 | 30 | 10 | 32 | 8 | 59 | 22 | 8 | 5 | 1 | 13 | 27 | 7 | 339 |
| Martin Carlson, 600 | 9 | 0 | 76 | 94 | 98 | 48 | 84 | 26 | 98 | 1 | 7 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 21 | 15 | 576 |
| James Pimental, 100 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 12 | 16 | 6 | 10 | 1 | 14 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 73 |

## AMENDMENTS AND RESOLUTIONS

| Industrial Union No. | 8 | | 46 | | 300 | | 400–450 | | 500 | | 573 Sct'd. | | 573 Main O. | | 600 | | 600–900 | | 1000 | | 1100 | | 1200 | | 1300 | | 1800 | | G. R. U. | | Scattered | | Totals | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No | Yes | No |
| Amendment No. 1 | 25 | 5 | 5 | 0 | 114 | 0 | 167 | 12 | 149 | 7 | 76 | 6 | 136 | 11 | 33 | 2 | 151 | 2 | 83 | 1 | 9 | 0 | 6 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 12 | 0 | 44 | 1 | 29 | 3 | 993 | 64 |
| Amendment 2 Page 10 | 19 | 10 | 3 | 2 | 92 | 15 | 117 | 47 | 121 | 24 | 47 | 23 | 97 | 51 | 25 | 7 | 128 | 18 | 52 | 7 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 9 | 2 | 37 | 7 | 23 | 4 | 769 | 211 |
| Amendment 2 Page 11 | 27 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 92 | 7 | 170 | 7 | 155 | 5 | 79 | 2 | 144 | 4 | 35 | 2 | 144 | 6 | 33 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 13 | 1 | 46 | 2 | 30 | 1 | 991 | 39 |
| Amendment 3 | 29 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 99 | 8 | 147 | 26 | 140 | 17 | 71 | 9 | 128 | 17 | 31 | 4 | 145 | 8 | 80 | 4 | 9 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 13 | 0 | 45 | 2 | 28 | 0 | 924 | 97 |
| Amendment 4 | 29 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 110 | 3 | 158 | 24 | 156 | 6 | 74 | 6 | 144 | 5 | 33 | 1 | 158 | 4 | 85 | 0 | 8 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 11 | 1 | 47 | 2 | 30 | 1 | 978 | 59 |
| Amendment 5 | 22 | 9 | 4 | 2 | 104 | 8 | 118 | 66 | 136 | 32 | 52 | 59 | 116 | 34 | 28 | 9 | 138 | 20 | 34 | 1 | 9 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 10 | 2 | 39 | 12 | 27 | 4 | 840 | 220 |
| Amendment 8 | 18 | 13 | 5 | 1 | 99 | 15 | 138 | 22 | 115 | 47 | 54 | 37 | 106 | 31 | 22 | 13 | 127 | 22 | 31 | 8 | 7 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 10 | 2 | 36 | 10 | 22 | 5 | 788 | 211 |
| Amendment 7 | 23 | 9 | 5 | 1 | 97 | 12 | 110 | 67 | 124 | 29 | 48 | 52 | 94 | 42 | 27 | 10 | 121 | 21 | 32 | 7 | 7 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 11 | 1 | 35 | 14 | 27 | 4 | 779 | 270 |
| Amendment 8 | 20 | 9 | 5 | 0 | 94 | 9 | 112 | 59 | 124 | 37 | 55 | 21 | 98 | 25 | 29 | 4 | 119 | 27 | 28 | 6 | 6 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 11 | 1 | 36 | 11 | 25 | 2 | 771 | 228 |
| Amendment 9 | 27 | 3 | 5 | 0 | 105 | 8 | 147 | 56 | 157 | 13 | 65 | 24 | 120 | 20 | 36 | 5 | 142 | 7 | 39 | 8 | 8 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 13 | 0 | 42 | 9 | 29 | 2 | 926 | 125 |
| Amendment 10 | 24 | 7 | 1 | 5 | 87 | 26 | 158 | 17 | 146 | 26 | 66 | 14 | 122 | 17 | 31 | 4 | 156 | 19 | 19 | 14 | 7 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 8 | 4 | 24 | 14 | 28 | 2 | 874 | 172 |
| Amendment 11 | 27 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 98 | 6 | 150 | 16 | 135 | 8 | 78 | 4 | 121 | 12 | 29 | 1 | 135 | 7 | 32 | 2 | 8 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 45 | 0 | 28 | 1 | 919 | 63 |
| Amendment 12 | 19 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 88 | 17 | 116 | 111 | 38 | 50 | 22 | 47 | 84 | 47 | 21 | 6 | 123 | 25 | 24 | 5 | 5 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 9 | 1 | 38 | 6 | 21 | 0 | 712 | 266 |
| Amendment 13 | 26 | 5 | 1 | 4 | 109 | 2 | 158 | 12 | 135 | 22 | 71 | 7 | 118 | 19 | 29 | 1 | 139 | 7 | 13 | 19 | 8 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 11 | 0 | 43 | 3 | 26 | 4 | 890 | 105 |
| Amendment 14 | 27 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 105 | 3 | 155 | 17 | 140 | 14 | 69 | 12 | 126 | 16 | 34 | 2 | 149 | 5 | 14 | 19 | 8 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 8 | 2 | 44 | 2 | 26 | 4 | 903 | 106 |
| Resolution Pert. to 13-14 | 28 | 2 | 8 | 1 | 101 | 3 | 152 | 26 | 149 | 8 | 89 | 12 | 128 | 10 | 25 | 5 | 154 | 7 | 16 | 16 | 8 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 9 | 1 | 44 | 2 | 27 | 3 | 897 | 84 |
| Amendment 15 | 29 | 1 | 3 | 3 | 105 | 2 | 162 | 8 | 155 | 3 | 78 | 3 | 130 | 10 | 31 | 4 | 149 | 2 | 31 | 0 | 10 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 12 | 0 | 47 | 1 | 28 | 1 | 978 | 39 |
| Amendment 16 | 24 | 7 | 5 | 1 | 93 | 12 | 119 | 57 | 127 | 39 | 48 | 38 | 110 | 44 | 23 | 12 | 123 | 26 | 29 | 3 | 7 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 11 | 3 | 40 | 9 | 26 | 6 | 791 | 267 |
| Amendment 17 | 28 | 5 | 4 | 1 | 86 | 22 | 137 | 20 | 150 | 20 | 71 | 12 | 128 | 23 | 27 | 7 | 154 | 15 | 31 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 11 | 2 | 47 | 3 | 26 | 6 | 911 | 141 |
| Amendment 18 | 28 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 101 | 4 | 170 | 7 | 157 | 7 | 82 | 2 | 149 | 3 | 33 | 2 | 149 | 4 | 31 | 1 | 9 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 13 | 0 | 48 | 0 | 27 | 3 | 1010 | 36 |
| Amendment 19 | 29 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 107 | 4 | 179 | 0 | 161 | 2 | 82 | 2 | 150 | 3 | 32 | 2 | 148 | 2 | 31 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 13 | 0 | 50 | 0 | 29 | 1 | 1038 | 12 |
| Amendment 20 | 29 | 2 | 5 | 0 | 102 | 2 | 168 | 11 | 154 | 13 | 78 | 4 | 134 | 15 | 34 | 1 | 158 | 14 | 32 | 0 | 10 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 4 | 0 | 13 | 0 | 49 | 0 | 28 | 3 | 983 | 66 |
| Resolution No. 1 | 29 | 2 | 6 | 0 | 98 | 15 | 172 | 4 | 168 | 3 | 81 | 1 | 147 | 4 | 32 | 3 | 144 | 6 | 32 | 1 | 9 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 13 | 0 | 51 | 1 | 27 | 2 | 1021 | 44 |
| Resolution No. 2 | 31 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 97 | 3 | 172 | 7 | 166 | 1 | 86 | 0 | 145 | 6 | 35 | 1 | 147 | 4 | 32 | 1 | 10 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 13 | 0 | 49 | 1 | 30 | 0 | 1023 | 22 |
| Resolution No. 3, Paragraph 1 | 31 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 108 | 1 | 177 | 0 | 167 | 3 | 82 | 2 | 153 | 5 | 36 | 0 | 149 | 1 | 32 | 1 | 9 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 13 | 0 | 45 | 3 | 28 | 0 | 1045 | 12 |
| Resolution No. 3, Paragraph 2 | 24 | 4 | 6 | 0 | 97 | 3 | 146 | 29 | 143 | 20 | 61 | 16 | 130 | 24 | 29 | 7 | 129 | 21 | 16 | 7 | 7 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 13 | 0 | 45 | 3 | 29 | 0 | 882 | 197 |
| Resolution No. 3, Paragraph 3 | 26 | 4 | 5 | 0 | 99 | 2 | 157 | 15 | 148 | 15 | 71 | 10 | 143 | 11 | 33 | 3 | 154 | 11 | 16 | 5 | 7 | 0 | 6 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 13 | 0 | 46 | 2 | 27 | 2 | 921 | 93 |
| Resolution No. 3, Paragraph 3 | 30 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 107 | 0 | 160 | 25 | 150 | 13 | 76 | 5 | 142 | 5 | 34 | 3 | 143 | 8 | 35 | 0 | 10 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 12 | 1 | 45 | 3 | 25 | 4 | 972 | 72 |
| Total votes cast | 32 | | 6 | | 147 | | 168 | | 164 | | 84 | | 158 | | 39 | | 159 | | 36 | | 12 | | 6 | | 4 | | 15 | | 55 | | 33 | | 1156 | |

George Hardy received 2 votes for Editor of Solidarity.
Ralph Chaplin received 2 votes for Editor of Solidarity.
Leo Lauki received 1 vote for Editor of Solidarity.
George Hardy received 1 vote for G. E. B. Ind. Union No. 8.
Wm. Cunningham received 1 vote for G.E.B. Ind. Union No. 8.

**All candidates receiving the highest number of votes should get in touch with Thomas Whitehead, General Secretary-Treasurer, 1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., at once. This is important.**

AUGUST WALQUIST, 88799
T. H. DIXON, 424
GEO. SPEED, 241670
Ballot Committee.

include the entire class of workers and poor peasants.

"The Communist Party, on the other hand, is an organization which takes in only the advance guard of the workers and poor peasants; only that part of these two classes which fights consciously for the practical application of the Communist program. The aim of the Communist Party is to obtain a preponderating influence and complete control of all the workers' organizations, the Industrial Unions, the Co-operatives, the rural Communes, and so on. The Communist Party strives especially to introduce its program into the actual organizations of state—the Soviets—and to obtain complete control there. No doubt can exist that in the future the various existing organizations of the workers will be finally united in one form. It is useless to speculate today as to which form will prove the most durable. Our present duty is to determine precisely between the Communist Party, the Industrial Unions, and the Soviets.

## THE THEORY OF THE EQUALITY OF RIGHTS.

Even amongst the more hopeful section of the old International, the opinion was very prevalent that the Communist Party on the one hand, and the Industrial Unions on the other hand, were organizations of equal value—having the same rights —organizations which collaborate on important questions of all kinds, like two contracting parties. The Socialist Party should control the political side, while the Industrial Unions controlled the economic side. Thus, for example, the German Social-Democrats passed a resolution, supported even by August Bebel, stating that if it should ever be necessary to employ the weapon of the general strike, this question could only be decided by a conference between the executive of the party and the general committee of the Trade Unions.

From the Communist viewpoint this opinion cannot be recognized. The equality of rights theory has always been disputed by the revolutionary Marxians.

From the revolutionary Marxian viewpoint, the Communist Party is the ultimate reunion of all phases of the struggle of the working class for freedom from the capitalist yoke. The Communist Party makes use of a whole arsenal of arms to win this fight. The political struggle is indissolubly bound up with the economic struggle. The Communist Party shows the way for the economic as well as the political struggle. The Communist Party is the advance guard of the proletariat. By the torch of Communism it lights up all the turnings of the road leading to the emancipation of the workers. On this account, the work which the Communists are doing in the Industrial Unions is but a fraction of the work which the Communist Party, as such, are doing.

During a period of dictatorship like that we in Russia are now passing through, one can still less think of any compromise with the equality of rights theory. The least deviation in this direction must be strenuously fought, in theory as well as in practice.

## THE "NON-PARTY" TRADE UNIONS.

The present Industrial Unions are not necessarily under the Communist Party. All workers, both men and women, are received into them irrespective of their party or creed. A worker who does not belong to the Party has the full right to join our Industrial Unions. But on that account, Communists who work in the Industrial Unions should not fail to pay attention to the conservative character of the members who do not belong to the Party. The Communists, and the Communist group, in the Industrial Unions must preach Communism openly. The leaders of the Industrial Unions must constantly draw the attention of the workers to this fact that the enemies of Communism, not belonging to the Party, are trying to deceive them. They should explain to the workers why the Industrial Unionists, while they are not formally members of our Party, always help the Communist Party, recognizing the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, and defending the Power of the Soviets and the World Revolution.

## THE MODREN TRADE UNION MOVEMENT.

The modern Industrial Unions are doing an enormous work, and they greatly facilitate the struggle for Socialism made by the Communist Party and the Soviets. But, at the same time, there is, during our transition, a dark side to the activity of the Industrial Unions. For example, some branches of the Dock Laborers' Union on the Volga support the wage demands of their short-sighted individual members (without even having helped the Soviets in their fight against the incredible thefts which have been committed by the dockyard workers); they prove they are very much behind the times, and that they are incapable of rising above the narrow interests of their group. When certain associations of clerks and other similar commercial associations introduce people into the Soviet institutions, who are not fit to do the work which is entrusted to them, and when these associations take up the demands of their members, forgetting that they no longer have to deal with employers, but with the Proletarian State, they also prove their Trade Unions' narrowness. The fight against the negative parties of the working class movement is one of the chief duties of the Communists in the Industrial Unions.

## CONCESSIONS TO INDUSTRIALISM.

At a time when the best elements in French Syndicalism are abandoning their former errors, and moving towards Communism in laying down the principle: "All power to the Workers' Councils," there are working class groups and circles in Russia which are trying to revive the worst features of syndicalism. **The famous Left Wing Social Revolutionary Party recently adopted a resolution demanding the transfer of the whole administration of industry and transport to the Central Committee of the Industrial Unions. It further proposed that common action should be taken by that committee and the industrial organizations of the whole world for the entire management of the Social Revolution and the world control of industry and transport by a combine of Industrial Unions.** (This is practically the position taken by the I. W. W.—Ed.) The Communists who work in the Industrial Unions should strongly oppose syndicalist tendencies of this kind.

## SO-CALLED "INDUSTRIALISM."

It is equally necessary to turn against the tendencies known by the name of "industrialism," which are defended by some members of the Russian working class movement who are members of the executive committee of the All-Russian Metallurgical Union.

The industrialists want to erect our entire edifice on the skilled workers, and to put aside the whole mass of unskilled workers. Doubtless the war and the revolution have led to many fundamental changes in the social structure of the proletariat itself. There is no possible doubt about it. The factory worker of today is certainly the most developed of the proletariat. But in no case can it be the task of the Communists, men of the working class, only to elect skilled workers, who form a minority of the working class. The Communist ideas have nothing in common with the propagation of the working class aristocracy. On the contrary, the task of the Communists, of the people in the work-

ing class movement, consists in helping the most advanced sections of the industrial workers to organize little by little, the whole mass of the proletariat, including the unskilled workers, and to include them in the constructive work of the state. The policy of industrialism, which at first sight appears to be radical, is, in practice, only the opportunist policy of the leaders of the working class aristocracy. When all is said and done, this policy will be the same as that of the social traitors.

### STATE TRADE UNIONS.

The All-Russian Trade Unions' Congress in cess which is taking place in the Trade Unions will January, 1918, declared its conviction that the prolead to t heir transformation into departments of the Socialist state, and, at the same time, Trade Union membership will be a state obligation for all the workers who belong to the same branch of industry." (Par. 9 of the resolution.)

This conviction of the All-Russian Congress is based on facts. The Industrial Unions are gradually assuming the attributes of state departments. They really work as a veritable department of the state when they mobilize all their members, when they concentrate workers in a given town, when they transfer the workers from one part of Russia to another, when they give their vote on a question of wages, when they exercise, by means of their representatives, a decisive influence on the activity of the Supreme National Ecomonic Council.

And just because this transformation of Industrial Unions into state departments takes place gradually, and quite normally, there is no present necessity of forcing this process, there is no need to proclaim from one minute to another the transformation of Industrial Unions into state departments. The Communists who work in the Industrial Unions have every reason for adhering to the resolution of the First and Second All-Russian Trade Unions' Congress in this matter.

### GROUPS, TRADE UNIONS AND LOCAL BRANCHES OF THE PARTY.

In every Industrial Union there should be a Communist section, strongly organized and disciplined in order that each section may propagate the same economic policy as that of the Central Communist group, which is in the All-Russian Trade Unions' Council. No concession to what is called "Localism" should be made. Wages, hours of labor, food questions and so on should all be considered from the all-Russian point of view. Each Communist group within an Industrial Union is merely a kernel of the local branch of the Communist Party. The local committee of the Party completely dominates the Industrial Union branch of the town, while the Central Committee of the party controls, by its dominating influence, the All-Russian Committee of the Industrial Unions.

The Communist Party is the force to be counted on in mobilizing the workers for industry and for the Red army. The Committee of the party comes to an understanding with the Communist groups in the Industrial Unions. The Communist Party directs all the constructive side of the Trade Union activity, but it takes care that this direction shall never be of a domineering character.

### ORGANIZATION OF THE RURAL WORKER.

One of the most important tasks of the working class movement at present in Russia is the organization of the rural workers. It is necessary to help the already existing organizations of the workers by all possible means. The Communists working in the working class movement should consider it an honor to organize the rural workers. This task requires a good deal of energy and power.

### THE TRADE UNIONS AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

In consequence of certain peculiarities in the evolution of the working class movement in Western Europe, a false conception exists about the Trade Unions among the German Communists and the Communists of other countries. Our party believes that we cannot do without the Trade Unions. During the proletarian revolution, the Trade Unions will split up in the same way as the old Social-Democratic parties have done. The experiences of the German working class movement showed us that already the Berlin Trade Unions are freeing themselves from the pernicious influence of the social-democracy of Scheidemann.

**The Russian Trade Union movement should take the initiative in creating a Red Trade Union International, in the same way as the political party has** done in the political field. At the Congress of the Red International, not only should the organizations of the party be represented, but also the organizations of the Workers' Councils, the Co-operative societies, and the Communist Trade Unions which approve of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat and the Soviets. Meantime it is necessary to create an International Union to take their stand in the Communist International.




HIS SLUMBER DISTURBED

# All Russian Union of Workers in the Food Manufacturing Industry

PUBLISHED BY THE ALL-RUSSIAN CENTRAL COUNCIL OF TRADE UNIONS. MOSCOW, 1920.

*(Editor's note: — The following official account of the activities of the union of the foodstuff workers in Russia has just reached here. It covers the time immediately before and during the revolution and describes how this union under the soviet regime is gradually growing into the food manufacturing organ of the Russian people. The story should be an inspiration and a lesson to the same workers in this country to hurriedly change from craft unionism to the industrial form, in order that these workers may be able to feed the people when the big crash comes and for ever thereafter. The fate of all of us rests largely in the hands of the food stuff workers.)*

Strikes broke out among the bakers and confectioners even prior to 1900. These strikes were very often accompanied by terrorism directed against scabs and employers. After 1900 the bakers and confectioners began to organize themselves in illegal unions.

In 1904 the first bakers' strike broke out in Petrograd. The strike was badly organized, was accompanied by sabotage which expressed itself in the destruction of ovens, the spoiling of dough and flour, the breaking of the windows of the bakeries and shops and even the killing of their owners.

The revolution of 1905 gave a strong impetus to the development of the labour movement among the workers of the food manufacturing industry. A great strike movement commenced and, simultaneously with this, unions of workers in this branch of industry sprang up all over Russia. All these unions were of a craft character: bakers, confectioners, sausage-makers, tea-weighers, millers and so on, all formed their own separate unions. The strongest of these was the bakers' union.

The strike movement led by the unions now assumed an organized character. It should be observed that the Petrograd strike in June 1906 was the best organized strike in the history of the trade union movement in Russia. All the bakers and confectioners of the whole Government of Petrograd (Petrograd Tsarskoe Selo, Pavlovsk, Schlusselburg, Luga, Kronstadt, Gatchina, etc.), to the number of 30,000 workers, went on strike. The strike was brilliantly won after a two weeks' struggle. The general bakers' strike in the Petrograd province which broke out in 1907 ended however, in the complete defeat of the union by the Government and in the arrest of two hundred of the most active workers.

In other towns in Russia the labour movement among food workers developed chiefly among bakers and confectioners. Unions of workers in other branches of industry existed only in a very few places: thus a union of millers existed in Ekaterinslav and Nijni-Novgorod and unions of tea weighers existed in Moscow, Odessa and Tchelabinsk. Attempts were made to organize unions (unregistered) of fishermen in Astrakhan and of workers in the butter industry in Kazan and other places.

In 1906 the first attempts were made at creating national unions in separate branches of the food industry. In that year an All-Russian Conference of Tea Weighers was convened at which representatives from Moscow, Odessa, Tchelabinsk and Ekaterinburg were present. This Conference passed a number of resolutions amongst which special attention must be drawn to the resolution on the 8-hour day, on the establishment of a central strike committee, on the abolition of searchings and fines, on the standard of tea weighing, etc.

In 1907 the Petrograd Bakers' Union received an invitation to the International Congress of Bakers in Stuttgart but the delegate who was elected did not succeed in crossing the frontier.

During 1906 and 1907 the Bakers' Union in Petrograd issued a journal "The Voice of the Baker and Confectioner" and the Union of Confectioners and Chocolate Makers issued the "Confectioner." In Moscow a journal entitled "The Baker" was published.

Nothing can be said of the growth and development of the movement between 1908 and 1912 because this was the period in which the trade union movement among the food manufacturing workers was completely dissolved. Alongside with the wholesale closing down of unions in the food industry as well as in other industries proceeded the annulment of all the economic gains so that by 1912 only the memory remained of the gains previously secured after long and difficult struggle. Towards 1912 illegal bakers' unions existed only in nineteen towns and only in Moscow was there a union of the confectioners besides that of the bakers.

In 1912 a revival began in the bakers' and confectioners' unions particularly in Petrograd where during that year they published a trade union journal (15 numbers).

During 1913 and 1914 the idea arose of convening a national Congress of Bakers and Confectioners but it was fated not to be realized, as the outbreak of the imperialist war in 1914 led to the wholesale closing down of unions and the arrest of hundreds of the best workers.

During the war the trade unions of bakers and other food producing industries were everywhere broken up. Only in the revolutionary centers like Petrograd and Moscow, did bakers' confectioners' and tea-weighers' unions exist. In Petrograd the union existed illegally. These unions maintained a definite anti-militarist position and their leaders belonged to the left wing of the labour movement.

The February Revolution opened wide the door to the trade union movement and aroused the workers of the food manufacturing industry to exert their organizing power. In every town separate bakers' and confectioners', sausagemakers, millers, confectioners and other unions were formed.

From the first days of the February revolution arose the idea in the Bakers' Trade Union movement of uniting all workers employed in the food manufacturing industry into one union. The call from craft unions to one big union became very prominent. In many towns such as Samara, Irkutsk, Krasnojarsk, Petrograd, Rostov-on-Don, this amalgamation took place from the first day of the Revolution.

On the Volga and the Upper-Volga a Union of Millers arose which rallied round itself all the millers from Jaroslav, Kostroma, Ribynsk and Kineshma.

In the South of Russia the food producers' and workers' unions during this period presented a kaleidoscopic picture of craft unions.

From the very first months of the revolution the food workers' unions were confronted with the con-

crete question as to what their immediate aim should be, government by bourgeois coalition or labour dictatorship. They did not hesitate for a moment and everywhere in overwhelming majorities they expressed their active support to labour dictatorship. Compromising tendencies among the food workers were extremely weak.

In June 1917 three unions in Petrograd—Bakers-Millers, Sausage-Makers and Confectioners—amalgamated into one union. Immediately after this amalgamation, the question arose as to the necessity of an All-Russian Union of Food Workers headed by a single All-Russian center. For this purpose a special provisional bureau was selected from among the Petrograd unions upon whom the task was imposed of convening an All-Russian conference of food workers' unions which sent out a number of members of the bureau for the purpose of organizing the conference.

In Ekaterinoslav on November 2nd, 1917, a conference of outlying Unions of Food Workers was called at which representatives of 25 South Russian towns representing 20,268 organized workers were present.

The Conference unanimously decided to unite into **a single All Russian Union of Food Workers.** It also by an overwhelming majority passed a resolution severely condemning the Provisional Government and expressed itself for the dictatorship of the proletariat and the necessity of fighting for and supporting the new Labour Government which arose as the result of the October Revolution. Later, a conference was called in South-East Russia, in Rostoff-on-the-Don on November 1st. This Conference also resolved to unite into a national union and passed resolutions supporting the Soviet Government.

The First All-Russian Conference of Food Manufacturing Unions took place in November, 1917. This Conference expressed itself in favour of uniting all workers in the food manufacturing industry into one national union. At this Conference there were present representatives of 43 unions from 39 towns, chiefly from South Russia, representing a membership of 95,951. The unions present represented the following sections of the eight united food workers' unions, with a membership of 39,207; 27 bakers' and confectioners' unions, with a membership of 32,544; 4 millers' unions with a membership of 25,000; 2 brewers' and oil refiners' unions, membership 1,350; 1 cooks' union, 15,000 members; 1 bakers' shop assistants' union with 3,500 members; 1 union of meat preservers and sausage-makers with 450 members. Many unions, owing to political events were unable to send their representatives. Generally, the unions joining the amalgamation had a membership of nearly 120,000.

The Conference greeted the Soviet Government and passed a resolution for the municipalization of all food producing businesses. An All-Russian center—the Provisional All-Russian Council of Food Workers—was elected.

The occupation of the Ukraina by Germany dealt a severe blow to the organization of the unions. As we have seen, most of the representatives at this Conference came from South Russia. With the occupation of Ukraina by Germany, connections with these unions were broken and the majority of the members of the unions remained in the Ukraine. Thus, the All-Russian Union of Food Workers was mutilated at the very beginning of its existence.

In Central Russia there were hardly any food workers' Unions and generally hardly any food manufacturing industry. Those places in which they did exist were occupied by the counter-revolutionaries. The active members of the union were dispersed among different government departments for reorganizing the economic life of the country and were also sent to the front.

The Provisional Council took an active part in the organization of the food making industry. On its initiative an independent Department for the Manufacture of Food Products was opened up in connection with the Chemical Department of the Supreme Council of National Economy. A member of the Provisional Council was at the head of this Department and the Collegiate board was also composed of members of that Department.

At the same time measures were taken to organize unions in the provinces and to amalgamate separate millers', bakers', confectioners', and other unions into one union.

In September 1918 the Provisional Council called the first All-Russian Congress of Millers which decided that all millers should join the All-Russian Federation of Food Workers. The Conference welcomed the nationalization of the milling industry and resolved to create a chief administration of the flour and grain industry to manage it. The Conference also elected its representatives to the Provisional Council. The entire proceedings of the Conference were marked by its unanimous support of the Soviet Government.

During the period of its work the Food Manufacturing Department of the Supreme Council of National Economy, with the participation of the Provisional Council, established an administration of the nationalized undertakings of various branches of the food industry (milling, confectionery and chocolate, fish and meat preserving industry, tea,

The Provisional Council after the addition to it coffee and chicory industry, dairy produce and fish). of new representatives energetically set to work to prepare for the National Congress which took place on January 15th 1919. At the Conference were present representatives from 50 unions representing 100,000 workers.

In the resolution passed by the Congress it is stated that the destiny of the workers organized in the Food Producers' Union is closely connected with that of the Soviet Government and that the members of the union will take all measures to repel the enemies of Soviet Russia. The Congress regarded the organizing of the Food manufacturing industry as the most important task of the Union. A resolution in this connection declares that the form of organization of the organs directing the industry will indicate the solutions of questions of organization in various branches of the food industry.

The Conference finally formed the Union of Food producers and included in its ranks workers and employees of the following branches: 1) millers, 2) macaroni makers, 3) biscuit-bakers, 4) butter and dairy produce workers, 5) confectioners, jam makers and chocolate makers, 6) starch and treacle workers (potato-starch sago, dextrine, treacle and glucose), 7) preserving, meat, fish, fruit, vegetables etc., 8) vegetable and fruit drying, 9) brewing and distilling, 10) egg and milk preserving, 11) sausage making, 12) slaughterers, 13) bacon curers, 14) salting, 15) meat extracts, 16) blood drying, 17) cold storage, 18) fish, 19) coffee, tea and chicory, 20) picklers, 21) beer brewing, 22) kvass and mineral waters 23) oil pressers. The necessity was recognized also for including workers in the sugar refining industry.

The first organizing work of the Central Committee after the Conference was to **complete the amalgamation of all the above indicated industries.** This work was carried out fairly rapidly and at **the present moment there is not a single craft union in the food industry in the whole of Soviet Russia** except in some places in the Ukraine. The second task of the Central Committee was to carry out the resolution of the Congress on the organization of

unions by provinces and to convert the provincial unions into branches of the National Union of Food Workers and the district unions into sub-branches of the provincial branches.

The fall of the Skoropadsky government and the liberation of the Ukraine by the Soviet troops raised the tremendous problem of organizing the Ukrainian food workers. A delegation of the Central Committee was sent to the Ukraine which, together with the Kiev Food Workers' Union, convened an all-Ukrainian Congress of Food Workers which confirmed the resolutions of the first All-Russian Congress. On the instructions of the Central Committee a bureau of the Central Committee was set up in the Ukraine. This Bureau convened a conference of millers which resolved to unite Ukrainian millers in the All-Russian Union of Food Workers. As a concequence of the occupation of the Ukraina by Denikin, however, connection with Ukraine again became interrupted. The Central Committee left two of its members in the Ukraine to carry on illegal work. The liberation of the Ural and Siberia by the Soviet troops opened up for the Central Committee a wide territory in which the food industry is well developed and where there are large numbers of food workers, chiefly millers. The Central Committee delegated several workers by whose assistance the unions which were destroyed by Koltchak are once again arising.

The Central administration of the food manufacturing industry during 1919 succeeded in developing its work to the extent possible under the prevailing conditions of civil war. In its activity the Central Committee was continually brought up against pure questions of organization such as the form of this or that organ of the industry, as well as separate questions of organizing production. For the purpose of solving the questions of production All-Russian Conferences of Millers (2-nd Congress), Starch and Treacle Workers, Sausage Makers, Preservers and Fishermen were called. The Conferences received the reports of the Central Administration, considered the plans of the future work of these administrations and passed resolutions indicating the path which the Central Administrations must follow in their future work. During this period a new department was formed with the co-operation of the Central Committee, viz. the Chief Department for administrating the cold storage business of the Republic.

Tremendous work has been accomplished in regulating wages in the various branches of the food industry. An exact definition of each category of labour and a definite standard of output were worked out and applied. The premium bonus system for millers and the fish industry was introduced.

Much work is being carried out in the sphere of labour protection, in examining the labour conditions in the food manufacturing industry, supplying workers with industrial clothing and granting extra holidays for harmful trades.

The union took an energetic part in mobilizing its members for protecting the Soviet Republic against its surrounding enemies. In many of the food workers' unions, particularly in the Volga towns, nearly all the members stood under arms for the defense of their governments.

**The 2-nd. National Congress of the Food Workers' Union took place on March 17th.—25th. 1920.** For the first time representatives from the whole of the Soviet Republic were present. 174 delegates representing 75 unions and 151,895 organized workers were present. Owing to bad railway communications it was not possible for all the unions to be represented.

The 2-nd. Congress again expressed its unreserved support of the Soviet Government. **The main point on the agenda was the organization of the food manufacturing industry.** A report was submitted from the food manufacturing department of the Supreme Council of National Economy and of all the chief administrative departments of the various branches of the industry. On each report resolutions were carried indicating the path which the Congress thought it necessary for the organization of the industry to follow. The struggle against the economic disorganization must be conducted with the greatest energy by the Unions.

The Congress sent out an appeal to the millers, bakers and other food manufacturing workers of Europe and America.

On March 1st 1920 the National Union had 268 departments, branches and sections, with a membership of 222,389.

In the local unions (provincial and regional departments, district and sub-district branches) there are sections of workers engaged in separate branches of industry. These sections are auxiliary organs of management of the union and all their decisions must be confirmed by the general administration. The sections are engaged chiefly in participating in the organization of their branch of industry and in working out wage rates and standards of output. There are no national sections although their existence was permitted by a resolution at the Congress.

The Central Committee and its local branches participate in the organization of production by delegating its representatives to the administrative collegiate boards of the economic organs which are set up by the consent of the Central Committee.

At the present moment the Central Committee has its representatives in the Chief Flour Department of the Supreme Council of National Economy (3 members out of 4) in the Chief Confectionery Department (all 3) in the Chief Preserving Department (two out of three) in the Chief Fish Department (none although this collegiate board was set up by the consent of the union) the Central Cold-Storage Department (1 out of 3) and the Department for the Manufacture of Food Products (3 out of 4). All the collegiate boards are set up with the consent of the Central Committee.

The predominance of the union representatives on local administrations is even greater than in the center.

The factory administrations are also set up by the consent of the unions (branches and departments). Individual managers are also put forward by the union. The representatives of the union are connected with the union by the presentation of reports on their activity and the joint examination of all questions of organization of production.

The Central Committee published a journal called "The Voice of the Food Workers." The finances of the Central Committee can be described in the following manner: For January, February and March 1920 the amount of contributions received from the departments and branches of the union was 601,121 roubles. Special levies on members—511,532 roubles. The expenses for this period were 588,298 roubles. Grants for the organization of unions in the liberated districts and to various persons and institutions, 575,525 roubles.

On April 1st there were 34,716 roubles in the funds of the union and 74,739 roubles on current account at the National Bank.

The union lives the life of the masses and together with them concentrates its efforts on the organization of labour and industry in the interests of the Soviet Republic, in its defence against foreign and internal enemies and the creation of a new communist society.

**The Central Committee of the Food Workers' and Employees' Union.**

# The All-Russian Trade Union of Civil Servants, Shop Assistants and Clerks

PUBLISHED BY THE ALL-RUSSIAN CENTRAL COUNCIL OF TRADE UNIONS. MOSCOW 1920

*Editor's note: — The following review of the activities of a union counting about* 650,000 *members should cause the same class of workers in this country to stagger. It should be plain by this time that no group of workers can escape the pain and the travail of organizing. The collapse of capitalism is imminent and still this class of workers here in America have hardly made a move to prepare themselves for the responsibilities which will inevitably be theirs in a very short time. Our clerks are inviting a catastrophy by their failure to prepare for the great roll they are soon destined to play.)*

At the present moment our Trade Union includes all clerks, independent of their profession, working in the distributive and supplying organs (food distribution organs, co-operatives &c.) and in all Soviet institutions (commissariats, soviets, councils of national economy, "Centers" &c.), with the exception of the Commissariat of the Means of Communication and of Posts and of Telegraphs, the employees of which form part of the corresponding industrial unions.

Before the October revolution of 1917 there existed in all the Russian towns unions of shop assistants and clerks organized after the overthrow of czarism. The fusion of these single unions into one big union on an All-Russian scale was very weak, though there existed a Council of the trade unions of shop assistants which had been elected on the fifth All-Russian Congress and which tried to unite all similar unions, of the unions of factory clerks (which at the period were organized apart from the workmen), of the workers of the restaurant trade and of the commercial fleet (at that time there was no general union of the workers of the water transport). The former societies of mutual help created among the shop assistants and clerks, which had not reorganized themselves in time and the functions of which, before the revolution of 1905 and after the same up to the liquidation after the revolution of 1917, were limited with the distribution of small subsidies in case of illness or death, with the organization of medical help, of clubs and libraries, also formed part of the above mentioned council. Some of these societies of mutual help numbered among their members also merchants, the latter often being the initiators of the organization of the said societies before 1905. Neither before the revolution nor after the same did these societies fight for the increase of salary or the improvement of general conditions of labour; before 1905 they carried on the campaign for obtaining weekly day's rest for clerks, but their efforts generally remained without result. Beyond this the societies of mutual help did not display any other activity. It is, therefore, quite natural, that when in 1905 there arose the possibility of organizing themselves, shop assistants, clerks and warehouse men, similar to factory workers, at once organized themselves in all the Russian towns into Trade Unions and started the struggle against the employers for the ten hours working day and for the full weekly day's rest and holiday's rest, this struggle being conducted by means of strikes, local demonstrations which sometimes ended with breaking of window panes in the shops of some of the most obstinate tradesmen. This struggle lasted until the decreeing of the provisional law about the normal rest of the employees which in principle fixed the ten hours day and the weekly day's rest; in Petersburg this struggle was being carried on also after the police authorities had closed the union of shop assistants, in the place of which an illegal organization had been created under the name of "Council of Delegates" which united chiefly the employees of the big enterprises represented through delegates of the single undertakings; this council of delegates used to assemble at Terioki, beyond the Finnish frontier, and existed until spring 1907, when again the trade union of shop assistants and clerks was created. From that moment also in other Russian towns trade unions of shop assistants, clerks and warehousemen were being formed, the activity of which was, however, strongly limited by police measures, frequent arrests of the members of the Board, their expulsion, the closing of the unions themselves. In some towns the respective departments refused to register these trade unions and in order to elude the orders of the administration the clerks had to limit their activity with the seizing of the old societies of mutual help and the organizing of new unions, directing their activity according to the general course of the professional movement (for example in the Ural and Siberia). With the beginning of the war in 1914 in all the towns—with very few exceptions—the above trade unions were closed by he authorities and until the revolution of 1917 one could not even think of a trade union movement.

The year 1917 is marked in the history of the professional movement by universal strikes aiming at the increase of wages, the eight hours working day and other improvements of conditions of labour, and after every single strike collective treaties were being signed with single merchants, as well as with groups or trusts of the same. After the October revolution conflict between employees and employers were being settled peacefully, because the unions rested already upon the power and authority of the proletariat, and the employers were no longer in a position to apply to the police, as they did before.

The strikes of civil servants during the October revolution directed against the latter very soon called forth the reaction on the part of the lower employees which were not interested in the maintenance of the power of the bourgeoisie, and these latter, reinforced with groups of civil servants devoted to or sympathizing with the proletarian revolution, organized the All-Russian Union of Civil Servants (later called the union of Soviet employees) as a counterpoise to the illegal committee which was leading the strike of the sabotaging officials. **Our Trade Union in the shape in which it appears at present was formed from the fusion of this union of Civil servants with the union of clerks and co-operative workers which existed since May 1919. The complete fusion of our trade union on an All-Russian scale was proclaimed in May 1919 at the second All-Russian Special Congress of all trade unions making part of our federation.** The First All-Russian Congress took place in July 1918 but without the result of a lasting fusion because of the dissidence between the communists and the independent group of the trade-union movement, and only at the November conference of this year an agreement between these groups was reached, rati-

fied at the Second Special Congress, when the Communists had the majority of votes.

Besides the above mentioned two congresses, from the year 1898 to 1917 including, five congresses had been organized: the first two congresses were held before 1905 and represented only the societies of mutual aid. The third Congress took place in 1906; 90% of the delegates to this congress represented the societies of mutual aid, the remaining 10% the trade unions (for several reasons the majority of the trade unions including the Petersburg union of shop assistants and clerks, did not participate in this congress). The fourth Congress took place in 1913 under the pressure of the awakening movement of the shop assistants in connection with the general awakening of labour movement and the deterioration of the law about normal rest; at this congress, which attracted the attention of large circles of society, a fierce struggle was carried on between the representatives of the old societies of mutual help and the representatives of the trade unions marching under the flag of social democracy; by order of the minister of the interior the congress was closed before having ended its work. In 1917, in the Kerensky epoch, the fifth congress took place, which was represented by 146 delegates from 105 trade unions and 64 delegates from 36 societies of mutual help. It was then decided to reorganize the societies of mutual help into trade unions and where the latter already existed to fuse these societies with the same. The first congress of the trade unions of shop assistants and clerks was then fixed for the year 1918, at which date no societies of mutual help were to exist any more. In the quality of a temporary federation and for preparing the first congress the Council of trade unions of shop assistants and clerks was then elected.

After the October revolution the activity of our trade union took quite a different shape. The strike movement was completely eliminated, because the employers easily agreed with the demands put before them in the name of the union, and besides, since industry had been nationalized and the whole apparatus of supplying and distributing products and goods had passed into the hands of the proletarian state, the economic struggle in general had lost all meaning, there being no necessity for same.

The change in the functions of the union consisted in the fact that after the seizure of the power by the workers, the trade unions of clerks, especially in the big commercial centers, and also in the Ural, directed their utmost attention towards the correct organization of the question of supply and distribution. Before the nationalization of the trade was proclaimed in the private warehouses and stores the employees control commissions were formed which undertook the task of controlling the commercial and financial activity of the concern. These control commissions played an important part in the preparation for the nationalization of trade in those towns where they existed. At the same time the unions of clerks took an active part in the councils of national economy, the latter having special commercial sections composed of representatives of these unions of clerks. These commercial sections or departments in the big centers prepared and carried through the nationalization in close collaboration with the above unions. For example, in Petersburg, the union effected the registration of all the employees of the nationalized trade, drew up the lists of the staff for each distributor and appointed managers for the distributive organs and the warehouses. Stock-taking was also being effected under the control of these commissions. It must be mentioned, that the nationalization of trade passed comparatively well only in those towns, where it was being effected with the immediate participation of the unions of clerks and shop assistants, like for example, Petrograd, Ivanovo-Vosnessensk, Vladimir, Voronesh, and other towns, and in some towns of the Ural.

It must also be expressly noted, that if, in some towns, the unions of employees did not take any part in the nationalization of the trade, this was the fault of their leaders who declared themselves in principle against nationalization. The Council of the trade unions of shop assistants and clerks, elected at the first Congress in which the communists refused to take part, concluded a policy of boycott against nationalization and changed its standpoint in this question when it was already too late—after the nationalization of trade had been effected. The subsequent participation of the union in the distributive and supplying organs was mostly limited to the selection of experienced managers and specialists, which were being directed to the work in food and other similar organizations.

Apart from this the union undertook the task of introducing labour discipline among the employees of the institutions and concerns forming part of it; the Central Committee of the Union worked out a "Regulation" on labour discipline confirmed by the Central Council of Trade Unions and Peoples Commissariat of Labor. This regulation is being applied at present in all the institutions of Soviet Russia under the direction of the gubernia departments and district (uyesd) sections of our federation.

**The Structure of the Federation**

The fundamental nucleus of the union is the committee of clerks, elected at the general assembly of the employees of a given institution or concern. In large combined institutions, divided into big departments, each of which has a strictly determined circle of functions, and situated sometimes in various parts of the city, the committees are being elected separately in every department or enterprise depending from the said institution. To the functions of these committees belongs the representation of the interests of the clerks at the administration, the recruiting of new members for the union, the collection of members' contributions, the maintaining of a permanent contract with the local administration of the union, the application of the decisions and resolutions of the union among the clerks of the given institution, the execution of all the tasks of the union in the way of tariffs, protection of labour, culture and educational work and the raising of labour productivity through application of labour discipline in the single institutions.

All committees of a said town or district are united in the local branch of the union (district branch, branch of the city in government towns). The chief administrator of the local branch is the conference of committees, forming part of the branch; the running work of the section is being executed by its administration, elected at the Conference of Committees.

All district branches of a given government or region form the government branches of the union administrated by the government conference and the government administration; the government conference is composed of representatives elected at the district conferences of committees at a fixed proportion, and in the government town at the city conference of committees; the government administration and the revision committee are being elected by the government department.

The number of branches of the union is 416, they are united into 41 government departments. In this way each government department on the average includes ten branches. At the present moment the federation unites 646,040 members on the Russian territory excepting Siberia, the Ukraina and Turkestan, where the process of organization of the union is not yet terminated—while at the moment of the Second Special Congress in May

1919 the union counted only 350,000 members, i. e. in the course of one year the number of members increased by about 300,000 or 100%. Each district branch on the average includes 800 members and all 375 branches about 300,000 members. Each city branch of a government town counts on the average 8,440 members, and 41 government towns together count 346,000 members

To these we must add 25,000 members in the Turkestan, where the branches of the unions are being united by the regional committee which only in the end of March of this year got into touch with the central committee of the union—it could not do it before, this region being cut off from Soviet Russia.

As regards the borders—Siberia, Ukraina (the Ural is included in the above figures), no exact information could be obtained up to now neither regarding the restoration of the union organizations destroyed or more or less damaged during the domination of Denikin and Koltchak, nor regarding the number of members of the organizations which have already been called into life again, with the exception of the Kharkhoff, Kieff and Ekaterinoslaff sections counting together about 35,000 memebrs.

The chief organ of the union is the All-Russian Congress convoked once a year. The same elects the central committee and its Board for the management of the activity of the union, which is executing the daily running work and representing the union.

The plenum of the central committee is convoked every two months. The delegates to the All-Russian Conference are elected at the government conferences according to a determined proportion. At the 2nd Special Congress in 1919 the central committee elected was composed as follows: 21 members out of which 12 communists, 6 partisans of the independence of the trade union movement 3 internationalists; the Board of the central committee was composed of 11 members—6 communists, 3 partisans of the independence of the trade union movement and 2 internationalists; after the fusion of the internationalist with the communist party the internationalist members of the central committee and of the Board fused with the communists, thus increasing the number of votes of the latter.

### The Classification of Wages

The wage-classification of our union on an All-Russian scale began to be applied only since February 1919. The entire tariff work of the union is concentrated in the Tariff Department of the Central Committee. At present all the branches of the union have central tariff taxation commissions which have the task of applying the tariffs in the precincts of their branch.

Every institution or enterprise together with the committee of employees, organize a tariff commission composed of representatives in equal number of the clerks and the administration.

These commissions divide the clerks into groups and categories of the tariff net work, qualifying the work of every single person, and fix according to the tariff system the rate of pay, after which the lists are passed on to the Central Tariff Commission of the branch of the union. After having been confirmed by the latter Commission the tariffs become obligatory for the given institution. In case conflicts arise which cannot be settled in the Tariff Department of the Central Committee, the Higher Tariff Commission must be applied to, the decisions of which are considered definite in all questions practical and of principle.

Recently the Central Committee drew up a project of normal terms of labour and the introduction of the premium system of wages. These questions are quite new and extremely difficult for our union, but the first steps in this direction have been taken already—the general scheme of the premium system of pay is worked out. This premium question is closely tied to the question of raising of productivity of labour and of labour discipline, therefore when speaking of this question, several points—besides the one fundamental point, that of strict regulation of the terms of labour—have to be considered, like: reduced staff, individual initiative, definite tasks (the execution of a determined work, at a determined period), the stage of service in an institution (this being introduced for the purpose of struggle against the frequent changes of service from one institution into another).

In the province the premium system of wages will be applied only after the schemes worked out by the Central Commission of the Union have been confirmed.

The distribution of special industrial clothing among the clerks also belongs to the circle of activity of the tariff commission. According to the lists presented for the first receipt 138,000 garments have been received (footwear, various upper clothing, warm clothing, overalls, gloves, half sleeves, etc.), which is about 70% of all the things required. The lists to be presented for the second receipt are not yet drawn up.

### Protection of Labour

The work of protection of labour of clerks and shop assistants employed in the provinces is not yet properly established chiefly because of the lack of experienced workers, which up to now were kept back on the fronts of the civil war. Besides, this work can only be fully developed with the improvement of the economic situation of the country, because under the present conditions many measures concerning protection of labour cannot as yet be applied. Therefore, the activity of our union in this direction is limited, chiefly, to the settlement of conflicts and also to the elaboration of various materials and regulations connected with the question of labour protection. These latter are then put before the Central Council of Trade Unions and the Peoples Commissariat of Labour for confirmation, and among them are to be noted: 1) Reports addressed to the Council of Peoples Commissaries and the Peoples Commissaries of Labour about reduction of tariff in the institutions and stores and the utilization of available labour forces; 2) regulation about the "inspection" for persons serving in small enterprises; 3) "regulation about labour discipline" for employees; 4) materials in the question of the 6-hours working day for office and mental workers employed in institutions with 8 hours working day; 5) regulations about overtime work for persons above 20th tariff category; 6) instructions for application of the "Regulation on disciplinarian courts of honour."

It is further to be noted that the Union has got the permission of instituting in seven of the biggest centers (Moscow, Tula, Petrograd, Nishnij Novgorod, Saratoff and Vitebsk).

In the big centers the union also succeeded in withdrawing underaged children from work and placing them under the care of the Social Maintainance Board. The detailed examination of conditions of life of civil servants, which had been undertaken, could not be carried to the end because of the lack of experienced workers.

### Cultural and Educational Work

Notwithstanding the great possibilities offered, the activity of the union in this direction has not developed very much. Partly this fact can be explained with the foundation of a large number of governmental and general proletarian educational institutions, and such an activity on the part of the

unions would therefore, in most of the towns, introduce a kind of parallelism in the work of the above organizations.

In a considerable measure the educational work of the union is so little developed because of the general reasons, i. e. of the impossibility of applying a sufficient number of experienced workers towards the same, these latter being needed for military purposes and for the reconstruction of the socialist state. There is as yet no complete data of all the educational institutions, training of the union clubs, libraries, scientific and professional courses. In connection with the scarcity of skilled workers in the institutions, many departments of our federation (especially in the Ural where the skilled workers had been evacuated by Koltchak, partly by force and partly on their own free will) started the organization of courses for special professional training. The results of these courses have until now proved very satisfactory, thus fiilling the ranks of the skilled workers.

At present steps are being taken for the centralization of the activity of the union in the spheres of professional training and also in other spheres of educational work, following the example of other branches of the union's activity—the financial and tariff organization—the centralization of which has been attained already in the most essential points.

**The Board of the Central Committee of the All-Russian Trade Union of Civil Workers, Shop Assistants, Clerks and Warehousemen.**

Moscow,
April, 1920.

# Bolshevism at Work

BY WILLIAM T. GOODE

*(The following three chapters: "The Bolshevik organization of industry", "Bolshevism and Labor" and "Trade Unions in the Soviet Republic" are borrowed from "Bolshevism at work", a book recently written by William T. Goode, Special Correspondent of The Manchester Guardian. It is published by Harcourt, Brace and Howe, New York, N. Y., costs $1.00, and can be had in all Radical Book Stores. It is a fine book and should be read by everybody.*

*The author blunders aggravatingly in a couple of lines about the I. W. W., filling the world with an atrocious misconception about our form of organization, but that does not detract from the value of his description of Russian conditions to-date.*

*We are chosing these chapters mainly for the reason that they were recommended to us by "Soviet Russia", the official organ of The Russian Soviet Bureau in the United States.)*

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE BOLSHEVIK ORGANIZATION OF INDUSTRY

### Interview with Miliutin, Associate Commissary of National Economics

He is now Professor of Political Economics in the Moscow University, and is at the head of a very important Commissariat, that dealing with industries. I thought him best fitted to clear my ideas on the subject of nationalization of industries — a matter on which a good deal of cheap wit has been spent and many violent statements wasted. He listened courteously and patiently, and answered my questions without any hesitation or reserve, giving me all the assistance possible, in spite of being excessively busy, as are indeed all the Commissaries of the people .

*His department manages some* 3,000 *nationalized plants, answering for* 90 *per cent. of the full production of the country.* These embrace *mines* in the Moscow coal basin, producing 35 million poods a year; *textiles*, mostly in Vladimir, Tver, Nijny Novgorod, and Ivano-Vosnesensk; *metals*, in Nijny Novgorod Government, in the north portion of Volga territory, Petrograd, and now Ouralsk. His statement covers about thirty Russian Governments, but does not include Ukraina; *nor are small or home industries nationalized.*

### How is Russian Industry Organized?

Regarding the *conditions under which the factories are worked*, he described the system as follows: *The head of every factory is a college of management of from three to five persons, a mixture of workers and specialists. But the people elected on this body must be ratified by the special section of the Supreme Council of National Economics at Moscow under which the particular factory falls.*

*The* 3,000 *factories are divided into State trusts*, as, for instance, machine making, sugar making. In all there are *some ninety trusts*, of which forty are concerned with textile manufactures. *Each of these trusts come under the management of the particular section of the Supreme Council of Economics which is occupied with the industries they represent. Of these sections there are sixty, out of which fifty are concerned with production, ten with distribution, or are of a general character* (statistical, legal, inspcetion, etc.). Control would seem to be pretty complete, since the first elective management is controlled by a trust, which in turn is controlled by a section, the whole controlled by the Supreme Council.

I was curious about the *trusts*, and he replied that *each has its own administration appointed by the section of the Supreme Council* under whose jurisdiction the trust falls. Further, that the function of a trust is much the same as that of a board of directors of a capitalist Co. It distributes to the factories which form it raw materials, engineers; it regulates their output and controls their financial operations. I asked him plumply what his opinion was of this *elective system*, of

its success in actual working. The elective system, he said, might be absurd in any country not centralized like Soviet Russia, but here the Supreme Council has to confirm the appointment in fact, control the election, and thus any absurd results can be eliminated, while the association of engineers and specialists on these bodies with workmen is provided for through their governance by the chief board of State trusts.

### The Unions

*The Professional Alliances (Trades' Unions) or unions of industries* have a special interest in eliminating any friction in the nomination of candidates, and as far as possible all is done in conjunction with the local professional alliances. Business ideas and practices, he said, govern all the relations of trusts with factories. The system goes further. It eliminates all conflicts between workers and the factory managements. (This corresponds to Melnichansky's statement that *strikes are unrecognized; they are illogical and should not happen.*)

And through this system the workers in a factory become interested in their work, they are personally conscious of the part they play in the efficiency of the factory. And it is conditions of efficiency that are the sole guiding motive for all, but especially for the Supreme Council.

### Results Obtained

As to its *success* in working, he declared that under the conditions created by the Civil War, by the cutting off for a whole year of supplies of raw materials and fuel, whatever stability there is in the industries of Russia is due solely to this system; that in spite of food and other difficulties there is great labor discipline, and that the full systematization of industry gives the Supreme Council the power to make plans for production, to distribute orders where they can be best carried out, according to resources — in a word, that it gives full knowledge of what can be done, and where, for the best. Under this system full centralization is reached and it has become possible to administer industry according to special needs and to organize a complete system of national economcis. Its *solidity* is best demonstrated by the ability to set up new plants, and they have put up two new central electric stations, various new plants, several new railways have been built in Podolia, and in the Moscow Government a new locomotive works, turning out two engines in the week of this interview. Of course, the system, like all new systems, has to fight against the difficulties of present conditions obtaining in Russia and it has its defects. Yet in an existence of less than two years it has brought forward from the ranks of the workers a series of excellent administrators, of managers, men who have been placed on the Supreme Council — in fact, it is a system *selective of the best brains of the workers, from the masses up.*

That, it seems to me, is high praise; but I put a last question on the effect of this system on *output.* As Miliutin said, the workers' output depends on food and conditions generally it is a physical and physiological proposition. Owing to difficult conditions which we do not conceal, we have succeeded only in some factories to raise the output, especially in those working on war orders. And during the last year industrial Russia has been living on the food of those parts of inner Russia, which normally were unable to supply surplus food. This surplus food came in ordinary times from Ukraina and from Ural, but these had then been cut off. The conditions are not sufficiently stable for a norm to be established, and yet in spite of all there are a number of factories in which there is an absolute increase in the production, which as a conclusion confirmed the statement of Krassin, the Commissary of Ways and Communications.

### The Working of a Factory in Soviet Russia
### Mills not in the hands of Unions

Pursuing my inquiries into the working of industries under a system of nationalization, I took a journey of from four to five hours by train, south to Serpukhoff, where are the Konshin textile factories, to look them over. The town, which is quite prettily situated, is some three miles from the railway station, and is a town of factories. The Konshin enterprise has four mills, spinning, weaving, dyeing, and printing mills. In normal times 15000 hands are employed, and even under the present stringent conditions come 6,000 are working; so that it formed a good object-lesson in the management of a huge factory under nationalization. But it is not only a factory, it is almost a town, for in these far-away Russian manufactories everything has to be provided, not only for manufacture, but also for the life of the workers, housing, schools, hospitals, medical attendance, baths, meeting and recreation rooms, farm, corn-mills and bakery — everything. The town can do nothing: it is the factory that does and gives all. It generates its own electricity in a superbly built and installed generating station, has built its own railway to a forest to supply itself with wood for fuel, since naphtha and coal are cut off, and presents a number of problems and opportunities which are entirely lacking to a similar understanding in Lancashire. Its fabrics were well known before the war, outside of Russia. The character of its present output has changed for obvious reasons.

Among its mill managers are three men, from Lancashire, and on the general direction chosen by the workmen are two former directors, a director and the technical manager—their election being an evidence of the confidence they had

generated in their workmen. Altogether it was not only a place worth visiting, but from its size and the character of the personnel it was likely to prove instructive on the Soviet system of running industries.

The technical manager was quite frank. According to him the system, in the early days of its action, was disastrous. The workmen, who are peasants drawn from the surrounding villages, and who leave for tilling or harvesting their land when these become necessary, were unable to understand anything except that the Revolution gave them the right to do as they pleased. The output went down to 40 per cent, and chaos in government ensued. But with experience, and by changing the powers of the various committees, an improved condition of things had come about, work went on smoothly, though even yet there were causes of trouble existing, and this year had seen the factory and the system satisfactorily adjusted.

*Each mill has its own workmen's committee,* who are elected, and there *is a management committee* of five members for the four mills, *on which are elected workmen, members of the Professional Alliance (Union) and technical staff.* Then as this district is a textile working district, *the eleven cotton mills in it are organized into a State Trust,* which controls 22000 workers. *The Trust has a directing committee of nine members, of whom three are elected by workmen, three by the Professional Alliances, and three by the local branch of the Supreme Council of National Economics, which governs all industries.*

This committee governs the eleven mills in all senses. It controls their financial arrangements, and all estimates of whatever nature must be put in six months in advance; they are then submitted to the appropriate section of the Supreme Council for ratification, finally going before the Supreme Council of National Economics itself.

Each item of these estimates can be examined by the Trust Committee and they are able to compare items from one mill with corresponding items from others. The scheme allows for complete control of the distribution of raw material, of orders, and the governing idea is that of correspondence between the mills and mutual help.

The committee I met governed eleven cotton mills. For those using flax other committees were formed, and so on. I asked about the taking on of men or their dismissal, and learned that it is really done in the first instance by the workmen's committee in the mills, discussed with the management committee, and is only controlled in a general way by the Committee of the Trust.

*The Trust Committee works hand in hand with the Professional Alliances (Unions)* in their local branch. Delegates attend the meetings, and one member of the Alliances has a vote in the proceedings. In this way all reason for friction between them is removed. It might be thought that this is guild socialism. I was told it *is not. The mills are not in the hands of the unions, who are only partly controlling the industry.*

But by the composition and working of the committees all friction is obviated. That this must be so is obvious when one considers that every workman in the mills, whatever his trade — spinner, smith, etc. — is a member of the same Alliance (textiles), and is fully represented on all committees. This formation of unions by industry and not by trade has another good quality. It prevents *sectional* strikes; further, a strike in one mill need not affect other mills.

*The workmen's committees have their hands full with the labor discipline, observation of rules and laws, matters affecting the health, housing, culture of the workers;* and the men I met, the chairman and the committee members, seemed highly intelligent and were evidently proud of their position. They control yet another matter. Workmen are allowed by law to proceed to their villages in search of supplies, and to bring back amounts up to 2 poods in weight (80 lb.). The lists of those people are drawn up and certified by the workmen's committees, though it can be imagined what an element of uncertainty it places in the hands of the management, especially when in addition orders for mobilization of a certain percentage of workers may arrive at any moment.

*Workmen are paid according to very elaborate tariffs, which have been prepared for all occupations whatsoever.* It is here that the cause of present trouble exists. A rigidity of tariff allows no margin within which the management can act; but attention has been drawn to this, and a revision in the sense required is being undertaken.

My frank discussion with the management, the Englishmen, and the committees left the impression that this huge concern *war being managed successfully on the Soviet Committee system,* and that in a time of peculiar and great difficulty. The system allows co-operation in industry between mills, prevents friction between Professional Alliances (Unions) and management, and stimulates the workers. That socialistic management should stimulate *emulation* was indeed a surprise. But I was told it is true, and that an exhibition of comparative output at Moscow provides a sufficient incentive to competitive work.

### A Further Note of Industries

From my long conversation with the three workmen who are now members of the Textile Trust Committee I gathered much that throws light on the condition and prospects of industry.

Thus this committee controls nearly 500 factories engaged in textile manufacture, linen, cotton, cloth, silk, rope, and thread: factories that are working today. I have previously described how it is responsible for the approval of the estimates of the factories controlled by it. It was surprising

to learn that decisions had been taken of an anti-Bolshevik nature, e. g. in cases where the committee was unable to supply the thing needed — dyestuffs — *factories were allowed to buy from speculators;* and in combustibles, authority was given to each factory independently to supply itself — a thing I had seen in operation at Serpukhoff and at the Moscow waterworks. *Such things are confirmation* from another quarter of *my statement elsewhere that the communistic practice of the Bolsheviks is imperfect.*

The buying of flax, first done by individual exploiters for export, then by the Co-operative Societies for the same purpose, is now done by the Soviets, under the Trust Committee. Much had been given out to the *cotton* factories to work. It is cut into short lengths to make it convenient for use in the cotton machinery; in some cases machinery has been altered with the same end in view. But the bulk of four years' stock remains in hand, unexported, ready for trade.

Like other trusts, this Textile Trust has in mind the proper housing of the workers, and is planning to secure it. For the development of the factories it is to build light railway lines to connect them with the main lines, and help also the workers. Some of these have already been built, and returns in one year repay the cost of building.

Talking of the condition and the future of the Russian industries, it surprised me to learn that even in the midst of the civil war and all its attendant difficulties and horrors, the Trust Committees and the Supreme Council have a real forward policy. And enterprise after enterprise was pictured out to me, from which I extract only one. The great turf bogs are to be exploited. Existing conditions have warned them that Moscow must be independent for light and heat of the Donetz basin and the Baku Wells. At Bogorotsk, 70 kilometers from Moscow, a generating station burning turf is at work. Another, similar, at Schaturskaya, 90 kilometers off, began to function in January. At Kashira works for using the soft coal of the Moscow province will generate 15,000 h. p. — also for Moscow.

But there is sufficient in the interview with Miliutin, the visit to Serpukhoff, and the reports of these workmen, to disprove the statement that the Bolsheviki have destroyed the industry of Russia.

## CHAPTER VI.

## BOLSHEVISM AND LABOR

### The Commissariat of Labor

This Commissariat is one of the most important, and as in the Soviet Republic the working classes hold the supreme power, it was urgent to discover what action they had taken concerning themselves, not as governors, but as workmen.

The Commissariat does not lack work. It is concerned with the enrollment and distribution of labor throughout Russia; with the fixing of hours of work; with making the tariffs according to which workers are paid; with the protection of labor (factory inspection); with the support of the worker during temporary inability to work (insurance against sickness, disablement, complete or partial, accident or temporary unemployment); with pensions. It thus combines the functions of Labor Exchanges, factory Inspectors, and National Insurance with us, with many other functions, which require the action, with us, of Parliament, or of the trades' unions themselves. *The basis of this Labor Commissariat is the Professional Alliances* (*Unions by industries*), *from which the Commissariat is built up. A college of nine is formed of which five members are the representatives elected by the National Council of Professional Alliances, four being appointed by the Commissaries of the People,* though even here the Professional Alliances have the right to challenge these appointments if they see fit. *Laws to be passed concerning labor are first passed through the National Council of Professional Alliances, then sent to the Commissariat of Labor to be ratified or condemned;* if ratified, to be promulgated as law.

This constitution of the Commissariat insures that the men who are making plans for labor are competent for the task, men who are experts in their own branch, while the elective system insures the active personal participation of all the workers.

*Hours of Labor* — At the present fixed, are *eight hours daily for workers, and six hours daily for employees in offices. In trades that are dangerous* to health — mines, gas, factories — the day is *six hours* long; in the tobacco industry seven hours. Overtime is not provided for, but owing to the stringency of present conditions a concession of two hours per day has been allowed, the pay being one and a half times the ordinary pay. *In Night Work* the period is seven hours on a shift, but neither women nor the young workers are allowed to work on night shifts.

The age at which work may begin is sixteen, and it is hoped later on to raise it. From sixteen to eighteen years of age a six hours' day is fixed, and no working of overtime is allowed. If the sixteen to eighteen years' old workers do the same kind of work as the older, they get the same pay; working six hours they get paid for eight hours. The remaining two hours of an eight hours' day must be spent in schools that are specially arranged for the workers' improvement under Lunacharsky's scheme. As a temporary measure, due to the conditions obtaining in this wartime, it has been permitted for youths from sixteen years of age to work for four hours per day, but only in those trades which are not preju-

dicial to health. The shop committees control the schools.

The provisions for continued school instruction are an improvement on American vocational schools, where the full eight hours' day must first be passed in the factory.

*Rest.* — Every worker is entitled to forty-two hours' rest a week, that is really one week-end; and after a year's work he can further claim a month's holiday with full pay. This at present is reduced to two weeks owing to war conditions, but even here workers in dangerous trades receive the full month's holiday.

*Tariffs of Pay.* — These have been worked out entirely for the various industries by each National Committee of the particular Professional Alliance (Industrial Union). The tariff has to pass through the National Council of Professional Alliances, and be presented to the Commissariat of Labor, which has to determine how far it is in accord with the general policy of the Soviet Government. The National Council of the Professional Alliance, when each tariff passes its control has to determine whether it harmonizes with regulations worked out by other Professional Alliances. Tariffs are changed from time to time as soon as the Tariff Committee of the National Council finds that the cost of living is in excess of pay.

*Social Insurance* is an important section of the work of the Commissariat. The system is non-contributory, the fund being maintained by a 25 per cent. grant of the full amount of the wages sheet made by the State, or by the private employer where the industry is not nationalized; more being paid if the trade is hurtful to health.

This social insurance covers the whole life of the worker — sickness, invalidity, unemployment, accident, old age pensions, and maternity. In cases of complete loss of ability to work, accident or maternity, full wages are paid. In the case of maternity the period lasts for eight weeks before and eight weeks after the birth of the child.

In cases of partial disability the amount paid varies according to the percentage of disability.

*Pensions* for total disability, or invalidity, or old age, vary in amount according to the average wages of the trade in the locality concerned; but where special treatment or care is required, an addition is made according to the medical requirements on the recommendation of a special committee which examines the cases.

*A factory worker on reaching the age of fifty automatically receives a pension,* but other workers in less exhausting occupations must, at sixty, present themselves before a special committee, which decides to what extent they are pensionable. Should they be thought to retain 50 per cent. of their energy, they still work; but if less, then they are fully pensioned. This, I was told, is a temporary measure due to the stringency of the time, and the shortage of hands; it is not intended to be permanent. Every consideration is paid by the Commissariat to the conditions of labor, and efforts are made to reduce the damage to health, by introducing new processes, when these are within the means of the Commissariat. All matters of sanitary value in the *housing* of the worker come also within the scope of its powers, and it has the task of passing all plans for new buildings for workers. Their effort in requisitioning houses of the rich and apportioning the rooms as a temporary measure to meet the very great requirements of the workers is one of the things that has been strongly criticized. I myself lived in a room in such a house, which shelters now, instead of two people, a dozen workers of the Soviet. There are not enough big buildings to house all the workers. Most of them are far away from the factories, but still all of them are inhabited by workers.

*Factory Inspection* is now conducted by the workers themselves, the Professional Alliances are choosing and training men from among themselves who control thus the industries for the department of the Protection of Labor, a special part of the Commissariat. They are charged with seeing that regulations concerning hours and social insurance are observed, with taking children away from work — in short, with the full duties of a factory inspector.

*The Enrollment and Distribution* of labor is solely in the hands of this Commissariat, which alone has the right of supplying labor. *Formerly* the Labor Exchanges were made up of representatives of professional unions and of municipalities. These have been re-formed into departments of registration and distribution, acting through committees formed of representatives sent by the various Professional Alliances. Then there was much unemployment, Labor Exchanges were needed. Since there is shortness of hands they were re-organized as "Enrollment and Distribution Committees," which are also formed by committees of the alliances. *The "Enrollment and Distribution Committee' has to enroll every citizen and see to it that he shall work.* When an exigency arises there shall not be any idlers. *They register all labor; they supply all labor as applications are received from the factories requiring it,* though, as a temporary measure, in the case of the more responsible workers, such as engineers, permission is given to factories to *invite* workers; but once such an appointment is made, it is registered under the particular trade to which it belongs.

*The Commissariat has thus complete control of the labor market, and is able to eliminate competition, that is the competition which is represented by men fighting for a job, or trying to undersell one another.*

## CHAPTER VII.

## TRADE UNION MOVEMENT IN THE SOVIET REPUBLIC

*Trades' Unions are here called Professional Alliances, they embrace not single and local trades, but whole industries.* At the offices of the Moscowsky Council of Professional Alliances I saw the Secretary, Melnichansky, who discoursed freely on this side of Soviet life, and answered all my questions with the greatest ease. As Secretary of this huge organization, I imagine he is in the right place. He is soaked in his subject, and had no need to consult any note or book during the three hours the interview lasted.

**Labor Temple — former Palace of the Nobility**

The building where I found him in the center of Moscow is so striking both in itself and in the contrast between its present and its past, that it deserves a word to itself. This Labor Temple (the building of the Moscow Alliances or Unions), as it now is, is the former palace for the meetings of the nobility, an immense building containing suites of offices and a vast marble staircase leading up to a gallery surrounding two sides of a magnificent hall, where fetes used to be given to the Tsar when he visited Moscow. It is, perhaps, the largest hall in Russia; a noble oblong of great height finely proportioned. The sides are lined with white marble pillars supporting the cornice, behind them are two promenades, above them is a gallery which runs round three sides. The old lusters remain, and the lighting is continued by a concealed fringe of small lights behind the edge of the cornice.

My imagination quickly peopled it with a glittering throng of courtiers and nobles, splendid in dresses, jewels and orders, and contrasted it violently with its present use, filed with chairs for the meeting of conventions, a big platform at the further end. It can be made to hold from 3,000 to 4,000 persons, and I thought that the workers of the Soviet Republic can congratulate themselves on having as a home perhaps the largest, and certainly the most splendid and significant hall in the world. It was given to them by the Government after the October Revolution. Its condition was dirty and unkempt, for it had been used during the Great War as work-rooms for the making of uniforms. But the workers cleaned it, and in some places altered its decoration themselves, and in the suite of rooms forming a long gallery the scutcheous of the nobility in the wall panels are replaced by shields bearing the emblems of the Republic, the Professional Alliances, and various trades, modeled in plaster. And in the center room of the gallery, where formely were pictures and emblems of the Russian generals of the Napoleonic period, on walls and ceiling are now simple red panels, against two of which are busts of Marx and Lenin, resembling, but not particularly fine works of art. In the part of the building given up to offices in a fine circular council chamber, the meeting-place of the nobility, where the very chairs bear witness to the former character of the place, for on their backs are the heraldic emblems of former occupants.

The contrast between past and present is almost stupefying, yet is so full of meaning, so indicative of things that are happening here (where Commissaries of the People are lodged in the Kremlin itself) and in Russia generally, that it is worthy of careful note.

**The Trades Unions System under the Soviet**

Melnichansky's lucid explanation of the Trades' Union system under the Soviet I shall try to reproduce as clearly as I can.

There is a difference between the Russian form of organization and the English, where men are members of local and special unions according to trades; or the I. W. W., which runs a general mixed organization. (Of course, here the author does not know what he is talking about. He evidently knows only of our General Recruiting Union. He has not heard of our 22 Industrial Unions. - Editor). Russian workers are organized by industries, as metal, wood, textile industries, embracing all trades. Thus the Metal Workers' Union takes in some 290 trades. But all are united in one central organization — the All-Russian Council of Professional Alliances. There are thirty Professional Alliances, which unite all trades by the industries in which they are employed. In most of the cities (1) they are organized by localities; (2) they are then united by Provincial Councils; (3) these are connected by National Councils. There are thirty National Councils, which are united by the All-Russian Council of Professional Alliances. This, omitting the part of the Ukraine, which is at present in the hands of Denikin, rules some 3½ million members. This organization has been largely developed by the Soviet regime, for at the February Revolution there were only three trades' unions in Moscow; but at the time of the October Revolution all trades here had been organized, and the present all-embracing system evolved.

Every man is a member of some Alliance (Union), which elects its own member of the Soviet. At the same time it elects the Executive Committee of the Alliance, which in turn, elects its members to the Soviet, at least two, at most five, according to the numerical status of the members of the Alliance.

There is thus a direct participation in the government, both of the alliance and of the country for the members are elected by and from the workers. The Soviet though superior to the organization of the alliances, who require its approval before their conclusions can become law, can thus devote itself to the political development of the

country, while the Executive Committees can care for conditions of the industries they represent, and through the Central Organizations of the Alliances, for the economical developments of the country.

### Strikes

A question regarding *rates of pay* brought information concerning *strikes*. These are not recognized. Indeed one must confess they would be illogical—you do not strike against yourself. Formerly, he said, strike-breakers were considered as traitors to the cause of the workers; now it is strikers or people wishing to strike who are the traitors. In other countries strikes were and are the only weapon in the workers' hands for securing a change of conditions. Here, on the contrary, the various Alliances have Tariff Committees, who follow the movement of prices, and, where necessary, work out plans for changing the rate of wages. These plans are passed through the Central Council, thence through the Soviet, and so become law.

### Insurance Features

*Unemployment and Sickness* have been tackled by the Alliances with success, though Melnichansky frankly admitted their early difficulties, both in creating a fund and in finding out ways of distribution. His frankness was but a repetition of what I have constantly found — the readiness to admit mistakes and blunders, and to confess the difficulty of finding successful ways and methods of action under conditions of great stress. The school of experience of the leaders of the Bolsheviks has been a hard one, but they have profited by it.

They got over their difficulty of raising a fund for insuring the worker against sickness and unemployment by requiring the proprietors of factories, all of whom had done sufficiently well out of the war period, to pay to a Central Committee elected by the Alliances a sum equal to 4 per cent. of the total wages paid by them, which provided a fund against unemployment; and a further sum equal to 10 per cent. of the wages sheet, which formed the fund against sickness. In this way a fund was formed sufficiently large to begin operations, which were the more necessary because of the disorganization of industry and the unemployment caused by the stoppage of the intense production caused by the war.

A payment by the proprietors of wages for three months to their employees who were not needed was decreed, but on the plan that it should really be paid only for half that period, the payment for the other half being made to the Central Committee to strengthen its funds. It was argued that the Russian factory worker being in most cases connected with a village, would in six weeks, if he had not secured work, have returned to his village. Unemployment generally is a thing unknown in the Soviet Republic; in cases of workmen being out of work, they are fitted with employment by the appropriate State Department. But in case of any fortuitous stoppage of a factory, through, say, want of fuel, as has occasionally occurred, this being a completely, abnormal state of things, the workmen's pay is continued by the State. For sickness special committees elected by the workers' Alliances cater. They provide the clinics, the medical advisers, and the medicaments. But wider affairs of a national kind tuberculosis and the like, are cared for by the State Department of Hygiene, on whom devolves the duty of providing the necessary sanatoria, advice, and treatment.

### Free Speech. Free Press. Free Assemblage

Melnichansky remarked that it had recently been said in the West that there was neither freedom of speech nor Press nor meeting for the workers and Professional Alliances under the Soviet. In the great hall I had just seen he said they had quite recently called a convention of Factory Committees, which, after discussion, had elected a Central Committee to organize the best way of distributing all supplies of food and clothing in Moscow. A clear proof of freedom of speech and initiative, anyway, for it was quite an untrammeled convention. As for the freedom of the Press amongst the workers, the dearth of paper causes curtailment, but he gave me a copy of an excellent monthly issued by the Central Committee, and of a weekly paper, distributed everywhere and devoted to the professional interests of the workers. Besides these, every Professional Alliance has its own monthly. In these the fullest discussion is permitted. As for freedom of meeting one might say it is an integral of the system, but not during working hours. They are devoted to work, not talk, and if meetings must be held it must be outside the time allotted to work, in the workers' own time.

Meetings of the Sovietists are held every week for the discussion of political and economic topics, in which the leaders take part — for never did any people so well understand the power of propaganda, the spoken word, as these. And I myself have seen on the walls of Moscow notices of a Menshevik meeting, a proof that toleration is exercized, so long as it does not lead to counter-revolutionary activities.

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In towns and villages where we have no bundle order agent our readers or subscribers are requested to do their best to introduce our magazine. Take home a bundle each month. We charge you 15 cents a copy and you pay the express charges, thereafter selling the magazine for 25 cents a copy.

# The Bridge

By Kirah Markham

I have no love for outworn creeds,
Your panaceas make me sick;
Content with no more than your needs
No cause can bite you to the quick.

No inquisition is too cruel
For men too sluggish to resist,
And tyrants place the dunce's stool
For all whom Fortune's wheel has missed.

But when your overlords have reaped
Two hundred fold what you have sown,
And from your docile strength upheaped
The gold to buy you for their own.

Perhaps you'll waken from your dream
To know that magnanimity
Is not the reason why their scheme
Included you in industry.

Perhaps you'll find the land you till,
The coal you dig, the steel you cast
Are your divine inheritance
From the immemorable past.

And 'wakening you will cast aside
Old theories and beliefs of man
And build a system Argus-eyed,
A universal working plan.

Then shall revolt be built on fact,
And capitalist and financier
Shall forfeit up their world contract
To working man and engineer.

And each shall labor with his kind,
And claim for work, on desk or soil,
The aristocracy of mind
As greatest guerdon for his toil.

# Jackasses and Progress

By D. S. DIETZ

The other day we saw a mule;
Much like a real old-time jackass.
He spied a great big auto car
Approaching near his field of grass;
At once he planted his fore feet,
And then let drive his hinder two
Right thru the lamps and windshield glass;
Then ran away with legs all blood,
A-braying thus: as we surmise,
Hee, haw! Hee, haw, I'll kick and kick
Each time I see a Bolshevik.

Again, we saw a fat, old man;
He was so proud of his big vest
That it was dollar marked throughout;
To show he had done his best
To beat his neighbors to the game
Of profits. One evening late,
A group of workers, in from camp,
Were strolling past his garden gate
Discussing hours ten and less.
The old man heard the sound of eight,
Which was enough to base a guess;
Then wildly rushed right down the walk,
With heated face and cane aloft,
A-braying madly, as he ran,
"I'll have you all arrested quick;
You whole damn bunch of Bolshevik."
He got by with it! ! ! !

# Which en T'other

**Once I read a book called The New Freedom—**
**Then I read about an old man in jail—**
**Then I read about the pardoning of a profiteer;**
**And then, I inquired:**
**Are there two Woodrow Wilsons?**
**Then I was locked up five months,**
**Without any trial.**
**Then I was discharged,**
**Without any answer.** —TIM.


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# An Open Letter to the President

Montesano Jail, June 17, 1920

Dear Sir: I see by the papers that food is being withheld from Soviet Russia, because 20 Americans are in jail in Russia, so I am writing to ask, if you ever stop to think of the hundreds of Americans in the jails in the U. S.? Men guilty of no crime at all. And how about the hundreds of Russians, arrested without warrants, contrary to our U. S. Constitution, and held for weeks, and months, without trial. Has America the divine right, to imprison men from all nations, her own native born included? And has no other nation that right? When we were forced into the war we were told, it was to crush militarism and to secure self determination for all nations. How about Russia, and Ireland? We were very indignant when Germany outraged Belgium, why are we silent now? While John Bull—ravishes Ireland, and is sending munitions to Poland, we are making a mockery of our statement of purpose made on entering the war. I was not in the army, but I worked 13½ hours per day in the harvest fields of Idaho, for $4.00 a day helping to harvest the wheat that I did not help eat, and I helped to plow the fields in the spring, and to put the crop in for $1.25 a day—I am an American, born in the state of N. C., of American parents, whose ancestors date back to the old Colonial days of Virginia; my mother's, father was a Fifer in the Union army in the Civil war. I am just a coal miner, without education, for I started to work in the mines at Lynn, W. Va., when I was eight years old. But I can see the injustice of the Capitalist system, and I have voluntarily joined the Industrial Workers of the World, a working class organization formed to regain the rights of the toilers, by educating them to a full realization of their true status in society. Unlike the trade unions, we are organizing not only for the everyday struggle with Capitalism, for a few more of the good things we produce, but to do away with Capitalism, and to carry on production after Capitalism has been overthrown.

It is our purpose to establish a new society, wherein every man and woman will be a useful member of society, and no man can exploit another, and wherein all things will be produced for use and not for profit.

Our most celebrated American, Abraham Lincoln, dreamed of the I. W. W. in his day—even as he foresaw the time when the government of the U. S. would be the foster child of the special interests. Lincoln said, the greatest bond of sympathy on earth, outside the family ties, should be one uniting the workers of all nations into one union. The I. W. W. is Lincoln's dream coming true.

I am a married man and have been trying to make a home for my wife and baby—when the war started I had a homestead on a mountainside in Idaho, but with war prices I soon was starved out. The government was calling on all miners for more coal—so I came over here to dig coal. Sept., 1918, after the armistice was signed, the miners only worked 2 or 3 days a week, so it kept me busy to make ends meet. And last fall when the raid was made on the I. W. W. hall in Centralia I was arrested and charged with the murder of one of the raiders who was killed in the first attack on the hall. I had nothing to do with it, but I was taken by a mob without a warrant, and locked up. The newspapers worked overtime spreading lies against us, and when finally, we were brought into court it was such a farce that Germany would blush with shame if it had been perpetrated there. I was unarmed the day of the raid, and witnessed it from a hotel lobby adjoining the hall. Not a shot was fired until the door was smashed in by the mob. So if the men who fought when they were attacked are murderers, then our forefathers who fired on the British at Concord, were murderers. The Prosecuting Attorney of Lewis County, was present at the time of the raid and made no effort to stop it, or the destruction of property. I saw him there, and he don't deny it. He turned his office over to the lumber trust attorneys to persecute us, and he sent for the U. S. army to intimidate the jury, in favor of the lumber trust.

If you will read the records of our trial you will be ashamed to look a Russian, German, or any other foreigner, in the face until you have done something to get justice for us. There are 11 other men in this jail, for no other crime than being members of the I. W. W. and that is no crime at all. If the I. W. W. were a criminal organization I would not be a member—for I have always tried to abide by the Golden Rule—and I believe my morals have been above the average. I have never been guilty of any crime, nor have I violated the law in any way. So I think you should start your protest at home, against the imprisonment of innocent men. Then after they are free here, you will find it easier to make Russia believe you are sincere in your sympathies for the Americans in jail there. You stated in the "New Freedom" "We must get together some way as our fathers did, for consultation and debate, in which all freely participate.

How many men are in jail today for trying to discuss matters of public interest. How about Gene Debs? And hundreds of others, in prison for speaking the truth? And now in closing I will say I believe you spoke the truth when you said, the masters of the U. S. government are the combined Capitalists and manufacturers of the U. S. But I trust you will use what little influence you may have to the end that the prison doors shall swing open in our own country and the constitution be restored to the people. Yours for Industrial freedom.

EUGENE BARNETT.



THE LAST CONVENTION OF THE SWEDISH SYNDICALISTS

# The Syndicalist Movement in Sweden

By JOHN ANDERSSON

Ten years have now passed since the Swedish Syndicalists started their work with a independent Syndicalist organization for a conscious revolutionary struggle on the economic battlefield, the only field where the workers can carry on their struggle for emancipation to any advantage and with the prospect of victory.

The ideas of revolutionary Syndicalism were for the first time consciously propagated here in Sweden about fifteen years ago. True, discontent had already before been expressed over the lack of possibilities for an effective struggle by means of the Swedish craft union movement, and strong voices were heard for a rebuilding of these organizations in a revolutionary direction, but the Syndicalist ideas were not clearly formulated, aye, they were simply unknown to the workers of Sweden.

The Young Socialist movement of Sweden may be said to be the movement which during these years made the ideas of Syndicalism and its tactical methods known. Not as to say that the Young Socialist movement was the direct cause of the appearance of the Syndicalist movement as an organization — economic development and the necessity of revolutionary economic struggle would sooner or later have made Syndicalism necessary anyhow, and the practical experience of the Workers would then, perhaps, have formulated these ideas, but the Young Socialist movement with its energetic work of agitation and enlightenment on this subject accelerated this development. The Swedish Syndicalist Labor Mavement owes great thanks for this counscious Syndicalist agitation carried on by the Young Socialist movement, for this agitation had the effect that the Syndicalist organization in Sweden, when it became an independent fighting organization, immediately took a position which was in complete consonance with the ideas of International Syndicalism.

The reason for the forming of this organization was simply that the old organization had plainly shown its incapacity to seriously represent the workers' demands and interests. There was nothing else to do than to take this step, namely the step of trying to gather the workers in a new revolutionary organization for a necessary struggle against Capitalism.

Already before we had, during a series of years, energetically worked for the remodeling of the Craft organization in a Revolu'ionary Syndicalist direction. It was the Young Socialist movement which during this period was the driving power in this opposition. We got great numbers of workers on our side, demanding a remodeling of the old movement. A great number of propositions and motions with this purpose in view were made at the Congresses of the National Craft Unions and of the Landsorganization but these propositions were defeated without much debate. Not even after the smarting defeat of the general strike of 1909 would the Landsorganization make

the smallest change in spite of the fact that at the National Congress in 1909 there were about forty different motions which all proposed changes in more or less radical direction.

1907, 1908 and 1909 are three years of mighty struggle in the history of the Swedish Labor Movement. One great battle followed upon another on the economic field and culminated in the great general strike of 1909. Most of these battles turned out to be stinging defeats for the Swedish Labor movement. The organizations were partly razed and great numbers of workers were thrown into unemployment and a considerable number of them were compelled to emigrate to foreign countries, especially to America, in order to try to make the living that was denied them in Sweden, thru the conscienceless persecution of the employing class. It was the revolutionary workers who had to stand the worst persecution, and when the workers demanded that the organizations should step in to protect this energetic revolutionary element in the labor movement, the reformist leaders showed the most callous indifference. They were apparently happy to see these fellow workers chased out of the country. By such means these revolutionaries, who were so troublesome for the reformist leaders, were gotten rid of.

The cause of all these defeats was exclusively this: that the battles were not conducted according to the methods demanded by the circumstances. The old craft union movement was permeated with that accursed consideration for the Capitalist class and their system of society, which is such a characteristic trait of the reformist labor movement thruout the world. If during these years the Swedish workers had resorted to revolutionary fighting methods, the results would surely have been different. The workers would then have emerged as victors from those battles.

After the inglorious end of the general strike everything was on the verge of falling apart. The organizations were thrown to pieces and unfit for battle and, what was worse, great numbers of Swedish workers had lost faith in all organization and its ability to gain the demands of the working class. The very idea of organization and solidarity had received a hard knock.

What was to be done in order to pull the workers out of this stupor? How could we get new life and a revolutionary will into this listless class? That was the most burning question of the day among the wide-awake workers. It was at this time that the syndicalistically inclined workers of Sweden took hold with all their power in order to create the Syndicalist Revolutionary fighting organization. They had completely lost faith in the ability of the old organization to develop in a revolutionary direction and for this reason energetic agitation was started for a new organization. A great number of meetings were held on the question where the workers gathered resolved in favor of forming such an organization.

After a preliminary conference in SKANE, where a committee was elected to do the preliminary work for a new organization, about twenty craft union representatives, together with others, met in convention in Stockholm at midsummer, 1910, to lay the foundation for the Syndicalist Organization in Sweden. After three days of earnest discussion the organization was ready to start on its career in life and to commence the necessary battle for the interests of the working class.

The name decided upon was "Central Organization of Workers of Sweden" (Sveriges Arbetares Centralorganisation). It was built on local "Samorganizations" in every place (Sam - together). Technically these had for their purpose to unite all the workers of the locality, regardless of craft or occupation, in a unified class organization. As our organization has developed we have also worked out the necessary industrial organs inside the organization in order to divide the local Samorganizations in industrial subsections in the bigger communities with their many different kinds of industrial workers. In most of the big industries thruout the country, we have in our conferences selected industrial education and action committees whose purpose has been to serve as organs for activity along industrial lines when such proved to be necessary. As a whole the members are welded together in a unified class organization.

Already from the start our organization experienced a heavy resistance. Not enough that Capitalism began a ruthless battle against us, as was to be expected, but the old organization, particularly its leading men, has also done everything to put our movement down. In this struggle against us the reformists have used every means. Lies, slander, and treason have been the most common methods. Many of our battles have been broken up because the old organization acted as traitors. They worked hand in hand with the employers against us but we are proud to point out that in spite of these traitors we ourselves have NEVER acted in a similar manner against the members of the old organization when they were out on fight.

The membership figure has risen slowly, but surely, from year to year. The following figures will illuminate the development during these years both in local Samorganizations and number of members:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dec. 31 1910 | 21 | L. S. | 696 members |
| Dec. 31 1911 | 38 | L. S. | 1175 members |
| Dec. 31 1912 | 64 | L. S. | 2037 members |
| Dec. 31 1913 | 94 | L. S. | 3709 members |
| Dec. 31 1914 | 99 | L. S. | 4519 members |
| Dec. 31 1915 | 98 | L. S. | 4880 members |
| Dec. 31 1916 | 144 | L. S. | 9295 members |

Dec. 31 1917...196 L. S...15216 members
Dec. 31 1918...296 L. S...20331 members
Dec. 31 1919...353 L. S...24000 members

1920 shows the same upward tendency only in a little speedier tempo. There is as yet no statistics elaborated for the past half but we can nevertheless state that S. A. C. (Central Organization of Workers of Sweden) at the moment of writing has 420 local Samorganizations with a little over 30,000 members. This figure is not very large, but Sweden is a small country of only some 6,000,000 inhabitants, and we are sure it will not be many years before the Syndicalist Organization has broken thru completely. The strength of Syndicalism in Sweden must however not be computed according to this membership figure for it is much greater. All around us among the masses of the workers, outside our organization, Syndicalism and its methods have become recognized and our ideas conquer. It now only remains for those workers to transplant their ideas into practice in the way of organization.

The Swedish Syndicalist Organization has already from the start stood as an uncompromising fighter against Capitalism. The number of battles during the years past proves this clearly.

From June 25, 1910 to December 31, 1919, the local Samorganizations have, according to the reports, conducted not less than 1,046 battles. A great number of other battles have also been conducted but have not been reported. The figure given includes mainly the open battles. In some cases the demands of the members have been wholly or in part complied with without the necessity of going to an open fight.

Of the 1,046 battles mentioned, 705 ended with victory for the workers, 84 with defeat and 257 with compromise. Besides, there has on the different places of work been conducted an extensive job battle, — that means fights on the job with different means, by which methods the members have gained considerable advantages. So, for instance, the Construction Workers in the S. A. C. have on a large scale used what they call the "Register" by means of which they have from January 1, 1917 to June 30, 1919, won a wage increase of not less than 145%. This is a quite noteworthy improvement won thru this persistent and conscious battle on the job for industrial control and fixing of wages. During these years the S. A. C. has been a battling organization and will be so much more in the future.

All the branches of the organization are developing towards greater stability. The financial status is relatively good. A newly started printshop is working under high pressure to produce all the literature which is spread in millions of copies over the country. The publishing bureau issues books and pamphlets in rapid succession, treating of the different phases of the actual class struggle.

Our paper "Syndikalisten" which is issued twice a week now has an edition of 15,000 on Wednesdays and 17,000 on Saturdays. Steps are now being taken to issue "Syndikalisten" as a daily paper. For this purpose the Organization has bought a house in Stockholm for 250,000 kronor in order to fit it up as a printshop and newspaper office and organization offices.

Special papers are issued quite frequently in large editions and in some parts of the country local Syndicalist papers are planned in order to better be able to agitate for Syndicalism.

All in all the Swedish Syndicalist movement is in a state of rapid development, not only is the membership constantly increasing but the stabilization progresses, making the members conscious Syndicalists able to know what they want and to know the task they have to perform in the imminent struggle for the re-organization of society.

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HANGING ON 'BY THE SKIN OF THEIR TEETH'



EDITOR CHRISTENSEN OF "SOLIDARITET" SPEAKING TO A CHEERING CROWD OF 10,000 IN COPENHAGEN UPON HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON

# SYNDICALISM IN DENMARK

By JOHN ANDERSSON

Even in the little agricultural country, Denmark, a revolutionary Syndicalist movement has begun to make itself felt; not among the agricultural workers, though, but among the industrial workers, particularly in Copenhagen and surroundings, where nearly all industry is concentrated. Already fifteen to twenty years ago the revolutionary ideas began to be known in Denmark. There were a few small but energetic groups carrying on a powerful agitation. Some papers were also started, one after the other, but they did not come out with very many numbers before they had to stop, due to small circulation. Besides, this propaganda movement was of a rather loose kind with members who enthusiastically devoted themselves to the discussion of theories and philosophy but didn't give a snap for action expressed in carefully planned organization work and self-assertion on the economic battle field. These propaganda groups consequently worked principally outside the economic movement.

But even here there was finally a more practical revolutionary movement formed, which saw the light of day with the starting of "Fagoppositionens Sammenslutning" (The Unified Craft Opposition). As one can judge from the name, its purpose was to carry on opposition for the Syndicalist ideas inside the old organization "De Samvirkende Fagforbund" (the united trades unions). The craft opposition formed a great number of clubs inside the various crafts or industries. These clubs later were unified and had for their purpose to work for Syndicalism, each one inside their own organization.

This movement soon started an agitation paper called "Solidaritet". It was first issued as a weekly paper but has now for nearly two years been issued as a daily paper which comes out even on Sundays. To keep this paper going the members have made great personal economic sacrifices and as a result this paper is about to be recognized as the fighting organ of the Danish working class.

This movement has in the course of the years experienced tremendous resistance. The old reformist movement has done everything to break it down but they have constantly failed. The authorities have worked hand in hand with them. Many of the driving forces of the movement have been thrown into prison, sentenced to long and hard punishments for their energetic fight against the exploiting Capitalist class. This conscious Syndicalist agitation has recently commenced to show results. Quite a number of workers have left the old organization and formed a new one by the name of "Dansk Federalistisk Sammenslutning" (Danish Federalist Union), a new independent fighter in the economic class struggle.

The purpose of this organization is "to gather all the economic organizations outside the "De Samvirkende Fagforbund" for co-operation. And on the basis of absolute sovereignty for each organization to create a Central Secretariat for educational and advisory purposes in the economic class struggle of the working class." The organization stands outside all political parties.

Besides, the purpose of the Central Secretariat is "to gather and elaborate all material that can be of service to the working class in its struggle for the conquest of power over the land and the means of production and distribution." The power of decision rests entirely with the members and with no leaders.

The membership of this organization is now between thirteen and fourteen thousand. The main group is Marine Transport Workers, who are affiliated to the number of 7500. There are no other sailor organizations in Denmark besides the Syndicalist organization to which nearly all seafearing men belong. It is desirable and practical that the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 8, I. W. W., as soon as possible, enter into co-operation with this organization in Denmark. It is sure to leave good results. In Sweden and Norway, also, we are willing to establish such co-operation, having for its object the strengthening of International Solidarity thru action.

Truly, the revolutionary economic organization ideas are breaking thru in every country.

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WILL HE STAY DOWN THIS TIME?

# Norwegian Landsorganization Discards Craft Unionism

From "Syndikalisten" (Swedish Syndicalist paper) of July 24 we gather the following:

"The Norwegian Landsorganization of Labor Unions was in session all week last week and took position on a number of great questions.

"Among other decisions we note one providing for a transformation of the form of organization. Instead of craft unions and craft internationals, hereafter all local unions in each locality are united into a local samorganization, which is to be the basic unit of the landsorganization. The individual local unions which have hitherto belonged to craft associations, will now form industrial branches which unite into industrial unions."

Thus craft organization loses another stronghold, and that, too, in a country where craft production has not yet played its roll to a finish. For while Norway is making rapid strides towards a complete industrialization like America's, handicraft is still a factor much more than it is in America.

As to the new form of organization adopted it appears to be almost a counterpart of the Swedish Syndicalist organization described in this number by John Anderson, only with this difference that the Industrial Union appears to be better developed in Norway than in Sweden. The natural explanation is that Norway starts with the whole body of workers at its disposition, while the syndicalists in Sweden are building from the bottom up, adding new organs as they need them.

The striking fact in both cases is that the local samorganization (corresponding to the City Central Council of the I. W. W.) is the basic unit of the landsorganization. This arrangement makes of the landsorganization in the first hand an organ for national and local administration, a thing so necessary in these revolutionary times. By this arrangement the Norwegian workers will be able to step in and take national and local control at a moment's notice without being compelled to use the old political organs of administration.

This arrangement makes it possible for the workers to assume control without the aid of a political party, and makes it possible to use the industrial organization of the workers as the basis of society.

As for forming productive organs on a nation-wide scale, this appears to have been a question of secondary nature, just as with the syndicalists of Sweden and other countries.

This is the natural result of the state of economic development of the country. While we here in America have trusts covering the whole nation with their industrial operation requiring the industrial union on our part in order to match them, in Norway and Sweden the majority of industrial enterprises are limited to one locality enabling the local union pretty well to cope with them.

However we see that both the Swedish Syndicalists and the Norwegian Landsorganization have provided for productive and distributive organs on a national scale, corresponding to our industrial unions.

The I. W. W. has yet to build its central councils for local administration. They will come as we organize more and more branches of industrial unions to draw these councils from. We are apt to need them any day on a large scale.

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# The White Terror

Forgetting for the moment the reign of terror in America of which we ourselves are the victims, we cannot help but stand aghast at the White Terror in Finland and Hungary.

If we compare ourselves with the Finnish workers we must feel like the coddled pets of the masters. As we all know the Finnish White Terror authorities threw about 40,000 in jail and have executed or starved to death or otherwise murdered tens of thousands. And we should not for a moment believe that this regime of terror has stopped. Oh, no. For every day that passes the Finnish papers bring us news of new sentences for "crimes" committed during the red revolt of a couple of years ago. Time and again life sentences are imposed, sometimes reduced to 10-20 years. The charge is sedition and treason.

The socialist party holds 80 seats out of 200 in the lantdag, but they have not power enough to protect themselves and their own. A constant stream of the party members is entering through the jail doors to serve long sentences, the latest one being Valpas-Hanninen, an ex-editor of the "Tyomies" who has been condemned to life imprisonment for participation in the revolt.

The Finnish socialists are largely politicians. They have no industrial organization built up by which they could check the White Terror.

In the same manner correspondence from Hungary indicates that the White Terrorists are working night and day. As a sample of their work let us mention a family group of four which was terribly mangled with bayonets before being buried alive. Arrests and convictions are innumerable and the justice dealt out is a parody.

Nearly all the "Peoples Commissars" of the shortlived Communist regime are arrested and face terrible sentences.

The people of Hungary seem to be paralized by this terror. Perhaps the nearness of a Russian victory in Poland will tend to give them hope again.

We expect to have more details about Hungary in our next number.

# Consequences of the Railroad Strike in France

By George Andreytchine

20,000 militants "cheminots" discharged and blacklisted! Hundreds sentenced to prison for months and years! About 20 of the leaders in the infamous prison "La Sante", the Bastille of the Third Republic, charged with "plotting against the internal security of the state", victims of the sterile vengeance of the bankrupt French bourgeoisie. The Railroad Workers' Federation again under the " piritual guidance" of Bidegaray, the willing tool of the companies and government. The railroad unions deprived of their best active members, a general demoralization all along the line.

This is, to the reporter who is not accustomed to dig deep into history and psychology of such profound elemental forces, the balance-sheet of the memorable struggle in May.

But to the socialist historian the great railroad strike in France is one of the preparatory maneuvers of the militant army of labor, which is making these assaults against the fortress of capitalism with the sole intention of the tempering ardour and willpower of the soldier-producer. No one in France had the illusion that this was the signal for insurrection against the existing order, no one from the ranks of avowed revolutionists, anyway. The necessary elements of popular discontent were lacking to make such an insurrection the work of the masses; the revolutionary propaganda and technical preparations for a general strike were almost nil; the main labor organizations were still under the control of renegates, who are now openly working against a social revolution; the railroad workers' organization had just gone over to the revolutionary side; the men who were elected to direct that powerful organization counting over 350,000 members, were young and inexperienced, yet—the mass of "cheminots" hardly knew the men who had signed the strike order.

The main reason for the failure of the strike lies in the fact that there were no deep seated economic grievances and that the battle cry "Nationalization" was as foreign to them as "Arise" would be to the tired and exhausted traveler who had fallen asleep by the wayside.

The young and critical anarchist element of the railroad workers claim that an open declaration of war on the capitalist regime would have carried a greater number of workers than such a lukewarm and meaningless platform. There may be a great deal of truth in this assertion.

The young and enthusiastic militans who were elected after the defeat of the reactionary Bidegaray recognize their mistakes in overestimating the readiness of the masses; the February strike had given them abundant hopes and even justification to expect that this time the response would be overwhelming.

Another tactical mistake Monmousseau, Midol and Leveque made was to allow the old reprobate Jouhaux and his clique of recent and ancient renegates, the ex-Zimmerwaldians Merrheim, Dumoulin, Calveyrah, Laurent and tutti quanti, to run the strike, after having witnessed all their nefarious dealings with the corrupt French governments during the war and ever since. They knew in advance that this move was suicidal, and still they made it, for the sake of safeguarding the railroad workers' union intact, I presume.

Suppose the Bolsheviki would call on general Foch to lead their armies! The step Monmousseau made was analogous to this situation. In the last year and half the whole "General Staff" of the once glorious Confederation Generale du Travail have been occupied solely with the attack—coup-de-grace —to be dealt to these "geneurs" (trouble makers) Monatte, Nonmousseau, Sirolle, Midol and their followers. And the golden opportunity came in the most propitious moment. The Holy Alliance (Sainte Alliance) of the railroad Magnates, the Government of the Bankers and Speculators, the yellow press and the leaders of the C. G. T., did not hesitate to take advantage of the situation. With a masterful stroke, the "General Staff" of Judases, once men of courage and moral probity and now sworn enemies of their fellow-soldiers in the class war who have remained true to their proletarian past traditions, shattered the last remnants of the revolutionary leadership in the Railroad Workers Federation. With open fraud and corruption, they again put their ally Bidegaray in the saddle, in spite of the fact that he was repudiated by the "cheminots" at their congress in April! repudiated and discarded. But, as Monatte writes from "la Sante", these are Bidegaray's **"Cents Jours"*)** and soon we may again witness the revival of the pre-war syndicalist spirit in this union and Monmousseau will take his place at the helm of this formidable battalion of rebels, much wiser and more of a general than he has shown himself during the May strike.

There is no reason for despair: all children must learn to walk by falling. The waves of discontent are growing in geometrical proportion to the follies and failures of the French bourgeoisie. It has demonstrated its incompetency to solve the tremendous problems of production; it has accelerated its downfall by its insane policy towards Soviet Russia and its stupid procedure at home.

The organized workers in France long ago could have put an end to its agony and last gasps, were it not for the fact that the men they have entrusted with the steering of the Confederal ship have always come to the rescue of the doomed bourgeoisie. Moreover, one must not forget that of the 2,000,000 members of the C. G. T. only a small minority is composed of the old war-horses who in the days of yore made its spectacular career and its epic battles inspire all of us with admiration. Most of the new

members are just simple trade unionists, who have entered it for economic security and protection, and not far the purpose of making revolution. The leaders are doing nothing to point out to them the inevitability of the coming revolution and assign to them their constructive work.

But every year the waves of strikes grow bigger; they reach deeper layers of the masses, embrace more and divers organizations. The crucial moment is fast approaching. And then neither Jouhaux nor Foch can stem the conquering avalanche of the proletariat.

*)"Hundred Days", when Napoleon returned from Elba and reigned only a hundred days to find his inglorious end at St. Helena.




EXECUTIVE BOARD OF MEXICAN I. W. W.

**Photo taken in garden of ranch near Mexico City, showing all but two members of Executive Board and three other fellow workers. (Tabler and Lopez of Executive Board were absent.) Names and corresponding numbers: 1. Maclovio Pacheco; 2. Hipolito Flores; 3. Jose Refugio Rodriguez; 4. Jose Zuidarsic; 5. Linn A. E. Gale; 6. Jose Estrada; 7. Vincente Ortega; 8. F. Snyder.**

# GENERAL DEFENSE

**By Wm. D. Haywood**

Henry Bradley, a former member of the General Executive Board, was convicted of criminal syndicalism at Eldorado, Kansas August 14th. The case will be appealed. Bonds have been fixed at One thousand dollars.

Chas. Plahn and Sam Masonovitch were arrested in Chicago, the latter being released. Plahn was held under the indictment growing out of the New Year's raids which were manipulated by Maclay Hoyne and the Department of Justice. Plahn's bond was fixed at $5,000.00 and has been furnished.

The bonds of James Price and Ceasar Tabib of the Sacramento group have been completed. These men are both in bad physical condition, and we trust to learn of their early release.

Ed. Anderson, Felix Cedeno, Frank Filey, Jos. Harper, Harry LaTour, and Frank Moran of the Sacramento group, doing a three years term in the Leavenworth Penitentiary, will be released on expiration September 2nd. $75.00 each has been sent to them for traveling expenses.

William Moran and Burt Basnett were arrested in recent raids at Seattle, Washington. Moran was released, the charge against him being reduced to a disorderly person, though a finer young man it is hard to meet. Basnett was held for bond of $1,000.00.

John Grady, Nick Wallace, R. I. Parent, and Chas. Craig were found guilty of putting a crimp in Judge Webster's injunction. Parent was presented with four months and the other six months in durance vile. These men had committed no offense other than conferring with one another and other members out in the woods. Ten others were arrested for doing something with the same injunction on August 5th. They are being held under a

blanket bond of $1,000.00, $500.00 of which has been raised.

George Allridge who was held for murder at Medford, Okla., has been released. It seems that a railroad policeman had been killed somewhere in that vicinity and the wise detectives thought of nothing else than arresting an I. W. W. for the crime. Three other members are being held at Medford. No case has been made against them. The Prosecuting Attorney offered the magnanimous proposition of turning them loose in thirty days if they paid board at the rate of 75 cents a day for the entire period of their incarceration. The General Defense Committee recommended that it be not done, believing that it would establish a bad precedent.

The following named nineteen members of the I. W. W. Paul, Diachuk, Sergey Drigoff, Stephen Hinievich, Frank Dziarkofsky, Peter Dubovik, Philip Holishko, Paul Grib, Ivan Hornofsky, Christopher Kataguroff, Efim Kertz, Naom Kerget, Vasili Korotkoff, Philimon Matorin, Ivan Mayboroda, Paul Manko, Ivan Sabchuk, Prokopiy Savitch, Stanislaus Zamoysky, Vasili Hornofsky are being held at Ellis Island, New York and will be deported to Russia. They say they are conforming strictly to the preamble of the I. W. W. and will make no appeal to capitalistic courts or judges believing no relief or favorable decision would come from such sources.

The Writ of Habeas Corpus was sued out on behalf of Taft et al. The six members who were convicted of vagrancy and sentenced to the Municipal farm with a fine at Kansas City, Missouri. The Habeas Corpus will be argued August the 16th. It will be remembered that this case was originally tried before a judge who when Mr. Vanderveer objected to the jurist making remarks outside of the record told Vanderveer that if he did not like what was being said from the bench that he would be excused from the courtroom—some justice!

Twenty-five thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds have been raised for the joint bond; twenty-five thousand more is needed to secure the release of the remaining members of the Chicago group confined in the penitentiary at Leavenworth. The Amnesty Club at Chicago reports an additional sum of three thousand dollars raised for this purpose which will make a total of $28,000.00.


# Amnesty Picnic

**Given by the Scandinavian Bail and Bond Committee of the General Defense *of the* I. W. W.**

## Sunday, September 5

**AT**

## BRAND'S PARK

**SPEAKING DANCING GAMES MUSIC**

**Among the Speakers will be BRENT DOW ALLINSON, Conscientious Objector Recently Released from Leavenworth**

**Admission 50c** including war tax

**Take Elston Car to Belmont**

# Skinners Job-Strike a Winner

By JOHN E. NORDQUIST

The skinners are winning the eight hour day. The strike on the job tactics are turning the trick in camp after camp. Not only are the hours of labor being shortened, but the wages have been materially raised in many of the camps of the Northwest and middle-west; and better still, Mr. Block and his brother, Scissor Bill are being forced to line up in the only working class union or get off the job. In camp after camp he is told to begin functioning for himself and his class or else get off the job and stay off.

The past method of pleading with the unreasoning camp workers has been discontinued as it has proven a failure. A program of steely persuasion has been inaugurated instead, and it is proving a grand success.

Up to date, most of the camps of Washington and Oregon have gained the eight hour day. All of Kane's camps near Aberdeen, S. Dak., started in on the eight hour day on Aug. 1, and many other camps in the middle west are about to make the great change.

Naturally the gaining of the eight hours is a slow process. Before effective action can be taken a majority of the workers in a camp must be lined up and this is being done as speedily as possible. Every camp delegate in the country is sending a steady stream of applications for membership into headquarters and it will be but a short time till all construction camps will be under control of those who work in them. Not till then can the conditions be improved to the extent that they should be improved.

You old members who have been asleep at the switch while the active fellow workers have been bearing the brunt of the battle, had better pitch in and do your bit now. Can't you see that with a little more action we'll make the camps solid wob?

Don't hang back any longer!

Write in for credentials at once, then begin FORCING the scissors into the ONLY UNION, or force them out of the camps.

Away with all the soft stuff!

Let's try a plan that will win!

Make the three letters read, "I WILL WIN" for the Industrial Workers of the World!

Here is a fac-simile of the leaflet that has helped solidify the skinners and brought about concerted action in the team camps.

### STRIKE ON THE JOB

Fellow Construction Workers of the Road Camps and Railroad Grades of the Entire Country—North, East, South and West—the time has come for us to assert our rights or the greedy contractors will grind us still harder. They are already contemplating a cut in our scanty wages! Yes, and they are thinking of still further cheapening the damnable chuck that they are at present slopping us with!

They have even decided to lengthen the long, arduous hours that we now slave for them! The nine, ten and eleven hours that we are now working doesn't seem to satisfy them. One honest-to-goodness camp of wooden-blocks is actually working twelve hours!

Now, as we have already agreed that the eight-hour day is most important, we will

### TAKE THE EIGHT HOUR DAY

### TAKE IT! UNDERSTAND!

We are not going to ask the "cons" to cut the hours and have them refuse us, as they have done in the past. This time we are really going to take the eight-hour day, as the lumber jacks of the west did recently; that is, we are going to win our wishes by striking on the job.

### HERE'S OUR PROGRAM

We'll go to work at the usual time and put in eight hours of work. Then, at a signal from one of our fellow workers, we'll simply unhitch and stable the stock.

There's no need of informing the boss previously that we are going to take this action. Just work the eight hours and quit, then tell him our reasons. If he doesn't like it—well, it's just up to him to make the next move. Very likely when he learns that we are pulling the same tactics in every construction camp in the country, he'll think twice before he gets hard-boiled and wants to "can" us.

Remember, fellow workers—the "cons" can't depend on the "standing army" of unorganized men that they formerly shoved into the groove when we went on strike, for the simple reason that most of these unorganized men are now red-card members. And that is the chief reason that we are bound to win the eight-hour day.

The masters have already delayed the big jobs as long as they dare in order to force us to accept long hours and low wages. Now, when they see that we are determined to force the issue, they will agree to our eight-hour program in order to get as much work done as possible before snow flies.

### REMEMBER

Our program is for the eight-hour day at the same wage that we are now getting for the nine, ten and eleven hour shifts.

When we have firmly established the eight-hour day we'll give our attention to a reasonable wage scale for all camp construction workers.

"One thing at a time" should be our motto, if we expect to better our conditions quickly.

Prepare for the great "job strike" by lining up as many of the cardless as possible. Make your camp ONE HUNDRED PER CENT WOB.

If you who read this haven't lined up in the I. W. W. yet, get in touch with a delegate at once. Your card awaits you. Don't wait till we get the eight hours for you. Show that you are a man! Be with us and

### STRIKE ON THE JOB

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**If you want to be absolutely sure to get your magazine, send in 10 cent extra for each member subscribed for, and we will send it by first class mail.**



WORK PEOPLES COLLEGE, RIVERSIDE, STA, DULUTH, MINN.

# The Work People's College

## AN I. W. W. INSTITUTION

The Finnish workers in America have observed that the advancement of learning is one of the most important factors for the progress of the class struggle of the workers. It is for this reason that the workers have established in their midst an institution which for over a decade has carried on education of the Finnish workers of America. This institution. **The Work People's College**, during its existence has implanted into the workers the true spirit of the class struggle and its processes, teachings which have been very effective in the struggle of the workers against the capitalist class.

But being an institution of the Finnish people only, it has not attained that effectiveness which, as a working class institution in America, it should have. So The Work Peoples' Coll ge seeks to broaden out in order that the workers the nation over shall have the opportunity to take advantage of this institution of learning. With this in view several of the subjects *will be taught in English* during the coming year. The success of this work is guaranteed by the fact that the workers industrial organization of America—the I. W. W.—in its twelfth annual convention held in Chicago, Ill., May, 1920, has given its support and endorses the college as an I. W. W. institution.

### SCHOOL YEAR

The school year at the Work People's College commences on November 15 and continues for five months until April 15. Everyone entering the college may begin his course of study from where he left off either at the college or other school or at the place he had reached by self study.

### COURSES OF INSTRUCTION

1. Scientific department.
2. Technical elementary sciences and practice.
3. English department.
4. Organization bookkeeping department.

### SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT

Lectures in this department will be given on the following subjects: The construction and procedure of industrial unionism, commencing with the preamble of the I. W. W. and concluding in industrial society. Economics and sociology.

Literature which treats on these subjects will be used as text books. The teachers will guide the students in the obtaining of such course books as are collateral to the lectures. The college library has a good assortment of books dealing with these subjects, giving an abundance of material in this work.

### PRACTICE DEPARTMENT

Among other work in this department, two hours per week will be devoted to correct pronunciation, reciting poetry, reading and platform department.

Two hours per week will be given to public speaking and presentation, debate, parliamentary drill, and organizing work.

In addition to these hours the student body will arrange for two meetings per week in which subjects of the hour and other discussion will be carried on so as to give the students practice in speaking on his feet and conducting meetings according to parliamentary rules.

### DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

The teaching of the English language is divided into four classes. The first class learn the fundamentals of grammar, pronunciation and the diacritical mark.

The second class goes through the grammar thoroughly and in detail. Considerable attention is given to composition in connection with the points raised in the grammar. Attention is also given to sounds and the pronunciation.

The third class concentrates on composition with reviews now and then in grammar. Considerable time is given to reading.

The fourth class gives most of the time to the study of rhetoric; several long themes are written; some time is given to working out speeches and debates.

### ORGANIZATION BOOKKEEPING

1. The duties of a delegate: 5 hours.
2. The duties of a secretary: 3 hours.
3. Fundamentals of double entry bookkeeping according to the Rowe system: 2 hours. The students can take up the work where he had formerly left off, or depending on his former preparation.
4. Penmanship; 5 hours.
5. Letter writing; 2 hours.
6. Arithmetic 1, whole numbers, fractions, decimals; 5 hours.
7. Arithmetic 2. A review of Arithmetic 1. measures, percentage and proportion; 5 hours.
8. Typewriting.

### CHARGES

Room and board may be obtained at the college dormitory and boarding hall. The charges are as follows: Tuition, $10.00; board, $30.00, and room, $6.00 per month, the total expenses being 46.00 per month. Under all circumstances the payments are to be made in advance for at least one month.

If for any reason the student is compelled to leave before the month is up, the balance of his boarding and rooming account will be refunded, but no tuition will be refunded.

### HOW TO GET TO THE COLLEGE

To get to the college buy a ticket at the Union Depot in Duluth to Spirit Lake. In case of baggage which is checked, the check must be given to the conductor on the train before the baggage is put off at the Spirit Lake station. The station is right near the college. If the street car is taken, take car No. 9 or 14 to 91st avenue W. From here it is just a short distance to the college.

### STUDENT LIFE

The students are organized and have regular business sessions as well as discussion and debate. Parties, games and dances are given Saturday evenings. Frequently programs are given which are attended by fellow workers and friends from Duluth and the neighborhood, who come here to take part in the program and to visit the college.

There is plenty of opportunity for the student to take regular exercise indoor and outdoor to keep himself in good physical condition.

### INTRUCTIONS FOR THOSE INTENDING TO ATTEND THE COLLEGE

Hereafter is attached a student's entrance application. Fill it out and send it to the college. When you have made application for entrance, report at the time you specify. If you are unable to attend after you have reported, be sure to notify the college of the inability.

Try to arrive at the college. Do not unnecessarily delay in making your entrance application, for in the college dormitory there is now room for only about 60 students, therefore a delay may shut you out.

Take all your text books with you for they may be useful course books here.

Select your course of study as completely as possible before your arrival here, selecting what you think the most important subjects. Follow your selections and plan to the end; then you will get the most from your study.

Knowledge is the keenest weapon in the unavoidable class struggle. The sooner the working class becomes conscious of its significance in society the nearer is the day of industrial freedom.

It is required of all students persuing courses at the college that they take at least one subject in the scientific course.

### APPLICATION FOR ENTRANCE TO THE COLLEGE

Use this form and send it to the college. Mark with an (X) cross the subject you intend to study.

.....Scientific Course.

.....Practice Subjects.

.....English Language.

.....Organization Bookkeeping.

I shall arrive at the college.....

.....(Month).....(day).

Name .....

Address .....

.....

WORK PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.

Box 116, Riverside Station, Duluth, Minn.



**WILLIAM CLARK**
**Stool Pigeon**

From Philadelphia we have received the accompanying photo of Wm. Clark together with the following letter, with request to print:

Fellow Workers:

Enclosed find a picture of William Clark, who ran away with about eight hundred dollars ($800.00) belonging to the "Organization and Class War Prisoners Fund." He was formerly a member of 400, and was well known around Dakotas. It is furthermore rumored, that for evading the draft the "Department of Justice" did not prosecute him, but kept him in the organization to act as a stool pigeon.

He is about five freet seven (5 ft. 7 inch.), blue eyes, black hair and has a woman's head totooed on his right hand above the wrist. He is about thirty-four (34 years of age.) He was on the last ballot of No. 573 for the "Organization Committeeman."

Hoping that you will keep your eyes on this bird.

Yours for the O. B. U.

JOHN J. WALSH,
Fin. Sec. Joint Locals.

## THE I. W. W.

### A STATEMENT OF ITS PRINCIPLES, TACTICS AND METHODS.

This is a new, large 4 page leaflet. It is just the thing to give to strangers. It saves you a lot of talking. First edition sold out in a week. Second edition now ready. Every I. W. W. men should always carry some with him. $1.50 a hundred. $12.00 per thousand. Send all orders and remittances to: **George Hardy, Gen. Sec'y-Treas., 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.**

# The I·W·W· IN THEORY & PRACTICE




## JUSTUS EBERT

If you would know the I. W. W. in ·stance, in spirit, in history, read this ·rtant book, just off the press and now · for delivery. It is a running story I. W. W., brief and newsy, but com-·ive and thorough. It begins with its back ground, the environment of its origins—its material origins—industrial, economic, the great industrial combinations, the financial powers; follows with a resume of the developments in this country reflective of the native class struggle, the growth of the antecedent labor organizations up to the Knights of Labor and the A. F. of L. as it is today; then, the actual history of the I. W. W. itself, its many strikes and struggles; its policy as to violence and sabotage; the principles and the structure of the organization; finally current questions, up-to-the-moment, and the attitude and relation of the I. W. W. in connection therewith.

Yes, if you would know the substance and the spirit of the I. W. W., get this meaty little booklet—128 pages of reading matter. Now ready for delivery. 50 cents per copy. Postage prepaid; in lots of 10 o rmore, 30 cents, prepaid. Address: George Hardy, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

**SEND FOR IT NOW**

# The CENTRALIA CONSPIRACY




## WHAT HAPPENED IN CENTRALIA?

The newspapers said that unoffending paraders were killed without provocation or excuse by ambushed I. W. W.'s.

**DO YOU BELIEVE IT?**

Papers telling the truth about the tragedy were shut down or denied the use of the mails. Only the Lumber Trust version was permitted to reach the public.

**DO YOU WANT TO HEAR THE OTHER SIDE?**

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Vol. II, No. 10 OCTOBER, 1920 Whole Number 20

# The One Big Union Monthly




EAGLE AND HARE

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# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace as long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

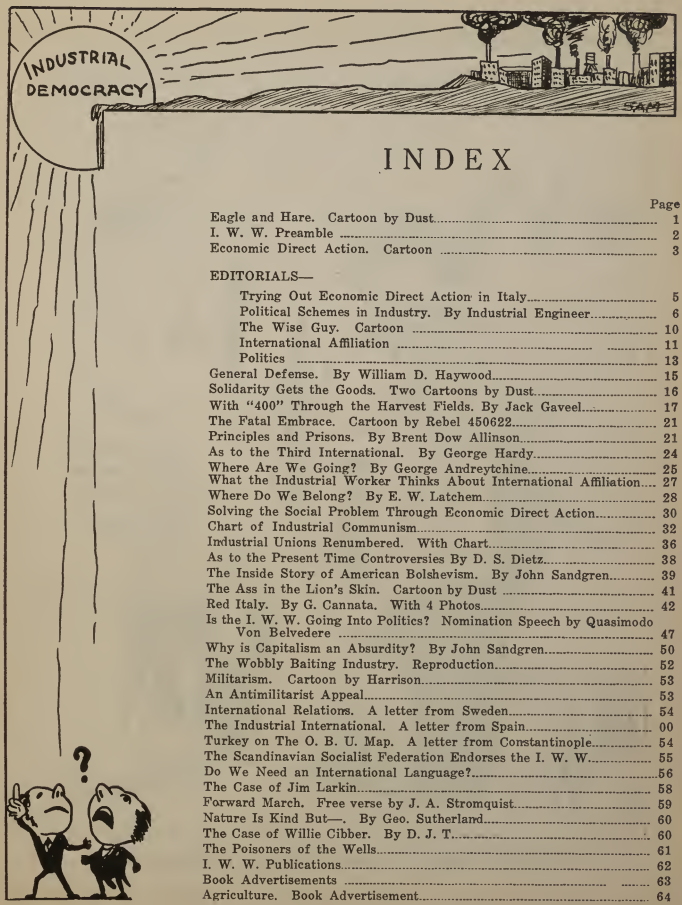
We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown.

By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.




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ECONOMIC DIRECT ACTION AND THE EARTHQUAKES

Vol. II, No. 10 OCTOBER, 1920 Whole Number 20

# THE ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

Published Monthly by the Genenral Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World
1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.
JOHN SANDGREN, Editor

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## Trying Out Economic Direct Action in Italy

Elsewhere in this issue there is an article under the title "Red Italy," written by Fellow Worker G. Cannata. Everybody should read it with care. When you have read it you will know *why* the workers of Italy are taking over the industries.

The writer piles up the facts in the case in such a manner that we really understand that capitalism in Italy has about come to an end both industrially and politically.

The events in Italy are not a little disconcerting to the doctrinaire communists who in their imagined superior wisdom have ordained that the workers must *first* put their respective communist parties in power, in order that they might "smash the state," before any taking over of the industries takes place. They are reluctant to approve of any revolution which does not first of all shake the plum tree of political jobs into their lap.

The Italian workers, though having expressed their sympathy with Soviet Russia and the program of the Third International, as outlined largely by the Russians, have chosen their own way of solving the social problem. That their efforts, so far, almost entirely agree with the I. W. W. program is, no doubt, more than blind chance. They, like we, are following the line of least resistance in determining their course, much as water and electricity and other forces of nature do. The Italian workers are choosing for their field of revolutionary activity the sphere where the workers are strongest, that is in the shop, disregarding doctrine which would stear them up against the machine guns that guard the government buildings and public places, at least for the present.

This is what the last I. W. W. convention termed *Economic Direct Action.*

There are two messages of world importance which the Italian Industrial Revolution has aready at this stage flashed to the workers of the world. They are

(1) That the job organization, the industrial union, is the organ by means of which the people shall take possession of the industries.

(2) That the revolution should be made bloodless, if possible.

These two messages are inspiring and are these very days being indelibly engraved in the minds of hundreds of millions of people who read the news. It can not fail to have a tremendous influence on the world's workers. It will no doubt speed up the work of industrial organization throughout the world as nothing else can do, and the beautiful gospel of bloodless revolution is bound to enthuse even those big masses who have held back from carrying out the program of the political revolutionists.

We greet this first stage of the Italian revolution as the beginning of a new era in revolutionary working class activities, as a new type of revolution. This Italian type, centering in industrial occupation, will probably be the one adopted in all countries of any considerable industrial development. The other type the Russian, whose central fact is the political revolution, is more apt to be resorted to in countries of about the same stage of industrial development as

Russia. The industrial character of the revolution is apt to be the more pronounced, the more complex the industrial structure of a country is.

However, there is no reason why we or any other country should slavishly follow Italy's example, any more than there is reason for us to copy Russia in detail. The solution will differ in different countries.

We wish to call special attention to one sentence in Cannata's article, which seems un particularly timely. To wit: *"In fact it may be said that the sole bone of contention between the Syndicalists and Communist Anarchists on one hand and Maximalist Socialists on the other is the insistence on the part of the former that the Socialist Party, with its heterogeneous leadership, held in unnatural unity through the vision of coming power, shall not extend its hegemony over the workers into the revolutionary period by the organization of politically dominated soviets, as has happened in Russia under a different set of conditions."*

This indicates that the Italian proletariat, in shaking off the rider that has hitherto driven the spurs in its sides, is going to take care that it does not saddle upon its back a new set of rulers who would like to get into power over the workers under the cloak of "proletarian dictatorship."

The article indicates that the workers are taking steps to take over the present political functions of society through their economic organization and establish proletarian self-government rather than a dictatorship. Whether these "political" organs will be the "camere del lavoro" or some new organ growing out of the present situation, that remains to be seen.

We are not oversanguine in our hope that the Italian workers will be able to carry out the industrial occupation to a successful finish without the shedding of blood in the process. We dare hardly believe that the Italian capitalist class and the Italian government will be able to control themselves and allow the change to take place without attacking the workers.

But if they do make such an attack, the workers will be able to wash their hands of resulting events, as they have in good faith offered the world to make the change without shedding blood.

*All hail to our Italian Fellow Workers in revolution!*

*Long live "The Fourth Italy," the Italy of Industrial Communism!*

# Political Schemes in Industry

**By An Industrial Engineer**

During the last five years the world has been flooded with two classes of propaganda, one advanced by the capitalistic powers in an effort to maintain the present, or rather to reclaim a previous status quo, and on the other side one even more intense advanced by radical parties and labor unions in an effort to do away with the present system altogether. The first specie of propaganda necessitates no comment, as the world is in a state of flux, and that which concerns itself with maintaining what already is, is dealing with a dead carcass. So that which is of primary importance is that propaganda which is for the purpose of burying the carcass of present systems, and substituting a living mechanism.

**Who are "the Workers"**

There are many programmes of a supposedly radical nature running from the Plum plan to communization. These are infinite in their variations, but their variations are mostly as to how the change shall come about. Their appeal is made to a rather indefinite character, namely "the worker." Their appeal is made on the grounds of robbery, corruption, and the unethical practices of the present system. Their appeal is made for a change in control to place the worker as the dominant factor and right these ethical wrongs. The kernel of the more radical schemes is the expropriation of the present owners of industry and property. Therefore all this propaganda busies itself with methods of intriguing the worker as an individual into methods of expropriation and idealistic conceptions of a workers' state.

"Workers of the world unite!" has come to have as great a political slogan value as "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!" had dur-

ing the French revolution. It is a fine phrase, but the question is "Unite for what?" The unity so far achieved bears no relationship to work. Not that the slogan should not be used; it has its value in an advertising nation. Wilson's "He kept us out of war" gained for him sufficient adherents to re-elect him, and to enable him to put us into war. Slogans of the past have either been exhortations or expressions of liberality with spiritual ideas, while slogans of more recent date have gained power for their originators by their proclamation of great material generosity. "All power to the Soviets!" and "Land to the peasants!" undoubtedly are the greatest gifts that have ever been made, but like all gifts they carry with them no obligation either in use or abuse. "Labor creates all wealth." That human effort produces all is only too obvious. "To the worker belongs the product of his toil." Once again the expression of an ethical right!

Who is "the worker" to whom all this propaganda is addressed? In industry today, whether in a steel plant or a hospital (for we are going to call all essential work industries, direct or indirect) the divisions of functional service are four in number. These are (1) manual: consisting of unskilled and skilled labor, mechanic and expert mechanic; (2) clerical: consisting of clerks, accountants, auditors, who in the future should be industrial statisticians; (3) supervisory: consisting of foremen, superintendents, and managers, who in the future should be functional supervisors, and not job bosses; and (4) technical: consisting of draughtsmen, inspectors and technicians. This is paralleled in a hospital by elevator operators, ambulance drivers, record clerks, nurses and internes, superintendents, laboratory workers, bacteriologists and consulting experts. In an industrial state the concept of "the worker" must include all of these divisions. Treating the worker apart from his industrial function is appealing to a **political** entity. We all cease to be workers when we are off the job. Today "all those who work for wages" is the definition of "worker"; whereas **industrially it should be "all those essential to production."** The advertising man and salesman work for wages, but they perform no function in the producing or distributing of any material. Any scheme proposed as a solution for the present unrest which does not contain within its plan for the operation of industry specifications for increasing the producing power and eliminating all extraneous occupations is a political scheme and doomed to but a brief existence. Any scheme which contemplates the maintenance of present foreign trade is nothing short of political imperialism under another name.

To the economist and theorist the abolition of capitalism is the crucial point. Dealing only with financial wealth and its distribution these people seek their remedy only by making distribution equitable. But the very mechanism of material production and distribution has been built by the capitalistic regime, and its waste of materials and energy surpasses the sum total of its production so that no matter who comes into possession of the present industrial system the result will differ little from the operation of today.

Shylock says "You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live." Take from the capitalist his means, or in other words his system, and the capitalist will undoubtedly be relieved of his life as such. But those who take over his means, or system, fall heir to the same methods and inefficiencies, and inevitably to much the same life as they had lived before.

**NO CHANGE OR REVOLUTION HOWEVER GREAT FROM THE POLITICAL POINT OF VIEW CAN FUNDAMENTALLY CHANGE THE STANDARD OF LIVING UNLESS IT CARRIES WITH IT A CHANGE IN THE BASIC TECHNIQUE.**

### Shortcomings of the Guild System

The guild system of the workers of Great Britain proposes that industry shall be operated by a number of industrial guilds, each guild to be composed of the trade unions engaged in one industry and to be responsible for its product, the health of its workers, and the maintenance of its material equipment. During operation the workers in a guild are paid a national basic, or minimum wage. Their goods are sold in the open market to individuals or other guilds. Cost and maintenance are subtracted from the proceeds, and the surplus is distributed pro rata among the workers in the guild. Although the guildsmen call the guilds industrial, a perspective of one of them shows that they are rather a heterogeneous collection of several industries and associated trades. For instance they have garment, fur, shoe and artificial flower factories in one guild called the clothing guild. Another guild is comprised of what is known in Great Britain as the engineering trades, including ship building, locomotive building, machine building of all kinds and all repair machinists. The conception of a guildsman is of a guild parliament sitting in England, wherein representatives of all **free governing** dom-

inions of the British Empire are represented, maintaining the present position of Great Britain as the world's industrial middleman. Canada and Australia are treated as subjective industrial entities, to be directed by the industrial policies of the guilds of Great Britain. Of course India and other colonies, not being self governing, would have no representation. The producers would be represented by the industrial guild to which they belong, the consumers by a political state parliament which is the supreme national executive body. It will be seen that while the guilds will appropriate the means of production and distribution from their present owners, they are still imperialistic in that they would attempt to maintain the political organization of the British Empire, thereby retarding the industrial development of other countries, and causing the exploitation of other workers. Within the guild itself, while admitting that employment could be made more regular, and housing and sanitary conditions could be much improved, the basis of production remains a capitalistic one in that they are producing for sale in the open market, subject to price fluctuations. Though the surplus profit returns to the workers the productivity varies so enormously in different industries that in spite of a basic wage, incomes would vary tremendously, creating a new capitalist class. They would use the same monetary system, and the same banking system, the same internal fiscal policy of the state in that taxes would be levied on the guilds by parliament, and the guilds would act as tax collectors to their individual members. They can employ their technicians and managers, etc. on any agreement which the individual guild cares to make. Any process or invention is submitted to the guild and purchased by them if found desirable. Thus the guild is not a complete complement of industrial workers and is not obligated to accept any improvement.

The British textile guild would go on importing raw cotton and manufacturing it into goods and in turn exporting it abroad. The same treatment would be accorded silk and wool. Today Great Britain has 46 per cent of the world's cotton producing spindles, whereas her consuming capacity is less than 18 per cent. She is entirely dependent for the large percentage of her cotton upon United States. Great Britain is some three thousand five hundred miles from our cotton growing region, and the industrial question naturally arises "Are the other industrial countries going to continue to pay tribute to either the British worker or the British capitalist to manufacture their cotton goods for them?"

The production factors in the fabrication of raw cotton into finished goods are relatively similar in United States and Great Britain. As both the transportation of cotton and its manufacture are dependent upon power, and as Great Britain is dependent upon coal as her source of power, it is evident that, as power from coal costs three and one-half times more in Great Britain than it does here, industrially it costs more to produce cotton cloth in Great Britain than it does here. This is not financial cost, but what the engineer calls production cost. Let us see what the respective coal production costs amount to in the two countries.

### Coal as a Factor in Production

In Great Britain there are 1,200,000 coal miners producing only 226 tons per man per year. In United States we have approximately 760,000 coal miners producing 794 tons per man per year. It is self-evident that, barring a period of transition to a new order, Great Britain cannot afford to support 1,200,000 men for mining coal for the purpose of maintaining foreign trade. Neither could any other country pay their upkeep. The coal mines of both Great Britain and this country are demanding attention. In both countries similar schemes have come to light. Neither nationalization, coal guild, nor communization deal with ton hour production per man, nor do they take into consideration the present methods of using coal, which utilizes only one-sixteenth of its value. To technically utilize coal necessitates not only a change in the methods of coal mining, but also affects all transportation and present power plants. It would mean the creation of new industries, and the elimination, wholly or in part, of old ones. This is illustrated very aptly in the United States where 34 per cent of the freight load of our railroads is coal. The elimination of all coal transportation is not only scientifically possible, but technically inevitable. Here arises the prospect of a well to do railroad guild and a prosperous coal guild being confronted with the fact that the rest of industry will not tolerate a lowering of its standard of living by maintaining a railroad guild one hundred per cent overmanned, and a coal guild five hundred per cent overmanned.

### Functional Ownership as Bad as Private Property

Today the peasants of France are preventing France from entering a new period of industrial progression. The peasants of

Russia provide for themselves, but do little more than that. These are examples of groups of workers who persist in a method of production which, although they prefer it, is nevertheless the result of that deadliest of industrial diseases, stagnation. The medieval guilds and the pueblo communes all achieved craftsmanship, equitable distribution of food, clothing and shelter, and equitable working participation, and died because they persisted in holding the proprietary rights of function inviolate. From time immemorable when any group has achieved craftsmanship and tolerable living conditions the group has always attempted by enforcing numerous regulations to prohibit any change or improvement in the functional sequence to which they have become accustomed in their trade. They have sought by all means in their power to make functional ownership as great a vested interest as entailed property. They have striven to pass their craft on from father to son, even practicing this today in India and China, where the same method is being taught to apprentices as was taught four hundred years ago. Private property is dangerous because it prohibits complete utilization of material resources. Functional ownership is even more dangerous in as much as it prohibits any improvement either in the use of material resources or human effort.

Political history records that men are voted into positions, but it does not record men ever voting themselves out of positions. Any group of men which forms itself into a body to control the processes of an industry does not vote in a new process whereby they would automatically be voting the major part of the group out of that industry. The coal miners of Great Britain, although they are insisting upon nationalization, and although it is admitted that under the present regime they cannot achieve any fundamental change in the methods of **coal mining** and **coal use,** still are demanding something which, under the present system or a future one, would amount to nothing more than a slightly higher standard of living for themselves as individuals. It is inconceivable that miners organized into a militant body would democratically vote into existence another system of coal mining and coal use whereby nine-tenths of their present organization would have to be given employment in other industries.

### The Limitations of Labor's Vision

Today the world over all programmes for a new order content themselves with the advocating of a mere shift of control. All of them preserve the present industrial entities. All of them propose to maintain the present lines of trade. The majority of labor organizations are not capable of operating industry. There are a few that are capable of operating it as well as the capitalist, but that is not sufficient. **There are none that can operate and co-ordinate the present producing mechanism with the needed accompaniment of a change of technique.** A reply is often made to the statement of this condition, to wit, 'The workers will acquire the knowledge and the organization after they come into power.' In Russia, where 92 per cent of the population are peasants, and where there is only a young industrial development, a dislocation of industry, while serious in itself, does not bring starvation to any large percentage of the people. In United States to attempt to acquire an operating knowledge of an industry and an organization after the change would be preparing for a birth while the autopsy was already being carried on. The interdependence of industry with industry is such that the absence of a producing organization capable of directing and operating industry would bring about nothing short of chaos and dissolution. We have no such organization, not even the proper nucleus of one, and yet the propaganda for change goes on. The organizations of the present enlist either those who profess a belief or the worker as an individual. There exists no industrial organization wherein members function in a similar capacity to that in which they work. This is best illustrated by the man who, when asked at a meeting what group he represented, said that he was a socialist, and from whom was finally dragged the information that he was a stevedore, and represented the stevedores as such. A Steinmetz may join any one of a number of labor organizations as an individual, but there is no organization of workers which he could join in his industrial capacity of research technilogist of the equipment division of the power industry.

The glass blowers some years ago possessed a very strong union and were very highly paid. They attempted to maintain their union and the old form of glass blowing in the face of a new industrial process. The process won, and the process will always win eventually. Today it throws men out of jobs, but in the future every improved process will raise the standard of living and increase mens' leisure. Today there is not a single industry which cannot be revolutionized by processes already

proven. Technical science has traveled so far ahead of the industrial order that if only that which is already known were applied its effects would be farther reaching and more fundamental than any political change could dream of accomplishing.




THE WISE GUY

Wobbly: "Better come aboard—it's going to blow."

Wm. Shears: "Nuttin' doin'! You guys are too damn radical!"

# International Affiliations

The referendum arranged by the General Executive Board on the question of International Affiliations has aroused great interest. It is the question of politics diving up again in the organization, though in a different form from 1908. We have in this issue six articles dealing directly with this question, namely "As to the Third International" by George Hardy; "Where Are We Going?" by George Andreytchine; "We Oppose Political Affiliation," editorial in "The Industrial Worker"; "Where Do We Belong?" by E. W. Latchem; "Some Present Time Controversies" by D. S. Dietz; and "Solving the Social Problem Through Economic Direct Action" by John Sandgren.

A similar discussion is being carried on in our weekly press. As there are 90 days in all allowed for the referendum the chances are that the question will be quite thoroughly discussed. And it is well that this discussion takes place. Of late we have allowed things to drift pretty much, as far as living up to the I. W. W. program is concerned. A new element, strange to the I. W. W. has been washed into our camp by the tidal wave of the world revolution. This element, only recently belonging to a political party, carries with it its own dogms and doctrines which are coming in conflict with the I. W. W. preamble and the position taken by the organization on the principal questions. A conflict and clash was unavoidable seeing that the new element seems unable to assimilate the I. W. W. program.

Let us have a thorough discussion of the question and then vote on it and settle it for good. As it is now the progress of the organization is pretty well blocked by the controversy, being that the new element seeks by all might to turn our activities into new channels as outlined by the Third International, while the old element desires to stear the same course as before, aiming at an Industrial International such as proposed by the Russian Unions, The Scandinavian and Dutch Syndicalists and the Syndicalists of the Latin countries, as indicated by another article in this issue.

It is either one way or the other. We cannot straddle the fence and have one foot in each camp. That makes growth and progress impossible.

The vote will clarify the situation, dispel all uncertainty and unite all the sincere forces for common action. For this reason every member should immediately pay up his dues and vote on the question at issue. Ask your delegate or secretary for a ballot.

The text of the three propositions will be found on another page.

The first question calls for endorsement of the Third International.

The second question calls for rejection of the program of the Third International and would place us in an eventual Industrial International.

The third question calls for endorsement of the Third International with reservations.

Which shall it be? Study the questions thoroughly and then help decide the fate of the I. W. W. The sooner the membership is united again, the better.

---

## INTERNATIONAL AFFILIATIONS EVERY MEMBER SHOULD VOTE

As announced in our previous issue, the General Executive Board has submitted the question of international affiliation to a special referendum.

The following three motions are submitted:

**Ask your secretary or delegate for a ballot.**

1. Moved by CcClellan, Seconded by Mashlykin, **That we endorse the Third International. Motion lost.**
   For: McClellan, Mashlykin. Against: Brown, Nordquist, Lessig, Sullivan and Fisher.
2. Moved by Brown, Seconded by Sullivan, **That we do not endorse the Third Interna-**

**tional officially, and that we notify the Third International that our position makes it impossible to endorse same as it outlined in the Zinovieff appeal to the I. W. W., and that we are in favor of an Economic Industrial International. Motion carried.** For: Brown, Lessig, Sullivan, Nordquist. Against: Fisher, McClellan, Mashlykin.

3. Moved by Lessig, Seconded by Nordquist, **That we endorse the Third International with reservation, as follows: That we do not take any part whatsoever in parliamentary action and that we reserve the right to develop our own tactics according to conditions prevailing. Motion carried.** For: Nordquist, Lessig, Sullivan, Fisher. Against: Brown, McClellan. Mashlykin not voting.
4. Moved by McClellan, Seconded by Mashlykin **that the three above propositions be submitted to the membership for a referendum vote. Motion carried.**

The appeal in question will be found in the September issue of this magazine. Everybody should read it before casting his vote in this referendum. Copies of this issue can still be had at 25 cents.

In this connection the General Secretary-Treasurer wishes to make the following announcement:

VOTE FOR ONE ONLY.

In order to have no mistake in counting the ballots and to have a clear understanding of the desire of our members it will be necessary to have every one vote on the endorsement of the Third International, but vote **only one yes and two no.** Discuss and consider well before voting.

# POLITICS

We have been gathering data of the slushfunds of the Cox and Harding campaigns, finding that the maximum estimate of the Harding fund is 30 million dollars and that Cox is supposed to draw subsidies from England, being that he stands for the League of Nations. We believe everything that the Cox people say about the Harding people and vice versa. To do anything else would be to call them liars, just as they are calling one another. The party that gets elected would probably resent such an imputation as soon as they got the power.

We have also gathered a nice lot of clippings about the Lowden faction and the Thompson faction in Illinois, intending to use them together with the Cox-Harding material and hammer it all together as a true picture of 100 per cent Americanism. For surely these people all claim to be 100 percenters. Being accused of being a lot of foreigners we thought it might be well to assist in the Americanization program so strenuously urged by these people by giving publicity to what they say of one another. The example set by these high-tone people in high position surely ought to be worth following by us "foreign scrubs in overalls."

But then we came to think of the fact that the I. W. W. program demands that we abstain from endorsing any political party, let alone all of them, so we gave it up. At the same time we came to remember that I. W. W. tradition speaks of "political parties" **but says nothing of independent candidates,** so we allowed "Dust" to deal with the political parties in a cartoon on our front page while we ourselves hastened to endorse the independent presidential candidacy of Quasimodo von Belvedere, whose nomination speech will be found in this issue.

## THE I. W. W.

**A STATEMENT OF ITS PRINCIPLES, TACTICS AND METHODS.**

This is a new, large 4 page leaflet. It is just the thing to give to strangers. It saves you a lot of talking. The two first editions lasted only 2 weeks. The third edition containing the new numbers of the unions, is now ready. Every I. W. W. man should always carry some with him. $1.50 a hundred. $12.00 per thousand. Send all orders and remittances to: **George Hardy, Gen. Sec'y-Treas., 1001 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.**

# Woman Suffrage

Editor One Big Union Monthly;
Dear Fellow Workers:

The passage of the 19th Amendment to the constitution giving suffrage to women has closed an epoch in our political history. Perhaps I should not be writing of this particular reform for readers as far advanced as those of the O. B. U. Monthly were it not for the fact that in a recent conversation with a member of your organization he referred slightingly to woman suffrage as a minor reform. I will admit that it is of less consequence than it would have been a decade ago; that it comes at an hour when all people who have thought along politico-economic lines at all are coming to realize the vastly greater power of economic organization. However, it is not an achievement that should be dismissed lightly. It had its pioneers—women and men not afraid to launch out into a new and untried and immensely unpopular movement. It has had its workers, unpopular up to the present hour, some of whom will carry over into new fields of endeavor the stigma and hostility gained in their labors for this unpopular measure. That this was not a popular reform is evidenced by the strategy that it took to put it over—perhaps it has taken energy that might better have been spent in other fields, however, it was necessary for the adult citizenship of this land to have full and equal suffrage before they could be convinced that it was but a small part of the whole.

Earnest souls have died with the full conviction that if only the female half of the world had the ballot our difficulties would be quickly solved—a few women have themselves been the victims of this delusion. In the next few months we will be deluged with references to the long, and successful struggle that has just been achieved—even now some belated champions of the suffrage system are preparing their peorations. Let them beware! Methinks that in the rank of intelligent, earnest, women who have sacrificed for this measure are not a few who can see, out of the tail of their eye, the vastly more effective method of the Belgian men in their struggle for the ballot. The contrast between the slow, tedious, expensive, heart-breaking methods of the past three quarters of a century with its toll of human energy and talent and its staggering and never to be computed financial expense and the three short days of the folded arms of the Belgian workmen is too glaring long to remain unnoticed.

The example of the economic solidarity that brought about the passage of the Adamson Bill, will make that three-quarters of a century of toil and sacrifice look long and cumbersome.

Political governments will carry out the will of any group that has an organized vote solidly behind an organized want!

So do not be so scornful of this "Petty reform", boys. You who have been in jail for an idea know that that is the very worst thing that could be endured—the isolation, the lack of warm, human contacts, the long, long hours and days of being cut off from your fellow-men. Well, boys, a lot of women have faced just that thing for the sake of suffrage. When? Where, you ask? They faced it in their own home towns, among people hostile to the idea—many of them faced it in their own families—and fellow-workers, it is hard to be shut away from human contacts, but at least you have the warm, sweet knowledge that outside there are hearts and minds that would be open to you were it not for the bars interposed. Any reform big enough to cause human beings to suffer isolation, ostracism and loneliness rather than renounce it is too big to be dubbed "Petty". Many more people than you dream of have endured just these things for suffrage, in a community, but not of it, because the prejudices of their fellow-men erected bars that were just as real as bars of iron and sometimes infinitely more cruel in that one had the semblance of liberty, but no word of greeting reached them and no hearty hand clasp met them from day to day and through the dreary stretch of years.

Now that a technicality has been swept aside and we can begin our game of tinkering with the ballot, I predict that it will not take the women as long to learn its true value as it did the men. Wait and see!

Fraternally yours,

FLORENCE BOSSENBERGER.

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### EDITOR'S NOTE ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

To the above letter we wish to make the following comments:

The I. W. W. does not sneer at woman suffrage. Nor at male suffrage. The I. W. W. realizes that on its way from savagery to civilization mankind is passing by certain milestones which it simply has to pass by unless it wants to stay behind. Just as a bird cannot rise to the 2,000 feet level until it has passed the 1,000 feet level.

Mankind advances from the past into the future in a wedge-shaped formation, very much like the "svinfylkings" of the Vikings, scattering the forces of darkness to the right and to the left in their impetuous struggle towards light and freedom.

At the head of the attacking wedge of humanity the Vikings put a stalwart, broad-shouldered, battle-trained warrior with a two-edged sword too heavy for an ordinary man. As this was a post of honor almost sure to lead to Valhall and the table of the gods before the sun went down, there was great competition for the place. But only one could hold it at a time. The others had to arrange themselves in ranks of increasing lengths, the longer the further back they were of the point of the human wedge. In the second rank were two men, in the third were four men, in the fourth were six men and so on. The last rank probably had a hundred men or more and the bulk of the warriors were in the heel of the wedge where it was comparatively safe. But the men at the head did not sneer at

their comrades behind them. Without them as a backing their own bloody enterprise would have been futile.

So it is with the I. W. W. and the rest of mankind. Economic conditions in combination with a liberty-loving spirit put the I. W. W. at the point of the flying wedge which humanity is using in its battle with darkness and oppression. The "head men" are constantly being picked off, but new ones, drawing from the deep layers of the people, are rushing forward to take their places. We have all come from the deep ranks of the people before we were thrown at the point of the wedge as I. W. W. men. We do not jeer our sisters and brothers, our fathers and mothers who are way behind in the deep mass of humanity which forms the heel of the "svinfylking" of progress. All that is near and dear to us is back in that mass, and it is largely for their sake that we are sacrificing life, liberty and happiness and not for our own. Most of the I. W. W. are in a way to be compared with the Philippino "juramentados" who in the dark of the night would rush into the camp of their enemies, killing as many as possible, having previously taken an oath (juramento) to sacrifice their lives for their kinsmen. The average I. W. W. man has thus consecrated his life to the cause of humanity, irrespective of consequences to himself, not in order to kill but in order to organize.

We have taken pains to make this plain because we felt our soul faintly scratched by the thorn of a veiled reproach that we, in conceit and heartlessness, fail to appreciate the efforts and the sacrifices made by women to attain social and political equality with men, being that we ourselves place little or no value on the ballot.

We most surely rejoice with all our heart with womankind in the "conquest" made, even though we consider the ballot only as the final formal act in the struggle for equality, much as "Amen" is the proper finale of a prayer.

We do not know the I. W. W. man referred to in the above letter, but should these lines come under his eyes, we believe he would endorse every word of them.

If there is a tendency to scoff at woman suffrage on our part, we swear by everything holy that there is not a tinge of hostility towards the aspirations of womankind.

What we scoff at is **the equality** that they have striven for and won, for what they have gained is the equality of hell. How could any one desire to be our equal, the equal of a wage slave in an accursed system of society? If we scoff, it is with bitterness at the thought that the ballot will turn to ashes in woman's hand and that the equality attained consists in being chained to us in wage slavery.

We fail to see how your ballot is going to help you any. It certainly has not helped us any. Nearly all of us tens of millions of male workers are the sons in first or second rank of free men, free tillers of the soil in this or other countries. And look at us now! In spite of the status in which we were born and in spite of the ballot we have sunk into the hell of wage slavery, dragged down into it by an unrighteous system of society and by our failure to guard our liberty through solidarity.

We blush with shame at your claim to equality with us, we who have surrendered the status of free men which our fathers gave to us, we who rarely can have a wife and rear children. We are afraid that the granting of the ballot to you marks only your degradation to our companions in misery. It was worthless, or it would not have been given to you.

Most of us I. W. W. men are throwing our right to vote away as useless in our attempt to regain the freedom lost. We are now gathering in industrial unions in order to be able to re-assert our manhood and wipe the slave mark off our forehead and again be freemen and be worthy to be called the sons of free fathers and mothers.

If woman really wants to be the equals of free men she will soon discover that she will have to give up her faith in the political ballot and use the industrial union ballot instead. This ballot has never been denied her. In the union women are entitled to a vote just like the men, and as soon as she is able to work in the shop, she is able to vote in the union.

If there is one message we would like to bring the women in this connection it is this, that the victory just won is worthless to her. It is like a theatre ticket to a play that ran last week or like a street car transfer from yesterday. It will take her nowhere.

We want to wreck your faith in this new talisman or amulet and have you join us in our struggle for a new society via the route of Economic Direct Action. We want you to form unions, each in your occupation, in order that you may unite your forces and help us overthrow the economic system that enslaves us both. We want you to organize so that you can take over your respective industries and occupations collectively under the guardianship of all society and for the benefit of all.

We want the factory girls to get together and take over the factories, the store girl to organize to take over distribution, the office girl to take over the clerical work, the houseworkers to form unions to take over the housework. The old order is on the verge of dissolution, and unless woman wakes up and helps us to put things in order a little in advance of the collapse we are afraid that all human relations will be dissolved and all society go to smash.

Woman is powerless to attain her freedom with the political ballot in her hand. If she organizes industrially with the men, her freedom is born in the same moment that the organization is accomplished, and will spring into full life as soon as the organization becomes general enough to become a power.

## "Industrial Engineer"

**The above signature appears at the top of the article "Political Schemes in Industry" in this number. Those who have not read the same author's article "The Scourge of Politics in a Land of Manna" in our September issue should get it.**

**"INDUSTRIAL ENGINEER" will continue to write for the O. B. U. Monthly. Do not miss any of these articles. They are epoch making.**

# GENERAL DEFENSE

By WM. D. HAYWOOD

Three members are held in the County Jail at Aberdeen, South Dakota. Their names are James Howard, Joseph Gortland, and Harry Hornerich. The charge against these men is criminal syndicalism. One of the men has had a preliminary examination and is being held for a jury trial.

This is the first case under this nefarious law to be tried in the State of South Dakota. Great care will be required in the preparation of these cases. They must be won, as the penalty of conviction means to the men involved a term of 25 years in the State Penitentiary. Harold O. Mulks of Chicago has been employed to take care of the preliminary proceedings.

A brief has been filed in the Supreme Court of Iowa in behalf of Henry Tonn to have the cost and expenses in Tonn's case paid by Linn County. This was originally granted upon proper showing being made by Henry Tonn in his appeal by order of the court before which he was tried.

A brief has been filed in the Supreme Court of the State of Missouri on the Writ of Habeas Corpus sued out for Henry Taft et al. A decision should be rendered in this case in the very near future.

A continuance has been taken in the case of Jack Terrell at Enid, Oklahoma.

The three members who were held in jail at Medford, Oklahoma, charged with criminal syndicalism, finally have been released.

Fellow Worker John Alexander, temporary editor of our German paper, was placed under arrest at two different times. The first time, after being held in the Cook County Jail for a number of days, he was released on a deportation bond. The second time he was taken as a draft evader and imprisoned in a military barracks at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill. where he was treated in the most outrageous manner. He was beaten and clubbed and two pails of chemicals were thrown over his head, so that he temporarily lost his eyesight completely, and is permanently injured. He was later released and the charges against him cancelled. As a result of this frightful treatment Fellow Worker Alexander will have impaired eyesight for the balance of his life. Such actions are probably part of the Americanization program now so strenuously urged.

The following letter has been received from Fellow Worker T. S. Wetter of Baltimore, Maryland:

"This is to report to you the progress of the case of William Hoffman, who was arrested at Norfolk.

Acting under your telegraphic instruction, the branch voted to retain J. J. McNamara as attorney for him, and to pay him out of the funds from the 4th of July picnic which were to be remitted to the General Defense Committe. They also decided to send relief to Hoffman, and $10.00 has already been sent to him.

McNamara attended Hoffman's hearing at the Postoffice Building in Norfolk on September 13, and reported to us on his return that the case against Hoffman was one of the rankest frame-ups he had ever seen. He said that Hoffman was charged with burning up the ship upon which he had sailed from Baltimore.

Hoffman was paid off at Wilmington, N. C., and the morning after the ship departed from there it caught fire. The captain who was at the hearing in Norfolk, reported that neither Hoffman nor any other member of the crew had been at the forepeak, where the fire occurred, during the entire trip. The agent of the Department of Justice, however, produced a Negro from Wilmington, N. C., who testified that Hoffman told him that he intended to burn up the ship. The Negro also said that he had met Hoffman in New Haven, Conn., in 1916.

Hoffman was a delegate of the A. W. O. in their drive at that time and was no nearer New Haven than a thousand miles, but nevertheless on the strength of the uncorroborated testimony of this Negro, who is probably trying to escape a jail sentence for boot-legging or some similar offense, Hoffman was bound over to the grand jury under $2,500.00. McNamara says that he does not believe in case of an indictment that a conviction can be secured in this case.

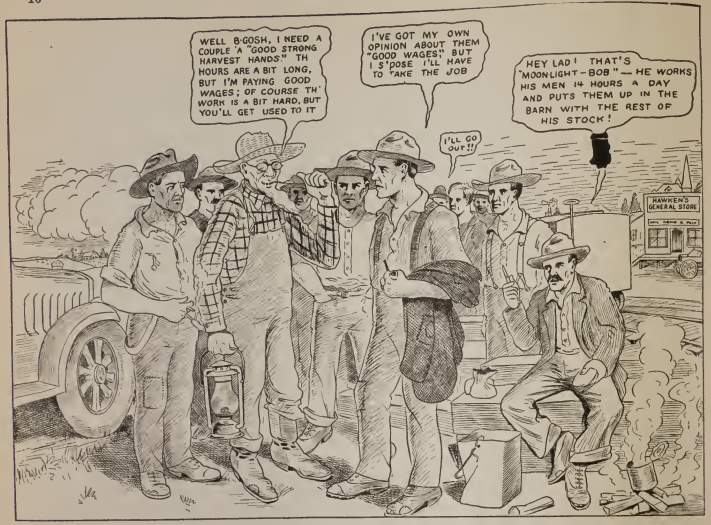
The Commissioner told McNamara that Hoffman was held more on account of his presumptive state of mind (meaning his membership in the I. W. W.) than any actual evidence against him."

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Since the government attorneys agreed to accept $50,000.00 joint bond for the Chicago group four members have been released from Leavenworth Penitentiary, two on parole and two on bond.

We have accumulated $43,000.00 in Liberty Bonds. This sum will be deposited with the Appellate Court on September 23 with the request that it be accepted as the bond required, as when the sum of $50,000.00 was proposed, it was understood that only $35,000.00 of this was to be Liberty Bonds and $15,000.00 property bonds. Having the amount of $43,000.00, as mentioned above, we are in hopes that it will be accepted.

Please remember that there are still hundreds of fellow workers who must be bailed out or who must be given a legal defense. Do not allow your efforts in their behalf to stop for a moment.


WELL B-GOSH, I NEED A COUPLE A "GOOD STRONG HARVEST HANDS" TH HOURS ARE A BIT LONG, BUT I'M PAYING GOOD WAGES; OF COURSE TH WORK IS A BIT HARD, BUT YOU'LL GET USED TO IT
I'VE GOT MY OWN OPINION ABOUT THEM "GOOD WAGES," BUT I S'POSE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE JOB
I'LL GO OUT!!!
HEY LAD! THAT'S "MOONLIGHT-BOB" — HE WORKS HIS MEN 14 HOURS A DAY AND PUTS THEM UP IN THE BARN WITH THE REST OF HIS STOCK!
HAWKEN'S GENERAL STORE


WELL BY GOSH OLD HEMLOCK! I RECKON IF YOU FELLER'S ARE ALL STUCK TO-GETHER THIS WAY, I'LL HAVE T' HIRE YE AT YER OWN TERMS B-GUNDER!!
IN THE ANCIENT DAYS THE HUMAN RACE WAS COMPELLED TO ORGANIZE TO PROTECT ITSELF FROM THE WILD BEASTS — YOU SEE WE HAVE SIMPLY TAKEN A HINT FROM OUR REMOTE ANCESTORS.
HAWKEN'S GENERAL STORE
SOLID
BUTT

# With "400" Through The Harvest Fields

BY JACK GAVEEL

The battle with the capitalist class is primarily a struggle with the ignorance of the workers. The workers themselves by their apathy and indifference give their exploiters the power to rob and crush them. If it was not for this ignorance among the workers the capitalist class would have to surrender this very minute.

To possess an I. W. W. card is not sufficient. We can look back over the pages of History and in studying the great accomplishments of the Human Race we find that every step made in the direction of a greater Freedom from the Tyranny of Nature and man was only possible because it was the fruit of struggle, the struggle between the new and the old.

The good things of life do not drop out of the clouds as the result of a wish or a prayer but come to us only as the inevitable gain of determined and intelligent effort.

Do not let us forget that the I. W. W. is not an organization based on mutual admiration or admiration of its principles. Nor is it an organization, membership in which will ensure to the member, as if by some sort of magic, better conditions of life. These things have to be fought for and taken by power. The I. W. W. is an organization which finds its explanation in the Class Struggle. With capitalist blood suckers and pirates in palaces and exploited, crushed and bleeding working class victims in the slums there can be no peace. A struggle, at first blind and unconscious of the bigger issues involved, gradually develops into the conscious and determined class struggle of the Revolutionary Proletariat to rid the working class and the world at large of the pest and curse of Capitalism. The only way that this can and will be done is by the workers taking possession of the means of production and distribution. When the workshops of the world shall have been taken away from the greedy clutch of the ravenous and blood-thirsty vultures who have stolen them, production for profit will cease and production for use will take its place.

It is therefore a fight to the bloody finish and under the present social arrangement the revolutionary members of the working class have no time for anything else. Furthermore, this fight of the workers to eliminate the capitalists as a class and also for the more immediate issues, such as shorter hours and higher wages, I say this struggle must be waged by the workers themselves as they alone stand to gain, and gain immensely, by a successful issue.

Fellow workers: Do not be simply "Card Men". So are the members of the A. F. of L. And where do you find them? Down in the mud grovelling and snivelling at their masters' feet, glad of every chance to lick their boots. And do you know what made your organization, the I. W. W., what it is today? What is there in the O. B. U. that it should strike terror in the hearts of the American Capitalists? What disquieting fascination does it hold over the exploiters of the working class that they should curse it and cowardly misrepresent it? Has it not been the alertness and awakeness of its fighting members, their determination to fight like tigers instead of laying down like lambs, yes to fight under all circumstances.

Your mind is on a "stake". In spite of all your revolutionary utterings in the Union Hall, the minute you set foot on your master's sacred job your vision of the One Big Fighting Union of all the workers goes up in smoke. Do you not know that the source of all Revolutions is to be found in Human Industry and not in a hall?

And you talk after this to the unorganized and to the new members in the organization and tell them that the possession of a card alone will not change conditions or give Liberty from Slavery but that these can only come as the clearly bought laurels of a battle in which each member in the organization exerts himself to the utmost, giving to the great Cause of Industrial Democracy the best that is in him.

Have you forgotten the picture of the Worker behind the bars. What has become of your promises to him? What of your significant statement; "We are out here for you." Is this worker, looking at you thru iron bars out of fever eyes, sunken back in an emaciated face, so soon to be forgotten and left to his terrible doom and all for the sake of a STAKE.

And what is a stake that it should make you a despicable contemptible wage slave yet once more, that it should cause you to forsake and trample in the dust your sacred principles as if they had been so much cheap thrash and rubbish cut out of some capitalist newspaper. Has not each winter always found you again homeless, penniless and shivering with the thin blood that comes from starvation?

Do you know that if you are ever to become free, if ever the cold, bony claws of dark and gaunt death are to be torn from your children's throats, SOMEBODY has got to make a beginning. And on whom does this duty rest more than on YOU the members of the I. W. W.?

Life is a gamble. Nothing, especially great issues, is ever accomplished without taking a chance. The man who, knowing this, still stands off to one side is a cur.

Do not be a Card Man. Be a fighter.

The plain is exhaling fire. Not a breeze stirs. Tired and sore muscles are forced into submission. Men and horses are stupified by the terrible heat. They stumble and move on in a trance. Strong lungs gasp, bold hearts falter. Not even a drink of cool water to wash the fire out of burning tissues.

Who are these men? What do they think? Are they thinking of lands and homes in far climes long

since forgotten? Are they thinking of next winter when the frozen breath of the North will tear their rags to shreds and chill their hearts? Do they know that the creators of all wealth are slaves, that the growers of bread starve? Are their thoughts with the Organization they belong to? Do they dwell on a plan of campaign in the fight for the workers' control of the wheat fields?

Or haven't they got any thoughts. Can it be that the crushing weight of slavery and degradation has made brutes out of them? Have they ceased to think? Are they nothing but automatons moving at the crack of the whip?

Gone are the sacred oaths, the solemn promises, the lofty aspirations and the inspiring ideals. They have only one thought. It consumes their brain and in its feverish heat all former resolutions, nay, even the vision of the One Big Union of all the workers are dissolved in a vague and formless mist. Yes they are out to make a STAKE.

This realization comes like the thrust of a knife held in the hand of a traitor. It is maddening, stunning, exasperating. How battle the already unbearable heat any longer? Where find new strength to conquer the gnawing pain of dry joints, aching bones and cramping muscles? Come, welcome stupor induced by the heat, come and sink your poison fangs into me. Saturate my tortured mind with your opium, which I know brings about deep sleep. Enfold me and make me forget.

So it is not a battle with the capitalists but with ignorant, indifferent and slavish workers. No hold on it is a battle with both. This idea is the only one which emerges out of the seething mass of crazy mentality which pounds and throbs in the brain. What must be done? There is no answer, no solution. An inspiring and hopeful class war against capitalist exploiters and despoilers has become a dull, hopeless and exasperating revolt against the ignorance and the slavishness of the workers. The bottom has been knocked out of the firmest convictions. The most ardent expectations have been shattered. It is a nightmare. The battle is over. All past efforts to no avail. Slavery has conquered. Black night and despair sit on the throne.

And yet, born from black despair and misery, the incarnation of the slavery and degradation of millions of workers, there arises on the highest hilltops towards the East and Russia a vision. It is REVOLUTION, swathed in the fires of the rising Sun. With the Sun it rises out of black night and despair and as it mounts ever higher and higher its flood of flashing light sets the world on fire. Listen, already millions of feet can be heard tramping. The fires in the workshops of the world have become cold. The earth is shaking with the roar of workers' voices, giving utterance to long pent up emotions. And ever the conflagration spreads, fed on the rottenness and corruption of a cankerous and decaying civilization. Oceans and mountain chains no longer form any barriers. The whole world is in birth. The workers are taking possession of the earth. Armies and navies are marshalled on both sides and the planet shakes with the thunder of their feet. Work has ceased. Food supplies are being confiscated. The revolution is on. Passions are unleashed and given free play. Blood is shed. Heroes become immortal. Death stalks abroad. But what about that? Revolution has entered and claimed the world. It leads the march to Freedom. Its blazing torch is an inspiration to the oppressed of the earth. In the red conflagration lies the settlement of all old debts, because in one fell swoop it levels off all inequalities, injustices and wrongs.

Anybody who has been out in the fields with the boys of "400" this summer knows that the sentiment for the O. B. U. is sweeping the country. Never did workers join the I. W. W. so readily. Just mentioning the O. B. U. seemed to act contagiously on the mind of workers who so far had kept aloof. A. W. I. U. 400 delegates were to be found in all the small towns pretty near thru the Dakotas. And what struck one in particular was the big number of these delegates. One to every three members I should say. (That there are stirring times ahead and days of power to the I. W. W. so soon as each one of its members appoints himself a delegate, of this there can be no doubt.) A skirmish line had been thrown out, running thru all the leading gateways into the harvest country, a veritable ring of steel. Delegations of I. W. W. delegates met all incoming trains at the depot to interview new arrivals. Generally the speaker who first addressed the scissorbill succeeded in transferring a red card to his pocket. If however, the first attempt was unsuccessful reserve forces would rush to the attack and the game would go on in this fashion till even Mr. Block's solid ivory ball could not stand the onslaught any longer and split under the terrific blows delivered by the sledge-hammer of education. True a few scissors managed to break thru the iron ring and found their way to the hotels. However, here they never stopped very long, because after a few very vital questions put to the hotel proprietor and some stray hay seeds the answer would invariably come: "Yep, this burg is solid I. W. W." After that these hopeless characters could be seen making a bee line back to the depot, to catch the first train out. They no doubt would have liked to make the nearest water tank to catch a freight which would have saved them fare. But even this bliss was denied them as they knew that, before boarding a side door Pullman, the I. W. W. conductor would challenge them for a red ticket. Even the enjoyment of a nice shady and well provisioned jungle was denied these hapless creatures.

I remember a brakie coming up to the three of us, all wobblies, at Glenwood, Minn., when we were waiting to make a rambler down the line to Fairmount, N. D. This shag was one of the crew on the train we were going to make. His first question when he got within speaking distance of us was: "If we were going to make her"? Upon an affirmative answer he challenged us for a red card. After we produced the goods, came the reply: "Pile on".

The same shag later on came up to our car further down the line and notified us that there was a "Scissor" on the train, inquiring at the same time if there was an organizer "in the Bunch". Taking his good advise to heart we went down, located Mr. Block in his place of concealment and enrolled another member in the ranks of the I. W. W.

Incidents such as the above, showing the growing sympathy of the railway workers with the principles of the O. B. U., were a daily occurrence this summer. What will happen when 520 (600) and 110 (400) are lined up 100% solid in the One Big Union is not hard to foresee. I can see before my mind's eye the fields deserted, the fires cold, the separators asleep, the horses standing idly in their stables and the wheat rotting in the fields. And beyond in the background the rails covered with rust, the ties rotting, the stillness of the fields unmarred by the hoarse bellow of the whistle. Boxcars are deserted on sidings. No smoke trail is to be seen anywhere across the horizon, and the scabs that would vain come to take the places of the striking Agricultural workers have to stay back in their slums and rat holes because thru the Solidarity of the railroad workers neither passenger nor freight trains are operating.

Very instructive to listen to were some of the conversations carried on between the boys of 400 and the farmers. A freight train would stop in the yards of a small town. A farmer, instinctively sensing you might say the presence of a bunch of pesky go-abouts in some box car, would come along sniffing the air with apprehension of at last securing the so long desired and prayed for valuable labor power. Finally he would locate the peskies. After the usual exchange of the customary greetings would come the question: "You boys looking for work." Next would come an inquiry on the part of the boys regarding conditions such as hours, wages, docking, etc. There was also the question of "If all going to and from the job should be done on the boss's time or on the workers' time" I may mention here that this question was broached in the jungles at Leeds, N. D., during a business meeting of the 400 members present there and it was unanimously voted upon to work ten hours from collar to collar, this meaning that in a workday of ten hours all going to and from the job shall be done on the Farmer's time.

But to come back to the subject. After an inquiry about conditions if it was found that the farmer did not want to obey the law of 400 in regard to hours and wages no amount of talk or persuasion by John could induce the 400 boys to stay in that part of the country. The train would pull out and leave the desperate farmer standing on the siding by the elevator. And not only one trainload of harvest stiffs would behave in this maddening manner. Load after load would pull out if the conditions offered were not up to the grade required. And every load that pulled by, without evincing the least inclination to go to work, would leave the desperate farmer still more desperate.

If anything will break the proverbial obstinacy of the rustic and set him thinking it is methods such as the above. This is an education which will soften the hardest skull. True, long before we had the A. W. I. U. 400 there were efforts on the part of harvest workers to better their conditions by refusing to sell their labor power below a certain wage. However, these early efforts were only sporadic and the work of individuals rather than the activity of an organization. Today it is different. The farmers are faced with an Organization of harvest workers that means business. This is the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 400 (now No. 110) of the I. W. W., which rallies to its banner all workers working in the wheat fields of North America. Engineers, separator men, firemen, water wagon haulers, grain haulers, grainary men, spike pitchers, bundle pitchers, bundle teamsters, all come under its head. If one member of that organization, which this summer includes the bulk of the men working in the harvest fields, makes a demand for eighty cents an hour and ten hours a day the whole Organization makes it. What the outcome is going to be is not difficult to foresee. We might just as well lay our prejudices aside right now and acknowledge facts. This is what the ex-capitalists of Russia had to do and this will also have to be done by the Capitalists of the U. S. Yes before long the workers who are enriching the farmer by their creative toil and enabling him to send his offspring to college will be a factor to reckon with. These men are no longer to be considered as dogs fit only to sleep with the pigs. They are going to demand the right to live like men, and also a bigger share of the wealth they produce and finally all of it, i. e. the harvest fields of America with their productive Machinery.

You laugh. So did at one time the Czar of all the Russians. So did all the other tyrants who crushed the people in the dust till that same people rose up and wiped clean the slate with the blood of said tyrants. Russia today. America tomorrow.

At one small town where we stopped to switch cars an old farmer came up to interview the "millionaires of the road." When asked by the wobblies why, if he wanted men, he did not pay the wages asked for, he started to complain of the H. C. of L. Thereupon a keen wobbly told him that if on account of the H. C. of L. he could not pay the wages demanded it seemed funny that he had not the least objection to writing out a cheque for a few hundred dollars to a lightning rod or weather cock agent. Shocking especially was much discussed, it being pointed out that the farmer sits on the binder doing nothing while the hired men do the shocking. As this plainly shows that shocking is extremely unpleasant and hard work and as furthermore the workers have enabled the farmer to sit on his binder and take it easy, if the farmer wants any shocking done he had better come thru with the same wages that he pays for threshing.

And so it went on. There was talk about the commercial clubs and the bankers, the Non-Partisan

League and the I. W. W. Especially was it shown that if the farmers had a right and found it a good thing to organize, so had the workers. Weren't the bankers organized to set the wage scale in the harvest fields? If not, how was it then that all farmers seemed to have entered into a conspiracy this summer to pay only sixty or seventy cents an hour, and this in spite of the fact that their grain was rotting in the fields for lack of help? There was surely no sense in this from the farmers' point of view. So it could not be the farmers who were behind this. The only explanation left was the bankers. Yes that was it. The farmers owed the bankers much money. If the farmers paid their hired help too much it would mean so much in the pockets of the workers and so much out of the coffers of the bankers. So the farmers must not pay their hands too much. To this the bankers saw by threatening to foreclose on those who owed them and by refusing the use of their money to others.

And how could such a One Big Union of capitalist Exploiters and leeches be met otherwise than by the One Big Union of the workers. Certainly this One Big Union of the Workers could swing the bankers into line by causing the wheat to rot in the fields. And sooner than see this happen the bankers would come over to the terms of the I. W. W.

Yes much education has been handed out, great enthusiasm shown, many new members lined up and the Organization perfected. And still "400" is not perfect by any means yet. We who claim to be an organization for the purpose of eventually controlling the Agricultural Industry of North America, must start our constructive work at home, i. e. right on the job. We cannot expect the workingclass to ever develop the power and the intelligence to run the Industries of the world without first paying attention to such elementary principles as shorter hours and higher wages. The workers' political power, that is, their power to make their voice heard in the affairs of society and the world, can only then be developed when they belong to an organization which knows how to shorten hours and increase wages. As hours are shortened, wages increased and better food, better clothes and better dwellings are to be had, while also a greater opportunity for education is afforded. As a result the workers will begin to make themselves felt as an economic power. At the same time they will develop a sense of power, which will slowly permeate society.

So, first of all, it is a question of organizing to shorten hours and raise wages. But even this requires different tactics from the ones which the A. W. I. U. has been following so far. Space is becoming limited and I will therefore only point out as briefly as I can some of the most salient points.

At present too much of the energy spent by "400" in the harvest fields depends on blind chance for success. There is first of all the question of the labor market. The harvest starts and workers flock blindly without any plan all over the country. The result is that in some parts there are no workers to do the work at all while in other parts the country is flooded. When the Government can get out maps showing the location of good crops and bad crops of a big acreage and a small one, cannot we do the same thing. We have got to have some plan so that we will know where to send not only our own men but also the unorganized. Otherwise where they have a bumper crop and a big acreage there will be no men at all while a country that has been burned or hailed out is liable to be flooded. Anybody can see that with a panic on as the result of a swamped labor market there is not the least chance to make job conditions or line up men in the I. W. W. Therefore the I. W. W. ought to have information bureaus posted on the condition of the crops all over the country, which will guide the actions of the workers going out in the wheat fields.

There is the question of the delegates, too. Some localities have a surplus, others have none at all. What is the matter with, if in any locality delegates are needed, sending word to the above mentioned Information Bureaus. These can then see to it that the demand is supplied. Each locality after the required amount of delegates has been furnished can then report back to the bureau so that at all times we know just where we stand on this question.

Another thing we should have, is some educational system. Let "400" start classes to instruct its delegates in the I. W. W. theory so that they in turn will know how to explain the principles of the I. W. W. to the men to be lined up and especially to the new members. Lack of grasp of the I. W. W. philosophy is often the cause of new members dropping out.

Another way of education is to send the soapboxer thru the fields while the harvest is on. Although speaking alone will not build up the O. B. U., yet, in conjunction with a determined and great drive, it is an ally not to be ignored.

Finally, there is the question of the job committee. We can and must have it in the fields, the same as revolutionary workers are going to have it in the shops. When a number of I. W. W.'s go to work on a job threshing, that job should be organized right away. Let a committee of two or three be elected. Its first duty should be to examine the cards of all men on the job. Another of its duties will consist in seeing to it that all unorganized workers are lined up. The first day on the job the engine might shut down for a couple of hours. Of course the workers will pull in at six o'clock anyway. Ten hours to them means ten hours from barn to barn, no matter how many hours they actually work. Anyway, the committee should interview the farmer the same night after coming home, to find out if any docking has been done.

Some of these questions should be discussed at the next convention. Let us quit fighting over technicalities in our laws and by-laws. Let us initiate a move to perfect the Organization so that it will get the goods. And above all, we do not be card men, but be fighters.




THE FATAL EMBRACE

# Principles and Prisons

**Prepared Address by Brent Dow Allinson**

It is a serious matter to speak before a meeting of Industrial Workers of the World on any subject at any time, but to be scheduled to speak on "Principles and Prisons" without any warning being given or any agreement made when one has only just graduated from the penitentiary—literally thrown out upon an arid and heartless world—with the prison simplicity still obviously clinging to him, is reason enough for anxiety if not for actual panic of soul. What, under Heaven, is to be said on the subject of principles and prisons when the very terms themselves are mutually exclusive and antithetical? Surely nobody with any principles would ever get to prison and nobody in prison can possibly have any principle!

I had no sooner said this to myself, however, than I realized that I was wrong—pitifully wrong. Like President Wilson I was ignoring facts, in the fever of my (suppressed) desire to escape the clutches of "Big Bill"! The world has been turned upside down and inside out—or rather outside in—the last couple of years and the interesting result has followed that a considerable proportion of the men of principle are on the inside, especially in America. There are some people who think that this is the most successful and convenient way to Americanize our heterogeneous population. I have been on the inside for a considerable period of time, however, and I do not agree with them. In fact I think they should go there first—especially Judges and Liberals—before they talk about Americanizing anybody.

Prisons, like almost everything else in human society, have at the bottom an economic reason for their existence. On the surface, however, they are explained and justified by a theory, usually "moral." There are two "moral" theories, to be exact, by which prisons are maintained and defended. The first is the theory of Free-Will and the second is its natural corrollary, the theory of punishment. The theory of free-will holds, to put it briefly, that every individual is "the architect of his own destiny", a free moral agent, a being free to act as he will for good or evil and therefore deserving to be held to a strict accountability for his acts and for their moral consequences. It is a theory that flourished easily in a period of economic individualism and of extraordinary economic opportunities. It is a remnant, in my judgment an unscientific and erroneous remnant, of Puritanism—a theory that has done vastly more harm than good in the world. It has been the bulwark of legal barbarities and religious tyrannies and frauds for centuries; in its name atrocious cruelties have been inflicted upon the invalid and the weak, the young and the delinquent, the indigent and the insane. It is universally recognized that very young children are not responsible for their behaviour. At just what period, then, in the life of a man does he become a sovereign moral agent individually responsible for his acts? At eighteen or twenty-one? Who can say? It is a matter, not of years, but purely of education.

A man is the sum of his experiences touched, sometimes, with a spark of aspiration—of experiences which themselves are the products of the complicated interaction of environmental influences and hereditary traits. His education may have been carefully supervised and consciously directed by parents and teachers, in which case he is likely to become a law-abiding and useful citizen—but far more frequently his education is a matter of accident rather than design, or it is neglected altogether. How, in such an event, can an individual be blamed for "going wrong"? Yet he is in fact not only blamed for it by citizens and judges but he is sent to prison with others of his kind to "pay a debt to society." The debt, in fact, is more probably upon the other side.

An astonishingly small percentage of human conduct is deliberative or rational or in any true sense dictated by ideas—so small, indeed, that a man who attempts to act upon principle or rational theory, in war time particularly, is almost sure to be regarded as a fit subject for an asylum or a penitentiary. And of that small percentage of conduct in which reason appears to operate to select a given course among a number of possible alternatives, the choice which is made is determined in advance by the temperament and education, i. e. the instincts and accumulated personal experiences of the individual agent. In a word, when men choose deliberately they do so under what might be called a compulsion of inevitable choice, and when they do not choose rationally or deliberately they are the creatures of undisciplined instincts and untrained emotions, or of their instinctive and emotional prejudices, to be studied and commiserated with and taught rather than condemned. This, I believe, was the true meaning of Jesus Christ when he said: "Judge not, that ye be not judged!" He was condemning the moralistic attitude and the Theory of Free-Will. Certainly the obsession that men are willful saintsor sinners—free moral agents acting in some kind of a social vacuum for good or evil, as they will,—is an uncritical, unscientific, Puritanical barbarism verging on a monstrosity!

The second theory by which prisons and penitentiaries and our whole machinery of injustice is maintained is the theory of punishment. But it we deliver into the hands of professional tortures men and women who are convicted, often by handpicked juries, not necessarily of crime in the moral sense, but of some violation of law, regardless of whether the act for which they have been convicted be evil or not, and equally regardless of whether the individual be responsible or not and of whether the punishment will do him any good or not. It is simply a case of revenge—that is the only way it can be explained—revenge taken by the agents of society upon the offending individual. Now punishment may, on rare occasions, be useful in the correction of a naughty child, provided always that the child understands why it is being punished. But does anyone who knows aught of life really believe for a moment today that the infliction of pain by one adult human being upon another awakens in the latter anything but hatred and rebellion, achieves anything but malignance and contumacy and spiritual debasement all around? If there be anyone who does, I invite him to go to prison and see for himself. He will find, as I have found, that the theory of punishment is a rank and stupid fallacy that fails miserably to do what it is intended to do. Jails and prisons and penitentiaries do not reform. They do not make useful citizens out of bad ones; they breed crime. They corrupt and embitter and degrade, both officers and inmates; they intensify the selfishness and ignorance which they are designed, or believed to be designed, to reform. They are, I am convinced, worse than useless as they exist today. In the words of Lester F. Ward, one of the greatest thinkers America ever produced —"Just as men imagine that they would commit crime but for certain Governmental restraints, so they think they would do wrong but for religious restraints when in fact they would do just the same as now, if neither existed."

The men who direct and supervise the establishments in which we confine our offenders are with few exceptions, totally unfit for the responsibility. They are generally without scientific training of any kind and are without interest in the men over which they have virtually power of life and death, save an economic interest in their exploitation or something worse—a sadistic interest in their torture. They are often much inferior intellectually and morally to their slaves. Generally speaking,

prisoners in our penitentiaries have nothing but contempt for their masters and wardens; how could it be otherwise? The penitentiary at Leavenworth is a palace of corruption and human degeneracy which costs the tax-payers of the United States something more than a million dollars every year to maintain. It is an institution so designed and so administered that, I firmly believe, a course in it would make a sneak-thief of St. Peter and a confidence-man or worse of the Angel Gabriel!

There is no attempt at study or scientific classification of the prisoners there, no psychiatric or correctional medical work of any kind. A prisoner who seeks to maintain his dignity by refusing to become a "stool-pigeon" (this is called "refusal to co-operate with the authorities") may virtually abandon hope of winning a parole because the granting of parole is in the hands of the local officials—the Warden, the Doctor, and often the Chief Clerk, composing the Parole Board, together with one official from the Department of Justice in Washington. Recently a rule has been introduced to the effect that a prisoner may not even appear before the parole board if he has been reported for any infraction of rule within six months prior to the meeting of the board. Inasmuch as a guard can report—and can be instructed to report—a prisoner at any time, for the most trivial offense such, for instance, as standing out of place in line, any prisoner can be disbarred from parole indefinitely, if the local officials desire it. This neat arrangement, together with the small number of men who have been paroled in the last few years and the known corruption in the enforcement of the Parole Law, is the reason why a bill has been introduced in Congress providing for the automatic parole of first offenders at the expiration of one-third of their sentences.

The treatment of the political prisoners whom the war has sent to the penitentiary is the same as that of the ordinary "criminal" save that, on the whole, he gets distinctly the worst of it. Vilified by the controlled newspapers and being in a tiny minority, without the gang protection and means of communication with the outside world that habitues of the underworld possess, he is exposed to the unscrupulous intrigues of stool-pigeons and provocateurs and victimized by his own naivete and ignorance of the ways of the underworld and of prisons which, in their psychology and atmosphere, at least, are a part of it. The political prisoner is regarded as either a freak fit for an asylum or some sort of a camouflaged crook—"criminals at heart and nuts" the Deputy Warden at Leavenworth calls them—who doesn't "fit in." Most of them, to their credit be it said, do not try to "fit in", in the sense of playing the degraded prison game. It is a deep scandal and disgrace that prisoners of this type should be sent to the penitentiaries by a nation which regards itself as enlightened and liberal. I feel convinced that if political prisoners as a class are to be recognized in America and dealt with in a dignified and creditable way it will be solely through the demands of organized labor.

I have spoken of the theories by which prisons are maintained and of some of the abuses which accompany their maintenance. But the reason why our prisons and penitentiaries are the miserable failures that they are is not merely because they aim to punish rather than to reform, nor because they are directed and controlled by politicians for politicians instead of by scientists for society. These evils might be corrected if an aroused public opinion demanded it. The ultimate reason for their failure lies in the corruption and dishonesty which pervades our entire machinery of government and which is expressed strikingly in the remark, often heard at Leavenworth, that a man who steals a mail-pouch is sent to the penitentiary while a man who steals and loots a railroad or a whole system of railroads, is sent to the Senate!

I am informed not only that nearly 500,000 men and women leave our jails and penitentiaries every year but that over 80 per cent of the offenses for which these men and women were incarcerated are offenses against private property. For this the gross and shocking inequalities in the distribution of wealth are, undeniably, largely responsible.

It is easy enough to say with the more extreme Communists, for instance, that if one would abolish crime and criminals and prisons one has only to abolish private property—but to say so is no more relevant to the solution of our practical and pressing problem than to say, for instance, that "Money is the root of all evil" and rest content with saying so. Both statements are true enough in their way. Private property is, however, one of the oldest of human institutions and while private ownership of essentially public services and resources will, I believe, be rapidly extinguished, private property in some form, probably in many forms, will remain. And therefore it is reasonable to suppose that offenses against private property, as well as other offenses, will continue. Thus it is that, whether one is a capitalist or a "prowling terrier", an individualist or a communist, one must face as a citizen the challenge which prisons make and endeavor to find a solution for the accusing fact and prevalence of crime—a fact which is a constant menace to the success of organized society and government, and to the success of popular government in particular.

What the solution may be I shall, perhaps, attempt to outline at another time. But in approaching this perennial and often baffling problem nothing seems to me so important as to hold steadily to the conviction, tested and sustained by observation and actual experience, that men and women are seldom, if ever, to blame for being what they are, that they act nine times out of ten and perhaps ten times out of ten, in the only way they know how to act, and that punishing them will never alter their characters or their conduct for the better. Muscle cannot do the work of mind and not until the mind of the offender is reached and quickened with transformed desire will the man be changed

# As To The Third International

By George Hardy

Much discussion is now going on throughout the organization on the "Third International." This is only natural since the world's working class movement is gradually swinging to the left, and revolutions are occuring that give an impetus to thought which must inevitably result in some action.

There is no mistaking where the I. W. W. stands in the world's movement, but there is a doubt in the minds of some as to what is the best policy to pursue in the field of revolutionary activity. So intense is this feeling that one is bound to feel that a swing to the side of either extremity would be disastrous, that is: to refuse to endorse the 3rd International, or to agree wholesale to Zinovieff's "appeal to the I. W. W." It is one thing to sit behind a red army and tell others what to do, and to face a condition without power and do the things advocated by those powerful.

The I. W. W. is with our Russian comrades in the fight for their Communist Republic and the spirit of the I. W. W. spells the proletarian dictatorship. Our whole history is one of intense struggle and our death records of the last year shows our members are on the firing line. So we are forced, while assaying our critics, to come to conclusions which takes us outside of our everyday struggle as a revolutionary unit in America.

What is it we are asked to do by those who seem to disagree with us? "Indorse parliamentary action for revolutionary purposes," say those seeking to turn us into a channel we left in 1908. To this we answer: "Are you trying to make the I. W. W. fit you for reasons obvious in all movements? If not, why are you outside the I. W. W., criticizing us when the I. W. W. has in its program all the elements of an Industrial Communistic Republic?

The I. W. W. will remain scientific and reserve the right to use its own tactics according to conditions prevailing at a given time. Our membership can vote for revolutionary candidates for bourgeois parliaments if they want, and do vote at times, when they feel it necessary, but we do not want to become infested with political office seekers, and therefore we reject the appeal of Zinovieff and our American critics to participate in elections as an organization. Further, we are satisfied, if our Russian Fellow Workers were asking us today to do something they might write a different document. Zinovieff's appeal was written in January, 1920.

It is the armed force part of Zenovieff's appeal that makes it impossible for us to endorse it. We refuse to stick our head above the trenches while a barrage is on. Lenine can be counted as one of the greatest tacticians and was naturally called a "compromiser with capital" when he showed a tendency to pay interest on old debts. It was no compromise, it was a tactical manoeuvre in the field of **Political Science** and the old politicians of the ruling class knew it, and that is why it was not adopted. It was an attempt to stop the hostilities until the Russian Proletarians could dig themselves in. We also reserve the right to develop our own tactics in the field of action.

A great deal of misunderstanding arises out of the various conceptions as to what constitutes the State. The State is nothing but the necessary machinery to keep in subjection the working class, and the corrollary is: to maintain the supremacy of the ruling class—the present economic masters. We cannot, as the world's events have shown, hope to penetrate bourgeois parliaments and win by any such methods—**Power, Economic Power** is the only weapon to conquer the State. We mean by power—to create a **Greater Social Force** which will overcome the power of the State and inaugurate a Proletarian State operating and controlling the forces of production and distribution thru the Industrial Units in field, factories, mines, etc.

We propose to solve this problem on the economic plane. Thru our units—called central councils—regional or community councils drawing their representation from the organs of production and distributions. By this method we always keep inside the working class organizations within the industries—we mean industry in its broadest sense—thus we gather the political expression of the workers and co-ordinate it for defensive and offensive purposes. The money spent in this way is better than putting it up for election fees to Capitalist governments and loosing. We don't think the masters will allow the advocacy of things obnoxious to them, even though it is election time—no camouflage goes with the ruling class.

There is only one course open for the I. W. W., that is to give our endorsement to the 3rd International with the above reservations. The last G. E. B. voted in favor of becoming a constituent part of the 3rd International. They reported their reason in their report to the last annual convention.

Now the new G. E. B. asks the members to decide. Let the members be awake to outside influences. Discuss this impartially. We can endorse the 3rd International, but we must do it with our future in mind and regard for our status in the world's revolutionary movement. Do not be influenced by spellbinders and hair-splitting debates. Let your decision be rendered on the basis of actual facts. The I. W. W. cannot afford to be outside the realm of the real revolutionary working class movement which has for its aim **Freedom for the Working class** and **No-compromise.**

# Where Are We Going?

By Geo. Andreytchine

Moscow or Amsterdam? This is the question. The Russian fellow workers who sent the appeal for an International of Revolutionary Unions, ask: Between the two existing Internationals, which does the I. W. W. prefer to join? Gompers, Jouhaux. Legien, D'Aragona, Appleton—being not as much concerned about the transformation of capitalist society into a Commonwealth of Labor as in conserving the existing system of exploitation, have made their choice. They do not make any bones about their intentions—they are after the scalp of the Russian Working Class which stands today on the vanguard of the International Class War.

It is our turn (it has been as a matter of fact for the last three years) to find our place in the world labor movement. It is absurd and utopian to imagine that we can make our own "International", or to isolate ourselves like the timid philosopher in our "ivory tower" and contemplate the panorama of the heroic epic battle waged between two social gladiators—the Producers and Robbers, for the heritage of the world power and therefore natural resources and produced wealth. No, not we! The I. W. W. was born and has grown in the baptism of the bloodiest episodes of the class struggle in the United States; it has borne the brunt of the class struggle and with its countless sacrifices and tenacity has created a place of no mean significance in the history of the labor movement the world over, as the pioneers of a new form of organization, with new set of tactics and a broader and more revolutionary vision than all its predecessors in this country.

A scientific and modern organization like the I. W. W. cannot fail to appreciate the paramount issue and absolute necessity of an organized International effort of all revolutionary organizations to work as one in their attempt to do away with capitalism, and all its gruesome consequences: wage slavery, human exploitation, degradation, ignorance, war and all the rest of its attendant horrors.

The I. W. W. first recognized the international character of the class war; the peculiar conditions in this immense country have shown plainly that in its make up the I. W. W. cannot be but a united whole of the different racial and national groups that are used as "man power" in the industrial mechanism of this classic land of modern Capitalism. Without its inspiring internationalism, this organization would have made no impression on the mind of the downtrodden foreign worker. He is proud of the frank and absolute lack of any taint of nationalism in the make up of our organization. Truly, there is no better example of a model revolutionist, devoid of any national, or racial taint, than the American I. W. W. Being a true proletarian, without a "home", without any worldly goods (save his two hands and more or less permanent jail sojourn), having seen all the revolting cynicism and deception of capitalist morality, the I. W. W. is the incarnation of the Citizen-Producer of the future world Communist Commonwealth.

But in late years we have witnessed a sort of "chauvinism", if you please, towards our own organization, forgetting that nothing in this world is **perfect**, and that an organization must be **flexible** and **easy adaptable** to changing conditions in order to keep pace with the onrushing events. In other words, our simple mind has stopped growing, thinking that no one can teach us a lesson and almost contemptuously have looked upon other movements and other organizations when they try to demonstrate to us that we are wrong. We have gone so far in this direction, as to deny even the greatest lessons of proletarian efforts—sneered and laughed at tragic struggles like the steel strike, not to mention the revolutionary experiments in Hungary and Bavaria, even Russia.

Enough of this, fellow workers! We cannot be the critics of the labor movement in other countries. We must change our attitude of isolation and do something POSITIVE, constructive, rather than constantly criticize.

We must abandon the negative state of mind: it is sterile, barren and leads to inaction. Action is the result of POSITIVE and CREATIVE efforts. action must tend to demonstrate the efficiency of our tactics and practicability of our plans of revolutionary reconstruction of society.

In other words, we cannot do anything worthwhile, unless we realize that **conscious Action** and **example are the most effective instrument of propaganda** of such ideals as we have been preaching for so many years.

To act efficiently, we need the masses. A movement like ours must be a MASS movement, and not a sect of "simon pure" theoreticians, who know Marx or Bakounin by heart but cannot find their way in the perplexing problems of a revolutionary fact.

If we get the masses behind our One Big Union gun, we cannot fire the final shot (le geste finale) all alone, without the aid and solidarity, **in deeds** rather than words, of the workers of other lands. Russia and Hungary have admirably demonstrated this fact. It is Utopian and absurd to expect that the Italian workers can establish a Soviet Republic without the aid (material and moral) of the British, American, Balkan and German working class. They may have a perfect working mechanism and revolutionary trained proletariat, disciplined and conscious of its tremendous power and responsibility (which I doubt), but they cannot feed themselves and their families with bread, for bread is made of foreign wheat; they cannot feed the metal furnaces with iron, copper and zinc, for Jupiter, though he

was an Italian god, has by a magic, omitted Italy from the generous gifts he distributed round once upon a time, and most of all, Italy lacks the "nerve" of modern production—C O A L. The picture looks grim to you, but it is more grim to the **thinking** workers of Italy, who are between the devil and the deep sea (the deep sea being the revolution without a corresponding repercussion in other capitalist countries and the devil being the bankrupt and stupid capitalist class).

It is more absurd to believe that the I. W. W. will bring about the revolution and that it solely will direct the destinies of this immense country. We must once for ever settle this in our minds—no revolution has ever been "run" according to platforms or preambles, constitutions of parties or organizations. It is too great a force, a dynamic cataclysm and cannot be confined in the tenets of one group of workers. In other words, we need the co-operation of other powerful and responsible organizations, in order to give a semblance of a conscious effort to this volcanic eruption. The sooner this penetrates into our minds the better: it will save us much hesitation and aimless adventures. We must learn to be practical. i. e. to **see things as they are**, and not as we **wish** them to be. This lesson, given to us by a no lesser authority than Aristotle, the greatest thinker of the ages.

The situation today is not ideal. It has never been and, I venture to say, it will never be, because the elemental forces that make history are not under human control, and besides no human being is perfect anyway.

We must take things as they come. They have been coming rather fast upon the heads of the I. W. W. It must learn to leap and jump, rather than follow the path and pace it had set up for itself on the outset: It must see the Red Torch from Russia and guide its next step according to the greatest lesson in the class struggle the Proletarian Revolution, which has been in a death grapple with the monster of Capitalism in the last 3 years.

The world situation is such that we are confronted with a dilemma like this: to join an organization that was not created by ourselves neither by our fellow workers in Western Europe, who think and act in the same terms as we do.

The Third International has been destined to become the rallying post of all the labor forces scattered by the war and national hatred; at least those who have the courage to do what they preach.

It is not our fault that most of this group are **political** rather than **Industrial**. The unions are always slower in their choice of weapons and propitious moments for action.

The great **Spanish Syndicalist Confederation of Labor**, which is almost an exact replica of the I. W. W. with its **sindicados unicos**, last fall joined the Third International. The Italian counterpart of the I. W. W.—**L'Unions Sindacale Italiana**, joined unanimously the same fighting organism. **The Shop-Stewards and Workers' Committees** of Great Britain also have joined and sent five delegates to the last congress of the Third. The Bulgarian General Syndical Union, comprising over 40,000 revolutionary workers, unanimously joined the Third.

The I. W. W. has nothing else to do but follow the example of its sister organizations in Europe. No one has illusions about parliamentary action. We condemned it many years ago; we condemn it again with resolution No. 3 in the referendum now before our rank and file. We will not enter the Third International if we have to abdicate our principles and listen to dictation from outside groups or even the International itself. **We will enter the great fighting army of workers whose interest is not to dominate each other, but to overthrow capitalist domination and dictatorship.** Jealousy and mutual suspicion destroyed the great First International. Marx and Bakounin, who have otherwise done a great service to the working class, could have been restrained from the fratricidal work that brought about the death of the first revolutionary effort of the advanced guard of the proletariat of the two continents. In these critical times which we must utilize in order to bring about the downfall of capitalism, we are a little bit closer to the crisis that preceded the death of the First International.

Honest but overjealous of their past traditions and present leading position revolutionary workers in all movements (Merrheim being their leader) not excluding our own, have denounced the Third International in a criminal and stupid manner, disregarding the historic significance of that body, denying it even a right to exist altogether.

Strange as it may seem, we who claim to be scientific socialists and practical workers, have gone so far in our blind fury against leaders of the Third, that one would think that Lenin, Zinoviev, Boukharin and Radek are the absolute dictators of that organization and that there is no room for discussion or even correction. If all of us were present at the second congress of the Third, we would have heard many a harsh word against all the above mentioned individuals from our Fellow Workers Gallacher, Tanner, Clarke, Beech from the Shop Stewards and the delegates of the German Communist Labor Party (Wolfheim and others).

We can join and *we must* join the Third without any injury to our dominant position in this country. We have nothing to lose but all to gain from a fellowship like that of our Russian fellow workers propose to us.

Moreover, when the proposed Economic International is put on firm basis, we can devote all our energies to it. That will be the International of action, the Third remaining the propaganda and educational agency.

When the 4 million Russian workers, organized on industrial lines, like the I. W. W., joined the Third International this year, they set an example for all of us. Nevertheless, they issued the call for an Economic International that would unite all revolutionary bodies of the world, knowing that it will be the backbone of the building up of the Commonwealth of Producers.

If 4 million industrial unionists of Russia endorsed the Third, why not we from America? Our entrance in the Third would give us not only prestige and standing, but actual power over a militant section of the working class in the two Americas, thus creating a revolutionary alliance of action for this continent.

Fellow workers, we must either go to Moscow with the reds, or to Amsterdam with the yellows. For my part, when I joined the I. W. W. I knew it was a red blooded militant organization. Its place is in the Red Third International.

# What "The Industrial Worker" Thinks About International Affiliation

*Editorial in "Industrial Worker" of Sept.* 11, 1920

WE OPPOSE POLITICAL AFFILIATION

During the fifteen years since the inception of the Industrial Workers of the World the organization has had its share of troubles with politicians—both within and without its ranks. The fact that it took an early stand as to political tactics has undoubtedly saved it a great deal more trouble. The organization is again menaced by the efforts of those within our ranks who would commit us as a body to the support of a political group.

The Industrial Worker, which is owned by members of the I. W. W. of the Northwest, reiterates the declaration of the Industrial Workers of the World as to political parties or groups and declares its intention to unhesitatingly stand by that declaration as a matter of principle. It follows:

*"Whereas, The primary object of the Industrial Workers of the World is to unite the workers on the industrial battlefield; and*

*"Whereas, Organization in any sense implies discipline through the subordination of parts to the whole and of the individual member to the body of which he is a part; therefore, be it*

*"Resolved, That to the end of promoting industrial unity and of securing necessary discipline within the organization, the I. W. W. refuses all alliances, direct and indirect, with existing political parties or anti-political sects, and disclaims responsibility for any individual opinion or act which may be at variance with the purposes herein expressed."*

That declaration which is a part of the very structure of our organization, needs reaffirmation today.

The work of the I. W. W. lies upon the economic field. Its duty is to build up an organization of the workers that will grasp economic power and use it to take over the industries and administer them for the workers—"to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown". Every battle of the past and every battle of the future for better conditions and more of the product of labor is only a means to the great end we constantly hold before the working class. That goal looms up ahead clearer now than ever before. Our propaganda and our battles as an organization have very powerfully impressed the toilers of all nations. Let us continue our task, unimpressed by the glitter of Marxian catch phrases or the utterances of politicians of so-called revolutionary countries.

We hold out to the workers of all lands the right hand of fellowship, and we note with pleasure the spread of working class propaganda and working class economic organization. But we refuse to permit the I. W. W. to become the tail of the kite of any political organization, so far as we can use our efforts to prevent it.

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# Where Do We Belong?

By E. W. Latchem (A. W. I. U. No. 110)

The "Appeal of the 3rd International to the I. W. W." and "The Communist Party and Industrial Unionism" both by G. Zinoviev, President of the 3rd International, both of them printed in the September issue of the One Big Union Monthly, are of interest to all, who are working for the emancipation of the world's workers from wage slavery for the reason that they show a sincere desire for closer International affiliation between the various radical groups in all countries, and should be thoroughly discussed pro and con thru our press.

A close study of the above mentioned articles fails to reveal anything that has been overlooked by the I. W. W., but it does show the need of a better understanding of International labor problems so as to avoid waste of time and energy in unnecessary criticism.

True that: "Now is no time to talk of 'building the new society within the shell of the old'." and that is the reason why the I. W. W. has been actively trying to build this new society, instead of merely talking of it, as do some pretended Socialists, who confine their activities to talk and dreams of the grand and glorious times the working class will have when "the new society" has been established, but who take no active part in the work of putting the material at hand into shape so that it can be used in the future society.

By comparing the Structure of the "Workers State" of Russia with that of the I. W. W. we find the following differences and similarities: (These comparisons are made with the soviet form as outlined in the appeal of 3rd Int.)

The I. W. W. unit is the job (or factory) branch which is composed of all members on that particular job, and is directly affiliated with the Industrial Union of that Industry and incidentally with the Industrial District Council or General District Council.

The "Workers State" unit is composed of workers in local factory, red army unit or local peasants soviet, which is directly affiliated with the local city or township soviet; but which has no direct contact with the other workers employed in the same industry.

The General Convention of the I. W. W. (which will be the Workers Legislature of the future) is composed of delegates elected from the different Industrial Unions, who represent the workers of that industry in the most effective way possible under modern Industrial conditions.

The "All Russian Congress of Soviets" is composed of delegates from the City and Provincial Soviets, who represent whatever conglomeration of workers' units that happen to be represented in that soviet. Delegates elected in this manner may be able to function properly in Russia, but if this were to be tried in any country that has highly developed industries it would mean the disruption of the various Industries, which would be a severe blow to workers attempting to run the Industries in their own interests.

The Industrial District Council of the I. W. W. is composed of delegates from all job branches of an Industry in any City or District and enables the workers of that Industry to properly handle matters pertaining to that City or District but has no other authority. The Russian "Workers State" has no counterpart similar to this.

The General District Council of the I. W. W. is composed of delegates from all job branches of all Industries in any City or District and functions to adjust matters between the various Industries of that City or District, but can not interfere in matters concerning the management of individual industries because modern Industrial efficiency makes every part of an industry a cog of the whole machine and any local interference would derange the whole industry. This Council is similar to the City soviet of the "Workers State", but has no direct connection with the General Legislative body.

In the matter of Centralization the I. W. W. has gone the "Workers State" one better. The workers in an industry are in direct touch with each other thru one central office. This is made possible by the job branch and delegate system which functions thru city branch and district offices and makes it possible to get unity in all parts of industry when needed. All matters of importance, such as settlement of strikes, etc., is handled by the workers most concerned and officials have no authority, except that which is necessary for the proper performance of their duties.

In regard to "politics" the I. W. W. stands for "workingclass politics" but has failed to find any that is effective except that which is to be found in the Union Hall where the workers can legislate in regard to matters pertaining to their particular industry. In the face of modern Industrial development any other form of politics tends to mislead the workers.

Our experience with so-called "political actionists both "red" and "yellow" has been that they all, with very few exceptions, want to use the workers to their own ends. In fact the I. W. W. at one time tried to be "broad enough" to take in all who pretended to be revolutionary industrial unionists, but was forced to dump the whole bunch of political actionists overboard to escape disruption from the wrangles of our "good comrades" who were continually using the I. W. W. as the "battle ground" to determine which So-So-socialist P-P-party was the most R-R-R-Revolutionary and which therefore should be entitled to election to act as executives of the master class state on the presumption that they with their wonderful "intellects" could per-

form wonders for the social revolution.

Ever since the I. W. W. rid its preamble of the "political action" clause, we have been able to make headway in organizing a Revolutionary Industrial Union which has been able to strike some mighty blows in behalf of ourselves as workers and which has caused the masterclass of this country to retaliate with the "iron heel" of the last few years. We organized and educated our fellow slaves where ever we were at, in the most effective manner possible for the betterment of working conditions under which we were forced to work. This was done with the full knowledge that it was a necessary part of the struggle which means the final overthrow and removal of Capitalism as a system of society.

While doing this we were vilified and lied about by most of our former revolutionary "friends" some of whom, were of the "safe and sane" variety and could not conceive of any intelligence among the down-trodden migratory workers of the west, and when these workers began to organize and write songs of sarcasm about the jobs and conditions under which they were forced to work and live, this bunch of so-called "educated r-r-revolutionists" were quick to side with the master class in trying to down us with slander and abuse. They made use of their knowledge of workingclass economics, not as an aid to us, but for the base purpose of coining obnoxious and vile phrases to throw at downtrodden workers who were doing all they could to better their working conditions so as to put themselves in a better position for the final struggles with an outworn system that can only exist by keeping the masses in degradation. Of course this was all done in name of the "intelligent revolutionists" who were to have a "safe and sane" revolution.

We could go on indefinitely enumerating the "good work" in behalf of the "revolution", which has been done by our friends of the "intellectual" variety, but it is sufficient to say that in spite of the combined attacks of our "friends" and "enemies" we are still alive and actively working to attain our ends.

The I. W. W. is not only willing but glad to grasp the hands of any body of workers anywhere in the world who have similar aims and objects; but are forced to look with suspicion on all those who but yesterday were stooping lower than the lackeys of the Capitalist class to find material with which to discredit us with the masses as well as with the working class organizations all over the world.

Some of those who attacked us may have done so thru stupidity and ignorance but that is no excuse or reason for exoneration. We have not seen any evidence as yet that our "friends" have done anything but "change clothes" and until the time comes, that they show us symptoms of transformation we can not be expected to have faith in their sincerity even tho they be given the O. K. by all other labor movements.

Those who in the past have contented themselves with the "intellectual attainments" of reciting the writings of Marx and other writers backwards and forwards, without in the least understanding them and dreaming of the "grand and glorious" society of the future and who confined their activities to vilification of those who differed with their pet "hobby", cannot expect the respect of the workers until such time as they "come down out of the skies", roll up their sleeves, and tackle everyday industrial problems as they are and not as they in their dreams imagine that they should be. This applies to politicians in all organizations mentioned in 3rd International Appeal.

It is true that the I. W. W. has made use of all methods at hand to get publicity for the rotten conditions under which the workers are forced to exist and to explain our remedy for these evils, which is to build up a strong powerful Industrial Organization as the best method whereby the workers can get better conditions now and at the same time be building the structure of the future society.

Have searched all official literature and fail to find anything to justify the following conclusions in the "Appeal of the 3rd International":

"Capitalism is breaking down, the social revolution is upon us and HISTORY WILL NOT WAIT UNTIL THE MAJORITY OF WORKERS ARE ORGANIZED 100% ACCORDING TO THE PROGRAM OF THE I. W. W. OR ANY OTHER ORGANIZATION. There is no longer before us the prospect of normal industrial development which would alone allow the carrying out of such a plan. The war has hurled the peoples of the world into the great Cataclysm and they must plan for IMMEDIATE ACTION—not for the working out of schemes which would take years to accomplish.

"The new society is not to be built, as we thought within the shell of the Capitalist system. We cannot wait for that. THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IS HERE. And when the workers have overthrown Capitalism and have crushed all attempts to reestablish it, then, at their leisure, thru their soviet state, they can build the new society in freedom."

No serious minded person, who understands the nature of Capitalism, would think it possible to organize the workers 100 per cent under capitalism as is here stated as the I. W. W. object and only lack of knowledge of I. W. W. propaganda and literature could make such conclusions possible.

The very nature of Capitalism will force it to collapse before the workers have become even 50 per cent organized into a union that is in the least aggressive for the workers interests. This weakness of Capitalism is one of the reasons why the I. W. W. has selected the industrial field as the most logical place for the waging of the class war. It is the weakest spot of capitalism and the place where the workers can use their strength to the most effect. As proof of the utter helplessness of capitalism in the face of aggressive unionism of any kind we have only to refer to the recent "outlaw" railroad strikes which disrupted some of the largest railroad terminals in the country for several months

although only a very small per cent of the railroad workers were out on strike.

If we were to take the advice of the 3rd International and use their method to destroy capitalism, then attempt to set up the "soviet state" as outlined by them, we would find our industries disrupted so badly that a famine with all its horrors would be upon us, all because of trying to use a system of government that did not fit in with modern industrial development.

In Russia the small industrial populations are nearly all recently from the farms and can easily go back and find some way to live in a primitive manner; but imagine the calamity that would result if a large industrial population, the majority of whom had never seen a farm were to try the experiment. Hundreds of thousands of our City populations have never seen a farm and thousands have never seen a shade tree, but spend their lives between the tenement house and factory where they are busy piling up profits for the capitalist class.

To clarify matters the following questions should be answered by the 3rd International.

IS THE INDUSTRIAL STRUCTURE AS OUTLINED BY THE I. W. W. THE CORRECT FORM OF ORGANIZATION FOR A SOCIETY THAT IS BASED ON HIGHLY DEVELOPED AND CENTRALIZED INDUSTRY? IF NOT, WHY?

CAN MODERN HIGHLY DEVELOPED AND CENTRALIZED INDUSTRIES BE EFFICIENTLY MANAGED ACCORDING TO THE SOVIET PLAN AS OUTLINED IN THE APPEAL OF THE 3RD INTERNATIONAL? IF SO, EXPLAIN HOW?

IF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE I. W. W. WHICH WE HAVE BEEN PROPAGATING FOR 15 YEARS ARE WRONG, WE WANT TO KNOW IT.

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# Solving the Social Problem Through Economic Direct Action

BY JOHN SANDGREN

A resolution, numbered 43, and adopted at the 12th annual convention of the I. W. W., in the year 1920, reads as follows:

....**Resolved, that we always preach and practice our only weapon—Economic Direct Action—in order to abolish the present system of exploitation.**

In this connection let us quote the last two passages from our preamble, as follows:

**It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with the capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown.**

**By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.**

The above is a picture in words of what the I. W. W. tries to accomplish.

To make it more plain we are accompanying this article with a sketch of a chart designed to give a total view of the structure of the new society which we are building.

**Industrial Communism Illustrated**

The society that the I. W. W. is building is a society of Industrial Communism.

We propose that the people of the whole world should get together on industrial lines, in order to create the organs that are needed for the running of a communist society.

The organs we need are of two kinds, namely, first, organs of production and distribution, and secondly, organs of local and regional administration.

The I. W. W., having for its aim to establish industrial democracy and to anchor for all time all power within the useful layers of society and to make social parasitism impossible, establishes a new basic unit of the social structure.

The basic unit of our new society is **The Shop or Job Branch.** Every human being of working age, no matter what his occupation, is referred to some shop or job branch, even where the occupation is not properly speaking industrial in the commonly accepted sense of the term. Our chart includes them all.

These shop and job branches are on our chart illustrated by means of the ring of radial lines, which form so to speak the rim of the wheel-like structure.

From these basic units, or basic organs, all the other organs are derived.

The spokes in the wheel, so to speak, are the Industrial Unions, which are formed by uniting all the shop and job branches of every industry or occupation, whether it be shoemaking or the teaching of sciences at the universities.

The hub of the wheel is formed by the Industrial Union Administration, Departmental Administration and the General Administration.

All these together, however, are only part of the structure of Industrial Communism. They form only the productive and distributive machine. The purpose of these organs is to produce what mankind needs and to distribute it.

The old I. W. W. chart did not go any further. It depicted only the organs of productions and distribution, for the simple reason that the need for other organs was not apparent while the organization was small and purely in an agitational stage.

As the organization developed it became apparent that we must add to it organs for local and regional administration if we wanted to cover the whole field of human activity.

We have had these organs in an embryonic shape for many years in our City Central Committees, and Councils of different kinds, but they never got beyond the experimental stage.

However, as the overthrow or the collapse of capitalism approaches and comes dangerously near, we realize the absolute necessity of new organs of local and regional administration as well.

These we have depicted on our chart as the iron tire, so to speak, which holds the wheel of production and distribution together. The two organs supplement each other and are equally necessary. And both of them are drawn from the shop, or the job branches. Through a system of industrial representation, that is, through representatives elected from the job branches, organs of administration will be formed which will replace the present organs of local and regional administration, when these no longer function, due to the fact that the whole system on which they rest has collapsed.

By drawing the productive and distributive organs as well as our administrative organs from the shop and job branches, by vesting ownership and control direct with the industrially organized masses we secure both industrial communism and industrial democracy.

This chart, which could very likely be improved upon in many different ways, depicts quite clearly how the I. W. W. proposes to solve the social problem through **Economic Direct Action,** as the 12th annual convention puts it.

### No Room for a Political Party

As will be seen this plan leaves no room for a political party, city, state or national.

The City administration will consist of the City Central Council. As for state administration, as in U. S. or provincial administration such as in Canada or in Europe, the justification for them is disappearing.

The provinces in various countries may have a historical, or an ethnographic or political explanation in most cases, but the state lines on this continent are nearly all artificial boundaries.

The chief surveyor of a century ago seems to have taken a large U. S. map and a big ruler and laid out the country in squares with the exception of the places where mountains or big rivers made good physical boundary lines, without any consideration whatsoever for the natural economic boundary lines. In fact, how else could it have been done, being that the state lines were drawn up before the country was developed.

The states as political units are a nuisance like any artificial social arrangement. The nonsensical division into states is causing us to have over fifty different complete sets of regional administration without any natural basis for it, and is a tremendous expense to the American people and causes no end of confusion in our public life. It causes regions which should naturally be joined together to be split in several parts with separate administration, while it joins together pieces of regions which have little or nothing in common. Not to speak of the absurdity of having 50 sets of different laws, courts and lawyers. It almost looks as if the whole plan was devised by the lawyers. For the usefully employed men and women of these regions are only meagerly represented.

Instead of state lines a rational form of society would draw industrial boundary lines for purposes of administration according to the economic life of the country.

Thus the Pacific Coast country up to the mountains could very well be one region, while the intermountain states formed a second region, the gulf country a third region, the prairie states a fourth, the mine and forest states of the north a fifth. The tobacco and cotton states a sixth, the coal states a seventh, the factory states of the North East an eighth region, etc.

Thus the people who have most in common would be brought together under one regional administration for common welfare.

The regional Central Council would be composed of representatives selected by the shop and job branches, thus securing complete industrial democracy even on this stage.

In the same manner the shop and job branches would select the departmental and the general administration, the latter being composed of a general executive board and a general secretary-treasurer. We may not need the treasurer in the new society, but we need him at present.

The general administration would be the central exchange both for the productive and distributive machine and the machine of local and regional administration.

Where is there room for, or need for a political party in this plan? It covers the whole field. Every kind of human activity that is desirable and useful will find a place in this plan and every legitimate human interest will be safeguarded.

On the other hand this plan of society leaves no room, no opening for those who want to live the lives of parasites on humanity. All the "half-world", the caterers to vice, the criminals, and the professional politicians and the parasitical capitalist class will here be brought back to their proper place in the system of production and distribution, with no chance to get out of it. Nor would they have any chance to get on top as rulers except by formal election from the shop and job branches which would supply all the administrative forces.

Nearly all people with a socialist or near-socialist training as well as any practical minded worker will see and admit that Industrial Communism as thus proposed by the I. W. W. and many sister organizations in other countries is the proper way to solve the whole social question.

The Bolsheviki of Russia have partly built their new society according to our map. They have the industrial unions, except in agriculture, and they have the local and regional and national adminis-

(Continued on page 34)




(FOR KEY TO NUMBERS SEE PAGE 36)



# CHART OF
# Industrial Communism

(*Pertains to the article "Solving the Social Problem through Economic Direct Action, pages* 30-36)

This chart is **Industrial Communism** reduced to its simplest form. It provides for all organs of production, distribution and administration.

For the sake of convenience we shall consider the chart as a wheel consisting of **HUB, SPOKES, RIM and TIRE.**

The **RIM,** depicted with short, radial lines close together is made up of the **Shop or Job Branches** which are the foundation of **Industrial Communism.** This is the big masses of the people organized in branches in each locality for the carrying on of production and distribution.

The **SPOKES** are the Industrial Unions and the Industrial Departments, both of them organs of production and distribution.

The **HUB** depicted with a black ring "Departmental Administration" and a center or axle, corresponding to the General Administration, here indicated with the well known I. W. W. label.

Another ring outside the Departmental ring could conveniently have been added to indicate "Industrial Union Administration," and the hub would have been more complete.

Other improvements may suggest themselves and are solicited.

Finishing off the structure of the wheel of production and distribution is the iron **TIRE,** so to speak, of Central Councils for local and regional **administration.** This tire holds the structure of production and distribution together and serves as a means of contact between all the job branches direct while at the same time organically connected with the General Administration.

As indicated on the chart both the Central Councils and the Industrial Union and Departmental and General administration are built up by means of a system of INDUSTRIAL REPRESENTATION, in as much as all officials or servants are elected from and by the Shop and Job Branches.

Please note that this plan leaves no room for a political party which specializes in governing and ruling other people.

All power rests with the people organized in branches of the Industrial Unions.

From production and distribution standpoint this means INDUSTRIAL COMMUNISM.

From administration standpoint it means INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

**Such is the program of the I. W. W.**

## SOLVING THE SOCIAL PROBELM THROUGH ECONOMIC DIRECT ACTION

(Continued from page 31)

tration in embryo. But instead of having complete democracy, they have actually the dictatorship of a party which calls itself communist. The leaders of this party, however, declare that it is their intention to maintain the rule of this party only until such time as the industrial unions can themselves take the responsibility for production and distribution and until the soviets can be recruited from the industrial union branches exclusively.

The Central administration of the All Russian Trade Union movement, which most nearly corresponds to our general administration, is now subordinated to the rule of a political party, which has general direction not only of local and regional administration but also of production and distribution, even to the single factories and places of work.

There may have been many good reasons for this sort of an arrangement, this sort of tentative state communism, in Russia, where people were so unprepared for the task of taking over the country and all responsibilities, and where the mass of the people were unable to read print. It was an almost impossible task to transmit the plan of industrial communism on the spot to a couple of hundred million people who were either utterly illiterate or else entirely strange to industrial conceptions and ideas, such as can grow into the popular mind only in a country like America.

To the same extent that the people of the various countries have in advance propagated the idea of organizing the people into shop and job branches for the purpose of taking over all public activities, to the same extent that they have already organized such shop and job branches and industrial unions and industrial departments and central councils for local and regional administration, to the same extent will they be able to take over their respective countries without calling to their aid the political parties.

### The Politicians

The politicians are looking upon such teachings with dismay. If the workers are going to take possession of the factories direct, without governmental proclanations, as they seem to be doing in Italy; if the workers continue to organize their camere del lavoro, as in Italy, or their labor exchanges as in other countries, or their local samorganizations as in Scandinavia, or their councils as in America and in England, what becomes of the political parties, the political machines and the politicians?

They will find themselves misfits and the politicians will face the necessity of earning their living by labor recognized as useful, instead of living by monopolizing the administrative jobs from top to bottom.

There is a tendency in all political parties to organize into something we would call "The Political Workers Industrial Union". This union of each party desires the chance to govern all the rest of the people. To govern is the business of a politician.

The republican and democratic parties, the Socialist parties, the Labor parties, the Communist parties, are all "Industrial Unions" of that kind.

As far as the communists of America are concerned some of them seem to wish to have their party, much as an industrial union, incorporated into the I. W. W. plan of Industrial Communism. They want a place for their "industrial union" on the I. W. W. chart. And the chief function of the members of this union would be to fill all the more important office chairs of the new society.

This is, of course, repugnant to all friends of real democracy or self-government.

The communist parties being composed to a large extent of people outside the working class proper, of artists, literateurs and boheme, of professional men without a footing in the bourgeois world and of parliamentarians as in Sweden, Norway and other countries, hate to see the world made over in such a manner that their conspiracy to govern the world comes to naught.

Feeling and knowing that they have no prospects of getting into the office chairs by the old methods of parliamentarian elections, they want the working masses to make a revolution and lift them into power as their rulers. That is what they call the dictatorship of the proletariat. They are not very anxious that the workers should give too much of their attention to building according to the I. W. W. blueprint, for these wily politicians and desperadoes realize, that if the workers build that way, they will not need the "communist" politicians.

Consequently we find that when the members of the communist parties join the I. W. W. or the syndicalist organizations of other countries, it is not so much for the purpose of building up those organizations, as for the purpose of changing their activities so they will fall in with the current of communist political activities. They do not join for the purpose of taking a bundle of our papers or magazines or books under their arm, as a rule, in order to sell them and to spread I. W. W. information. They do not join in order to fill our treasuries or build up our unions. No, they join us, apparently, mostly for the same purpose as the saloonkeeper or the doctor or grocer joins the Elks or the Eagles, that is for business.

And in the same manner as they join the I. W. W. they join the A. F. of L. and the co-operative movement or any other movement, that is for the purpose of propaganda, or in order to break them up if they do not yield to the propaganda.

And what is their propaganda?

They want us to change our program as outlined in the beginning of this article. They want us to abandon the attempt to build the new society within the shell of the old as being useless, and to gather our forces and join with other bodies that they are trying to convert, in an attempt to capture the capitalist state through "mass action".

They openly state that they mean armed insurrection.

They are an impatient element thirsting for power. They want a political revolution by force in order to get on top and tell us what to do.

But as we have outlined above, in word and in illustration, we already have made up our mind what to do. We have made up our mind to do without them. We propose to solve the whole social problem without political action, without the aid of politicians. We propose to solve it through Economic Direct Action, and we are winning the world over to our program slowly but surely. Fifteen years ago we were nothing, and now the workers of every country are taking up our program, where they have not temporarily been carried off their feet by the desperate, last-chance agitation of the left wingers from the socialist parties.

Somebody might say that our Central Councils are nothing but political institutions, as well as the general administration, in so far as it serves as center for these councils, and that we, consequently, have a political program as well as an economic, the latter being embodied in our Industrial Unions. This hairsplitting is frequently resorted to by the cornered politician, who is loth to admit that we could do without him and his politics. Such argument is insincere.

"Polis" is a Greek word which means town or city. We have it in Constantino**polis** and Adriano**polis**. From that "polis" is derived the word politics and political and politician. Politics means about the same as "city business," "city affairs," or in short, "public business." Political is that which has to do with public business, and a politician is one who devotes himself to public business or public affairs.

As a matter of fact the I. W. W. is trying to make public business of most human functions. It is going to make production and distribution public business, and it is going to make city and regional and national administration public business also, instead of the private business of a political party.

From that point of view a hairsplitter might say, with the benign judge up in Bellingham, Wash., that the I. W. W. is nothing but a political party.

The confusion comes from using "politics", "political" and "politician" in a double sense.

If we take these words in their original, respectable sense of "public business", then the I. W. W. is a political organization, through and through. But the word politics, political and politician have long ago lost that sense and have gotten a new meaning that we use when we repudiate politics, political action and the meddling in our work by politicians.

The degeneration of our vocabulary has kept even pace with the degeneration of public affairs and public men during the reign of capitalism.

Politicians, instead of being public spirited men with the welfare of the people at heart, are commonly known in every country as conscienceless villains who steal and take bribes and sell out the people and their interests to the highest bidder. Politics, instead of being an honorable occupation for which honorable men compete, has become a cess-pool from which decent and self-respecting men shrink in impotent sorrow.

Politics is a cut-throat game in which only the basest participate and in which the biggest villain frequently is the victor. When the innocent working class goes into politics it quickly degenerates and falls into corrupt political machines.

The politician is after power. He wants to get that power, because it leads to everything else that he wants.

The Republican, Democrat, Farmer Labor, Socialist, and Communist politicians are all after the same thing. They all want to get possession of the government buildings in order to rule us from there. It is the same in all countries. But we do not want to be ruled. We want to "govern" ourselves.

All of them propose to "get there" by the use of the ballot except the communist politician. He proposes to get there by the use of the bullet. The Republicans and Democrats and all the other ballot politicians work their game with promises of reform within the confines of the capitalist state and a millenium in the future, perhaps, but the communist politician works his game by promising us all we ask for on the spot if we will help him into the government buildings so he can "smash the capitalist state."

This change has come over the communist politicians during the last 24 months and they are still constantly changing "attitudes", "positions", "planks" and "principles." This rapid-fire evolution from parliamentarians to insurrectionists they arrogantly call "keeping abreast of the times". We call it trimming.

We refuse to see in it anything but the fury of a handful of intellectual or quasi-intellectual leaders outside the ranks of the regular wage workers who have lost their footing and are staking all on one card, the card of political revolution.

It is to further such ends and for no other reason that some of the "communist" leaders have taken up the I. W. W. as a platform plank. Some of them are issuing literature declaring open war against us.

The I. W. W. has no use for their politics nor for the politics of any other party. We are enough to ourselves. We need no political help to solve the social problem. We will not reach our final goal one minute faster by deviating from our straight course of economic direct action.

The very presence of social organs like the ones we are building will in the final crisis be sufficient to make a desperate people turn to the solution we offer. If people keep their self control and adopt our program, no political revolution such as contemplated by the "communists," is needed. Any set of fools can make a bloody revolution, but it takes sensible men like the I. W. W. to attempt a complete economic revolution without bloodshed.

The Italian workers, in taking possession of the factories, have given wings to the expression "a bloodless revolution". The I. W. W. program makes such a revolution possible.

May every individual retain his political faith as well as his religious faith, if he wants to, but we hold that with increasing enlightenment all religious and political denominations shall disappear and every man and woman become a "politician" in the original and proper sense of the word, that is a public spirited person who seeks nothing but the common welfare.

But until that time we shall draw a sharp line of demarcation between political action and economic action. We will leave the name "politician" as a Cain's mark on the forehead of those who are now dragging men, women and children down in a sea of foul corruption and into bloody adventures. Our own activities we shall continue to characterize as Economic Direct Action, as per decision of our last convention, and we shall do our best to keep politicians out of it.

In the "appeal to the I. W. W." from the Third International we recognize the soft Jacob-voice of international solidarity, but in the out-stretched hand we recognize the hairy Esau-hand of wily politicians. We cannot and will not grasp that hand.

Besides, what benefit could we derive from joining a few hundred thousand politicians? We do not count certain economic bodies as their adhesion is largely sentimental and brought about in an unguarded moment by crafty politicians.

As pointed out in another article in this issue, the workers of every country are calling for an **Industrial International.** That will be a real, big international of tens of millions of workers with a practical, international working program.

That is where the I. W. W. belongs, and not among politicians.




## Industrial Unoins Re-Numbered by General Executive Board

**Old Numbers Discarded to Make Way for up to Date Decimal System. Members are Urged to Study the Chart Carefully**

A systematic revision of the Industrial Union numbers has been needed for a long time. It has been generaly recognized that the present system of numbering was long ago outgrown. No matter how perfect the One Big Union plan of organization might be it will always be imperfect if the numbers of the various Industrial Unions are meaningless. An efficient organization requires efficient order and arrangement in its industrial groupings as well as in its fundamental plan. The last convention decided to rectify the old system and the present General Executive Board, carried out these instruc-

tions. The changes will go into effect as soon as the General Office can issue formal instructions to the various Industrial Unions.

Numbers that have been issued to the various Unions run from 8 to 1500. These numbers, while they have served their purpose in the past, are at present arbitrary and meaningless. First of all it is easy to misconstrue the I. W. W. One Big Union Chart unless a scientific system of numbering is used. For instance: No. 620, Boot and Shoe Workers Industrial Union is a misnomer. There should be a Leather Workers Industrial Union charter for a branch organization. The same thing applies to 470, Rubber Workers Industrial Union, which should by right be a branch of the Chemical Workers Industrial Union.

Numbers, in these days, are used to convey the idea of relationship. All big business concerns have their departments keyed with certain numbers to help simplify the intricacies of business management and control. In the I. W. W., however, the number "400" has been spread over three separate and distinct Departments--not to mention industries: 400, Agriculture. 450, Mining and 470 and 480 in Manufacture. This is hopelessly misleading and confusing.

The Decimal system, by Melwill Dewey, is used largely by big corporations in organizing the various units of their business. It is also used in every library in the land. It is so simple that a child can understand it at a glance. This system permits of ten classes, ten sections and ten divisions. But since there are only six logical divisions for the Departments of modern industry we need only six of the decimals for our Industrial Departments. The industrial Unions follow in their natural order—each one being branched off from its Department. The number will show the exact relationship at a glance. In due time it is possible to number the branches in the same manner. In this way each number MEANS SOMETHING—it shows the Department the Industrial Union, and, if necessary the Branch. The confusion of the old system of numbering is done away with and Delegates are no longer in doubt as to just how to make out cards for new members. We are indebted to Fellow Worker Robert Russel of Minneapolis for this adaptation of the Decimal System to fit the needs of the I. W. W.

Members are urged to study the chart carefully and to be guided by it in the future. A list of the Industrial Unions as they appear in the light of this scientific system of numbering appears below:

List of Industrial Unions to be used for the information of Delegates in lining up new members:

**Department of Agriculture—100**

Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 110

Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 120

Fishermen's Industrial Union No. 130

Floricultural and Horticultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 140

**Department of Mining—200**

Metal Mine Workers Industrial Union No. 210

Coal Miners and Coke Oven Workers Industrial Union No. 220

Oil, Gas, and Petroleum Workers Industrial Union No. 230

**Department of Construction—300**

Railroad, Road, Canal, Tunnel and Bridge Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 310

Ship Builders Industrial Union No. 320

House and Building Construction Workers Industrial Union No. 330

**Department of Manufacture and General Production—400**

Textile and Clothing Workers Industrial Union No. 410

Woodworkers Industrial Union No. 420

Chemical Workers Industrial Union No. 430

Metal and Machinery Workers Industrial Union No. 440

Printing and Publishing House Workers Industrial Union No. 450

Foodstuff Workers Industrial Union No. 460

Leather Workers Industrial Union No. 470

Glass and Pottery Workers Industrial Union No. 480

**Department of Transportation—500**

Marine Transportation Workers Industrial Union No. 510

Railroad Workers Industrial Union No. 520

Telegraph, Telephone and Wireless Workers Industrial Union No. 530

Municipal Transportation Workers Industrial Union No. 540

Aerial Navigation Workers Industrial Union No. 550

**Department of Public Service—600**

Health and Sanitation Workers Industrial Union No. 610.

Park and Highway Maintainance Workers Industrial Union No. 620.

Educational Workers Industrial Union No. 630.

General Distribution Workers Industrial Union No. 640.

Public Utility Workers Industrial Union No. 650.

Amusement Workers Industrial Union No. 660.

Initiating new members be sure and place members in the Industrial Union to which they belong.

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## PAY UP YOUR DUES

And vote on the question of International relations. The G. E. B. has allowed 90 days for the Referendum, but do not wait to the last moment. DO IT NOW !

# As To Some Present Time Controversies

BY D. D. DIETZ

The 12th General Convention, it seems to us, took very logical action leading to Industrial Solidarity of the Workers of all groups. The Convention declared, among other recommendations, an unqualified desire to align with an International Industrial Conference. With such an International, of Working Class representation of course, there can be no question as to energetic militant support by the I. W. W. Thus was laid down the base for General Executive Board action, also editorial policy.

We read the Russian Appeal to the American I. W. W. received in this country eight months late. In these days conditions and group psychologies change more in eight months than in eight years a decade back. It is well to keep the point of rapid change in mind. The change is rapid towards the past and present position of the I. W. W. which is, Economic Direct Action, meaning action on the job by the workers. The change is not alone because the I. W. W. thus teaches; but, also, because it is a correct fundamental of a just social instinct of the workers. Hundreds of thousands of workers arrive at that mental position intuitively, aided by their sufferings consequent of local conditions. Both the action resulting from the propaganda and the intuitive action have their roots in natural law. It is vain to question natural law. The point is, seek to understand it.

There is one point in the Appeal which the writer deems important, and will try to analyze. Its general trend is an appeal that all kindred groups or organizations strive together that a more solid front may be presented to the enemy. That is something that does not become out of date. Its importance grows more manifested each day. If by "kindred" is meant groups, emphatically, aiming at the total elimination of capitalism with its consequent destruction of industrial lordism and militarism, then we see no reason why such organizations cannot work on lines that are parallel so far as it involves only action against the enemy. Education, organization necessary to action is the paramount concern today. Other questions may become more important tomorrow.

What appealed to the Russians as highly important a year ago may not so appeal today. The same may be true here. There is a world of evidence found in the publication "Soviet Russia," that the Russians are more and more keen for Industrial Representation, which is I. W. Wism. If it were possible to execute a quick communication between here and Russia today, there would be found, no doubt, a great common understanding and unity of intent, not necessitating any change in the I. W. W. program.

Some are questioning the militancy of the I. W. W. When members are dying every day for the cause, there need be no question about the militancy of the organization. If we, Industrial Workers of the World, cannot create a power by educating the workers on the job to the necessity of industrial organization, it is a cinch we cannot create efficiency of action by wild-eyed hellata larup action with no pitch hot. Cool, methodical organization first; then, we should worry.

In the case of loading munitions at Philadelphia, the I. W. W. does not try to hide chagrin; but, proceeds at once to discipline or correct the cause. No other philosophy teaches frankness as the I. W. W. Frankness is a great element of creative power, in the sense of growth. It begets the trust and confidence of the Working Class. Solidaric action on this matter of refusing to load munitions will aid the Russians more than a dozen Internationals just now. It is quick, direct. Events move rapidly now, tomorrow it will be more so. Very soon it will be action first, records afterwards. The action will be on the job, in the industries, by the workers. Many workers do not realize it now, but they will act when the time comes. To prepare for that sudden and profound change is the main line drive of the I. W. W. at this time. All that will be needed at that time is just a little common horse sense organizing ability. The place to look for it is on the job. There is where sufficient power will manifest itself.

Controversies over matters past and something that is for the future to adjust seems out of place. If the workers can, and they will, rise to the occasion, that is take control, other matters will be easy of adjustment. There is a world of evidence that events are compelling a common understanding on the right line. The line is, all national or continental groups against capitalism and its bastard parliaments.

The Working Class needs no International to tell them not to load ammunition for the Allies. Strike against allied munitions is the first effective way to help Soviet Russia. The International is not the immediate concern. That will come about later, naturally so. Then it will be an Industrial International, all opposing that to the contrary, notwithstanding.

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START THE O. B. U. BALL ROLLING in your town by sending for a bundle of our magazine every month. You pay us 15c, pay the express and sell it for 25c.

*Write to-day*

# The Inside Story Of American Bolshevism

By John Sandgren

The writer has been attacked from several directions for his exposure in the July number of this magazine of Louis C. Fraina and for reprinting from the New York Call an article containing accusations against said Fraina of being an agent of the Department of Justice.

We should never have paid any attention to this person if it were not for the fact that he is justly to be considered the father and the philosopher of American Bolshevism, which latter we have right along characterized as fake bolshevism or the ass in the lion's skin.

We have been accused of dragging in personalities instead of principles. This is, however, in our opinion only a poor disguise for a desire to save the face of American Bolshevism or "communism" as they also style it. If in the course of the criticisms of principles one runs across a stool pigeon, what can one do except to expose. In fact it would be a betrayal of the trust placed in an editor if he kept quiet about his discovery or suppressed it.

At first the accusation against Fraina aroused some indignation in quarters where it was considered impossible that a man could be so sly or go so wrong. Now, however, the "communists" themselves seem to have gotten over the worst agony of the disclosure and are directly or indirectly admitting the correctness of the charges referred to.

We draw this conclusion from the fact that the following Federated Press notice is found published without comment in the labor press. In fact, not having the original English text at hand, I am translating it back into English from a paper which endorses the program of the "communists."

Here is the notice:

"**Fraina exposed as a spy in Europe.**

.....Louis C. Fraina, who took a leading part in the forming of the "Communist Party" last year and later was exposed as a police spy has extended his activity to the role of international traitor and spy according to the Paris paper "La Vie Ouvriere." Said paper stakes its reputation on the charge that it was Fraina who furnished the French government with data, etc., on which it based its persecution against Loriot and other prominent men in the French Labor movement. The legal attacks against the General Confederation of Labor seem to be largely based on the accusations of Fraina.

"La Vie Ouvriere" further says that by presenting himself as the most radical among radicals he was one of the most deciding causes of the split between the Third International and the Communist Bureau in Amsterdam. Fraina appeared at the meetings of the said organization as a duly credentialed international secretary from the United States. Suspicions against him were aroused, however, when it was found that he had company with a certain Dr. Rodowisky, known in America as a police spy. The suspicions were later verified when a letter delivered to Fraina from the Dutch communist leader, Rutgers, landed in the hands of the federal police in America."

These are disgusting items to spread upon the pages of our magazine, we admit, but seeing that the followers of this philosopher are taking a rather high tone towards the I. W. W. it is nothing but right that the truth should be known.

We have in our hand a copy of the now well known "Appeal to the I. W. W." by G. Zinoviev, published by the "Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party of America." (There are now two such parties. The other calls itself the United Communist Party) The Central Executive Committee in question has written an introduction to the said appeal which breathes a refreshing hostility towards the I. W. W. Although claiming to be part of the Third International, this Central Executive Committee repudiates for its part, the invitation by Zinoviev to the I. W. W. to enter into co-operation with the communists of America.

Allow us to quote from the said introduction:

"Can there be any co-operation between the Communist Party and the I. W. W. under the circumstances?

"Contrary to the belief of our comrades in Russia we most unhesitatingly answer NO.

"Between the two organizations there cannot even be a sort of an approachment. The Communist Party must direct its propaganda and communist teaching to criticize mercilessly the leaders, spokesmen and theoreticians of the I. W. W., expose the fallacy of their principles and tactics, and in general try to separate the rank and file from their opportunist leaders. In other words, we must carry on the same policy towards the I. W. W. as towards any other trade or industrial union which does not accept the basic principles of the communist international, namely revolutionary mass action, dictatorship of the proletariat and soviet power.

"We must direct our propaganda over the heads of the leaders, to the rank and file of the I. W. W. who are class conscious and revolutionary but confused, with the objective of inoculating and crystallizing communist understanding among them—that will lead to the ousting of their old leaders and changing the policy of their organization to accord with the principles of the communist international.

"This can best be done, not by declaring a truce with the I. W. W. (which means a truce with their opportunist leaders) but by a ruthless criticism of their principles, tactics and leaders.

"Nothing can better illustrate the fear and trepidation of these opportunist leaders than the recent decision of the convention of the I. W. W. to cease their attacks upon the communist party. Theirs is the policy of "friendliness" towards the communists which is not the result of a change of heart or understanding, but of a desire to retain their grip on the I. W.

> W. by keeping the membership of that organization confused. A policy of "friendliness" on our part would only serve to play their game and would be, therefore, betrayal of the rank and file.
>
> "The Communist Party rejects a policy of 'co-operation' with the I. W. W. and will conduct a policy of strict, pitiless criticism directed against the principles, tactics and leaders of the I. W. W. The communist party recognizes that the membership of the I. W. W. is revolutionary and will strive to give it communist understanding and compel them to relegate their opportunist leaders to the discard and change the policy of the organization to accord with the principles of the Third International. Only then will co-operation be possible between the communists and the I. W. W."

It is on this bunch that it is tried to force the affections of the I. W. W. by an endorsement of the Third International.

These intellectuals or quasi-intellectuals who always have been politicians and still are—they are going to save the rank and file of the I. W. W. from their leaders. Leaders in the I. W. W. where no man holds office longer than a year, with the exception of editors, who may, but seldom do hold office a year or more!

How do you like them, fellow worker?

We are told that this arrogant, preposterous crowd are the direct descendants, philosophically, of Mr. Fraina, the Palmer agent. The others, the so-called United Communists, are more to be considered the intellectual children of another philosopher, Mr. John Reed.

And thereby hangs a tale.

It is commonly known in this country that of all American politicians thirsting for power none is thirstier than John Reed, now a member of the Executive Committee of the Third International and very likely the real author of Zinoviev appeal to the I. W. W. He is supposed to have been released by the White Terror authorities in Finland, through which country he was attempting, according to the capitalist press, to smuggle some bolshevik diamonds with which to stimulate the communist movement in this country.

The story of the "communist" movement in America is largely the story of the struggle between two men for power and supremacy, a struggle for leadership between Fraina, the agent provocateur and Reed, the man with ambition, who thus jointly became the parents of the "communist" movement in this country, with Fraina always leading, until h› was unmasked and left his competitor in control, although in exile.

It is a wellknown fact that in revolutionary times it is the most radical ones that get to the front. If you want to become a leader these days you have got to be awfully radical and r-r-r-revolutionary. Fraina and Reed found this out by experience.

Fraina having the backing of the secret police was playing a safe game and he went the limit. He went as far as he dared, cautiously and gradually, in order not to arouse suspicion against his provocateur program.

It began with a gradual discrediting of parliamentarian action ending with a complete repudiation when they failed to capture the socialist party. Now mass action came to the front as the main point of the program. Also tentative endorsement of the I. W. W. Gradually it drifted into the only logical conclusion—armed insurrection. Fraina was always a neck ahead in the race, because there was no limit to his daring. Reed had to follow or lose his leadership chances to Fraina.

When Fraina said "Down with parliaments"—Reed repeated "down with parliaments." When Fraina began to develop the theory of mass action, Reed was also mass action, and finally when Fraina said "armed insurrection," Reed had to repeat it or be left behind. And what the leaders said, their followers faithfully repeated. If Fraina had advised suicide, we believe Reed would have done the same thing, in order not to be outdone, and their followers would probably have jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge or some other high point, for if there ever was abject submission by the rank and file to outside leadership, it is to be found in the American bolshevik movement.

Advising armed insurrection, however, is dangerous business, and it is significant that both leaders were out of sight when that program was promulgated.

Fraina and Reed were very much like the smart shepherd boy and the bad giant in the nursery tale. We do not exactly remember it, but it runs something as follows:

The giant terrorized the neighborhood, so the shepherd boy decided to take his life. Small as he was, he could not think of using force so he had to use stratagem. He came upon the giant as he was eating his gruel of meal and water, so the giant, being hospitable, asked the boy to sit down. The boy sat down and ate and greatly surprised the giant by eating as many bowls of gruel as himself. But the boy was throwing the gruel into a big leather pouch he had under his girdle, which the clumsy old giant did not see.

At the seventh bowl the giant had to give up, saying he was all filled up. "But how can you who are so small eat as much gruel as I," he asked the boy.

This was the question that the boy had expected. In anticipation of it he had filled the leather pouch with gruel.

"That is very simple," he answered. "When I get too full, I take my big knife and slit my stomach." And as the boy said so, he slit the leather pouch so the gruel ran out.

Now, the stupid old giant did not want to be outdone and put to shame by a little shepherd boy, so he, too, pulled out his knife and slit his own stomach. That was the end of that bad giant.

Fraina was the shepherd boy. Reed the envious old giant. Reed nearly busted himself with the gruel of r-r-r-r-revolutionary phrases in order not to be outdone by the boy Fraina. But Fraina had

the secret service pouch to rely on. Finally, the boy in the case slit the pouch with the knife of "armed insurrection," and Reed not to be outdone took the same knife and slit himself open. That was the end of both Fraina and Reed as agitators working in the open. That trick sent them by opposite route to Hades or underground.

Their followers, repeating every act of their leaders, just as in the game "follow the leader", also slit their stomachs and went underground, and there they are to this day, barking at the I. W. W. and trying to sow dissension in our ranks by attacking the so-called "leaders".

As said above, the American bolshevik movement is largely a personal affair. The rank and file are standing underground and holding the sack for their leaders who are somewhere else, waiting for them to come back.

Not being able to think for themselves they are like hypnotized by their own stupid provocateur program, invented by the smart secret police agent. They would like to let go of it, but they can't. They have got themselves into a logical trap, from which there is no escape except by a full and open confession of the innermost motives of their politician souls and a complete recantation. To do that requires more moral courage than most of them possess, and in that manner they are being dragged down to their own destruction by the invisible leaden weights of a false, mercenary philosophy which stultifies the American labor movement.




The Ass In The Lion's Skin or "All Dressed Up and No Place to Go."



IMMENSE CROWDS WITH THOUSANDS OF RED FLAGS ATTENDING THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE CORNERSTONE FOR THE BUILDING OF THE SOCIALIST PAPER "AVANTI" IN MILAN

# RED ITALY

By G. CANNATA

There are so many agencies interested in suppressing the truth about the momentous events occuring on the continent of Europe that our erstwhile close neighbor becomes daily more and more enveloped in an impenetrable smoke-screen of falsehood and secrecy. The performances of the American press in relation to Russian news have already reached the apex of perversion and imbecility; as to Italy, these performances are only beginning. The Italian situation must be indeed clouded in mystery to the ordinary worker who gets his news from the prominent capitalist newspapers. Occasionally he reads of interviews with amiable American gentlemen returning from business trips to Italy; the amiable gentlemen are invariably optimistic; according to them the "Italian people are getting down to hard work," "their industry and thrift, their innate common sense will carry them thru their present difficulties. But unfortunately, some sensational event occurs to disturb the impression thus created—we have widespread hunger riots; we have general strikes; we have civil disorder and commotion. At this point the Italian Embassy intervenes with the stereotyped official statement "that the whole affair has been greatly exaggerated by the enemy propaganda agencies, always busy discrediting Italy abroad in order to prevent her economic rehabilitation."

The recent remarkable achievement of the Italian Metal and Machinery Workers in "locking out" their capitalist masters moves me to present to the American workers a general picture of the Italian situation, brief and therefore necessarily incomplete as to details. My impressions in the matter are developed from a knowledge of the psychology, temperament, traditions and working class movements of Italy; from direct correspondence and personal contact with recent immigrants or sailors from there.

### The Economics of Italy

No single factor exerts such a great influence on events past and present in the labor movement of Italy as the economic status of the country in general. Italy is next to Belgium, the most densely populated country on the face of the earth; today its approximately 125,000 square miles of territory embrace a population of forty million. The density of its population is practically twice that of France. A thickly populated country may have a sound, economic basis if (like England and Belgium) it has available in its own soil or from its colonies, within convenient transportation distance, the prerequisites to intensive modern industry—coal, oil, iron, cotton, etc. Curiously enough, Italy with its immense population is essentially an agricultural country—it has little iron, practically no coal and no petroleum. Because of the insufficient area, and despite a fairly efficient agriculture, it cannot raise its own requirements of wheat, corn, meat and other primary essential foods. Its exports consisted almost entirely of luxuries and non-essentials (silks, art, glass-ware, olive oil, marble, sulphur, citrus fruits, dried fruits, cotton goods etc., etc.) and never served to cover more than a fraction of the imports. The resulting adverse trade balance was offset before the war by two special sources of national income, which served to make possible a rather precarious financial existence:

1. The tourist industry.
2. The exportation of man-power (emigration)

resulting in income through money sent from abroad. Italian emigration before the war had assumed colossal proportions, the high birth rate making it a permanent national practice. No less than seven million natives of Italy are today spread over the face of the earth in search of a chance to make a living.

The effect of the great war on the Italian economic and financial structure can be easily imagined. The special sources of income were greatly diminished; exports ceased while the imports of raw materials and finished products for the orgy of destruction reached unheard of proportions.

The entire economic life was thrown out of gear; immense munition and metallurgical plants sprang up in Northern Italy, depending on England and America for their raw material. Foreign loans succeeded each other rapidly and five national loans aggregating over fifty billion lire were floated. Italy emerged from the war with a total indebtedness amounting to seventy-five per cent of her national wealth; with a debauched currency (present exchange rate 23 lire to a dollar; pre-war rate 5.17 lire to a dollar) and with immense tracts of ruined territory on her hands.

Last December the financial statement of Minister of the Treasury Schanzer showed a deficit of two milliards 800 million lire. Six months later Meda's statement showed the deficit to be twelve milliards. Neither statement includes any interest payments on the foreign debt; the Allies have been obliged to remit them. Meda's budget as estimated for the year 1920-21 is summarized as follows (in millions of lire):

| | |
|---|---|
| Ordinary receipts | 10,000 |
| Extraordinary receipts (sale of war stocks, etc.) | 1,500 |
| | 11,500 |
| Ordinary expenses | 12,050 |
| Extraordinary expenses: | |
| 1. Cereals | 6,300 |
| 2. War, Marine, Colonies | 2,850 |
| 3. Liberated and redeemed areas | 2,000 |
| 4. Maritime traffic | 500 |
| Total expenses | 23,700 |
| Less total receipts | 11,500 |
| Deficit | 12,200 |

A national economic situation which was always a source of misery and poverty to the vast masses of industrial and agricultural laborers and small peasants, has now reached a stage in which life to the worker has become a nightmare of suffering and privation.

Italy is on bread rations; the spectable of a people burning wood in locomotives and industrial plants is not unique with blockaded and beset Soviet Russia. Capitalist Italy has been reduced to the same extreme by a coal-price amounting to 18 times the pre-war charge. The government flour monopoly, which creates a state deficit of six billion lire yearly in order to sell bread at a moderate fixed price, does not place the means of subsistence within the average worker's wage. To such a pass has capitalism and imperialistic war brought the Italian proletariat!

### Revolutionary Traditions and Working-class Movements

The modern Italian worker has no horror of the word "revolution"; the wars for national unity, which had a very popular character, are barely half a century old. The economic misery of the country, due partly to its natural deficiencies and partly to an indolent and unenterprising bourgeoisie and a corrupt and thieving governmental officialdom, has several times forced the workers to surge blindly forward into bloody insurrectionary movements under the lash of impellent necessity. The years 1893 in Sicily and 1898 in Northern and Central Italy are written in the memory of the Italian workers in letters of blood. They were hopeless unorganized struggles, throttled by the military with the utmost ferocity. There followed the phase of economic organization and socialist political activity, then the inevitable turn to economic action beginning with the remarkable general strike of 1904 and the ascendancy of the syndicalist criterion of direct action in the years immediately preceding 1914. This period witnessed a wonderful series of



MALATESTA ADDRESSING ITALIAN WORKERS FROM A BALCONY

industrial and general strikes. The bourgeois press accused the workers of having gone strike-mad. The hanging of eight socialists in Japan in 1908 provoked a strike of 150,000 workers in the City of Milan) which witnessed five general strikes from 1912 to 1914. The killing of three workers caused the economic paralysis of the entire nation. Many of these "protest-strikes," called for 24 hours, continued for days and days thru the sheer will of the workers to advance further and further in their "revolutionary gymnastics." On one occasion the entire city of Milan, the Italian Petrograd of the coming revolution, was in the hands of the workers for three days. To go one step further would have meant revolution; the workers retired of their own volition; the time was not yet ripe. Just previous to the world-war, and following the disastrous economic consequences of the Tripolitan war, there occured the highly successful semi-insurrectionary movement known as the Red Week of 1914. In such a temper and with such recent memories did the Italian workers enter the period of military terror and oppression that characterizes war. Conscription shattered the ranks of organized labor; the Italian Syndicalist Union, with a pre-war strength of about 125,000 members, was only able to maintain thru the war a membership of 30,000; its leaders were interned in concentration camps; its activities hampered.

Italian labor rebounded from the oppression of the regime of war and militarism with remarkable vigor. The ranks of all radical organizations filled rapidly; the Russian revolution seems to have caused a veritable psychological landslide. Amnesty for political prisoners was speedily obtained. One hundred and fifty-six socialists were elected to the chamber of deputies; the Italian Syndicalist Union reached a membership of 350,000, entering even the cities of undeveloped Sicily.

The Union of the Toilers of the Sea achieved practically one hundred per cent organization, and with the General Confederation of Labor, the Syndicat of Railway Workers and other minor labor bodies gave Italy an organized workers' army of about 2,500,000 men.

The Italian Syndicalist Union is a revolutionary Industrial Union; it is probably more closely related to the I.W.W. in its several characteristics than any other organization in the world. The independent unions of raliway workers and marine transport workers are syndicalistic rather than socialistic in their activities.

The General Confederation of Labor and the Socialist Party, numerically the strongest organized force in Italy, work hand in hand and with the Moscow Third International. All Italian labor is thus formally lined up to the extreme left; "moderate" socialist opinion is represented exclusively by a section of the socialist parliamentary group and part of the officialdom of the General Confederation of Labor. It is superfluous to state that their influence with the proletarian rank and file is not very great.

### Exercising Absolute Job Control

The enormous increase in organized strength of the workers and the prevalence of almost unanimous revolutionary intent in their ranks has given rise to a new tactic in the class-struggle which is highly significant and instructive. It is a tactic characterized by calm assurance and the sensation of limitless power; it is deliberately and systematically efficient and invariably successful. It is the exercise on the part of the workers of absolute job control.

It is not exaggerating to state that the Italian labor movement today is a state within a state. It is a state with its own international foreign policy which the workers, thru the exercise of their economic strength, carry out against the wishes of capitalists and government. The main tenet of this proletarian foreign policy at present is the defense of Soviet Russia against foreign aggression. The activities of the transport workers in this connection have been positively brilliant. Seamen have repeatedly forced the unloading of munitions at Genoa, Naples and Trieste; one shipload of munitions was seized by the crew and carried to Fiume; 56 Italian sailors on the British steamer Calabria struck in the port of New York when they discovered that the steamer was to carry Polish reservists to Danzig recently.

The railway workers regularly and methodically inspect all freight and side-track all war material. In effect, it may be said that the Italian industries still belong to the capitalists, but the workers operate them for their own particular interests, at least in part.

In the vicissitudes of the internal struggle, the workers are also using their newly-found power to daily humiliate the capitalists and accustom them to the bitterness of defeat. It has become a struggle in many cases over trivialities and for pure moral prestige. The workers in various shipyards have actually by job action forced the employers to fly the red flag on every ship launched! In the arsenal of Leghorn within the last two weeks a government torpedo boat destroyer took the water ablaze with red flags. After a nationalist mob had wrecked the offices of "Avanti" the socialist daily in Rome recently, the railway men retaliated by refusing to carry the bourgeois papers out of the city for distribution.

### The Last Phase: Locking-out the Capitalist.

Before taking up the recent events in the metallurgical industry of Italy, which have attracted world-wide attention, it may not be amiss to state that the principle of seizure on the part of the workers has already been applied in several cases. In the agricultural field, the seizure and working of unused land has been legalized by the Visocchi decree; what the government of Giolitti was unable to prevent, it sagaciously sanctioned. The first example of the seizure and operation of an industrial plant on the part of the workers occurred in February of this year at Sestri Ponenti, Italy, during

an agitation led by Angelo Faggi, formerly editor of "Il Proletario," the Italian organ of the I. W. W. The workers held and operated this factory efficiently till driven out in a bloody encounter with the Royal Guards (Guardie Regie), the newly recruited force of highly paid mercenaries, which Nitti organized as the potential White Guard of the Italian bourgeoisie in the coming revolution.

The present controversy in the metallurgical industry arose from the workers' demands, embodied in a memorandum asking for an advance of approximately 35 per cent in wages and the satisfactory adjustment of various matters affecting workers' control in the factories. The Italian Syndicalist Union has over 50,000 members in this industry and considerable influence on the 400,000 members of the Italian Federation of Metal Workers, affiliated with the General Confederation of Labor, and the other minor bodies of organized workers. It is particularly strong in Milan, Sestri Ponenti, Piombino, Terni and Bologna. In Turin it exercises considerable influence because it has consistently countenanced a "shop-steward" movement, highly popular with the rank and file of the Federation of Metal Workers, and somewhat disagreeable to the leadership of the Socialist Party and the General Confederation of Labor. In fact, it may be said that the sole bone of contention between Syndicalists and Communists anarchists on one hand and maximalist socialists on the other is the insistence on the part of the former that the Socialist Party, with its heterogeneous leadership held in unnatural unity thru the vision of coming power, shall not extend its hegemony over the workers into the revolutionary period by the organization of politically dominated soviets, as has happened in Russia under a different set of conditions. The Italian shop-steward (Consigli di fabbrica) movement is a highly intelligent rank and file attempt to place the destinies of the Italian revolution directly in the hands of the producers.

The refusal of the National Federation of Employers in the Mechanical and Metallurgical Industry to accede to the demands of the workers caused a general "slow-down" strike to be initiated on Aug. the 20th, over one half million metal workers participating in the movement.

Production was reduced practically 50 per cent for a period of almost two weeks. The employers retaliated against this effective measure by declaring a general lock-out and the workers responded by effecting a counter lock-out of the capitalists! The workers seized over 500 plants in various parts of the country, barricaded themselves in, hoisted the red flag on the roofs and mounted machine-guns for defense against possible attack. Production was continued as in normal times, in some factories with the collaboration of the office and technical staffs, and in other factories without.

A curious factor in the situation has been the strictly neutral and pacific attitude of the Italian government. Personally I believe that the extremely crafty Signor Giolitti, the old fox of Dronero, ele-



**SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF CARRYING THE TIRED CHILD AND THE RED FLAG AT THE SAME TIME, COMING BACK FROM THE DEMONSTRATION**

vated again to the rank of premier by a dying and impotent bourgeoisie, is still trying to make good his old boast of having been able "to relegate Carl Marx to the attic," by his policy of corruptive conciliation towards the political socialists. The desire for power for its own sake, appears to be strong enough in Giolitti that he may even attempt to disprove Marx, by cutting loose from the sinking ship of capitalism, and perpetuating his political state thru a policy of pliancy and adaptation to new economic forms of social life. It must be remembered that Signor Giolitti has already legalized the expropriation of unused lands, recognized and established commercial relations with Soviet Russia, declared openly the neutrality of the government in all industrial disputes, threatened the confiscation of all war-profits and in other ways flown straight against the drift of bourgeois good usance and custom. Meanwhile the Royal Guards are active as ever maintaining intact the authority and prestige of his government. Signor Giolitti is indeed a 20th Century Macchiavelli and a statesman of resourcefulness; but the Italian workers have a keen enough intelligence and know so precisely what they want and how they are going to conquer it, that the stratagems of this latter-day Moses will prove absolutely futile.

With the Italian workers in complete possession of the splendidly equipped and excellently organized metallurgical industry, which includes all plants

manufacturing munitions of war, two roads only are open to them—they will either extend the movement and gradually force the seizure of all industry which means revolution and the proletarian dictatorship, or they will of their own free decision, compromise once more with capitalism to renew the struggle at a more opportune time. The present situation precludes stagnation; in order to function, the metallurgical plants must secure raw materials and dispose of finished products. At this date of writing (Sept. 12) the railway-workers have begun delivering raw materials without authorization; over two hundred plants in the textile, shoe, rubber, chemical and lignite mining industry have been seized. It is to be foreseen that certain elements in the Socialist Party and the General Confederation of Labor will advocate renunciation and moderation, basing their thesis on the economic insufficiency of the country in case of revolution and consequent blockade. It is also to be foreseen that the Syndicalist and Communist Anarchists will advocate to the rank and file the immediate expropriation of capitalism and the proletarian assumption of power. As to the result, the next few days will tell.

Whatever the outcome of the present struggle, it will remain a milestone in the proletarian advance to power. The action of the metallurgical workers in Italy blazes a new trail for the world-proletariat. It is a road which the I. W. W. has for years recognized and advocated amid universal doubt and unbelief. The Italian lockout of capitalism has shown at least the possibility of a preponderantly powerful economic organization, with unanimous revolutionary intent, ignoring all the agencies of capitalist authority and resistance, and thru its sheer irresistible might taking possession of industry in the name of the producers. If impotent raging capitalism should then attempt violence, the blood of the victims would be upon its own head. Contrast the austere good sense, the serious moderation and sense of responsibility of the common worker, Eduardo Gili, today "commissar" of the Fiat automobile works in Turin, employing 40,000 men, with the violent ravings of capitalist reactionaries and white guardists:

Gili is quoted by the Chicago Tribune of Sept. 12, as having answered as follows to the correspondent's question: "If the government stops playing neutral, or if the owners send armed men to occupy their plants what will you do?"

"Two can play at that game," said the commissar, "but we won't use violence unless it is forced upon us. We have machine guns, grenades, and armored trucks, and, moreover, we are friendly with the soldiers, who are our conscripted brothers.

"But we don't want any more war, nor do they. I believe everything will progress peacefully."

"We've learned this much already, that men will work in good spirits without superintendents. When the business end of buying and selling has been arranged, Italian labor will own the industries. This will come some time soon, even if we don't succeed now."

The words of Gili are prophetic, the proletarian revolution in Italy is inevitable; it is imminent.

The nationalist intellectual apologists of bourgeois Italy refer to the modern phase of her national existence as the "realization of the Third Italy," presumably the legitimate successor in greatness to Ancient Rome and the Medieval Republics of Venice, Genoa and Milan. Capitalist Italy, in a world dominated by brutal overbearing ambition and unbridled speculation and struggle, which make small psychological appeal to her people, has achieved but a meagre estate. She is politically, economically and culturally a vassal of the lords of coal and iron. To her people, as to all the oppressed of the earth, there is approaching an era in which constructive, creative and artistic genius shall have full opportunity for development, and the labor of brawn and brain shall be the noblest enterprise of man. It is for the achievement of the Fourth Italy, the Italy of the coming Industrial Communist Civilization, that our proletarian brothers across the seas are delivering their final and mightiest blows.



MONSTER MASS MEETING OF 150,000 WORKERS IN "THE ARENA," IN MILAN, TO SHOW SYMPATHY WITH STRIKING RAILROAD WORKERS

# Is the I. W. W. Going Into Politics?

**Nomination Speech Delivered Before National Convention Of The Intellectual Elite Of America, Assembled At The House Of Blazes, In Chicago On September 16th, 1920.**

BY QUASIMODO VON BELVEDERE
*Candidate for the Presidency of U. S. of America and the Deestrict of Lake Michigan*

**Running on the more or less progressive ticket of the independent superman element.**

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Ladies and Gentlemen:

The lady obstetrician, who was summoned to officiate upon the occasion of my advent into this world, could not swim—hence she could not cross the creek which intersected the path leading to our hut; the bridge having been carried away by the flood. When the time was overdue and no other means were employed to facilitate my birth than lamenting and praying I lost patience and I elbowed my own way towards the light. The above history is faithfully recorded in the family Bible. Now, if Mr. Cox or Mr. Harding had arrived into this world unassisted by the goose-lard-mongers, would they not have told about it in their nominating speeches? Of the three of us, there is no doubt, I am the fittest to play poker in the White House. However, the nomination cannot be imposed upon me unless I am given a running mate of my own choosing. I demand that William Gibbs McAdoo be nominated for Vice-President; Herbert Hotstuff Hoover is my second choice, but McAdoo is a much better worker —he would save me the expenses of keeping a janitor, a butler and a few other expensive servitors.

The honors which are to be bestowed upon me this evening have been vaguely foretold thirty-five years ago. When I was three days old, a small circus was passing our village and encamped at a nearby caravansary. Among its curiosities was a blind gypsy girl phrenologist, who could estimate the intellectual caliber of any human creature by passing her fingers over his pate. Hearing about these miraculous traits of this prodigy of a gypsy, my father hurried to the circus tent and fetched her to my cradle. "This is the brat", he said to her,—"If you can tell me that he is good for anything, I will pay you a dollar." The girl gropped my head all over and found there wonderful bumps. She readily asserted that I was destined for brave intellectual exploits. As she accepted the dollar from my father and was turning to go she murmured to herself: "If this child lives long enough to use his head for mischievous purposes, some people will be glad and some will be sorry." This prophecy shall come true tomorrow. Surely, Mr. McAdoo shall become wild with joy when he will read our chairman's telegram, conveying to him these glad tidings that I choose him as my running mate—On the other hand—upon their perusing of my speech in the morning papers—Cox and Harding —and even Christensen shall become sorry that I ever was born.

Comrade Debs is a serious rival. Were he turned loose, the country would witness a mighty contest. I am afraid of him. Fortunately, he still has to serve more than eight years for the crime the Government committed upon him, so he can make no speeches. I am in favor of his being set free—but not until after the election.

General Wood was an intrepid candidate; he was my choice; my bet of $5 was placed upon him. The odds were 8 to 5; so certain I was of his victory in the Coliseum that I made plans in advance to place the whole stake of $13 upon McAdoo. The nomination of Harding prevented me from collecting it and my finances became demoralized. I needed fresh air, so I went on North Clark street for a promenade. As I passed the Radical Book Shop and was about to turn to Trotzky Square, I was accosted by a beautiful girl. "How do you do," she whispered aloud, at the same time bestowing upon me a tantalizing smile; and the look she gave me was violently eloquent. I gallantly offered her my arm, and, as we proceeded toward Chicago Avenue, the direction for which she appeared to be bent, I recounted to her the sad story how I had risked my last $5 bill upon General Wood, and how Harding had robbed him of the nomination; and how there were still two days until my pay day. The girl jerked her arm loose from mine and contemptuously pushed me away from her. Women are constituted upon so practical a plane that they are capable of sympathizing only with the man who wins; and this is the reason why I joined in the Presidential race and why I would promise the people almost anything in order to win. Personal grievances toward Gov. Cox I had none—I did not bet on the success of Mr. Mc.Adoo. I could not bring myself to believe that the attainment of justice was possible in the Democratic Convention any more than in the Republican. These two old parties are so foul with corruption that a good man has no chance in their camps. I hope that Mr. McAdoo will fare better in the House of Blazes. He trusted in our fair play so explicitly that he did not deem it necessary to attend our convention and personally guard his interests. His absence shows that he is becoming modest. My own presence in this Convention is not due as much to the lack of modesty as to the inchoate consciousness of my political importance, which impelled me to come.

More than a year ago a hungry dog strayed to Mr. Harding's front porch. Mr. Harding came out of the house with a sandwich and offered it to the dog, and **THE DOG DID NOT TAKE IT.** Dogs are more cautious than men. They no longer trust the candidates of the old parties. Many virtues have been hurled upon my rivals since their nomination. Assiduously as they are learning to wear these new moral appendages, they feel in them uncomfortable and unnatural. "They are family men" is being trumpeted by the kept press. Perhaps they are—What of it? The assertion that they do love their wives is also ridiculously extraneous. If they did not love them someone else would. Women may be capable of preserving vacuum in their heads, but not in their hearts. Many a mediocre husband with his vitality already vaned, still desperately strives to pander to the ravenous erotic appetite of his wife with no other motive than the unchristian and egotistic wish to keep her from becoming enamoured in some musician, a poet or any other poor devil of an artist, who, although performing the noblest mission in the world, are too poor to afford to keep a wife of their own. Artists are instilling harmony into life and arraying even its most homely features in rhyme and rythm of superlative grace.

No family man professing the sublime love rinciples of Jesus Christ would boast of his monopolizing a source of temporal blessing which he himself is no longer capable of enjoying, and for the want of which the souls of his fellowmen are perishing. Considering all these circumstances seriously, I am for absolute and unconditional practical morality such as was advocated in the indignant ululations of Jezabuku, Shoumonshna and Harlipook. All the illicit pagan traffic which is so efficiently exposed by the aforementioned Shoumonshna; and who, for lack of a better word, terms it Kumiar-jaka-kuti, is being carried on to this very day—boys and girls meet in the dark for this unauthorized purpose. Neither Mr. Harding nor Mr. Cox do propose to put a stop to these things, whereas I am toiling for the past five years already upon a scientific book in which I strive to prove by the very words of the Scripture, that a generous lady never counts the kisses she bestows upon her lover —and that a fat bone will always precipitate a fierce conflict among hungry dogs.

The Non-Partisan—Social-Democratic plank in my platform reads as follows: "I am for public ownership of all the debts that my generous Administration may incur. To capture the votes of the I. W. W."s and the Communists I shall yet amend this plank so cleverly as to give my definite, and unconditional pledge that the red stripes shall not be expunged from our national emblem during my administration—if I can prevent it.

To offer a practical inducement to Big Business I planed out the ensuing little 2 by 4 plank: I stand for single taxation and double gross misrepresentation of the good American people.

The women of the whole country are being solidly lined up in my cause. It was a curious incident through which I won their support: A friend told me that in Lincoln Park there was being held in captivity a baboon whose blessed buttock was resplendent with all the gorgeous colors of the perihelion of a rainbow. "That's the kind of a baboon I want to see." I said to myself, and forthwith I went to have a look at this strange animal. When I arrived at the spot, the baboon was exhibiting his hind part to a middle aged, pale-faced lady. She was contemplating this pulchritudinous symphony of colors with profound interest. As I joined her in admiring this eighth wonder of the world she slyly backed out to a corner, where she gave her face a calisthenic treatment with a puff which was sprayed with red powder on one side and purple on the other. When she reappeared at my side at the rail I looked upon her and noticed that she had succeeded in embellishing her faded physiognomy with imitations of two of the colors exhibited by the baboon, and she appeared to be happier and more hopeful than she was before. Obviously, she was endeavoring to excite my aesthetic senses. I appreciated the adversity which her matrimonial ambition must have been encountering in this present commercialized society. My sympathy was readily aroused and I resolved right there to say to her a kind word of encouragement. Having introduced myself as the Uebermensch party's candidate for an independent President of the United States, I declared that every woman was entitled to a husband, according to my Christian and humane platform. That she will get one when I become elected; and that she won't have to make her face as beautiful as that either, I said, pointing with earnest emphasis to the vari-colored back of the ape.

This straightforward declaration of fundamental democratic principles produced a deep effect upon this honest woman. With tears in her eyes she thanked me for my righteous attitude toward her oppressed sex. Forthwith she slid her hand into her stocking and produced therefrom a two dollar bill and contributed it to my campaign fund. She confided to me that she had considerable influence over Miss Alice Paul and that she hoped to enlist her in my cause to tour the country in my behalf. But it was this two dollars which enabled me to stay at home one day and compose this great nomination speech—every word of which was deliberately intended to inflict a merciless lash upon the knavish back of the plutocratic henchmen who want to fool the people, and who don't know how. Scoundrels and hypocrites! Only yesterday they considered me to be harmless, but tomorrow they will behold my righteous wrath portentously hovering over their nefarious domineering ambitions. Like a Gibraltar, a philosopher equipped with so sublime a gift of pre-science as I am, shall always be towering high above the seas of a charlatanic herd. The most their mad waves can accomplish is to splash my feet. The new order we are approaching is a reign of ochlocracy. Like infuriated

meteorological elements, massed for a catastrophic play, the awakening power of the enslaved strata of society shall prove irresistible. These new forces will not suffer to be directed by a "family man" or any other cheap receptacle of conventional respectability. To render the soul of the masses articulate, Providence has fashioned a special criterion of political sapience. Does not every pulse of your blood make you conscious of this fact that I am the new prophet whom God sent to this world in His final desperate effort to save civilization? Let Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer lay his iniquitous hand upon this prophet and the earth shall be shaken in its foundation; and the sun shall become dark.

I challenge the Senate Investigating Committee to examine my campaign finances and prove that my fund to date exceeds the sum of two dollars, which I voluntarily admitted. My rivals of the two corrupt old parties are said to have a campaign fund of $14,000,000, and they have not as yet made a better speech than any inmate of any of our Asylums for Feeble Minded would, if he were brought under the influence of a quart of 60 per cent virulent moonshine concoction—While I produced a masterpiece of epochal oratorial importance. Such noble logemachical achievement can be attained only with such campaign fund as comes from above. Should I become victorious in this Presidential race—will not this be a positive proof that God is with me?

I favor the immediate settlement of all financial obligations of Europe towards the United States. Our debtors cannot pay in Cash, BUT THEY HAVE IN THEIR CELLARS GOOD STUFF TO DRINK! Hence, upon my assumption of the executive power, my first official act shall be to despatch the entire American Navy to the shores of Europe, and to collect from our debtors $12,000,000,000 worth of champagne, cognac, beer, brandy, whiskey and gin, and perhaps, some of the old, seasoned German schnaps. When the navy brings the cargo to our ports by the Act of Congress, the cheaper brands of the liquors shall be distributed among the people, while the noble ambrosial liquids shall be reserved for the servants of the people. By a presidential proclamation a month shall then be set apart for the purpose of drinking these liquors, and for celebrating our regained liberties.

Any Leagues of Nations to enforce peace should have been created before the war commenced. To organize a League of Nations to enforce peace after the forces of destruction had spent themselves, is as idiotic an effort, and its success as impossible as that of attempting to have one's house insured after it had burned down. Batiushka Woodrow Wilson was in office more than a year while the war was being prepared. He witnessed the setting in motion of the massacring machine, and he did not throw into its gear as much as a single one of his fourteen points. Never before had the American people had so genuine an occasion to be ashamed of their Government as they have today.

Tradition of the country requires that the president be a married man. You need not worry about that. There is a peach of a girl in my neighborhood upon whom I keep a hungry eye. I shall continue shining around her, and, if you nominate me, I may easily win her for my wife. The only objection she advances against me now is that I am lazy —that I am not earning enough to support her. This objection will vanish when I become elected President of the United States. A clever president can easily earn one million dollars a year—no matter how lazy he might be. Now, this girl is possessed of many charms; I would not attempt to enumerate or describe them on this occasion, because Beauty has no place in politics—nevertheless, I can assure you that she has more influence over me than the church. All men are threadbare creatures, enduring a despairing existence until they receive the blessed sacrament of life which is administered in the form of the first kiss from a loving girl. Likewise, a woman deprived of the influence of a loving man feels most wretched, and she is most happy when in his impassioned embrace. So noble a creature is my girl that my soul is craving much more violently for her than for the presidency, for the salary and the contraband backsheesh that's connected with the office. Should this exalted maiden consent to become the first lady of the land, I shall become the happiest of all presidents that ever existed. Caressing her and writing lyrics upon her lofty traits shall become the principal mission of my life. This sacred mission shall keep me continually so preoccupied that I shall never find time to introduce any new reforms, or to devise new encroachments upon your liberties. The legislative branch of the government shall be busy drinking the cognac and the champagne for several years to come. Hence, I can honestly assure the people of the United States that, during my occupancy of the White House, they shall be as free and as happy as if they had no president at all.

I thank you for your intelligent attention.

## Turn to the Last Page!

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# Why is Capitalism an Absurdity

**By John Sandgren**

We have repeatedly stated that capitalism is being overthrown by its inherent contradictions and the mathematically absurd principles on which it is built.

One way to prove this would be to write a high-brow treatise, using the terms arithmetic ratio and geometric ratio and many other expressions understandable only to the professors in mathematics and economics or their equals. This magazine, however, is read by workers who only have a public school education, if they even have that. We will therefore try to prove our contention by a simple method which will be understood by all.

In 1889 Rockefeller's wealth was estimated at 100 million dollars. Let us say that the financiers are satisfied if their wealth doubles in 15 years. (As for Rockefeller this does not hold good, for in 1905 his annual income, not his wealth, was estimated at from 72 to 100 million dollars). From 1889 to 1919 are 30 years. In that time Rockefellers wealth would normally have increased to 200 millions in 1904 and to 400 millions in 1919, and in 1936 it would be 800 millions in 1951 it would be 1600 millions, and so on. In fact Rockefeller's wealth is much bigger than this, but we use it only as an example.

To use another example: The Astor wealth increased from 6 millions to 300 millions from 1854 to 1889. Let us make the conservative assumption that, from that year on, it increased in the same ratio as in the first example, that is, doubled in 15 years. In 1904 it would be 600 millions. In 1919 1200 millions. The Astor family may not pay taxes at that rate, but very likely they should.

So it is with most every fortune. On an average they double in 15 years, with compound interest at current rate.

Taking the country as a whole, in 1900 the total national wealth was 106 billions. In 1920, as was to be expected, it is far above 200 billions. It has more than doubled in the last 20 years. A very insignificant amount of this wealth is of such a nature that it does not draw interest. On practically the whole sum of 200 billion dollars, or more, the capitalist wishes to collect an increment in the shape of rent, interest and profit, aggregating an immense sum. Should capitalism be allowed to continue, we have reason to expect that in, say, 1935 the capitalist class would expect to collect interest etc. on a capitalization of 400 billion dollars, in 1950 on 800 billions, etc.

To make the absurdity of capitalism more palpable we will construct the following table, based upon doubling the total capitalization every 15 years:

| | |
|---|---|
| Year 1920—Capitalization .....$ | 200,000,000,000 |
| Year 1935—Capitalization ..... | 400,000,000,000 |
| Year 1950—Capitalization ..... | 800,000,000,000 |
| Year 1965—Capitalization ..... | 1,600,000,000,000 |
| Year 1980—Capitalization ..... | 3,200,000,000,000 |
| Year 1995—Capitalization ..... | 6,400,000,000,000 |
| Year 2010—Capitalization ....., | 12,800,000,000,000 |

You can extend this table as far as you please.

You will see that with compound interest the wealth of the capitalist class is growing into such figures as to soon require some method of counting comparable to the method used in describing the distance to the stars, which is not counted in miles but in light years. Marking it down in miles would require more paper than we can afford in these hard times.

While the capitalization rose to 100 million dollars as in 1900, the people were able to carry the burden, although it was terrible and nearly crushed the workers. By gradually adding to the burden we were able to carry a capitalization of 100 billions more in 1920. But do you think you will be able to stand an addition of 200 billions in the next 15 years, an addition of 600 billions in the next 30 years and an addition of 1400 billions in the next 45 years. Of course you ridicule the idea.

If you were playing poker, and the bid started with a penny, you would not pay any attention to it. No excitement for you. If it were doubled to 2 cents you would merely shrug your shoulders. You would still yawn uninterestedly at 4 cents and 8 and 16 cents. You would perhaps wake up at 32, get eager at 64, nervous at $1.28, uneasy at $2.56, anxious at $5.12, desperate at $10.24, faint at $20.48, take whiskey at $40.96, get palpitation of the heart at $81.92 and finally collapse at $163.84.

The figure is becoming absurdly high for you.

You get the same feeling as Napoleon had when he looked at the compound interest tables, "These collectors of interest would crush mankind, if it were not for occasional revolutions," he said.

Another example: This editor had a farmer relative in the old country who once got a beautiful calf that he was awfully fond and proud of. When he came down to the barn he picked the calf up in his arms and said to his friends, that he would pick him up that way every day, and in this manner he thought he would be able to keep it up until the calf had grown into a big bull. And he lifted the calf every day in his arms and fed him gloriously. The calf got used to it and could hardly eat before he had been lifted. The plan seemed fairly on the way to succeed. But, finally, one day our relative had to acknowledge defeat. His calculation was basically wrong. It was as absurd as the principles underlying capitalism. The workers have fed up the capitalist bull and carried it in their arms until it now is so big that they can no longer lift it.

Capitalism is a mathematical absurdity. Like a house built on quicksand, it is bound to collapse.

A social engineer charged with the task of devising a system of society that will stand through the

ages, would with necessity have to reject capitalism as unscientific and absurd.

As a matter of fact we have, for various reasons already come to a stage in the doubling up process where capitalism is untenable and crumbles.

Not only is capitalism trying to collect rent, interest and profit as before, in spite of the fact that mankind is physically and spiritually worn out from a long war, but it has added another terrible item which will probably be the straw that breaks the camel's back. We refer to the national debts of the various countries which has about quintupled in the last six years.

On this question we reprint from the daily press some figures which will explain why capitalist governments are collapsing.

**The National Debts**

At the beginning of the World War the combined national debts of the world aggregated $44,000,000,000, bearing interest in the amount of $1,750,000,000 annually.

Today these national debts amount to the inconceivable sum of $265,000,000,000, while the interest charge thereon has increased to $9,000,000,000.

In 1913 the existing national debts, distributed per capita among the inhabitants of the countries concerned, worked out an indebtedness of $27 per capita, with interest charges to the amount of $1 per capita per annum.

Today the inhabitants of these same countries owe for principal $150 per capita, with annual interest charges of $6 per capita.

At the beginning of the Napoleonic Wars the national debt of the world was $2,500,000,000, and at the close of these wars in 1816, the civilized nations owed $7,000,000,000.

Since then the growth of national indebtedness has been slow, but steady.

When the Crimean War broke out in 1854 the world's debt stood at $8,500,000,000. During the next two decades, which comprehended the Crimean War, our Civil War and the Franco-Prussian War, besides minor wars and disturbances, the national indebtedness jumped to $22,000,000,000.

This huge sum, as has been seen, was doubled during the next twenty years, bringing the world's debt in 1914, as already stated, to $44,000,000,000.

Then came the World War with an increase of some $220,000,000,000 in the short space of six years.

This appalling increase in national indebtedness occurred chiefly in the dozen countries and colonies which participated in the war.

For example, the aggregate debts of the European participants increased from $32,000,000,000 at the outbreak of hostilities, to $184,000,000,000 when the armistice was signed, and since then the sum total of the indebtedness of these countries has grown to the inconceivable sum of $223,000,000,000.

The indebtedness of North America, including the United States and Canada, aggregated at the date of the armistice $27,800,000,000, but has since been reduced to $26,946,000,000.

When it is remembered that of the total increase in national indebtedness, occasioned by the world-war, more than nine-tenths thereof was created by the great countries participating, viz, Great Britain, France, Italy, the United States, Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary, and that North America's part of this total indebtedness is $25,000,000,000 only, out of more than $200,000,000,000, the serious question may well be asked whether financial rebahilitation of some of these European countries is either possible, or indeed, conceivable.

The mathematical absurdities thus inherent in capitalism are beginning to tell at this stage of the game.

Not only have they taken possession of nearly all wealth but the dispossessed are in debt to them to the amount of 260 billion dollars.

Mankind rises from the skin game with capitalism absolutely broke and hopelessly in debt for ages.

It is a theoretical and practical impossibility for mankind to double the wealth of the capitalist class in the next 15 years. It has reached the limit.

We have proven our case.

CAPITALISM IS AN ABSURDITY.

The capitalist class itself seems largely to be unare essentially hogs by nature whose only object is aware of the impending danger. The capitalists economic gluttony. What does the hog in its pen aboard a sinking ship care. It has no sense of danger or responsibility. While the water is slowly covering the floor of the pen and rising on its legs, it will drain the trough, stepping with all four into it, to get the last drop, and finally lying down it it to snore and perish.

In the past men have drifted more or less unconsciously on the social sea, allowing the strongest to direct the course, irrespective of consequences.

But now that men are beoming socially conscious and the social sea is all mapped out, it is possible to design a rational system of society which will stand for ages to come and serve as a means of bringing happiness to mankind instead of dragging it down to destruction.

Such a system of society is Industrial Communism.

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"Political prisoners will be set free and political refugees will be permitted to return," says a dispatch in the N. Y. Slimes. Oh, no, not in the "land of the free," but in uncivilized, barbarous Guatemala.

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"Food Profiteers Face Prosecution," announces a headline in the same newspaper. One would think they must be tired standing so long in that position, trying to keep their faces straight.

# The Wobbly Baiting Industry

That the Wobbly baiting industry is getting to be a lucrative graft we may conclude from the fact that these establishments are growing up like mushrooms.

They have them in every state almost and some of them aspire to be national enterprises.

We have previously exposed "The National Security League," showing how they extort money from the rich with fanciful tales about bloodshed planned by the I. W. W. and promising them security for a consideration.

Here below we reproduce the blackmail letter sent out by "American Defense Society," asking for $50.00 and holding out the prospect of protection against us.

These are the 100-percenters who claim to be americanizing people.

Poor America if it had no better grade of citizens to rely upon for her future!

---

AMERICAN DEFENSE SOCIETY, Inc.

National Headquarters, 1133 Broadway, New York

TELEPHONE CHELSEA 78

(In Perpetuam Memoriam)
Firm Honorary President
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Honorary Vice-Presidents
HON. DAVID JAYNE HILL, *Former Ambassador to Germany*
WILLIAM GUGGENHEIM,
HON. PERRY BELMONT, *Vice-President, Navy League*
CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, *Former Secretary of U. S. Treasury*
HON. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, *Former Attorney General, U. S.*
HENRY B. JOY, *Former President Lincoln Highway Assn.*
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CARPENTER AUDIT CO., *Auditors*
MISS FRANCES TILGHMAN, *Director of Publicity*

May 8, 1920.

censored

Gentlemen -

Do you know that the radical's battle cry is "To Hell with the government, to Hell with the law, to Hell with the Churches, to Hell with the right of any person to be possessed of any property?" Hundreds of thousands of Reds in the United States, all Comrades, no matter under which banner they march - Anarchists, Bolshevists, I. W. W.'s - all the same. Perhaps you think you are in no danger from them or that the danger if any is remote. In reality we are sitting on a powder keg.

Stop - Think - Review the past year.

The Red's next weapon is the general strike, the first one they win spells the beginning of the end. Professional criminals will cooperate with them. The Reds are arguing, preaching, teaching; always proselyting, organizing the unsuccessful, the dissatisfied. Every day they gain converts, they are a tireless, sleepless, constant menace to law and order.

The American Defense Society has been steadily contending against the disloyal, wherever and in whatever manner is the most effective, and as you know has accomplished results.

The Society needs resources to carry on its work this year. Mr. R. M. Hurd of the Lawyers Mortgage Co., recently wrote and asked you to subscribe $50.00 to our work. We look confidently for your financial support and trust you will make your contribution as large as your circumstances at this time will permit.

Please send your check to Robert Appleton, Treasurer.

Yours very truly,

Charles Stewart Davison

Chairman, Board of Trustees.




# An International Appeal

We are in receipt of the following appeal with request to publish:

**THE INTERNATIONAL ANTI-MILITARIST OFFICE**

**TO THE WORKERS OF ALL COUNTRIES**

The political and military powerful ones of England and France have met in order to make a decisiv criminal attempt on the new social life which in Russia is trying to make itself real, and which yet after two years, strongly resists the most cruel attacks of the reaction.

Already, in the Rhine regions, war materials and provisions are accumulated and troops are concentrated.

The German Labor Movement, forseeing a disrespect for German neutrality, already sent out into the world a call, directed to the German, French and English workers to make that impossible by means of a strike.

The International Anti-militarist Office, in session on the 9th of August, 1920, in Holland, urges the head and hand workers in Belgium, Denmark, Germany, France, England, Holland and in all countries which in any way can be implicated in the attack, to be conscious of their response, to themselves, to their fellowmen and to their posterity.

It addresses itself to all revolutionary people with the instigation to continue to resist, with extreme vigor, the intention of the ruling powers.

The International Anti-militarist Office also calls on the so-called colored races, which are exploited by European Imperialism for the suppression of new social and cultural possibilities, no further to serve the white rulers but prepare to place themselves on the side of the workers, to which they belong.

Workers and soldiers of all countries, make yourselves ready for a mass-refusal to do military service and for the GENERAL STRIKE.

The Hague, Holland, August, 1920.

Translated from the Esperanto.

# INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

*A letter from the Syndicalists of Sweden*

As our readers have seen reported, some members of the I. W. W. have tried to organize branches of the I. W. W. in foreign countries. In the case of Sweden this attempt has gotten us in conflict with the Syndicalist organization of Sweden.

The General Executive Board of the I. W. W. recently made a ruling not to issue I. W. W. charters in countries where there is already in existence an organization similar to the I. W. W., and under this heading comes Sweden.

An article on the Syndicalist movement of Sweden in another part of this issue, as well as the following letter from the Executive Committee of the Central Organization of Workers of Sweden shed more interesting light on this question.

Here the letter follows:

Box 51, Orebro, Sweden, July 15, 1920.

To the General Executive Board, I. W. W.

As there has some friction arisen between the I. W. W. and the S. A. C. (Central Organization of Swedish Workers) due to an attempt to organize branches of the I. W. W. in Sweden, the Executive Committee of our organization has taken the matter up and decided to write to you in order to bring this friction to an end.

We fully agree with you concerning the importance of the workers organizing internationally and we hope to be able to carry on successful work for this purpose together with you. Our organizations stand in the main on the same foundation of principles concerning object and means and the difference in the form of organization is more apparent than real. Just like you, we consider that the workers ought to gather in an organization comprising the whole class. In building this organization we have, however, for the present, laid the most stress on local organizations which are intended to include all the workers of a locality. The central organization is the joint body of all local Samorganizations. The local organizations, however, are divided into industrial sections which co-operate mutually thru an industrial organ covering the whole country—an organ which for each industry is selected by the workers of that industry.

Concerning the international organization we, however, hold the opinion that it should properly be a superstructure on the national organizations already existing. We need hardly point out that this opinion does not rest on patriotic reasons but on reasons of expediency from an organizing standpoint. In the first place, the conditions vary under which the organizations are built up, due to tradition, the spirit of the people, and the economic structure in different countries, which is so materially different in the various parts of the earth that it may be considered impossible to press the daily life of the smaller organization parts in under the Central leadership of a World Organization. In the second place, it would, in our opinion, be difficult for a World Central to maintain that close relationship with each local or industrial unit which is desirable for successful work. The National Central is surely in this case superior because there is always greater knowledge of the economic conditions, which in a National organization always show a certain uniformity as well as of the thoughts and sentiments of the outer parts of the organization and last, but not least, on account of the difference in language. Besides, organizing on an International scale is not apt to be successful unless it is undertaken with the co-operation of the National organizations as in a way there would be two competing organizations in each country, for instance, the I. W. W. and S. A. C. in Sweden of which, naturally, the organization of domestic origin would have the greatest chances. It would in our opinion create a confusion of organizations if the different national organizations generally should attempt to expand beyond the boundaries of their own countries. We should here be apt to get local or industrial organizations affiliated to the I. W. W. of America, the C. G. T. of France, the F. A. U. D. of Germany, etc., and the same would be the case in other countries.

However, we are of the opinion that International co-operation between the organizations for different countries is going to be of great importance, the greater the more extensive the organizations become. We have also been active for the arranging of an International Syndicalist Congress but so far have been prevented by the minions of the Capitalist state. In our opinion this co-operation should be established by means of a jointly elected International Secretariat. Should International co-operation in certain industries be required, the way should of course be open for the industrial organs of the respective National Central organizations to initiate and organize such co-operation. In this manner we believe the greatest results of International organizing will be obtained.

As it however seems uncertain when an International Syndicalist Congress can be held, we consider that permanent relations between the S. A. C. and the I. W. W. easily can be established per correspondence. Thru exchange of materials and by maintaining relationships of other kinds, the two organizations may be able to get in fairly intimate touch to the advantage of both.

We have wished to make this communication in order that no misunderstandings between our organizations should arise, especially as the Syndicalist movement has so much resistance to overcome that our energies should not be split in internal conflicts.

Hoping that our viewpoints will be understood we remain, with Syndicalist greeting.

(Seal)

CENTRAL ORGANIZATION OF WORKERS OF SWEDEN.
Per FRANS SEVERIN,
JOHN ANDERSSON.

# THE INDUSTRIAL INTERNATIONAL

## *WHEN SHALL IT TAKE PLACE?*

From all corners of the world the demand comes for an industrial international. We have repeatedly referred to the call for such an international from the Russian unions. We all know of the efforts in that direction made by the Syndicalists of Scandinavia and Holland. The approachment between the I. W. W. and the English Shop Stewards is recent history.

Here follows a letter from a Spanish Worker, dated Barcelona, June 2, 1920:

"We are planning to intensify international relations, so much neglected heretofore. Very soon and upon the initiation of the organization of Barcelona, there will be formed in Western Europe a formidable Latin Confederation, composed of the revolutionary organization of Portugal, Italy, France and Spain. When our idea of such a plan was communicated to these countries, they accepted it without any reservations, and, as we said before, it shall soon be a reality.

"The social movement in Spain, and particularly in Barcelona, advances vigorously toward the definite conquest.

"Today the National Confederation of Labor of Spain, an organization which as you already know is eminently revolutionary, constitutes a serious menace to the bourgeoisie as well as to the State. Our enemies have hastened to place themselves on the defensive and they endeavor by every possible means to do away with our young and powerful Confederation, which now comprises nearly a million and a half of members.

"The *Union General de Trabajadores* (General Union of Workers)—directed and controlled by Socialists—is rapidly disintegrating and its forces are being added to our own. Imagine the importance of our organization when, during the past 20 months, with the suspension of guarantees, with the union halls closed, with the terrible persecution of our most active fellow workers, and without allowing our papers to be published, and, considering that since the beginning of the long period of repression we have had more than 50000 workers pass through the jails of Barcelona alone,—and yet, in spite of all this and more, our organization still maintains itself. And if given a brief period of return to normal conditions or respite from repression, we believe we could soon prepare the workers both in a normal and in a material way, to be ready for the final day.

It is plain to everybody that the time is rotten ripe. If we only stick to our desire for an *Industrial* International and keep out all political issues, there is no reason why this new International should not become a reality in the very near future.

A preliminary conference is in order. Who will take the initiative?

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## Turkey on the One Big Union Map

The following letter from Constantinople to the I. W. W. General Office speaks for itself:

"INTERNATIONAL WORKERS' UNION
Galata, Rue St. Nicolas, Cafe "Aurore" No. 4.
Constantinople, Turkey, Aug. 20, 1920.

Comrades:—

We hasten to inform you that the class conscious workers of Constantinople have founded in the month of May (May 17, 1920) an organization

THE INTERNATIONAL WORKERS' UNION.

This union organizes the workers as a class in accordance with what they produce, and is divided into six major branches which in their turn are subdivided into as many unions as are deemed necessary.

The aim of the I. W. U. is the abolition of the wage systeem and socialization of the productive forces and distribution. The tactics of the I. W. U. are the same as those of all the new revolutionary organizations in all lands.

International solidarity permits us to rely on your assistance.

With revolutionary greetings, we are,
(Seal) S. Maximo,
Secretary Executive Committee."

## The Scandinavian Socialist Federation Endorses the I.W.W.

At the recent convention in Chicago of The Scandinavian Socialist Federation of the U. S. A., held in Chicago Sept. 3-6 the following resolution was adopted on *industrial organization.*

The Convention wishes to emphasize the necissity of a militant economic organization on the basis of the class struggle and of the organizing of the workers of America into One Big Union. Until this takes place the convention endorses the Industrial Workers of the World as being the expression of the One Big Union idea in America and wishes to express its recognition for the untiring pioneer work the I. W. W. has done as a propaganda organization for this idea, and do we expect from the I. W. W. that they at the right moment either take the initiative to, or co-operate in an eventual attempt to bring the workers of America together in an organization on the economic field which is able to carry on the battle."

For the rest the Federation remains an independent educational body which has for its purpose to organize among the Scandinavians in America to gain increased power in the agitation for Socialism.

# Do We Need an International Language?

We are in receipt of a letter from an Esperantist subscriber together with a translation of an Esperanto proclamation which reproaches us with sinning against the fundamental principles of internationalism.

Here we quote parts of the letter:

Horace, Kansas, Aug. 29, 1920.

The time has arrived, it seems to me, when every Emancipator if he does his full duty, must work for the One Language actively, not of course to take the place of one's own language, but to be the common means of communication with all the peoples of the world.

The workers of the world must talk understandingly together, if they ever unite understandingly.

I took a trip recently to Salt Lake and on my return home I came in contact with many passengers from the coast scared out by the earthquake, and the topic of conversation among some of them, next to the earthquake, was the "Jap menace" and I remarked incidentally to a fellow traveller that here was the next war in the making. On arriving home I found in my correspondence a beautiful letter from a Japanese student, written in Esperanto, of course, breathing the spirit of good will and love to all his brothers the world over, and I said as I read it, "If only Japan has many such sons her future is secure."

Fraternally yours,
Lillian K. Bullard.

## ESPERANTIST MANIFESTO

(Translated from "The American Esperantist" by Lillian K. Bullard.)

**"Comrades of All Countries!**

Behold the emblem of our new association—The Liberated Star. (Literally the Star Set Free. The star is the emblem of the Esperanto Association. Note by translator.)

It seems to us a superfluity to show the necessity of a Workers' International. Certainly all advanced Esperantists feel the need of this organization which more than any other will help to the triumph of our dear Ideal. However, one point from our statement requires explanation.

The organization fundamentally is unlike the present International. All Workers' Internationals, past and present, sin in the structure's self. Each stands on an illogical basis, namely: the nation as a cell or unit. The thorough nationalism of each national section poisons the whole association. Each section strives—possibly unconsciously—only for itself, only for its selfish nationalism. Very evidently then the concord exists on paper only, and at the congress each section mutually promises certain international assistance. However, when the acid test comes, this unity, this mutual aim disappears, and in spite of the endeavor of some faithful ones the place is taken by nationalism, even imperialism, which pushes the friends of today one against the other. Then no more internationalism, no more mutual help, no more fraternity but distrust, even hate.

Actually the Workers' International does not exist! Each National section is a separate autonomous association: for behold! at each International, for the sake of the various languages, the separate sections are really obligatory, at least the language section, but we Esperantists know not this barrier. Why conserve this form-system which shows itself thus fatally at every Workers' International Institution?

Put away the ancient and dangerous concept which suffocates the International feeling's self. We can and must found a NATIONLESS INTERNATIONAL on the basis of a common language.

All Communists, Co-operatives, Syndicalists, Socialists, Labor Unions, members from every land, no matter to what party you belong, must all come to the same aim, namely: the leadership and independence of the workers all united together in only one SUPER-NATIONAL INTERNATIONAL.

Put away these artificial forms which now divide and embarrass and substitute instead this device: REVOLUTION.

Comrades! Spread the knowledge abroad, print our call and join our organization. We need everyone's strength. If every forward looking worker understands his duty our International will be powerful and will be a bulwark to the Working Class and from it the true Internationalism will be established which is so much needed.

Our Country and our Fatherland must be: Humanity.

Our aim will be: The establishment of the Workers' Universal Republic.

La Centra Komitata L. S.
23 Rue Boyer, Paris, France."

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We have published the above not in order to shift the attention of our readers from the all important question of creating new organs of production and distribution and administration, but in order to give the viewpoint of the world language enthusiasts.

Do we deserve the reproach of sinning against internationalism by not forcing the question of an international language?

We do not think that we deserve it

If all of us could talk Esperanto or Ido or English or French or Chinese, it would unquestionably greatly simplify international co-operation.

But the difference in language is not an unsurmountable barrier for international relations. We know one another pretty well. It is simply remarkable how quickly we get in touch with one another. And if we are brought together by travel, it is also surprising how quickly we size one another up. Because there are a few in each country who know a foreign language or two every movement soon becomes known to similar movements in other countries.

When it comes to international congresses it would, of course, make it easier if all delegates could speak one language.

But there is this drawback to this idea. To learn a language, even as simple a language as Esperanto or Ido, is a task too big for 90 per cent of the workers under the present conditions. If we were to make knowledge of a world language a condition for delegateship to international congresses, the make-up of those congresses would be entirely different from now. The men and women at the top of the labor movement are the ones mostly elected as delegates because they are the most representative. But if we were to draw the Esperanto line most of them would fall down.

Somehow or other the delegates manage to get a knowledge of the proceedings, though it is naturally incomplete.

As a matter of fact, among the men and women who have fought themselves to the top of the labor movement, there are very few that would submit to the ordeal of learning a new language sufficiently to understand it spoken or to speak it themselves. These powerful men and women will force the world to understand them. The languages of the bigger nations, English, German, French are used, and the other, smaller nationalities are expected to know one or several of these languages.

The workers of smaller nations are therefore quicker to appreciate the advantages of Esperanto than the big bullies whose language is spoken at the congresses.

You simply cannot ram the international language down the throat of the internationally organized workers. It takes too much time and energy for the average worker to learn in these times of terrible stress. His whole leisure time is taken up in studying the daily press, the labor press, the books in sociology, attending meetings and tending to his recreation program. Besides, the big nations do not see the necessity of it.

As much as we wish it were possible we realize the futility, at present, of taking this matter in earnest. It will have to be left to private initiative.

Some day, when we have abolished all economic and political boundaries, when we get plenty of leisure, and when nearly all of us shall have an education like a college professor, we shall take up the question again and solve it.

Just now, with the roof of the temple of capitalism threatening to come down upon our head, we cannot deviate from our course sufficiently to learn a new language, however ingenious.

By the time we, as a mass, are proficient enough in the world language to make a speech in it, or to understand it when spoken, we would be buried in the debris of capitalism with no organs ready with which to produce food, clothing and shelter. What good would it do us then to be able to make a fluent speech in the soft and sonorous vernacular of our friends the Esperantists or the Idoists?

The world language is an improvement of great value upon the present linguistic anarchy, which much resembles the lack of sense and system in bourgeois production, but it is not a sine-qua-non of the creating of a new society.

# New Defense Secretary

**In accordance with the recommendation of the General Executive Board, William D. Haywood has now relinquished his post as Sec'y-Treas. of the General Defense Committee in Chicago, in order to take up other work for the defense.**

**The new Sec'-Treas. of the General Defense Commitee is Fellow Worker JOHN MARTIN, who some time ago was released on bail from Leavenworth.**

**In the future address all communications and remittances for the defense to**

**JOHN MARTIN**
**1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.**

**KEEP THE FUNDS FLOWING !**

# The "Industrial Unionist" Takes the Field

Box 79, Station D, New York, N. Y.
September 18, 1920.

Editor of the O. B. U. Monthly:—

This is to inform your readers that the "Industrial Unionist," organ of the eastern branches of the I. W. W. will issue its first number about October 15.

The paper will come out twice a month and will not miss any issue as did its predecessor, "The Fellow Worker". The New York members have adopted a financing scheme which will guarantee continuous publication.

The "Industrial Unionist" will be invaluable for all students of our movement, for it will concentrate its attack on the eastern industrial situation. No one can deny that the capitalist power has its strength in the East, for here are located the most gigantic industries and here is the most numerous population. Therefore what happens in the East is of greatest importance in the revolutionary world.

Our paper will not merely tell about the labor revolt, it will not merely be industrial unionist but it will also be industrial as well. It will give the scientific data about our property, now in control of the enemy.

A staff of able writers will make bright and varied the columns of the paper. There will be humorists who see the ridiculous in the doddering power of capitalism and there will be correspondents fresh from Latin America and Europe, and there will be scientific men talking about industry in an impersonal way.

It is a paper that you can't afford to miss. So watch for the first number.

Yours for ours,
Card 455,306 of the
Industrial Unionist Committee.

**DETROIT, ATTENTION !**

C. W. I. U. No. 310 of Detroit, Mich., will move into their new hall on Sept. 15. Our address will be 278 Michigan Ave. This place is a store with two good-sized display windows. We are painting and papering it and expect to have one of the most attractive book stores in the United States. We have been trying to get a place in the part of town for some time. It is the only place for the I. W. W. in Detroit. It is the center of the floating population and most of the Federation halls are in this locality.

Yours for the O. B. U.,
Joseph H. Donner,
278 Michigan Ave.
Secretary No. 1.

# The Case of Jim Larkin

We are in receipt of the following appeal from *The James Larkin Defense Committee*, 254 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

As Jim Larkin is personally acquainted with thousands of I. W. W. men and known by name to all others, our readers will, undoubtedly, listen with great interest to what his nearest friends have to say in his behalf.

Here follows the appeal:

..JAMES LARKIN, General Secretary of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union and accredited representative of the Irish Labor Movement in the United States, was convicted on a charge of criminal anarchy in the crminial branch of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, on April 27, 1920, after a trial lasting three weeks. He was sentenced to a term of from five to ten years at hard labor and confined in Sing Sing Penitentiary, from which he was afterwards removed to Clinton State Prison, Dannemora, New York. He is now debarred from seeing visitors with the exception of his counsel. Though forty-four years of age, he is consigned to the dirtiest, most unhealthy and most laborious work, the prison cotton shop. This is how the defender of the rights of the workers is treated in a land which was once the asylum of the oppressed of all lands. Larkin is an exile from Ireland—barred by the British government from entering any territory over which the British Empire holds its robber sway. He has been separated from his wife and children for almost six years. The American Government refused his 15-year old son permission to enter this country to visit his father. Could inhumanity go farther than that?

A short story of Jim Larkin's work in Ireland will dispel any suspicion that he is a criminal or an anarchist. Returning to Ireland in 1908 after traveling over the world earning his bread, he proceeded to organize the unskilled workers of Ireland into an industrial Union whose motto was "an injury to one is the concern of all." He found the Irish workers the worst paid slaves in Europe with a standard of living far below that to be found in any English city. The housing conditions in Dublin were such that according to the report of a government investigation, 21,000 families, averaging five to each family, were living in single rooms in that city. Larkin brought the workers together, taught them the value of temperance, clean living and a love for the beautiful. The union which he founded bought Liberty Hall and Croydon Park, where the workers could go and rest and where the women of the workers could bring the children to get the fresh air and the sunlight of heaven. The Dublin employers massed their forces against Larkin in the great lockout of 1912-13 in order to break the union and drive Larkinism out of the country. They failed after a struggle lasting eighteen months, and today the union numbers 140,000 and functions on the political as well as on the industrial field. The Transport Union is not confined to any one group, but includes dockers, farm laborers, domestic servants, cattle drovers, clerks and workers in every field of industry. The aim of the transport workers is to take over the land and industries of Ireland and operate them in the interest of the people.

James Larkin was born in Newry, the north of Ireland, but his family went over to England to work there while he was still a child. His father was a workingman, a Fenian, and a comrade of Michael Davitt's. His return to Ireland in his manhood's days meant a new factor in Irish affairs, a new turn in Irish history. . . Every student in Irish affairs now recognizes the fact that without "Larkinism" the movement for an Irish republic would have been one-sided and powerless. It was "Larkinism" that stirred deeply the workers in Ireland and gave them a hope in the republic—"Larkinism" with James Connolly's force and direction added."

The SINN FEINER of New York, July 24, devotes a page to the Larkin case under the heading "Inhumanity to Jim Larkin." It tells how the American Government refused Jim Larkin's son permission to visit his father in this country. "When has the United States become a new Siberia?" asks the Sinn Feiner. "Whoever dreamed that the time would come in our republic when a Dumont, an American consul in Dublin, and a Colby, a Secretary of State in Washington, would dare refuse to vise a passport of the son of an Irish father convicted in an American court of a political offense?" The Irish World of May 29 has the following to say of Larkin: "Jim Larkin is in jail because the English Government fears and hates him, because the big business allies of the English Government fear and hate him. Jim Larkin is not in jail because he has broken a law. He is in jail because our masters, who, with tongue in cheek call themselves our servants, despise and condemn the law, make a mockery of the law, repudiate the most sacred guarantees of free speech and free publication and individual freedom.

Twenty-eight public bodies besides all the trades and labor bodies in Ireland have passed resolutions for the release of James Larkin. We feel that he is a victim of as foul a conspiracy as was ever hatched against a member of our race by the hidden hand of the British Government. It is your fight as well as ours. Today it is Larkin who lies in jail on a trumped up charge of "criminal anarchy." Tomorrow it may be De Valera. Irishmen and Irishwomen and lovers of human freedom! Your attitude toward Larkin in this critical hour will be the acid test of your professed devotion to the cause of the Gael. Larkin today is in a felon's cell but remember that in the Irish history it was no disgrace to be a felon. Larkin is in jail because he was fighting your battle. Help to get him released so that he can continue the fight. Money is needed to appeal the case. SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTION AT ONCE TO EMMET O'REILLY, Treasurer of the James Larkin Defense Fund at 254 West 34th Street, New York City. You sympathize with the victims of the British Government in Ireland, so why not show the same sympathy with their victims here. Let our motto be *"an injury to one is an injury to all."* LONG LIVE FREEDOM!

Fraternally yours,

*James Larkin Defense Committee.*

# Forward March

By J. A. Stromquist

This poor old World is sore beset
With wars and strikes and insurrections.
Whole nations starve
And die, like flies,
At the first touch of frost.
Men, Women, Babes are languishing
In dire poverty and want;
And preyed upon by hopelessness
And black despair.
Covered with filth, vermin infested,
Victims of the plague,
And yet
The worst has not been told.
They cannot see their enemy,
"The class that lives in luxury"
And wanton idleness.
The Mothers, Fathers, Sisters, Brothers,
Who sent their loved ones across the sea
To fight to "save Democracy,"
To lose their lives
And leave their bones
Bleaching upon a far-off shore;
Who toiled and wrought with brain and hand
To feed the World and "save the land,"
Yet lived to see
Plutocracy enthroned, supreme,
In this, "our own United States,"
The erstwhile "land of Liberty"—
Have they not learned their lesson yet?
The number of "our" Millionaires
Has tripled since the war began,
And Gold and Diamonds gorge the land,
While senseless luxury, and waste,
Run riot; and the parasite caste
—now that war's holocaust is done,
And their own rotten bodies safe—
Goes o'er to France to "see the sights"
And dance the fox-trot on the graves
Of unnamed Proletarian victims,
Who bled and died in agony
That these, the rotten parasites,
The excrescence of Human-kind,
The useless, frothy scum of Earth,
Might still prolong their evil sway
And, like the Vampire-breed they are,
Still suck our blood.
And we, meanwhile,
By foolish prejudice divided, and misled
By labor-fakirs; ignorant,
Bound, hand and feet,
In fetters of the stale and outworn form
Of craft dis-unions,
Lie down supine, helpless and bereft
Of hope, or faith in our sacred cause,
And those amongst us who rise up
And dare to voice their protest, those
Who are not wholly fools, or cowards,
Are thrown in jails, deported, lynched,
Manhandled, hung and mutilated
By Capitalists and their hired thugs.
Oh, Workers—Men and Women—wake!
Remain no longer blind and deaf
And hopeless—insensate.
Behold!
The power of Mammon totters
On its pedestal. Thru its vitals
There goes the shudder of approaching death.
The "masters of the bread," the "lords of money,"
"Financial kings," "Barons of industry,"
Yea, one and all,
Now feel the ground tremble
Beneath their feet, and grow alarmed
For fear their filthy gold—
Stained with the sweat and blood of workers,
The tears of Women—slaves,
Cursed with the moans of starveling Babes—
Slip from their shaking hands,
And they, the shirkers,
Perforce may be compelled to toil,
Like unto us, their present slaves.
Behold! The Revolution—dawn of Freedom—
Is near at hand.
Stand up, be Men!
And join the ranks
Of Labors great, onsweeping Army—
The Industrial Workers of the World.
Deathless, invincible, competent
To build a better, fairer, World
Upon the ruins of the old
And rotten, crumbling, class ruled state.
Fellow-Workers, Brothers, Sisters—all—
Come in your millions. Make haste!
Delay not, for the time is ripe—
"Aye, rotten-ripe for change"—
And upon you now waits the choice
Of whether the birth of the new World
Be swathed in a haze of blood
And charged with fierce pains,
Or whether it be peaceful, calm
And glorious,
Like the transition out of night to day.
Behold! A star, a blazing sun,
Has risen in the East.
Our Brothers of Holy Russia lead the way.
The blood-red banner, emblem of our Cause
And Human Brotherhood,
Now flutters proudly o'er the ranks
Of their valiant, Red, batallions.
"Let us go!"—have courage;
Fall in line and Forward March!
To Victory, Peace, Plenty, Joy and Love,
And FREEDOM,
For all the Human Race.

# Nature is Kind But---

By Geo. Sutherland
(Delegate 2056 F.)

I was up at White Bluffs, Wash.,
The other day—beautiful country;
The Columbia flowing peacefully,
The basin dotted with orchard tracts,
Bungalows, neat little houses, HOMES,
And all about were the the ETERNAL HILLS
Set in a gorgeous purple haze
With the precious sunshine
Making EVERYTHING GLORIOUS.

Here was a FARMER repairing machinery;
Others were pruning trees,
Still others engaged in
PREPARATIONS
Of one kind or another
Getting ready to PRODUCE
A PEOPLES Basic Need—FOOD.

I too had been a PRODUCER,
Raising garden truck, small fruits
And Apples in the Spokane Valley,
To the Glory of God and—
The PROFIT of Spokane COMMISSION MEN.
THEY paid US THEIR price, NOT Ours;
And when we ORGANIZED,
Sold our Apples in the East
That was in 1911—
They put the Railroad people NEXT
WE COULDN'T GET CARS
The Second Season,
Had to DUMP our Apples
In Spokane,
THAT'S Why I'm NOT PRODUCING,
And why MANY OTHERS
Are Not.

THEY are throwing WOBBLIES
Into JAIL
Just because they are
WORKINGMEN Or
Because they belong to
A LABOR UNION.
The U. $. GOVERNMENT
Is DEPORTING Workingmen
For the Arch CRIME(?)
Of trying to improve
WORKING and LIVING CONDITIONS,
And the Industrial Barons
Are KILLING Our Fellow Workers,
Still the Mighty Ones holler
"PRODUCE."

I looked again
At the Hills in the Purple Haze;
Stock peacefully grazing,
MEN and WOMEN
Engaged at USEFUL Work,

And I mused thus:
NATURE IS BEAUTIFUL AND KIND,
The INTENT and PURPOSES
Of Mankind are BENEVOLENT,
NOT EVIL
Mankind is Geared to
ACTIVITY, CO-OPERATION and
SERVICE,
Needs No GODS—NOR KINGS
NOR BENEVOLENT TRUSTEES
To Guide Him,
And Would LIVE and WORK
In HARMONY WITH ALL
BUT—A VICIOUS INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM
Makes of HUMAN SOCIETY
A Veritable JUNGLE
Where the LAW of TOOTH and FANG
PREVAILS.

---

# The Case of Willie Cibber

(Editor's note: The less said about the meter in the following "poem," the better. To us it seems it is neither prose nor poetry. But the story of Willie Cibber is brief and to the point, so here it goes.)

Willie was born at Camden town, Camden town,
near Delaware Bay.
And there he lived and went to school, a youngster
bright and gay.
Little he then thought, that his life would fail,
And some day he would rot in a Kansas jail.

When a boy, he had oft looked in wonder at the sea,
And the world he longed to see, like other heroes,
famed in history.
When Willie he was about nineteen, he kissed his
mother one summer day,
Saying, that he was going to see the world far away.

When a letter from him to his mother came,
He told how he was "picking potatoes up in Maine,"
Where he had earned some money too, which he was
careful to send home
To show he was not foolish, even if he longed to
roam.

Next from the Southland, his letters came,
To him "Dixie's Land" did not look so grand, but
there was much that caused him shame.
So the winter over, found him northward bound,
To take in the harvest, where rovers are always to
be found.

Having worked awhile in Kansas, and made a little
stake,
He came into town one night when it was rather
late.

So having got a lodging, he soon was fast asleep,
From which he was rudely awakened to find himself tied up in a sheet.

A blow on the head, and Willie's struggles were soon at an end,
And he knew no more until he found himself lying on the ground
Stiff in his limbs, with his head feeling sore from the cruel blow.
Gone were his clothes and his little stake; wrapped in a sheet where could he go?

Gone are the pirates of the Spanish Main,
But here in Kansas it is much the same.
A victim does not walk the plank into the sea,
But the marshall orders a LYNCHING BEE.

Having with a struggle got on his feet, he gave a look around.
Just as he did so he heard a scream, and he saw a boy running off with a bound.
Dazed, faint and weary, he knew not what to do,
When a bullet whizzed and a voice called, "I'll get you."

With gun in hand and a red flush on his sagave face
A marshall came running up to the place.
On the head Willie got anotheer cruel blow and the blood ran over his golden hair.
As on the ground he lay, the marshall tore something from his breast, saying, "T's the keerd, he had it there."

Great fame for the marshall, his name in the city papers did appear,
And of his prowess the governor would surely hear.
A mock trial, a demented boy, with a sad pale face.
So ends this tale,
For now he rots in a Kansas jail.

D. J. T.

---

# The Man with the Hoe

How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

—Edwin Markham.

Many sweating, ploughing, treshing, and then the chaff for payment receiving;
A few idly owning, and they the wheat continually claiming.

—Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself."

One is free in proportions as one is strong;
There is no real liberty save that which one takes for one's self.

—Stirner.

Ignorance is the root of all evil.
Self Government is better than good government.

—Campbell Bannerman.

# The Poisoners of the Wells

**Dedicated to the American Sup-Press.**

**By Attila**

Sweet is the warfare in the miry trench
To that which our corrupted pressmen wage
To wreck the minds of men and spread a stench
Through this wild climax of a frenzied age.
With draff they feed the hungry mob, and lies,
And all that lives grows bloated and obscene
When these ghouls mumble it. And all that dies,
Dies doubly in their obsequies unclean.
War is not such an evil as the curse
Of paltry minds in power that diatil
Venom into the people and asperse
Courage and Truth and Chivalry. They spill
Their ink on that poor spark that still retains
Its dim, precarious fire amidst the blast—
The ray that struggles in a myriad brains
With sulphur and with pitch they overcast.

You crowds that writhe and gabble in the gloom,
Drugged and besotted with a toxin dire,
You that are smitten by a darker doom
Than War's red mace or Havoc's flail of fire—
O sorry helots to the basest breed
Of wretches that defile the printed page,
Whose slimy tentacles twice daily bleed
Your brains and souls—how mocks the huckster age
Your puerile talk of "liberty," who wallow
In the black marshes of a noisome press—
You serfs of dead Democracy who swallow
The monsters' spawn, yet starve in emptiness—
Long have you heard their shrieks of "liberty!"
When Law against their dens of evil treads—
"Their liberty of speech!" What leprosy
Is on you that your heels should spare their heads?

Once more the stark Black Ages seize the Earth;
Its soil was ripe for madness and the dance
Of giant Superstitions that had birth
From that great womb of Lies and Ignorance—
The felon Press. The boon becomes a bane;
The Liberator hounds his million slaves;
The Source of Knowledge is old Night again,
And Truth sits weeping by her countless graves.
Upon those starless plains where nations teem,
I saw the welter of the eyeless herds
And slaughtered minds, and heard the ceaseless scream
Of ink-stained jackals and of carrion birds,
And knew it for a more abhorrent sight
Than mangled armies shrieking to the night.
London, 1915.

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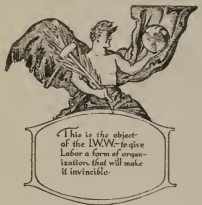
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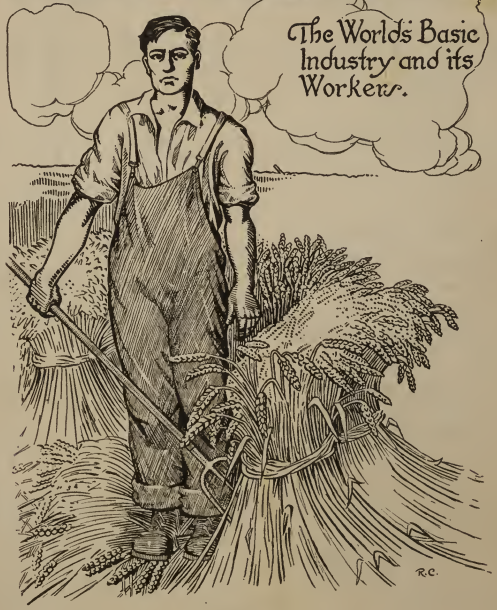
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# The BRIDGE

**An unusual story of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, to build which twenty-two workers died.**

*By* **GEFION**

Jackhammer McCarthy had just been told by the penny-snatcher on the corner that a dollar and a half wasn't any too much for a pair of Long Stride overalls. Jackhammer went to the door of the joint and reflectively spat a gill of Horseshoe juice across the sidewalk into the gutter. He turned and in utter disgust let the cockroach know that he was getting damn sick and tired of seeing wages going to hell from day to day while a pair of lousy overalls went sky rocketing to a buck and a half.

"Ah, but, my fren', when the bridge starts then things will get better—everybody will be working, see?"

Jackhammer didn't see. "Christ almity," he retorted, "that's all a stiff can hear around this burg—'the bridge', 'the bridge'. You're all bow-wowing like a bunch of old parrots. Well, anyway, ya ain't gonna get no plunk and four bits outta me for a crummy pair of scab overalls. And as for your damn old bridge, I don't think it will ever start. They usta peddle the same chin-whiskered old bull to my grandfather when he was a kid."

Jackhammer McCarthy drifted south. He rustled the Azusa job and got on. He swung muck for a week—enough for a road stake, said to hell with this, and blew into L. A. The rain was pelting the streets as if the Special Providence that is supposed to watch over the City of Angels had undertaken the tough job of washing away the burg's sins of the preceding summer.

Anyway, it was wet enough to float a battleship, so Jackhammer slushed his way to a flopjoint. The rain was trickling down his shivering legs into his shoes in cascades of icy pricks. He shook the snoring clerk behind the counter and forked over four bits for a room and made a bee-line for the stove. Its heat made warmth and comfort creep over him. He stood with his back turned to its glowing pot-belly and steamed like a plum pudding on an English farm table Christmas night. He eyed indifferently the reading and smoking stiffs around the tables. Their droning conversations came to him through the tobacco fog like the mumblings of a short wave set in need of new tubes. He became drowsy and leaving the dry kiln, he climbed the dilapidated stairs to his four bits flop and crawled between the clammy quilts.

It was a tough winter on Jackhammer McCarthy —damnably tough, both climatically and in regard to economics. A few odd jobs now and then —washing windows for old dames with mugs so full of wrinkles that it would take a wheelbarrow of talcum to fill 'em—and they called one "my good man" and thought that 35 cents an hour was sufficient to start birds like Jackhammer on the road to become second John D's. A few hours in the warehouses at four bits an hour—pushing trucks that a mule would have turned over to the elephants. Then back on the stem again with the old song and dance: "How's chances for the price of a feed?" Soggy shoes. Rain-sloppy overalls. Hat dripping like a roof. Empty guts. A lousy flop or a box car—enough to make Jackhammer declare loud and vehemently that the much touted L. A. winter climate and milk-and-honey blah-blah was just so much Chamber of Commerce bull.

* * *

But Spring came to the land again. From the Pacific, the warm wind came riding in on its high horse. Yo, ho, here I come! It tickled the birds in Griffith Park under their beaks and made them sing a symphony of chirping glee. And in the high heavens, the sun shone and reduced the Los Angeles River to its usual pint and a half. On the park benches, wenches snuggled close to boy friends and languidly stroked their shellaced domes in the latest Hollywood style. Yes, no mistake—it was Spring once again.

But no hormones stirred in Jackhammer McCarthy's metabolism. He wasn't even noticing the janes. Nix on 'em. His feet were itchy. He was thinking of where in the hell to land a job. He was deeply meditating the gut-tickling possibility of a decent can of java in the jungles—he wouldn't mind getting boiled up. He was so damn sick and tired of L. A. and all its crummy joints that he was ready to puke. Well, anyway, tomorrow he would blow north.

A guy on the other end of the bench was reading the scandal sheet:

"What's new, Bill?"

"Oh, not a helluva lot—I see where they finally started the bridge up north."

"Ya don't say so—my grandfather will turn over in his blooming grave when he hears that. Well, I s'pose they will look a stiff over in the seams pretty close before he gets on there—registered voter and all that bunk."

"Mebbe."

* * *

Out of the green waters of the Bay, there arose giant piers of cement and iron. Day by day they grew from their foundations deep below the rolling waves until they reared their concrete and steel crowns hundreds of feet into the air. From pier to pier, a catwalk hung upon which men performed the task of spinning 70,815 miles of wire into the 28 inches thick cables from which the spans would be suspended.

From the decks of the ferries, the men on the catwalk looked like specks in the infinite. Passengers craned their necks gazing at these fly-sized humans up there hundreds of feet above the bay —moiling and toiling, straining and pushing, to the end that the gigantic task of linking the two shores might be completed.

In great headlines, the newspapers spoke of modern enterprise and progress. In small news items, they now and again mentioned where Structural Iron Worker Bill Smith had fallen from the bridge and met a watery death in the bay. Or where Common Laborer Nick Polosky had been picked up on one of the pier foundations, a mangled mass of human flesh and bones. Twenty-two such little, insignificant items, they printed.

But from day to day, men struggled. Day by day, the monumental job grew into a whole. And at night when the moon hung framed by the vertical suspension robes, the bridge took on an awesome beauty.

* * *

Jackhammer McCarthy got on. He had spun the bozo that did the hiring a 1001 night tale and had made the grade. The job was union and Jackhammer was O.K. on that score. So now he slaved on the catwalk hundreds of feet above the waters of the bay. Now and again he spat a gill of Horseshoe juice into the foamcapped waves below. And on Saturday nights there would be a T-bone and French fried at Duffy's on Third Street and a show and a night with Jenny afterwards. She was all right, that jane. She was a working plug like Jackhammer himself and didn't give a damn whether the world was round or flat—union, too. She was O.K., no mistake.

And, from day to day, men struggled. Day by day, Jackhammer with others of his kind toiled onward so that the dream of the Chamber of Commerce might come true.

* * *

Jackhammer McCarthy had met a lot of nuts in his ramblings. Christ, yes—bushels of goofs. There was the bird in L. A. who was damn sure that the whole solar system of the universe was inside the earth, and that everything would be honky-donk as soon as he took time off to convince the numskulls on Mount Wilson. He hadn't forgotten the freak back in Baltimore who thought that Bill Hayes was the second coming of Christ and that Bill was going to pay all the dentist bills for any ex-railroad man that had his grinders fixed. And, lord almity, the loon who got up in the jungles one day and told the rest of the buzzards that he knew a man

who had a horse by the name of Olson. Jackhammer got dizzy when he remembered the whole pack of 'em. What a gang of saps.

But for a few days, Jackhammer was sure that Gunnar Krass was the screwiest Turk of the lot. This guy was a Swede and one of the engineers on the bridge—took care of the brain-twisting details, not one of the real big shots, but a white collar stiff just the same—only the damn fool wore no collar—shirt wide open—and no open shop pants, either. And he didn't suck an underslung pipe.

This nutty Skoovie would hike the catwalk in overalls, old shoes and a shirt as faded as a gay nineties bathing beauty—pockets full of blue prints and pencils. He would grunt a grouchy h'lo when he met one of the stiffs and look as blank as a carp when he ran into one of the big mugs. And Jackhammer thought they could've hired a saner guy outta the bughouse.

But what made Jackhammer think that the fish eater was really shy a few marbles was when he, Jackhammer, one day asked: "Hey, Boss, how d'ya want this done?"

The Swede blew up. He yelled that, goddamnit, Jackhammer wasn't working for him, but with him. And that the whole damn gang of sonsabitches had better get the idea outta their thick skulls that he was trying to boss anybody. That he and they, and all the rest of the work oxen, were in the same boat. And that, for Christ sake, to take it easy. And to be damn careful not to bounce over board—and never mind the big shots.

So Jackhammer told one of the other blue print artists that he had a hunch the Swede was about ripe for a ride in the jing-jong wagon. But this bird shook his bean and said that while Gunnar Krass might be nuts in some respects he knew his onions when it came to blue prints and f'gers.

"Mebbe."

And Gunnar Krass hiked the catwalk in overalls and old shoes with his prints and pencils. And Jackhammer McCarthy and his kind moiled and toiled so that the dream of the Chamber of Commerce might come true. And now and anon a little insignificant item appeared in the newspapers.

* * *

Jackhammer McCarthy was hitting it for the Humboldt on the Front for a scoop and a pot of beans. On the corner, he rammed into Gunnar Krass reading a book in the middle of the sidewalk. Gunnar looked up:

"H'lo, McCarthy—Where to?"

"Gonna get a gutfull of frijoles."

"D'you mind if I come along?"

"What ya want t' do—go slumming?"

The Swede didn't have any such intentions and he told Jackhammer that per'aps he had seen plenty of tough joints in his young life. Jackhammer eyed him and said c'mon.

They were seated at a table in the corner, chewing their beans in silence. Jackhammer was sizing the Swede up on the q.t., expecting him to heave a beer mug through the window or to get up and yell bloody murder. But Gunnar Krass paid no attention to his surroundings until he had put the beans and beer under his belt. He looked up and asked Jackhammer for the makings, lighted his cigarette and sat smoking for awhile. Then he said:

"You're a union man, aren't you?"

"Sure thing—packed a card for quite a stretch."

"And yet the other day you thot I was nuts because I told you and the gang that I didn't want to be called 'boss' and that you worked with me and not for me."

Jackhammer assented that he thought the Swede as bughouse as a March hare.

"When I tell you what to do, I do so because that is part of my work—the part I'm trained for. Not because I want to be a boss, but because I am an engineer—a worker just as you are a worker—only I do a different kind of work than yours. I'm being paid wages just as you're being paid wages. When the job is thru, I very likely will be on the bum with you and the rest of 'em.

"I'm a union man, too. Only a different kind of union man. I belong to that part of the workers who realize the need of class solidarity—who understand that an injury to one is an injury to all. I belong to that part of the union men who realize the need of class solidarity—who understand that an injury to one is an injury to all. I belong to that part of the union men who have made a study of how society is formed—why it is that there are bosses and workers—and how to change the picture. I belong to that part that realize that upon the shoulders of the workers the world rests—in our hands lies the future—the liberation of the human race. That's why I blew up the other day when you called me 'boss'."

The Swede stopped and ordered two more beers. Jackhammer sat silent and eyed him. And somehow the thought photographed itself upon his brain that this queer Turk might not be entirely nuts, and that he might be a pretty good gun when a guy got better acquainted with him. Yes, mebbe.

* * *

And day by day men struggled. And after months and years, the dream of the Chamber of Commerce came true. The Bridge was finished. The job is done. It is now a whole. It spans two shores and humans come from far and near to view modern enterprise and progress. By moiling and toiling, Jackhammer McCarthy and his kind and Gunnar Krass and other blue print stiffs made a whole

out of 162,000 tons of structural iron, 18,550 tons of cable wire, 30,000 tons of reinforcing steel, 1,000,000 cubic yards of concrete, 1,300,000 barrels of cement, 30,000,000 feet of timber and 200,000 gallons of paint. And in the newspapers there appeared twenty-two little, insignificant items.

* * *

It is night. On the hills of the two cities linked by the bridge, lights gleam as if the Goddess of Night had strewn the dark sea of her domain with glittering jewels.

The job is done. Jackhammer McCarthy is hitting it south in a box car. The light of his cigarette gleams like a lone glow worm in the blackened, swaying car. The thought strikes him that the Swede was not so nutty after all—a pretty good gun—an injury to one is an injury to all—Wonder when I shall see Jenny again?

Maria Polosky sits in her room. On a couch a child is sleeping. Perhaps in its slumber it is walking hand in hand with the Ugly Duckling. Maria sits silent. Perhaps she is thinking of the days when she felt Nick's warm kisses upon her mouth. On a table under the light lies a newspaper in which is printed a little, insignificant item.

Gunnar Krass is going to pull out tomorrow. He sits reading in his room. Before him lies a book by another Scandinavian. It is in the original and Gunnar is struggling with rendering into English the exact meaning of the ending of a chapter. He reads and re-reads. Then he takes one of his many pencils and words begin to flow out onto the pad:

"It was the pride of the old world that it could analyze the sun and the stars and give their weight within the accuracy of a pound. But bread it could not weigh out to the hungry mouths.

"The revolution means that the worker turns everything upside down and places things in their correct rotation. He begins by weighing bread, and with that as his starting point, he shall some day reach to the stars."

* * *

On the sands of Egypt sprawl the pyramids—crypts of ancient kings—monuments to the toil and thralldom of ancient slaves.

Out of the green waters of the Bay, there arouse giant piers of cement and iron. Day by day they grew from their foundations deep below the rolling waves until they reared their concrete and steel crowns hundreds of feet into the air. Now they are linked by cables and spans into a whole, and humans come from far and near to view modern enterprise and progress. The Bridge is finished. It spans two shores. It stands as an eloquent epitaph to the collective genius and toil of Labor. It stands as a colossal monument to the exploitation of the Industrial Slave.



*There is never a mine blown skyward now*
*But we're buried alive for you.*
*There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now*
*But we are its ghastly crew.*
*Go reckon our dead by the forges red*
*And the factories where we spin.*
*If blood be the prize of your cursed wealth*
*Good God! We have bought it in.*

# The News Guild—Will It Make Papers Report Honestly On Labor News?



**Newspaper reporters, after witnessing bloody police attacks on workers for many years and putting in reports that, as they appeared were little to the liking of labor, organized themselves, and received such beatings as this ANG member did in the strike at the Wisconsin News.**

**Their union has won in many places. "It will make for honest reporting of labor news," says this member of the ANG, "but it will take One Big Union to see to it that these honest reports are published."**

It must be admitted out of hand that any consideration of the question whether or not the American Newspaper Guild can make for honest reporting of labor news must at this time be based, to a considerable extent, on speculation—on describing the road ahead by the signs that are now visible.

Among perennial liberals and other incurable optimists, there is a tendency to hail the Guild as the savior of the labor movement and to shout that at last brass check journalism has been given a nice coating of pure gold leaf. To make such an assumption, however, is blandly to ignore the purpose, to say nothing of the power, of this movement.

During recent months, these predictions have found sturdy champions among the newspaper publishers. This cry was taken up with gusto as the result of the Seattle Newspaper Guild's strike against the Hearst owned Seattle Post-Intelligencer, resulting in the suspension of that sheet for fifteen weeks. The nation's press, for the most part, grew quite panicky at this threat to their purses and bellowed in alarm that the "freedom of the press" was being jeopardized.

One cannot state too bluntly that the pretended fears of the publishers, as well as the rosy hopes of the liberals, are based on a misconception of unionization as it is now practiced within an industrial plant (and a newspaper is an industry) does not mean the control of the type, size or color of the product. True, it may mean a step toward worker control, but at best only a step and we are doing ourselves a disservice if we describe it as a hop, skip and a jump.

While the Guild follows the I. W. W. in allowing for complete rank and file control, it has no revolutionary aims. Let us go to the constitution of the union for a statement of purpose.

"The purpose of the American Newspaper Guild," says this document, "shall be to advance the economic well being of its members, to guarantee as far as it is able, constant honesty in the

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# *Capitalist Democracy— Why It Must Fail*

**In Spain the C.N.T. has fought out the struggle against Fascism on the line that the capitalism that generated it must go. Their associates are coming to the same conclusion.**

**"We cannot keep in capitalism, and at the same time keep out Fascism," says Tor Cedervall in this analysis.**

By

TOR CEDERVALL

In the world today we hear a great amount of talk and also some degree of organization about and around the issue dubbed "Democracy versus Fascism". Many liberal and humane-minded persons, as well as self-styled radicals, the world over are huddling under the banner of "Democracy" in horrified opposition to Fascism.

In the United States these people supported Roosevelt in the recent elections, side with the "Republic" of Spain, feel a dependent fondness for Great Britain as the fairy godmother of Democracy while she steps designedly into every "situation" with her celebrated "diplomacy", give varying degrees of appoval of Soviet Russia, and reserve the hate their simple souls can generate for the black fascist regimes of Italy and Germany.

The philosophy of the out and out liberals of this conglomerate group is that while Fascism is a surly horrible thing, Capitalism as such is very desirable and should be preserved, albeit improved from time to time.

The "radicals" of this democratic movement are in their hearts not content with Capitalism, but are so frightened by the prospects of Fascism that they are hysterically choosing the fatal Germanic policy of the "lesser evil". Throwing all pretense of radicalism to the winds, these people have crawled out of the dread and darkness of their social cyclone cellars to become the blatant champions of Capitalist Democracy.

The slogan of each group resolves itself into—keep Capitalism, but keep out Fascism!

This slogan, however, is historically incorrect, we cannot keep in Capitalism and at the same time keep out Fascism. Fascism is but the logical development, the irresistible outcome of the class antagonism of Capitalism.

Recent history is bearing this out inexorably. Several nations are already frankly fascist, many more are tending toward that direction. It is a steady albeit uneven, petrification of international capitalist society into the hardened forms of fascist death.

Why does fascism everywhere appear as the fated affinity of Capitalism? Why is it that capitalist "Democracy" cannot withstand the attacks of this monster?



One of the reasons why bourgeois forces have joined in the fight against Fascism—Hitler, last March, declaring the Locarno and Versailles treaties scraps of paper as his Nazi troops invaded the Rhineland.



Lebrun, President of France, whose People's Front Government gave little aid to Spain.



Hitler who rules over a land of concentration camps and prisons.



Benito the Mad to whom "Democracy is a putrid carcass".



Edward VIII, former British Emperor, more lately famed as Mrs. Simpson's fiance.

***Are we to put our fate in the hands of these people, or shall we organize in One Big Union and settle our fate to suit ourselves? That is the big question of the age.***

It is because Democracy cannot be the theoretically ideal form of government under Capitalism and was not so conceived. The class nature of capitalist society makes this impossible. "Democracy" was the slogan and weapon for the overthrow of feudalism. It cannot be the slogan or the weapon for the frustration of fascism.

At the time of the classic overthrow of feudalism there was no thought of the "Capitalism" of today. All classes subject to the authority and parasitism of the aristocracy and its church—the budding bourgeois, the equally budding "worker", and the peasant were united in a "people's front" against feudalism.

Because of the authoritative and caste character of feudalism and the intellectual repressiveness of its church, the intellectual and cultural chanticleers of the new day declared the invigorating doctrines of democracy. The "freedom of man" became the inspired rallying cry of the new social order. This, combined with the confused and muddled class interests of the various groups in the "people's front", none of which had formulated a clearly-defined political and economic policy for itself (and which would have been too weak alone to have imposed it if it had) made democracy the logical pattern of the new political forms.

However, that democracy is not the innate mate of Capitalism is clearly seen by the methods employed by Capitalism everywhere in its development. Where was democracy in the colonial policies and piracies of the democratic nations? Where was democracy in the United States which countenanced chattel slavery naked and unashamed until 1863? Where is democracy up until this day in the industries of Capitalism? Symptomatically defined, Fascism is force and violence. Has not Capitalism always practiced an incipient fascism at the point where its profits are produced?

As for the general domestic democratic forms of government, however, how has Capitalism managed? Ideally unsuited for it, Capitalism has nonethe-less in some respects turned democracy into a very powerful aid for itself. Democracy has been of incalculable benefit to Capitalism in its development by serving as a smoke screen for its autocratic exploitation. It has with surprising efficiency served as a social control to combat the rebellion against the concentration process whereby the overwhelming majority of the populace has been reduced to "wage-slavery". Political freedom has obscured industrial serfdom.

In view of this very positive gain from democracy, the capitalist class has with more or less grace subjected itself to the expenses and inconveniences of democracy. Any dangers that might

arise through it have been neatly evaded heretofore by outlay to politicians and political parties who have proved themselves very willing to safeguard the interests of the capitalist class and do its bidding with fawning servility.

However, as the relationships of Capitalism are becoming more thoroughly understood, as a pauperized proletariate (actually or relatively) is beginning to stand up in open defiance of its exploiting masters, as strikes and union organizations become larger, as the ballot box becomes fore-doomed to partial control and eventual capture by the numerically largest group in society—the workingclass, Democracy must go in order for Capitalism to continue to exist. The bed-rock principle of Capitalism is the exploitation of the workingclass, and no group conscious of its subjection and determined to end it can be restrained except by large-scale force. Fascism supplies that force,—"Democracy" cannot, particularly when its political forms threaten to pass into the hands of the exploited through a "people's front". When the latter happens, or threatens to occur, or when faced by widespread labor unionism, Fascism will make its supreme bid for power, as in Germany and Spain, as it is preparing to do in France.

The phenomenon of Fascism is not always simple and uniform in its development. There is a great uneveness throughout the world that may serve to mislead the unwary into the belief that Capitalist Democracy can be preserved and a fascist coup d' etat prevented. President Roosevelt, for example, is regarded in America as bulwark against Fascism. But, Fascism is still out of the saddle in Washington because Democracy is still under the control of the capitalist class. The "radical" reputation of the President has aroused the hopes of the yet confused American proletariat and its members thus remain at least temporarily quiescent under the rule of their capitalist masters. It may be, too, that the "people's front" in France, timid and largely unwilling to introduce drastic changes, yet holding the confidence of a trusting proletariat, may still continue to serve largely the class interests of the employers without the necessity of a fascist coup for some time.

Is this the kind of democracy we want? A democracy that is suffered because it presides over an exploited and deluded people unaware of their real interests? Fascism will remain submerged only as long as "democracy" remains workable for the capitalist class; that is, as long as the workers remain content as a submerged and exploited class. 'Tis small glory in such democracy or the victories achieved in its name.

The Roman Holiday of Fascism can be thwarted not by hurling the pitiful shafts of a sham capitalist democracy against its iron legions. Only the grimly alert, courageous advance of an organization resolutely determined to root out Capitalism can be expected to "mop up" Fascism. Alternatives are few in dangerous situations. The working class has positively no "stake" in Capitalism; but, even if you fancy that you have, the world cannot eat its cake yet have it too. Preserve Capitalism, invite Fascism; build a cooperative commonwealth and smash Fascism. Out of this a new democracy shall arise—the industrial democracy of cooperative labor.


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# *The Canadian Labor Situation*

*By* WILLIAM MACPHEE

**Secretary, Canadian Administration of the I. W. W.**

Canadian labor is paying the penalty today for its years of bitter internal strife and failure to fight for the advancement of its interests. The trade union movement not only failed to hold the gains from the struggles of former years, but is helpless in the face of the present onslaught on the standard of living. It is menaced too by a Fascism which is a reality here.

National unions formed to oppose international craft unions with headquarters in the United States, Fascist-clerical unions organized to give the church absolute control over the Catholic workers, and political party domination and disruption have emasculated the labor movement. Independent Labor Party members, Communists and Co-operative Commonwealth Federationists have made of it a battle ground for their conflicting political theories. The only call for solidarity and a militant struggle is heard from the I. W. W., the only industrial union movement. John L. Lewis and the CIO are not, as yet, an issue with the workers of Canada.

Trade unions show a steady decline in membership since 1929. A slight increase during the past year reported by the international craft unions was more than offset by the dissolving into the A. F. of L. of the unions affiliated with the Communist controlled Workers Unity League. A.F. of L. unions claim 179,000 of the 280,000 organized workers. The A.C.C. of L. (All Canadian Congress of Labor) and the Federation of Catholic Workers of Canada are the only other trade union bodies with a numerical strength.

Labor in Canada occupies a strategic position by having nearly one-third of its organized workers in the key transportation industry. But, despite the vital importance of transportation in the economy of the country, the moribund railroad unions are stupidly unaware of the potential power their position gives them. Public service, coal mining, building construction, and the garment trades are the other departments of industry that report a large percentage of organized workers. With the exception of coal the extractive industries and the so-called mass production industries are for the most part unorganized.

It was enough for trade unionism in Canada to divide itself because of national and religious interests but it had to resort to despicable scabbing tactics to maintain these divisions within itself. This has been particularly so since 1927 when major national unions affiliated to form a central trade union body, the A.C.C. of L. Despite the apparent logic of the reason given for the organization of national unions, to abolish the racketeering practices and the bureaucratic officialdom of the international unions, there was no justification for a national trade union movement. The national unions failed to accomplish the purpose they were ostensibly organized for and have fostered union racketeering and a bureaucracy surpassing that of the A.F. of L. at its worst. Besides, national unions are an anachronism in Canada where the ramifications of international capitalism are more obvious than elsewhere. This may explain why they have made such slight headway despite their readiness to break the strikes of the international unions.

One affiliate of the A.C.C. of L., the O.B.U. (One Big Union), deserves mention. Organized in 1919 as a revolutionary economic movement, it has existed for many years on the glory of its one militant act, participation in the Winnipeg general strike of 1919. During the present dispute in the A.C.C. of L. officials of the O.B.U. aligned themselves with the red-baiting faction. Thus we find the once revolutionary union to the extreme right of an ultra reactionary labor body.

This comparative passiveness of the dominant labor organizations in Canada and the absence of even the most elemental form of solidarity enabled the employers successfully to combat labor without extensive use of those menaces of the American labor movement, company unionism and professional spying and strike-breaking agencies. However, it is all too evident that their use is increasing. Powerful corporations like the International Nickel and the Abitibi Power and Paper use both of these methods to prevent the organization of their employees, and company unionism recently made its appearance in the textile field, an important industry in Canada. It is also certain the present weak-kneed and vacillating policy of trade unionism cannot prevent their growth.

A far greater danger to labor in Canada than company unionism or stool-pigeons in industry is to be found in the alarming growth of Fascism. In the Province of Quebec you cannot now say, "It Can't Happen Here." You need not attempt to prove it can happen, it is happening here. Deep-rooted conservative traditions, religious fervor and a militant nationalism have made the people of

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# *"Aw, Sit Down!"*

Notes
On A New Era
Of Direct Action

By MELVIN W. JACKSON

**"A fantastic situation!" exclaims one weekly voice of American employers about sit-down strikes.**

**"We are tired of having to get passes to enter our own factories," many French capitalists protest.**

**Employers become powerless in the face of stay-in or sit-down strikes. The iron hand that holds the economic life of thousands becomes putty when confronted by these aroused workers.**

**The sacred property rights of the industrial tyrant are being questioned, and the absentee owner trembles lest sit-down strikes become more popular.**

**A new era of working-class solidarity is dawning. The slumbering giant is stirring and testing his chains.**

**Orthodox unionism is finding itself swept on in the rising tide of solidarity. Workers are spontaneously realizing they have a weapon more powerful than any ever dreamed.**

Totally unorganized workers are arising in protest against deplorable conditions and are awakening to the advantages of industrial unionism. The stay-in strikes in June in France were spontaneous and took the trade unions by surprise. French trade unions are said to be enjoying an unprecedented growth due to the overwhelming success of these strikes. One observer writes, "It can be said roughly that the number of trade unionists has gone up from 600,000 to 4,400,000 since June. Some instances: The number of office employees passed from 25,000 to 825,000, the food workers' union from 20,000 to 50,000, the Galeries La Fayette, which had not one single organized worker, now numbers 2,000 of them. Even the employees of the Banque de France begin to draw up their demands."

Two thousand British and Welsh coal miners recently preferred to remain underground in the mines until their demands were met.

Miners at Pecs, Hungary, likewise declared a "stay-down" strike to wring concessions from the owners.

Poland, Czechoslovakia, Silesia, India, Argentina, Brazil, Mexico—all of these countries have witnessed within the past year the solidarity of workers united in economic direct action. Sit-down strikes, stay-in strikes, hunger strikes—all these echo a grim determination of militant workers. Workers who refuse to leave underground mines or who remain at their factory benches or in their stores and restaurants and offices while striking —this is the new type of class struggle confronting capitalism.



Last June these French workers decided to take it easy. They won big gains.

Even in Fascist Germany, police and Nazi Storm Troops become powerless in the fact of sit-down strikes, which have occurred in protest against further wage cuts. The D. K. W. Motor Works at Spandau, and the Motor Works of Bauer and



At South Bend, Ind., 4,300 workers adopt the same tactic to fight discrimination and win their point. Their wives and girl friends brought them their provisions through the windows.

Schauberte in the Rhineland both witnessed successful stay-in strikes recently.

American rubber and tire companies, Bendix Aviation, General Electric, R.C.A., WPA workers in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and elsewhere, Reading Maid Hosiery, Aluminum Co. of America, New York Shipbuilding Co., and many other corporations can testify to the efficiency of sit-down strikes by their lessened profits—and the workers of many of these places can hold up fatter pay envelopes as mute testimony of their success.

Violence, rioting, and bloodshed: for years and years these have been the pet bogeys of union haters. "Terrorism, destruction, and gore" meant the same thing as "strike" to labor baiters. They dragged these skeletons out to dangle before the horrified eyes of scissorbills whenever anyone even whispered "strike" or "solidarity". "See what will happen," employers have exclaimed as they reached for the telephone to call their tin soldiers or "private detectives" to come and do some rioting and terrorising for them.

Now, alas and alack, these myths which were so conveniently used by the bosses are being dispelled.

"Business Week" complains, "Sit-downs were so frequent that the union set up a system that placed the striking workers in charge of the plant during disturbances. Men were told off beforehand to guard doors, round up supervisors 'for safekeeping in case of trouble' and generally take over the plant."

Order, self-discipline, and responsibility have universally characterized all sit-down strikes. The employers, alone, have been directly responsible for any bloodshed or destruction of property—because the workers realized that it is not by these tactics that their strikes are won.

In the recent French sit-down strikes which involved so many industries it is said the machines were preciously taken care of. The furnaces which must never go out were kept going; in the tanyards the skins remained bathed, and every morning the masons wet the stones of the houses they were building. In short all work that could not be stopped without actual damage to valuable materials or machines was kept going by the strikers.

The workers here demonstrated they can take over and run industries without the parasitic control by a master-class, and that they can run them in an orderly and intelligent fashion. This is one thing capitalism has found itself unable to do: run industry in an orderly and intelligent fashion.

Where workers have not given politicians control of their strike, the sit-down strike has been uniformly and universally successful since the first one—the IWW strike of 3,000 General Electric employees in 1906.

The fact that the ownership of an industry belongs to the workers in that industry, just as the toothbrush he uses should belong to him; the fact that a worker has just as definite a right to the job upon which his economic life depends as he has upon his hair; the fact that the rights of the parasitic class should not include the ownership of tools they never use but upon which others' lives depends—these facts are all understood by a sit-down striker, though he may not recognize them as such.

The worker at his machine which he refuses either to leave or to operate until his demands are granted, and the factory which continues to be operated by strikers, declare the worker's right to his machine, and his ability to run it when the shackles of capitalist ownership are shaken off, though at the time it be only temporary.

Where economic direct action and working class solidarity are used in struggles against the master class, the workers will never lose.

"Freedom cannot be gained through intermediaries."




## *"An Injury To One Is An Injury To All"*

These children went out to play in the streets of Madrid.

These German and Italian bombs came down from German and Italian airplanes and killed these children.

There is no war between Germany, Italy and Spain.

Instead there is a war by General Franco who set out to overthrow the government elected there last February and to smash all the labor unions, and establish Fascism where labor had established democracy.

If Franco wins, there will be a new base from which the fascist gangsters of the employing class can wreak vengeance on labor in other countries as today they do in Spain. And someday your children may go out to play—and it most certainly can happen here.

Ship no materials to Cadiz or any other Fascist port. Instead send whatever you can in the line of clothes or anything else that may be useful to our fellow workers in Spain. Buy a few more C.N.T. stamps from the I.W.W. for your union book or as souvenirs.

And don't let your neighbors and fellow workers be bamboozled by any capitalist press nonsense about labor's aims in Spain.

# Francisco Ascaso

## *The Life, Troubles, and Death of a Spanish Worker*

**As told in the C.N.T. "Boletin de Informacion"**

At every turning point in history supermen appear—fighting leaders and heroes. Francisco Ascaso was the stormy petrel, the fighting leader and hero of the present Spanish Revolution. The admiration with which the world looks today at the Spanish people, their self-sacrifice, their undaunted courage and determination, their valiant struggle for human ideals, must be attributed, to a great extent, to the example set by Ascaso.

Who was Francisco Ascaso? The third son of humble baker, Francisco was born in 1901 in the small market town of Almudevar, in the province of Huesca, which is at present witnessing severe fighting. While still a youth he displayed unusual observation and was endowed with a talent for drawing which caused the village schoolmaster to entertain hopes of making an artist of the baker's son.

When Francisco was eleven years old his father died and the family were to compelled to give up their business and move to Saragossa. The two eldest sons, Domingo and Alejandre, helped their mother and young sister Marie, but Francisco became and odd-job boy in a bar, where he spent four years working from 16 to 18 hours a day. Here in the hard and practical school of life the young man learned to understand social evils and injustices, and the needs and misery of his own people.

At the age of fifteen, Francisco was apprenticed to a baker, with the intention of following in his fathers footsteps. He had just started his apprenticeship when a baker's strike broke out in Saragossa. The fifteen year old boy had already so much class knowledge that he immediately joined the strikers. One day, meeting a strike breaker in the street carrying bread, the lad urged him to quit work. The strike-breaker refused and in no time the bread basket was rolling in the middle of the road and the loaves in a nearby brook. As a result of this "political act" Francisco spent two weeks in jail.

After his release he found he was finished with the baking trade as no baker in Saragossa would employ this "rebel". He obtained work as a waiter, however, and spent his leisure hours studying the writings of the great social and revolutionary thinkers.

In 1920, the editor of the Herald De Aragon was killed by an avenging bullet. This man was said to have been responsible for the shooting of seven soldiers during a military uprising in Saragossa. The Government accused the Ascaso brothers of this killing of the editor. His two brothers escaped, but Francisco fell into the hands of the police. Although all the accused could furnish undeniable proof of their innocence, the reactionaries wanted their heads, and the death sentence was pronounced. In view of the energetic protests of the mass of the people, the authorities did not dare to carry out the verdict but contented themselves with condemning Francisco to four years imprisonment, thinking to cure him of his revolutionary ideas.

Ascaso came out of jail bearing on his body the evidence of wounds, blows and lashes. The reactionaries had shown him what was customary in the days of Torquemada. All those tortures to which can be added thirst and hunger had weakened Francisco's body but strengthened his mind and fighting spirit. As soon as he recovered his liberty, Ascaso became active in a circle called VOLUNTAD (will) which was also the name of a weekly newspaper published by this circle in defense of the first International.

In 1922, Ascaso went to Barcelona, where he got in touch with Juan Garcia Oliver, Rafols, Boix, Vidal, Montserrat, Durruti and others. He was working as a waiter and his spare time was devoted to the movement. He founded the CNT Waiters Syndicate.

Ascaso later left the Catalan Capital to go to La Coruna where he intended embarking for Bolivia, There he hoped to realize the dream of his youth—to go around wandering as Jack London had done. But in Galacia, Francisco, remembering his true mission and the sad situation of the Spanish proletariat, returned to Saragossa. Here he met again his old friends and opponents of the "Free Syndicates." In Saragossa, the church, in the person of the Cardinal Soldevile intrigued against the proletariat. The Cardinal was executed by some despairing workers, and again Ascaso along with a few other comrades was put in jail. He remained here from June to December 8th, 1923, when he escaped with 23 friends. Only Ascaso and one of his companions reached France, the other 21 were caught and punished for an offence they had never committed.

Acaso found new friends, comrades and fighters in Paris. There also he made the acquaintance of his wife Berta. In June, 1924, he embarked with Durruti for Buenos Aires and spread his ideas

(Continued on page 31)

# LABOR IS ON THE MOVE

## An Analysis of the Labor Struggles of 1936

By CHARLES VELSEK,
Chairman, General Executive Board of the I.W.W.

**The American labor movement throughout 1936 has been characterized by increasing militancy, an extensive use of newer tactics and strategy, and a greater desire than ever shown before "to stick together." This has been shown both in strike policy, and in such substitutes for real industrial unionism as the numerous federations, and semi-industrial unions formed, and in the launching of the C.I.O. It has also been shown by the extent to which white collar groups and others who don't usually organize, have joined in the common battle of their class.**

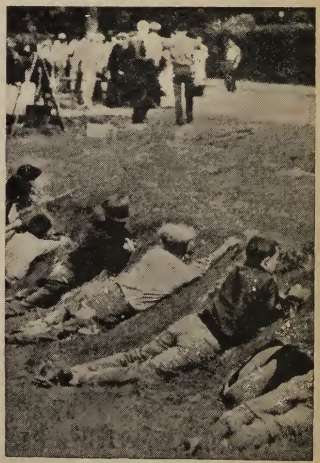
**Is labor ready for industrial unionism and the One Big Union idea? Is it possible to achieve the desired solidarity by means of the old unions? Will some new leadership lead to victory, or will it be necessary for workers themselves to organize and determine the policies of their own unions?**

That labor is willing to fight is shown by such instances as the battle in Kent, Ohio, against strike breakers brought in for Black & Decker, makers of electrical equipment, or by the strike against Northwestern Barbed Wire, where C.I.O. leaders contracted for peace while gas bombs were being hurled at the picket line, or by either the militant tactics in the present strike against the Celanese Corporation of Cumberland, Md., or even in the passive resistance methods of the knit hosiery workers at Berkshire Mills, Pa., despite vomitting gas, police and even zoological skunks.

All too often this year workers have been stopped by their unions from fighting effectively. The RCA strike at Camden is a sorry instance of workers being needlessly subjected to police brutalities and deprived of the completeness of victory that could have been theirs. Out under the C.I.O. leadership of Mr. Lewis, after Mr. Green had decided that the idea of a semi-industrial union for radio and electrical workers was highly improper, the strike was put off while the company prepared. Finks were escorted through the plant while the finger was put on the most active union men. When the surprise strike was to be called at noon of June 21, the union informed the police ahead of time—and the police were there with their clubs and remained throughout the strike. Beatings and jailings became the order of the day. The strike ended with many of the best unionists out, despite the splendid support given them by the Shipbuilders Union.

### White Collar Workers

Of the newcomers to the labor movement, the reporters and editorial workers have by far been the most energetic. The American Newspaper Guild went on strike against Hearst's Wisconsin News while the printing trades walked daily through the picket line. While the strike was on, it affiliated itself with the A. F. of L., only to be rebuffed by having the printing trades (of which



Gun battle in Kent, Ohio, strike against thugs imported for Black & Decker, makers of electrical equipment. It was an armed fort until cops and A. F. of L. leaders escorted the thugs to the local jail.

Here a Camden RCA striker is held by a cop while a plain clothes fink, who was given the opportunity to pick him out before the strike, is twisting his arm.



Mr. Howard, by the way, was a leading exponent of the C.I.O.) sabotage their campaign to stop advertising in the struck sheet when these union placed ads of fulsome praise for Mr. Hearst in the scab newspaper. The vast difference between their Milwaukee and Seattle strikes is entirely accounted for by the greater measure of solidarity shown by the west coast unions—for which the I.W.W. by the way is vociferously blamed by west coast reactionaries. There the printers did not walk through their picket line despite their contracts. When Hearst was brought to terms over the Seattle P-I, Mr. Green, much to the injury of the Guild, and over their strenuous objections, stuck his nose in to make a settlement and to deprive them of the labor support that would have made a better settlement possible. Despite the dirty deal given them, the Newspaper Guild still believes in solidarity, and in the current strike of the printers in Flushing, N. Y., the reporters and editorial workers are not walking through the printers' picket line. It is a good omen of the times.

Not very long ago, it was considered below the dignity of office workers and other white collar help to resort to a strike to get their demands. Even a year ago the I.W.W. members in Cleveland felt well in advance of the rest of the world when their organized production workers in metal plants struck to support the demands of the office workers in the same plants. White collar workers were considered something apart from the rest of the working people, but experience has shown them that they too are exploited, and that if they are to get more of the good things of life, they must band together and use their economic power to good advantage. A considerable number of strikes this last year was conducted by workers of this type.

In March, school teachers in Jessup, Pa., struck for their back pay.

Music arrangers, copyists and proof readers struck in New York City against 31 concerns on March 31, and by the first of May the strike spread to 52 concerns. Band leaders gave them good support. An agreement was signed May 6.

Employes of the May Store in New York City were out for many months, and Norman Thomas got arrested for aiding their picket line. Other department stores had shorter strikes. An independent union of the clerks of the A & P stores in Cleveland won big gains for themselves and wanted to establish solidarity with the warehouse employes in the A. F. of L. who went on strike to have their picket line shattered by the police and the A. F. of L. teamsters acting in unison. Philadelphia was also the scene of a prolonged strike of store clerks.




**This occulist with an M.D. degree in an optician's strike was only one of many white collar workers to strike this year: hospital workers, beauticians, the cartoonists' guild, as well as school teachers, music arrangers, and editorial staffs, all joined in the fray.**

Hospital workers for the New York City Polyclinic came out against wage cuts. Thirty-five pickets were arrested on May 16, and 15 more on May 26. Even the cartoonists' guild struck to raise their rates on College Humor and other magazines on June 7. White collar workers have surely been on the move.

### Agriculture

Arkansas witnessed an upheaval of tenant farmers, better known as sharecroppers, against the

landowners. These Arkansas tenant farmers, in contrast to those found in the North, are folks who have only their labor power to sell, and having no other market for it, do it by sharecropping. This practice grew out of the liberation of the Negroes during the Civil War. Hundreds of thousands of Negroes were proclaimed no longer slaves, but that did not solve their economic problems. They still had to eat and clothe themselves. The landowners devised the system of sharecropping and the Negroes were forced to accept their terms. In most southern states it is little better than chattel slavery. Long ago it ceased to be a Negro question, for white sharecropping families of the South exceed the colored families by 400,000.

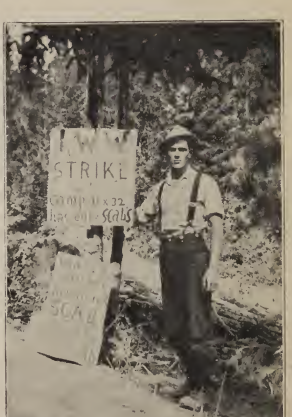
In Arkansas conditions became unbearable. The Sharecroppers Union was started, uniting labor regardless of race. Floggings, suspected murder, a return to actual slavery, and the deporting of militant unionists have characterized their struggle of this year. That their fight will improve conditions is beyond doubt.

In California, agricultural workers and especially fruit and vegetable packers have put up a struggle. The packers had previously made heavy gains by well-timed job action—for lettuce, etc., must be kept iced and shipped promptly. The heavy arrests of striking fruit pickers in Santa Ana in July, and the battle against gas and clubs in Salinas later in the year, adequately attest the willingness of these workers to fight, and likewise their need for an aggressive job action type of industrial union. The plan of the A. F. of L. to secure redress of their grievances by lobbying and by securing sympathy for injured pickets is not likely to get the desired results. The General Convention of the I.W.W. seriously considered this entire situation in planning its campaign there for this coming spring.

In North Dakota and Minnesota we find farmers working on W.P.A. projects (and now talking of a fight to keep from getting laid off) at wages higher than those they offered for their heavy work during threshing and harvesting. In several communities business men and townspeople denied water even to transients who refused to take jobs at $20 per month, while farmers were doing W.P.A. work which these transients weren't allowed to touch.

### Lumber

Working and living conditions for lumber workers of the Northwest were unbearable prior to 1917. However, these conditions were improved immensely by the Lumber Workers Industrial Union of the I.W.W. Wages were raised to a level never before dreamed of in the industry. In general, conditions were so vastly improved that telling of them almost sounded like fairy tales to the listeners. These conditions were maintained for some years, but with the lessening of organization in the industry, these conditions began to disappear and slowly but surely, step by step, pre-I.W.W. conditions began to appear. Wages came down to a minimum. Discontent among lumber workers grew stronger. Attempts to organize them were made by various labor organizations, but




A picket in the I. W. W. lumber strike in Idaho.

lumber workers, remembering their experiences of years ago, knew that only one organization could do anything for them and that organization was the I.W.W.

In 1935, a campaign among them was started by the I.W.W. The response received by the organizers was gratifying. Old-timers, who have been dormant for several years insofar as organization was concerned, were again imbued with the spirit of the I.W.W. and began to induce their fellow workers to join Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 120. The younger lumber jacks followed suit and before long the I.W.W. was again a power in the woods, especially in the eastern Washington and Idaho districts.

The organization made itself felt and conditions, which were on the down grade, began to get better as the organization grew. The first strike in this latest organization drive amongst the lumber

workers of the Northwest occurred in Idaho on March 23, against Weyerhaeuser and the Unted Artist Movie Corporation. The Movie Company hired men from Headquarters camp of the Potlatch Forests Inc. to take shots of a log drive for the film, "Come and Get It." The men were hired for $3.00 and board for 8 hours work. This was changed to $4.00 and board for a ten hour day on the job. The men struck and after 26 hours were granted $4.00 and board for an 8 hour day, camp to camp, and time and a half for overtime.

The second strike occurred at Camp L at Swamp Creek. Fluming of logs had just started. Water was at its peak. Wages were from $3.80 to $4.40 with $1.20 taken out for board. Loggers presented demands to the company for $5.00 and board. The company refused to grant the demands and a strike was called. The strikers won out after four days and in addition received time and a half for overtime.

On April 30, a log drive was about to start down the North Fork River of the Clearwater. Drivers struck against Potlatch and won a raise from $5.00 and board to $6.00 and board after being out 48 hours.

Workers of the Winton Lumber Company near Enaville made demands of $5.00 per day. The company gave in without a struggle, but as soon as the loggers found out that $6.00 was won at North Fork, they demanded $6.00 for themselves. The demands were not granted, so the lumber jacks struck and won.

Encouraged by the earlier victories and determined to improve the lot of lumber workers, members of the I.W.W., walked out on strike on June 29, and tied up the entire Clearwater district 100 per cent. Later the strike spread and before long 2,000 loggers were out. Demands included $5.00 per day minimum wages, a $25.00 a month raise for all monthly men, no gyppoing in cook houses, time and a half for overtime, free meals for men seeking work at camps, board not to exceed $1.20 per day, no discrimination against union men, single bunks and a change of sheets and pillow cases at least once each week.

On July 16, several non-Weyerhaeuser lumber interest camps, in the St. Maries district, granted the demands of the strikers. The Weyerhaeuser interests were determined not to give in. A reign of terrorism was instituted. Pickets were arrested without cause. On August 2, gunmen shot into a group of pickets 10 miles from Pierce, Idaho, on the old Orofino road. Mike Stetz, D. L. Gentry, Conrad Hill, Arnold Brinker and Lloyd Gustafson, pickets, were wounded. Stetz and Gentry are not expected to get well. The gunmen and the remaining pickets were arrested. Bonds of $1500 each were placed against the pickets, while the gunmen were released on bonds of only $750. Two of the injured pickets were sent by the union to recuperate at Work Peoples College in Duluth, Minn., and increase their usefulness to the labor movement.

The shooting proved a wonderful opportunity for Governor Ross to declare Martial Law in the strike zone. Troops were moved in on August 3. An edict that all strikers would be deported out of the state was issued but was later rescinded by the Governor because of presure brought to bear against him and Senator Borah. Although the deportation order was dropped, Evert Anderson, General Executive Board member of the I.W.W., was deported to the State of Washington two times. Many more arrests besides those mentioned were made and finally on August 22 the strike ended with considerable gains. Not all points were won, but the loggers were determined that before long the entire lumber industry of the Northwest would be organized under the banner of the I.W.W. They have made good progress along these lines and we shall hear more from them later.

### Metal Mining

The bloodiest strike of 1936 in the metal mining industry was in Birmingham, Alabama, called on June 1, against the Tennessee Coal, Iron & R. R. Co. Iron and Coal arc mined practically in the same field and hauled to a blast furnace. The iron is taken out of shafts on the side of a hill by



Scabs leave Alabama Mine of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and R. R. Co.

the river. On the very first day of the strike 5 scabs were wounded by gunshot as they emerged from one of the shafts. Again on July 13, more violence occurred. The strike was finally called off by the International Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers on August 20, on an agreement to try out a new tonnage payment plan.

On July 25, a strike of the same Union against the Junea Gold Mining Company for a closed shop was upheld by the National Labor Relations Board.

In Utah, a strike of 3,000 metal miners was declared in October. The strike is still in progress at the time of writing.

### Quarry Workers

At Philadelphia, Pa., a strike conducted by the Building Workers Industrial Unian No. 330 of the I.W.W. against three quarries where stone for building purposes was being quarried, was won in a very short time. Increased wages, recognition and the 8-hour-day was granted.

Another quarry strike of over seven month duration ended in July when a settlement offered by the Vermont Marble Co., was accepted by the men.

### Coal Mining

Employment in the coal mining industry has dropped from 160,000 in 1924 to less than 100,000 today. Whole towns have been ruined and their populations left to exist on relief or bootleg coal. Bootlegging coal, especially in Pennsylvania, became quite an industry among unemployed miners. Miners would dig coal in places where companies found it unprofitable to do so, and the coal would be sold directly to consumers. This the coal companies resented and in April the first blood was spilt when two miners were shot by company guards. The company for whom the guards worked did not explain the presence of these guards in violation of a recent act of the legislature abolishing coal and iron police in Pennsylvania.

In the Anthracite coal fields several strikes occurred prior to the signing of an agreement which is to last until April 30th, 1938, despite rising prices. The agreement calls for a seven-hour day and five-day week with the same rate of pay as formerly paid for 8 hours; complete check-off and complete responsibility on UMWA officers to prevent strikes in violation of agreement. However, strikes had to be called against 15 companies on August 27 in order to get them to live up to the agreement.

In Illinois, a jurisdictional strike was called in Saline county, by the Progressive Miners of America on March 4th, over the opening of Peabody mines 43 and 47 under UMWA contract. In Saline County, 4,000 of the 5,000 miners belong to the PMA.

### Building Trades

Strikes concerning wages and other questions were numerous in the building industry. On Jan. 10, the electrical workers brought the Board of Education of New York City to terms in building the Sam Gompers High School. The demands of the union were for the hiring of at least 50% Union workers and the balance to be hired from relief rolls. On July 26, in Detroit, Michigan, 250 members of the Lathers, Plasterers & Laborers Association, an independent union, returned to work after a one-day strike, which resulted in a temporary agreement to hire none but union men on all lathing jobs and arbitration of a new wage scale to be guaranteed by an agreement expiring May 15, 1937. On August 27, 12,000 painters of New York City struck for the enforcement of the contract and for the elimination of the "kick back," and for the hiring of 50% of the men from union rolls. The strike spread to Brooklyn on September 2nd and was settled on September 5, the union gaining its point. Seven painters were held for violence during this strike. Other strikes were conducted in this industry, most of which were settled immediately.

### Garment and Textile Workers

Troops were brought to Albany, Indiana, on January 21, to quell a strike which was in progress since September 1935, against M. Fine & Sons, makers of shirts. The strike was for the restoration of NRA rate of wages.

Contracts which are to last two years were signed by the I.L.G.W., and the five employer groups in the dress industry, covering 150,000 workers. Negotiations were in progress from January 7, when the first strike threat was made until February 21. Furriers also made agreements on January 31, but not until after concurrent strikes were planned.

Strutwear Hosiery workers in Minneapolis struck for several months, during which time Governor Olson threatened to close the plant, but was enjoined from doing so by order of a Federal Court. The strike ended April 5 with some demands granted the workers.

Knit good workers struck in four plants in New York City on July 18, and threatened to picket the U. S. Re-Employment Service for acting as a strike-breaking agency. Five mills were called out on July 26. On August 25, 4,000 returned to work as the strike was settled in some places, continuing in others.

The large strike against the Berkshire Mills of Wyomissing, Pa., has resulted in severe injuries to many workers, over 200 being injured on Oct. 2 alone. The strike continues with the use of passive resistance methods.

Following the dress good workers strike, the pattern makers struck March 3. Fair solidarity was shown by refusing to cut from "hot" patterns.

### The Metal Industries

In January recognition of the I.W.W. shop committee was granted by the American Brass Company of Cleveland. A wage increase which was to take effect on July 1, did not materialize, so on July 8 the plant was struck. The strike ended on September 14 when a 5 per cent wage increase was granted. The management when the strike first broke out was adamant and refused to consider any proposals submitted by the strike committee. Encouraged by the Associated Industries, they tried turning public sentiment against the strikers by having police stationed before the plant and using the time worn anti-union bomb scare.

Another strike in the Brass & Copper Industry was that of the Phelps Dodge Copper & Brass Products, of Elizabeth, N. J. 200 walked out on August 27. The strike was settled September 1, with wage increases, 48-hour week and time and a half for overtime.

On May 22, a strike was called at Portsmouth, Ohio, by 5,000 workers against the Wheeling Steel Company. The strike was finally ended on July 13, when an understanding was reached that terms would be made 14 days later. Several strikers were injured and one guard killed during the strike. On July 29, six unionists were indicted for the death of the guard.

Other minor strikes occurred in steel and for a while it seemed as though the whole industry would be involved when Lewis and his C.I.O. made an attempt to organize the industry. But like other much advertised general moves by the A. F. of L., it did not materialize and steel workers, while they await better organization, content themselves with the slender bonuses paid by these corporations that have paid big bonuses to stock holders.

In the auto industry labor has certainly shown a willingness to go further than its C.I.O. leadership permits. Sit down strikes have been frequent from the sit-down in the Toledo Dura Manufacturing Co., makers of auto hardware, in March to the Case, Bendix and Midland Steel sit downs of recent weeks. It has been a busy year for the industry, and lack of an organization to unite all workers in body, parts, and assembly plants to take advantage of the favorable opportunity will no doubt later be regretted.

That the A. F. of L. is no better able to handle these big metal working moguls than the new C. I. O. is apparent from the long drawn out fight against Remington-Rand. Here with their plants scattered across a great area, the need for industrial organization to tie up all plants is so obvious, it need scarcely be mentioned.

### Other Manufacturing

The wave of militancy characteristic of labor this year has shown itself in manufacturing strikes too numerous for the scope of this summary. Rubber workers in Akron and Toledo by frequent sit downs (severely frowned upon by the officials of their unions) have won many points, and built up strong union sentiment among all workers in their communities. Toledo has become a militant labor town as a whole, gas, match and metal workers all joining in the common cause.

This community union sentiment, a splendid omen for the growth of One Big Union, has appeared elsewhere. In Pekin, Ill., after the workers at the American Distillery Co. had been out for six months, a general strike declared by all 31 unions in the town brought it to a settlement on February 8. Minneapolis is a similar instance, where flour mill strikes, grain elevator strikes, truck drivers' strikes, jewelry workers strikes, all synchronized to make it one striking town in the first part of September.

In recent months, the flat glass workers, largely engaged in supplying glass to the auto industry, have shown increasing militancy. They have refused to work on orders sent from a struck plant to another, and auto workers have refused to work with scab glasses. This is as it should be.

### Railway Industry

Generally speaking, labor trouble was at a minimum in the railroad industry in 1936. The most important issue fought over between the railroad companies and workers was whether or not two men should be employed on Diesel engines. The companies contend that only one man is necessary because of the newly invented dead-man's throttle which if released by the engineer will stop a train immediately. Workers on the other hand contend that rigor mortis may cause him to hold it and besides it is absolutely necessary for two men to be on the alert at all times to guarantee a higher degree of safety. However, in most cases where this issue was fought, the workers got their way. This was mostly due to strike threats and public sentiment.

Strike votes were taken by the employes of the Mobile & Ohio and by the engineers of the Western Pacific, January 29 and May 22, respectively. These strikes did not materialize. A strike that did materialize and which was splendidly fought with the aid of women, was the strike of the train crews of the Louisiana & Arkansas and the Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas. The women played an important part, turning hoses upon scab dwellings, routing their foul inhabitants, boarding trains and persuading the crews to wire in their resignations and many other things which induced the

Governor of Louisiana to intercede. The strike ended in a victory for the workers. Wages were improved and the unions recognized.

A good deal of time and energy was spent by the Railway Unions in promoting legislation which would be of benefit to railroad workers, or at least intended to be so. Most important was the Railway Employes Pension Act. This act is hoped to make room for more workers on railroads through the process of providing for and eliminating the older heads. A better way to create more jobs would be by shortening hours. This railroad workers realize but somehow they do not have enough confidence in themselves or their unions to demand this. The 26 varieties of unions among railroad workers do not give them the necessary feeling of solidarity. Their solution lies in the One Big Union.

### Marine Transport

The Marine Transport Industry has far too complicated a story to be put in this summary. A detailed summary of union trends in the industry




The May East Coast Strike—Clubs, teargas and motorcycles were used by N. Y. cops to smash this "outlaw" strike as the S. S. Virginia comes in with a scab crew.

is promised by a specialist in an early issue of this magazine. The idea of the federation to give greater solidarity among marine workers has taken a firm hold. Its greater growth on the west coast than in the east is indicated by the difference in wage rates paid. On the east coast the process of getting rid of the old men of the sea who have ridden on the backs of marine transport workers these many years has unfortunately been accompanied by replacing them by labor politicians to such an alarming degree that seamen are wondering if they are better off. In all these battles for rank and file control and industrial solidarity, the Marine Transport Workers of the I.W.W. have taken a leading part, which may perhaps be measured somewhat by the I.L.A. gangster murder of Fellow Worker Ross in San Pedro last year, the shooting of Fellow Worker Haiman in Philadelphia as he stopped finks from kidnaping a picket, or the shooting of Fellow Worker Kane in Houston as he stopped the racketeer ousted agent of Firemen and Oilers Union from walking off with the union records.

The importance of a militant industrial unionism in this industry cannot be over-emphasized. When there is the right sort of solidarity between workers, scab products will not be moved, materials will not be sent for scabs to work with, hot cargo will never be touched, the instruments of death sent against labor will never reach their destination. In putting such solidarity into practice, the unity of all transportation workers, as provided for by the Transportation Department of the I.W.W. will be essential. The effort of the Marine Transport Workers of the I.W.W. to stop the shipment of war materials to the Fascist forces of Spain, is an augury of what can be done when this developing One Big Union idea among transport workers is fully realized.

### Conclusion

No summary can indicate the splendid fighting spirit that has animated American labor. Neither can any summary such as this adequately show the interference with this fighting spirit and sense of solidarity that faultily constructed unionism imposes. The new spirit of American labor is shown not only by these strikes and by the fight of W.P.A. workers and relief workers that lack of space has forced us to omit, but also by the way in which American labor, despite the Pontius Pilate stand taken by the convention of the American Federation of Labor has rallied to the support of our fellow workers in Spain.

A new era is in the making. A new spirit is in the hearts of labor. A determination to get more of the increasing product of our labor is shown daily. There is no way for this new attitude to find fitting expression except in the I.W.W. plan of industrial unions, controlled by the members, militant in spirit, working toward a new social order, uniting all on the same job in the same union, all in the same industry in the same industrial union, and uniting all workers in One Big Union of the entire working class.



# Johnny Comes Home

## By John Lind

Johnny was an intelligent boy. That is, if one listened to his pa and ma, and looked at his report card, one was apt to be convinced that he really was smart. Besides, he was the best local all around athlete.

His father was a well-to-do farmer, right on the edge of a small Minnesota town. Pa belonged to the Moose lodge, and was one of the pillars of the church . . . in fact when a local woman was sent to convert the heathen of Africa, he was known to donate fifty dollars all at one time. And his mother, good pious soul, brought up her six children in the fear of God and the nether regions.

When the war broke out in Europe, Johnny had just finished high school. When the United States entered the war, he was just finishing his third year in college. He volunteered. He had ideals about fair play and decency, and this was the thing to do about them. It was expected of him, not only by his parent, but by his younger sisters and brothers. He was the eldest and had an example to set.

* * *

As a private he saw eight months of horror over there, and came back. He was discharged and went home.

The eight months must have changed him. He didn't fit. Just what is was, he wasn't quite sure . . . but he couldn't quite bear the blokes that asked him what it was like over there . . . when the local parson told the congregation "we won the war," he got up and walked right out in the middle of the sermon. He knew it was an unpardonable sin, and wasn't quite sure why he did it.

Life wasn't what he had counted on, even though he had had only counted on it vaguely. His buddies wrote him. One wrote that he had been in New York out of a job ever since he was discharged, while his girl friend kept him with enough to live on. Another wrote about being on the stem in Frisco. Of the dozen he kept in touch with only one managed to get his old job back. Several asked for loans.

Even Alice . . . he had "gone for her" in their high school days . . . even she stirred him to a strange discontent contrary to all his expectations. When she sat eating chocolates and reading Eddie Guest to him, he couldn't help but think that the chocolates were making her far too fat . . . and there was something about this Eddie Guest that reminded him of the chocolates.

* * *

He decided that it would be more comfortable moving . . . going somewhere . . . west. He told Alice. She was unaware that there was anything in this discontent for her to fathom, and wanted to know what was to happen to their engagement. He said he'd be back in a few months. She cried on his shoulder, and said good-bye . . . and he wished he had written from Fargo, instead.

His father was rather taken aback, and angry. He could not see why Johnny should want to leave a good home. They had done what they could for him. He could stay there. He could go to college. But if he was just to go rambling and rambling out west, never should he ask for any help from home, no matter what the need. But Johnny insisted he was going on a freight train, to find something or other to do that he wanted to do. The one thing he was sure of was that he didn't want to stay there.

* * *

Next morning he took the local freight into Minneapolis and looked in the yards for something

bound west. The stories he had heard while in the trenches now served him in good stead, and he was able to find his way about quite easily, always of course, relying on his ability to pick the right persons to ask questions of.

It was early spring yet. The snow was all gone, but the frost was not all out of the ground, and nights were cold. He was glad that he had had the foresight to take his heavy coat along with him. He found it useful now.

Several days later he hopped off of a freight train in Billings, Montana. Still having a few dollars left, he made his way to a restaurant, but not before he had asked a newly found friend of the road to eat with him. Johnny had taken a sudden liking to this young man, not much older than himself, but infinitely wiser. The young man had admitted that he had not gone to France, because, in his opinion the war was not "fought for democracy" but for world markets and war profits. True, he had been drafted just before the Armistice and had gone to the training camp, but, he admitted that he had very seriously considered refusing to shoulder a rifle and pleading conscientious objection. He was very glad that all that was not necessary, and that the war was over, for it saved him from declaring himself and probably from an army prison or concentration camp.

While eating they continued their discussion, and Johnny was glad that he had run into Tom. For one thing, he was conscious of finding something that he had missed ever since he was discharged from the army. For all this while he hadn't quite know what it was that he had missed; but during Tom's recital of some little episode in his own life he mentioned the term "fellow workers", which sent Johnny's thoughts back to his buddies and then he understood. He had missed the comradeship, that closest of all ties, that is born of a common cause. They had been sent thre (to France) together, so "let's see it through together," had been their attitude. And especially in their contact with officers had the spirit of solidarity among the privates manifested itself. Many were the times when it seemed as if their worst enemy was, not the Boche, but "that damned tarheel non-com." They would lie, steal and fight for each other, but for the non-com and for the officers they had nothing, but invective, for most of them had not earned their stripes, and their ignorance of their own position usually made them take it out on the men.

This spirit of comradeship asserted itself now, too, and for months after that Johnny and Tommy were like Siamese twins; where one was, the other one was bound to be. They found a few day's work now and then, with which to replenish their roadstake, but not often. As it was, they had eight dollars between them upon arrival in Spokane.

Meanwhile Johnny had found that Tommy was a "Wobbly," one of them "I Won't Works," that so many dirty cracks had been made about in his hearing, even in the army. Johnny soon completely changed his ideas about the Wobblies. True, his ideas had been rather vague. But every day in Tommy's company brought more enlightenment, and the many leaflets and booklets Tommy carried in his packsack soon created an understanding of the "movement," as Tommy called it, which would have been impossible to secure in any other way.

Among the booklets creating the deepest impression on him were Justus Ebert's "The I. W. W. In Theory and Practice" and Vincent St. John's "I. W. W.—Its History, Structure and Methods." Besides these he found in the I. W. W. Song Book a constant source of delight. Many were the hours they whiled away either in jungles or in the yards waiting for trains, just singing.

"If you all will shut your trap,
I will tell you 'bout a chap,
That was broke and up against it, too,
for fair;
He was not the kind that shirk,
He was looking hard for work,
But he heard the same old story everywhere."

Songs were not the only thing he learned. When Tommy first talked of "surplus value" in one of his intermittant monologues on Marxian economics, Johnny had to ask that he explain what he meant. His study of economics in high school and college had seemingly not had included that term, although he did remember that Marx had been mentioned somewhere, along with Ricardo and Adam Smith.

When Tommy got through exlaining, it seemed that Johnny's education had indeed been neglected, and the funniest part of it was that from a man on the road, from one who had barely finished an eighth grade schooling, he, with three years of college to his credit, was able to learn more than from all his teachers combined.

When he questioned Tommy where he had got his knowledge, Tommy raised his hand and drew it in a semicircle from the North to the East and South, then Southwest, and added as an explanation: "Experience, speakers and books." Johnny had to be satisfied with that.

* * *

They pulled into Spokane rather late one night, got a room and went to bed. When Johnny opened his eyes in the morning, Tommy was not in bed, and his clothes were gone, but his packsack was still thrown in the corner, so Johnny did not worry. He went out, ate breakfast and came back to wait for him. Tommy explained he had been to the I.W.W. Hall and to the Public Library.

That afternoon Johnny for the first time entered an I.W.W. hall. There was quite a group of workers there, seemingly all loggers, from the looks of their clothes. Several there knew Tommy, and a round of introductions followed, but there were so many that it was impossible for Johnny to remember their names. Anyway, they all took it for granted that Johnny was also a member, and almost everyone immediately addressed him as "fellow worker." It felt rather odd to be addressed so, but the greetings and the handclasps were sincere. Here was real comradeship. He felt at home. This must have been what he left Minnesota for.

* * *

They got in Seattle and headed first for the I.W.W. From there Johnny wrote his first letter home. In all this time he had sent but one postcard home and another one to Alice, but as he had sent them no address, he had no letters waiting for him anywhere.

Tommy was now at home. This was his country, as he explained it. He was rather proud of the fact that he worked in the "long logs". It was also his intention to show Johnny what made the "long logger" the man that he was.

First of all Tommy went to the hotel where he had checked his outfit earlier in the year, before going to Chi. Then an inventory was made of the necessities to outfit Johnny. To Johnny's dismay he found that their money would not buy even the one pair of caulk shoes he needed. But Tommy knew the ropes.

He left Johnny in the hotel for about an hour, and came back with a well-worn pair of caulk shoes. They weren't quite comfortable, but would do for a few days, until one could go to the camp commissary for new ones.

With that they left for the skidroad, scanning the employment office signs. Finally Tommy's eyes lit on one sign. What he saw there that interested him, Johnny found out a minute later at the counter.

"Where's the choker's job at?" asked Tommy.

"Up at Darrington. Got your docket?" was the answer.

"Sure." After a few more questions the two took the jobs and parted with part of their meager funds. As the camps were 100 per cent union, it was up to Johnny to take his card out now, before leaving for the camp. This was easy, but it also put a crimp on their pocketbooks and Tommy had to take a loan from a friend to pay their way out to camp.

So Johnny was initiated into the intricacies of high leads, skidders, main lines, haul-backs, chokers, blocks, "guylines," falling, bucking, loading tongs, slings and spar trees. He got to know buckers, fallers, hookers, rigging slingers, choker-men, whistle punks, hook-on-men and donkey punchers. There was a fellow ship among them that made him feel—he belonged.

Johnny stayed West. He wrote home seldom, and when he did it was to his mother. It seemed a long time since that he had got a letter from his father. The last one told him either to come home at once, or stay away altogether. He had got that one in jail. He and several hundred others had been rounded up at a street meeting. The firemen had soaked them with water, and knocked them down with the irresistible pressure from their hose, and the police had finished up with their clubs. But that the boys felt it had been a pretty good fight. There were several bulls and firemen in the hospital.

All the forces of hell seemed turned loose on the loggers now. The lumber barons had raised the price of spruce during the war from $16 a thousand feet to over $160. When peace broke out the demand dropped off. To keep profits up to the level to which the war had made them accustomed, they tried to cut wages. But everywhere a well-organized body of loggers resisted their wage cuts, and resisted successfully. They set out to break the I.W.W. that held the loggers together.

In Centralia on the first anniversary of the



armistice they arranged for the parade to raid the Wobbly hall. The loggers inside put up a fight. Wesley Everest, another returned soldier, kept them at bay with his gun, down as far as the river. Then they got him, rammed a rifle butt down his throat, took him to jail, threw him bleeding on the floor, took him out at night, cut out his male organs and lynched him. The rest of the loggers who had defended their hall were on trial for murder.

With super-patriotic fervor, all hell was turned loose on the loggers and the I.W.W., whether they were returned heroes or not. Some were tarred and feathered. Others rode the rail. Others went to the big house for long years.

Somehow Johnny and Tommy got out as often as they got in, and they and their fellow workers found they had a purpose in life, something they held to more doggedly than he had ever carried on before, in football or in killing the Kaiser. It was something to which they dedicated their days and their nights.

Johnny found himself growing. He could write and speak his thoughts clearly for all to understand. He found that the long loggers to whom he had looked with awe a little while before, now looked to him. Life was full. There was comradeship with men who knew what they wanted. There were women whom he couldn't imagine munching chocolates and reading Eddie Guest. They liked to make him eat big hearty meals, and they could talk too about the endless struggle that had become his life.

It was more than a fight for more of the world's riches. It was a fight to maintain the conditions in industry that made these loggers feel they were men. It was a fight to resist the aggressions of robber barons, and the stealing of more of what was theirs. And since the lumber barons could keep profits up only by cutting wages down, and could cut wages down only by breaking the I.W.W. up, it was a fight to hold these men together in the bonds of solidarity. That word "solidarity" of all the new words that Johnny had picked up, was the one he liked the best. When he sometimes thought back about what had set him wandering, it struck him that he had set out on a quest for this combination of fellowship and purpose that he called solidarity.

Where men stuck together against their employers, they were looked upon as men and treated each other accordingly. Where they didn't stick together, their bosses treated them like cattle, and they treated each other like pigs at a trough. It was this battle for the union, as well as for the higher pay and shorter hours that could mean a fuller life.

Every little step forward in the struggle filled him with satisfaction. Every little effort that failed found him looking for the cause of the failure. He and his fellows were determined enough in their fight to take criticism without breaking the bonds of fellowship. The going was tough, tougher than even the bitterly fought I.W.W. had ever found it before in all its stormy life, and he found a keen zest in the battle.

* * *

Johnny and Tommy were both tempered men. Young in years, they lived through a few months which made them old in experience. Tommy of the two was the more stable. If Johnny was able to do more, it was because of the able adviser he had in Tommy.

It was the spring of 1922. Johnny had been away from home not quite three years. He received a letter from his mother, asking that he come home. He answered it, but failed to answer her plea. In writing his answer he kept thinking of his father. He knew full well that in that quarter there was no understanding of the niche he had found for himself. What was more, it was probable that no effort would be made to understand it.

His mother. That was another matter. She would welcome him with open arms, no matter what he had done. In her opinion he was her oldest son, no more, no less. In thinking of her, he said to himself: "Yes, I'll go home for a short visit this spring."

Tommy, Johnny and several others completed plans at this time to break in new territory for organization work. All were young and ambitious and when an opening offered itself, none of them hesitated.

At a mill town not far from the Puget Sound country an opportunity offered itself. A Wobbly had settled down there. He wrote to Tommy, telling him of the lack of organization there, of the poor working conditions, of the low pay and the overtime worked without extra pay. The sentiment is good, he said, "come on down."

Four of them went. After looking over things for several days, it was seen advisable to settle down, too. They all looked for work, and they all found something or other to do.

Johnny went to work in a mill. The work was hard. Not like woods word. He was put on a planer, feeding lumber into it. The unaccustomed posture he had to work in, the lack of space for moving around to handle the heavy boards, and the air filled with fine dust, tired him out.

That evening, they gathered together to compare notes. Yes, all of them had noted the dissatisfaction among the workers. The speed-up on the job was terrific, the pay was small and the work-day was too long for that kind of work. This was indeed good territory for organization. But it was advisable to work some time before coming

out into the open. A better impression could be created even among those most hostile to organization and organizers, if they had worked together for some time. They were all tired, set the date for another meeting and left early to go to bed.

About four o'clock one afternoon the planning mill was stopped at the mill. Whistles blew. Men scurried about and a call was sent for an ambulance and a doctor.

But the victim was out of reach of all human help. It was Johnny. One of his fellow workers had seen the "accident." With the regularity of a clock Johnny had been pushing lumber into the planer. No doubt, he had been a trifle tired. There was no guard on that planer, as there should have been, to stop any piece from flying back that the planer would not take. There had been a big knot on the board. The knot had broken and the planer rolls had spit back the board with such a force that it went straight through Johnny's abdomen.

One of the Wobblies grabbed the man by the arm. "Did he say anything before he died?"

"Yes, but I didn't quite get the meaning of what he said."

"What was it?"

"It was something about: 'Carry on, fellow worker, carry on."

* * *

Fourteen years later in a picket camp that the Wobbly lumber jacks had established in a mountain pass in Idaho in the 1936 strike for decent conditions, Tom—a bit grey now—was talking over the old times with some old-timers by their jungle tire.

Several of them had known Johnny. Yes, they agreed, Johnny would feel very much at home to be with them now.

# *The Canadian Labor Situation*

(continued from page 11)

this province very susceptible to Fascist movements. A recently elected provincial government shows definite Fascist tendencies, and avowed Fascist organizations like the Federation of Labor clubs and the National Social party have tens of thousands of adherents. They have adopted all the tactics of the Nazis: suppressions of labor organizations, anti-semitism, violent opposition to all progressive ideas, and teaching that trusts and chain-stores are responsible for all our economic ills. An idea of the potential strength of the Fascist movement can be formed when we hear of anti-radical demonstrations in the city of Montreal with over one hundred thousand people participating. Of course, Fascism is not confined to any one province. It shows surprising growth over all of Canada, but in Quebec has reached a more advanced stage than elsewhere. And we cannot consider this movement lightly when we remember that one-fourth of the total population of Canada are in the Province of Quebec.

The trade union movement cannot check the spread of Fascism any more than it did the growth of company unionism or protected the interests of the working class.

Apart from its conflicting factions and political entanglements, craft unionism shows a decided weakness in its lack of militancy and failure to struggle when faced with a situation which demands these things. Arbitration, boards of conciliation and parliamentary lobbying have been substituted for economic action. Trade unionism has placed more confidence in industrial codes and the investigations of Royal Commissions than in its organized power. This inevitably resulted in a worsening of conditions for the workers. In a country with an immense per capita wealth and unlimited natural resources a large section of the working class has the standard of living of a coolie. Bondholders and financiers of industry have it all.

The industrial codes are going the way of the NIRA codes, the Royal Commissions' reports are pigeon-holed somewhere in Ottawa and the impotence of the trade union movement is clear; therefore, the workers of Canada are faced with the choice of taking a further reduction of an already low standard of living and eventually having Fascism, or of accepting the only alternative—revolutionary industrial unionism.



# SHALL AMERICA GO HUNGRY?

The fear of hunger again looms large in these United States. Throughout the year the passing of the buck from Federal to State and local agencies has gone on. Workers, driven by the needs of their families, have occupied the legislative buildings of Wisconsin and New Jersey. Demonstrations for more relief, for more W.P.A. projects, for higher rates and against no pay for lost time on these projects have been many. In some instances it is said by those who should know that certain politicians for their own personal purposes, and not out of any liberal leanings toward the aims of labor, have encouraged these demonstrations. And now there are to be more—and a big pink slip parade to Washington.

Many feel they have been "done wrong" by those whom they ecstatically voted into office.

Such papers as the New York Post and the Philadelphia Record run an editorial: WHO WON THE ELECTION? In it they ask:

"Suppose you had been knocked unconscious in an auto accident on the day before the election.

"And suppose you regained consciousness only yesterday, picked up the newspapers and read these headlines:

"Pennsylvania to Cut 33,000 Off WPA.

"8,000 Being Dropped from WPA in New Jersey.

"WPA Artists Fight Police in New York; 219 Ejected, Many Clubbed; Protest Dismissals."

"Hundreds of WPA Workers Laid Off in Capital.

"Lying in a hospital bed with nothing to guide you but these headlines, who would you think had won the election? Roosevelt? Or Landon?"

* * *

Our question is not what should the government do about unemployment, relief cut-offs, and WPA dismissals? Our question is: What should we do about them?

That an election promise is not carried out, quite fails to astonish us. A political plank is like a streetcar step—something you go in on, not something you ride along on. This has been the way of politics for many years. We can even recall a once popular song: "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier," that became a campaign song for another "great liberal"—and we can recall the lynching bees to which it led subsequently.

* * *

In practice the question what to do resolves itself into the choice whether to do something for

ourselves, or ask somebody to do something for us.

There is the view that this is a democratic society where all are equal before the law and the government; that the government is the collective means established by us all to take such concerted action as is necessary for us all on questions of public concern. Those holding to this view are wont to continue that the increasing productivity of labor and the increased use of machinery has made it necessary for the government to regulate industry to some extent, at least to the point where it sees that industry continues to operate, and that it either provides work for the working class or taxes with which to give them relief or to make public work for them. If these assumptions are correct, it would seem very plausible to dissipate the growing fear of hunger in the face of potential abundance by legislative enactment taxing production and business for the purpose.

But there are those who seriously question these premises in the light alike of history, law, practice and everyday experience. They cite the most eminent historians on the constitution to show that it was devised by a wealthy and militant minority of our forefathers to make sure that democracy would not despoil them nor their heirs of their privileges. They point to the 14th Amendment with its provisions that no man's property shall be taken from him except by due process of law, and ask how can economic equity, or even square or oblong meals be furnished to the growing army of industrial discards by legislative enactment? They can point to many a learned jurist's explanation that such socialism can't be done by law. They can point to a long and bitter struggle between the haves and have-nots, and to many a barracks far removed from where any foreign enemy might come, and to the role of army, courts and government in general in this long and bitter struggle to cast extreme doubts upon the assumption that this is a government of the people and by the people and for the people with due powers to see that all eat. To such students of law and history and to such observors of what goes on daily before our noses, the teaching of Thorstein Veblen that this government is a "Soviet of Business Men's Delegates" seems much more accurate than the famous address at Gettysburg. Those accepting such views must find it strange to demand that such a Soviet recognize any general right to eat, especially in these days when business men complain alike of taxes, and the need for more unemployed to keep wages lower, and of the tendency of relief rates and WPA rates to stop them from the full and hearty exploitation of women and children to which they are so thoroughly attached.

* * *

Apart from the theories, let's examine the facts. It would take a production level at least 30 per cent higher than that of 1929 with present wage rates and hours to reduce unemployment to the few millions of jobless that we had with us in that year. There is no prospect of such a level of production, because there is no market for it, because most people don't have the money to buy much. Of course, if wages went up enough, and hours came down enough, a solution would be possible, and there certainly is nothing unconstitutional about us organizing One Big Union and refusing to work more than six hours for for less than $6.00 for any man, woman or child.



**Children sleeping on the stairs of the Legislative Assembly of New Jersey as their parents occupied it in a relief demonstration last April**

But again, we face the sad fact that WPA layoffs proceed faster than the growth of the I.W.W. What are we going to do meanwhile? Petition the government? Without going into the conflicting views on the nature of this institution, we believe that those getting the pink slips will substantially agree with us, that even if Veblen wasn't right, then some well dressed villain has surely corrupted the dear Democracy of whom Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg, and that petitions won't do much

(Continued on page 33)

# *The Roots of Spanish Labor*

Though the C.N.T. which is aggressively carrying on the struggle for a new social order in the fight against Fascism, dates back only to 1910, the popular struggle finds its roots much deeper. Perhaps it may be said to date back to the dawn of the modern era when new social concepts tended to cloak themselves in the form of theological heresy, and consequently the rigor with which heresy was stamped out corresponded to the intensity of the social struggles that reflected itself in these new ideas and beliefs. Nowhere was the repression of such heresy more vigorously carried out than in Spain. But in its modern form, as an open effort for better economic conditions and freedom from political oppression, the struggle may be said to date from the popular uprising in 1808 against the despotism of Napoleon.

Despite the general economic backwardness of Spain in the past century, Spanish labor was well to the front in the building of labor organizations. From 1840 on, many workers' associations were established. In their early formative period these unions were heavily influenced by the anarchist thought of Michael Bakunin and his associates. Bakunin was a staunch advocate of a direct action type of unionism as well as of the international solidarity of labor. When Karl Marx and others sponsored the idea of an International Association of Working Men, and successfully launched such a body (generally referred to as the First International in writings of our own time) in 1868, Bakunin worked assiduously for its growth in Spain. As a result in 1870 the Spanish Federation was founded.

In 1876 the International, whose headquarters had been moved to America, officially went out of existence. Many factors were responsible for its unfortunate end. The political history of Europe had much to do with it. Since 1851 the second "little" Napoleon had virtually dictated as Emperor in France. Unions were forbidden during most of the regime, but persisting as beneficiary societies they had forced a place for themselves, and were among those first to receive aid in their strikes from the newly formed International of Labor. Largely to replace a growing popular revolt with patriotic fervor, war was cultivated with Prussia. At the battle of Sedan on September 4, 1870, the Emperor's forces were routed. A Republic was declared once more in France. Once again there was popular support for a war that had now become a war of defense. It was sabotaged by the politicians and their business associates who looked upon it chiefly as a splendid opportunity for graft. The Prussian army defeated everyone but the armed working class of Paris. The resentment of these workers against the bourgeois politicians grew, and, when they attempted to disarm the Parisian workers, revolt broke out, and with the Prussian and French ruling class at the gates of Paris in alliance against French labor, a Commune was set up in March of 1871.

The International was outspoken in the cause of their French fellow workers. Horrible atrocity stories were peddled by the capitalist press much like the stories told of the Russian revolution in 1917 or of the present struggle of labor in Spain. Most workers grew alarmed at what their Parisian fellow workers were doing. The Commune was crushed and a vindictive leisure class murdered thousands of workers. The very word "International" became one at which all but the most radical workers shuddered. In consequence support for the International dwindled in England, America and other countries. Labor unionism for a brief while grew ultra conservative expending far too much of its effort in an attempt to establish its respectability. That labor does move forward, is shown by the vast difference in the reaction of world labor to the similar situations of France in 1871, Russia in 1917, and Spain in 1936.

During these troubled years a dispute as to policy, teaching and structure broke out in the International Association of Workingmen. Marx as International Secretary stood for the continuation of its policies; Bakunin with the backing of the affiliated organizations in Spain and Switzerland headed the opposition. The two men became such deadly enemies that often the death of the First International is attributed to their quarrels. Significant likewise in the Spanish struggle of today is that the Marx-Bakunin Battalion of Catalonia has served as the shock troops of the present struggle. The name Bakunin is there, because the C.N.T. has his teachings so largely as their own body of tradition. The name Marx is there, because of the militant cooperation given by the P.U.O.M. or the "Marxists," a direct action political group who split from the Communists to follow Trotzkq and who later split from Trotzky to follow the class struggle concepts of Marxism as they themselves saw fit to interpret it to fit the conditions of their own struggle.

Despite the fact that the First International officially disbanded itself in convention assembled in Philadelphia in 1876, its Spanish Federation persisted more or less intact to 1881, and was a part of the brief-lived International Working Peoples Association that Bakunin formed of the portions of the old International adhering to his program.

Though organization was not always maintained, the ideas of solidarity, direct action, and a new social order in which labor, free from all coercion, would enjoy the full product of its toil, remained. A Socialist or Second International had been founded in 1890, and socialism had prospered in Spain since the days when Paul Lafargue in the early seventies had attemped to transplant it there. An International Federation of Trade Unions had been formed largely as an offspring of this Socialist International, a sort of world letter box for the unions that relied on contracts and legislative lobbying as the chief means for redressing the grievances of labor. But when the C.N.T. (the National Confederation of Iabor) was launched in 1910, it was virtually a continuation of the old International, and the old Spanish Federation of Bakunin and his associates.

Meanwhile, largely under Socialist auspices, another set of unions, connected with the I.F.T.U., had been established, and federated as the U.G.T. or General Labor Union. Both sets of unions had their ups and downs and suffered their periods of bitter political oppression. The U.G.T. got the support of the larger section of Asturian coal miners and of the workers of Madrid; the C.N.T. drew its support largely from the workers in Catalonia, with the workers in the marine industry of Barcelona and the manufacturing plants there taking the lead. Up until the present struggle the U.G.T. outnumbered the C.N.T., but by its aggressive action in this year the C.N.T. has reached at least a parity with the U.G.T.. if it has not outnmbered it.

In 1927 the anarchists of Spain and Portugal formed the F.A.I. (Federation Anarquista Iberica) largely as a group within the C.N.T. and have provided most of the functionaries for this federation of trade and industrial syndicates. The two are substantially inseparable. In their revolutionary struggle much of the old federalist, local autonomy, individual responsibility and initiative beliefs of the anarchists have been found inapplicable to the conditions at hand. The C.N.T. in this year's convention, before the Fascist coup, decided among other matters on a stronger degree of industrial centralization in their unions, and also that revolutionary struggles should be attempted only with the approval of the C.N.T. as a whole, and not on the initiative of any local group. The abortive and costly struggles of recent years had convinced them of the necessity of such a program. Even their bitter anti-parliamentarism was left aside in the February elections that brought in the People's Front government to the tune of direct action jail releases. Their direct action philosophy was well adapted to the needs of July 19, when the Fascists who had been tolerated by the liberal politicians started their long planned coup. Barcelona labor disarmed the fascists completely, and had it been better armed would have driven them out of Saragossa, too. The struggle against the imported army of Moors, Germans, and Italians that back up Franco's murderous effort to exterminate all labor organizations in Spain, has brought by now substantially all anti-fascist forces in Spain to the position of the C.N.T.—that this is a labor struggle against international capital and against the capitalist system itself, and that the business class and their professional politicians are not to be entrusted with carrying the struggle on. The exigencies of the same struggle has required the C.N.T. and the F.A.I. to adopt two policies that probably would have shocked many an anarchist a year ago: 1) the adoption of military discipline in the struggle, 2) participation by representatives of the C.N.T. and F.A.I. in the highest government posts.

Out of it all is growing a new social order, in which older theories may seem as much lost as oxygen is when it has combined to form water. But the oxygen is there in the water, and the old motivation toward a free social order, without gendarmes to enforce socialist policy, and the policy of direct action by the workers for the workers, is still there in Spain, and neither success nor defeat is likely to exterminate these germs of the new social life that is to be.

## Francisco Ascaso

(Continued from page 15)

over almost the whole of South America, at the same time broadening his horizon and acquiring a knowledge of human nature.

Thirteen months later, in July 1925, we see our fighter again in Paris. Here he remained until April 14, 1931, when the monarchy fell. Ascaso's first thought was to return from his banishment though he realized that the king had gone but the generals remained. Back again in Barcelona, he found fertile soil for his ideas. Spain was now a kind of camouflaged democracy, so long as the church and the army retained their old privileges. But July 19th was to be the hour of liberation for Spain. At the head of his fellow comrades and workers, by the side of his dear friend Durreti, Ascaso fought at the barricades. He had already conquered half of Barcelona, by July 20th he would have liberated the whole city. In Atarazanas, in the proximity of the harbor, Ascaso advanced in spite of the fascist machine guns. A rebel bullet struck him.

Comrade Ascaso is dead. But his work still lives and like lava has spread over Spain. The war front is the place where the fire of his lava burns most fiercely, the front of civil-war and social Revolution fed by the living soul and spirit of this man of action—Ascaso!

# The Dishwasher

*By* **JIM SEYMOUR**

Alone in the kitchen, in grease-laden steam,
I pause for a moment, a moment to dream,
For even a dishwasher thinks of a day
Wherein will be leisure for rest and for play;
And now that I pause o'er the transom there floats
A stream of the Träumerei's soul-stirring notes,
Engulft in a blending of sorrow and glee
I wonder that music can reach even me.
For now I am thinking, my brain has been stirred,
The voice of a master the lowly has heard,
The heart-breaking sob of the sad violin
Arouses the thoughts of the sweet "might have been";
Had men been born equal the use of the brain
Would shield them from poverty, free them from pain,
Nor would I have sunk in the black social mire
Because of a poor judgment in choosing a sire.
But now I am only a slave of the mill
That plies and remodels me just as it will,
That makes me a dullard in brain-burning heat
That looks at rich viands, not daring to eat;
That lives with its red, blistered hands ever stuck
Down deep in the foul indescribable muck
Where dishes are plunged, seventeen at a time,
And washt—in a tubful of sickening slime!
But on with the clatter, no more must I shirk,
The world is to me but a nightmare of work;
For me not the music and laughter and song,
No toiler is welcomed amid the gay throng;
For me not the smiles of the ladies who dine,
No warm, clinging kisses begotten of wine;
For me but the venting of low, sweated groans,
That twelve hours a night have installed in my bones.
The music has ceased, but the havoc it wrought
Within the poor brain it awakened to thought
Shall cease not at all, but continue to spread
Till all of my fellows are thinking or dead.
The havoc it wrought? 'Twill be havoc to those
Whose joys would be nil were it not for my woes.
Keep on with your gorging, your laughter and jest,
But never forget that the last laugh is best.
You leeches who live on the fat of the land,
You over-fed parasites, look at my hand;
You laugh at it now, it is blistered and coarse,
But such are the hands quite familiar with force;
And such are the hands that have furnished your drink,
The hands of the slaves who are learning to think,
And hands that have fed you can crush you as well
And cast your damned carcasses clear into hell!
Go on with the arrogance born of your gold,
As now are your hearts will your bodies be cold;
Go on with your airs, you creators of hates,
Eat well, while the dishwasher spits on the plates;
But while at your feast let the orchestra play

The life-giving strains of the dear Marseillaise
That red revolution be placed on the throne
Till those who produce have come into their own.
But scorn me tonight, on the morn you shall learn,
That those whom you loath can despise you in turn,
The dishwasher vows that his fellows shall know
That only their ignorance keeps them below.
Your music was potent, your music hath charms,
It hardened the muscles that strengthen my arms,
It painted a vision of freedom, of life—
Tomorrow I strive for an ending of strife.

# SHALL AMERICA GO HUNGRY?

(Continued from page 29)

good. Anyway, the boys down at Washington knew it already that times are tough, and that the jobs don't go round. They really don't need a reminder.

Perhaps we can rely on the growing realization that society must take care of those locked out by industry or these will have no alternative but to starve or take the industries themselves. Many assure us that this can be relied upon, and there may be something to it—not that the well fed have much more than an aesthetic objection to the unemployed starving, but that they certainly don't like the idea that they might take the industries and run them for their own use under the planned economy of One Big Union of Labor.

* * *

At any rate, we are sure of this. The folks who make the appropriations know of the needs of the jobless already. They won't do much about these needs except under further stimulus than this mere knowledge. They won't be stimulated to much by the kicks, whines and complaints of a bunch who don't stick together, who are mere harmless individuals. The more they see labor organized, the more they will do. The more they see labor aggressively demanding part of what it has produced, still the more they will do. And if they see labor organizing "to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown," there may even be provisions for turkey and cranberry sauce.

We do not wish to discourage any pink slip parades, even though our confidence is not great in them. We do wish to discourage the idea that workers should starve slowly and quietly. And we do insist that no rights of theirs are going to receive much respect in industry or in the legislative bodies of the land unless they have enough respect for themselves and each other to organize, and to insist that these industries built by labor belong to labor, and that they are building the power to take back what has been filched from them.

# The American Newspaper Guild

(Continued from page 7)

news, to raise the standards of journalism and ethics of the industry, to foster friendly cooperation with all other workers, and to promote industrial unionism in the newspaper industry."

You will note two passages—"to guarantee as far as it is able constant honesty in the news" and "to raise the standards of journalism and ethics of the industry." These were pounced upon by the publishers, during the outcry against the Seattle and previous strikes to lend weight to the charge that the Guild was attempting to direct the editorial policies of the nation's press.

While many Guild members believe that their union will be able to make significant contributions to the labor movement, they have been forced to discount these charges by emphatically pointing out that the control of the publication rests with the publisher and that the sole aim of their organization is to see that the editorial workers come in for a measure of economic security.

The publisher well knows this, of course, but it does nothing to endear him to the ANG. The unionization of editorial workers is detested by

these gentlemen for reasons other than the increases in pay and shorter hours that are bound to come, albeit they surely are not eager to make even these concessions.

It would perhaps be well to point out to those unfamiliar with the city rooms of the daily press, that reporters are not usually "told" how a story should be written or what should be left out of the paper and what should be played up. It is an old saying in the craft that any reporter who is too dumb to discover "policy" is too stupid to stay on the pay roll. In other words, all reporters know that the boss is interested in strikes only to lend what assistance he can to the employer and it therefore is wise to waste no energy giving the strikers' position in the controversy.

One of the characteristics of American journalism, as it affects labor troubles, is that much can be written but under no consideration is one to present a fair, impartial account of what the workers want. Usually strikes are "covered" by picking up hand-outs from the Chamber of Commerce or some Industrial Association. Seldom does a reporter get his information direct from the union and when he does, it is either thrown away by the editor, garbled by a re-write man, stressing an "angle" favorable to the employer, or buried in the market section.

The hostility of the publisher towards organized labor is the principal reason for the prostitution of the word "news" in labor troubles, but there is still another—ignorance of the newspaperman. For the most part, a knowledge of the labor movement is not considered an asset on a newspaper. In fact, the stupidity of some newspapermen on the question of unionism is amazing and while unions are not likely to believe it, I personally know of instances where some blows below the belt were due solely to the lack of knowledge on the part of a reporter who was, in fact, sympathetic to the striking workers.

It must also be remembered that the working newspaperman is up against the economic question the same as other wage slaves. No matter how independent he may wish to feel, his insecurity is inclined to make him adopt a "protective coloration." Because it is the safe thing to do, many unconsciously accept the ideas and prejudices of the publisher. These are the last to admit that their attitude has anything to do with holding their jobs.

Here is where the Guild has entered the picture. By giving him some security, the working newspaperman can and has adopted an independent attitude once foreign to all but a few venturesome souls. Then their active participation in the labor movement rapidly conditions their thinking —they sooner or later realize their own status in the economic scheme of things. In brief, they receive a valuable education previously missed. This educating could be better understood, if the reader could see a young reporter attending his first Guild meeting and worrying about the boss —then a few weeks later see him enthusiastically voting a strike and going at this new activity in a deadly serious manner.

No union understands better than the I. W. W. the importance of taking one's case to the public. In the past many unions could do little to counteract the boss propaganda in the daily press. They were unfamiliar with journalistic tricks and practices and, consequently, they were practically mute at a time when speech was essential.

Whatever else may be laid at the Guild's door, none can say that it has not been militant. True the fights were forced upon it, but it did fight. As the result, there are today in the United States thousands of labor-conscious newspapermen who will and have lent their services to unions when the time comes for doing what the publishers call "influencing public opinion."

As this is written, I glance at a stack of newspapers. There are ninety of them. They are the issues of the "Guild Daily," published in Seattle during the Post-Intelligencer strike. As far as I can determine, this is the first time in the history of the United States that a group of workers went on strike but continued to work at their usual jobs. Here, certainly, is something for publishers to really worry about and here is an eloquent answer to those who condescendly say that workers need a boss to direct and exploit them.

Within a few moments after the management of the Post-Intelligencer announced suspension, these strikers went to work putting out a newspaper. It hit the streets after a hectic night and some 20,000 were sold. Then, each day during the long strike this paper not only appeared but it grew steadily in circulation and importance. Boycotted by the usual wire services, the nation was covered by the Guild Wire Service, made up of union reporters in every large city in the country. Its policy on all questions was determined by a vote of the entire staff and it gave Seattle residents an unusually complete coverage of the city's doings. Then, also, labor news was reported accurately for the first time since the suspension of the Union Record. This is probably wandering a bit afield. This article was to discuss the question of the Guild and honest labor reporting and not necessarily the importance in general to unions of organizing this particular group of white collar workers.

One can sum it up by saying that the Guild, as it stands now, will make for honest reporting of labor news, but it will take One Big Union to see to it that these honest reports are published.

—X304230.

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

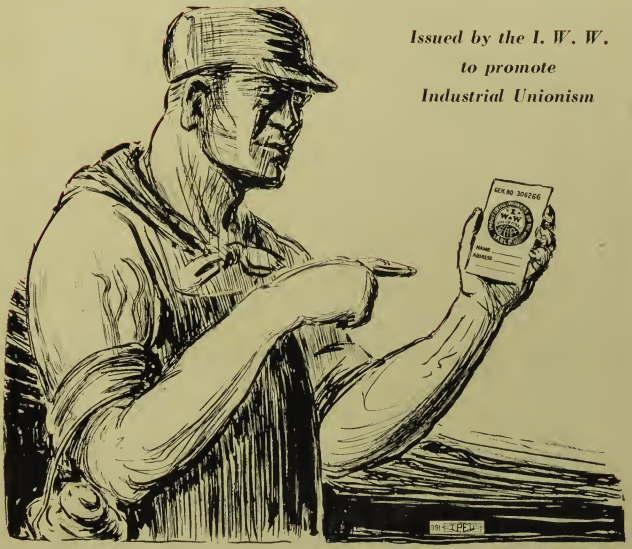
It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

# *More Reasons for One Big Union*




All on the same job in the same union – all in the same industry in one industrial union – and all workers in One Big Union of the entire working class. That's the I. W. W. idea.

# The ONE BIG UNION Monthly




*Issued by the I. W. W.*
*to promote*
*Industrial Unionism*

New Series: Vol. I—No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1937 Price: 15 cents

# *Direct Action - -*

"Who would be free, himself must strike the blow!"

So said the poet Byron.

"The emancipation of the working class is the work of that class itself."

So said the great economist and social philosopher, Karl Marx.

"Don't ask for rights. Take thim. An' don't let anny wan give thim to ye. A right that is handed to ye f'r nawthin has somethin' the matther with it. It's more than likely it's on'y a wrong turned inside out."

So, according to Peter Finley Dunne, observed that most observant political commentator, Mr. Dooley.

When a poet, an economist, and an Irishman all agree, they surely can't be wrong.

And even if they hadn't said it, we ought to know by now that nothing much is going to be done for the working class.

Yet great things wait to be done by the working class.

So their one chance of being done is direct action of, by, and for the working class.

That is why we strive to build One Big Union that will enable our class to act together for itself, and do the things that we all know need to be done, yet will never be done otherwise.

Are you with us?


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# Is Machinery Destroying Organization?

By JUSTUS EBERT

**"NO!" answers this veteran labor editor who knows the answers. The industrial proletariat is growing, and the need of the hour is labor organization with the vision and structure to save society from chaos and ruin.**

With 52 million gainfully employed in the United States, it would appear that there are still many unorganized to organize. All of the statistics of labor organization, whether A. F. of L., or C. I. O., railroad brotherhood, or independent, show less than one-tenth of that number as members of labor unions. So there is still considerable room for more organization, especially in view of the many racketeering and warring tendencies at work among the so-called organized.

There are some among working men and women, however, who regard organization as useless. As they see it, the machine is destroying the need for labor and so will, in the course of time, destroy organization also. This argument, voiced by Stuart Chase and Alfred Bingham, middle class spokesmen with technocratic leanings, is well answered in the January 1937 Marxist Quarterly, by Lewis Corey. Writing on "American Class Relations," tending to show the decline of the middle class and the impossibility of a classless society in America, Corey, who is an economist and statistician of considerable standing, declares:

"Wage workers are now a clear majority of the gainfully occupied. Yet there are some who speak of the 'disappearance' of the proletariat. They say: 'America still has a proletariat, but every automatic process, every battery of photo-electric cells, diminishes its numbers and political importance'. . . . 'During the last generation the tendency to weaken the proletariat has been gaining in every advanced country. Numerically there has been an increasing shift from manual to white collar occupation', emphasized by a decrease of the industrial proletariat in 1919-29.

"The Industrial proletariat did not decrease during the 1920's; it was at least one-tenth larger in 1930 than in 1920. Although the rate of increase was smaller than in former years, the industrial proletariat by 1930 constituted 65 per cent of all wage workers compared with 50 per cent in 1870. The decrease in rate of growth was a result of more intensive mechanization, it is true, but it also was a result of the downward movement in the rate in the growth of American capitalist industry; hence it marks the beginning, not of the disappearance of the proletariat, but of the decline of American capitalism. To assume disappearance of the proletariat is nonsense; it presupposes a development of technical-economic forces that would strangle capitalism in an unprofitable abundance."

So much for Corey. His statements would suggest that, for some time to come at least, there'll be plenty of proletariat around to be organized and that it will be some time yet before the machine will have thoroughly caused the proletariat to disappear.

Further, Corey also suggests the need for organization to anticipate and meet the economic breakdowns that are so marked a feature of capitalist decline in this country. Few workers know what happened in this country in 1929. Unless all signs of the elements of weakness in the present "recovery" fail—the 10 to 14 millions of unemployed, despite 1925-26 output; and the disproportions between profit and wages—another and more severe collapse will be upon us in another year or two! What then? May not the occasion then arise when an industrially organized working class may have to take over and operate industry for the benefit of society, regardless of capitalist profit? Or are we workers, competent producers all, to stand idly by and starve, while society reverts to the wars and savagery of fascism, as manifested today the world over?

Therein will be found another reason for industrial union organization of **the right kind**—to save society from chaos and ruin when capitalism shall again have collapsed.

This is labor organization with vision; with a way out of the modern capitalist hell for the workers. And this is the vision and structure that all other labor organizations than the I.W.W. lack.

We workers need more organization and what is more important, better organization still.

# Red Samson Goes to Work



**By**

**Sugar Pine Whitey**

The long drag of the Western Pacific came to a jerky stop as the snug brake shoes clung to the polished wheels. A jolly shack in striped dashboard over-alls said that the train would stop for at least an hour. The switch men were breaking up the train to put on a few lumber cars and the two "helpers" needed to push the heavy train up the steep grade to Portola, California. Groups of dusty and hungry "passengers" swarmed off all along the yard, some making a bee line for the coffee pots and the fire places in the "Jungle," while others rushed up the tracks to rustle chuck in the none too friendly town of Oroville. The train had pulled out of the yards in Oakland during the cold dark hours of the previous night, stopping at Tracy; changing crew at Stockton, where I got on; then on to Sacramento, but whistling and rattling through the one-horse towns where the manifest had the right-away, side-tracking only twice for passenger trains on the whole run.

Now it was hot in the late afternoon and the weary passengers of the "side door Pullman" variety suffered more from thirst than from hunger. The majority was a motley conglomoration of unemployed that had been dumped off "Relief" subsistence in the California cities by a policy of "curtailment." They were now looking for the elusive "job"—somewhere— because honest and timid workers must work to eat—and eat to work—and they had been told by the relief officials and the Chamber of Commerce that Prosperity was returning to the land of humming industries—in fact, it was here.

A bunch of stiffs were waiting to get on when the train stopped. Some of them were tunnel stiffs and dirt movers out of L. A., going into Nevada or wherever jobs could be found. There were tramp line-men and building mechanics going east to wait for the "boom," A few prospectors going up the Canyon to "snipe" in the banks and gullies along the Feather River. The rest I recognized as "pine cats," a common species of California loggers. But one man among them certainly looked like anything but a woodsman. . . .

I was sure that I knew him—no, it couldn't be! . . . Blackie? Naw, this man had red hair—sort of curly, too . . . then I spotted his fourteen gallon hat and open shop pants tucked into fancy riding boots, and I knew that this cross between a cowboy and a snake oil peddler could not be the "Blackie" I used to know . . . the damn old roughneck and jack of all trades! . . . Knew his stuff, too . . . .

But it was him! . . . "E' lo, Whitey!" he said and stuck out a mitt . . . the same old drawl—but why the make-up? . . . Oh, well, no use being a hoosier and giving a stiff away—after all, this was in California! "Hullo! Bla . . ." . . .

"Samson," he said. "I reckon' you've forgotten, eh?—Bill Samson" . . .

"Yeah, that's right—I remember now!" . . . Jack Baxter, as sure as the color of his hair had been changed! . . . Delegate, organizer in many tough spots . . . What's he up to now? . . . Worked with him on many jobs . . . down south—Louisianna, Texas, Arizona . . . Tampico oil fields—in

our younger days . . . spoke the language like a native . . . Together on the picket line in Washington and Idaho—1917 . . . Campaigned with him in Coos Bay when Westley Everest and other union men were run out by the scabby mob . . . Klamath-Siskiyou . . . Redwoods . . . drove tunnel on the Hetch Hetchy . . . fight with dehorn scabs in Stockton and nearly killed . . . funny how time flies! . . . Stool pigeon Coutts spotted us on the Southern Edison out of Fresno—arrested by company gunmen—months in the bullpen in L. A.—C. S. trial—beat the rap . . . Arrested again in Oakland—tried . . . Oh, well . . . Justice is a blind and drunken harlot in California! . . . Gave us a chance to meet the **best** people in California on both sides of the wall—friends at such a time are friends indeed!—Sancho, Barry, Older, Sonja and her sister—others . . . fine people all, though not members of our organization, hm . . . we parted in Frisco when he went north and I drifted into Chi . . . .

And here we meet again!—"Red Samson," who used to be "Barney Armstrong" down south and "Blackie Larson," with an uncertain Scandinavian accent, on the Puget Sound! . . . He changed his name often, when circumstances made it necessary, but his principles and integrity to his class —never.

The "helpers" were put on and the new train crew was coming through the yard and boarding the "crummy," the brakes were tested with the hiss of an angry rattler—all of which indicated that the engineer was about to give the highball and pull out. The head shack and the conductor, whom I recognized to be boomers, gave Red the once over and winked at me. Wise cracks and jibes were coming from some of the stiffs in the direction of Red, but the latter paid no attention to that.

"This is going to be ah-right," he said, as we climbed into the cleanest of the three empties. Soon we were on our way.

* * *

The air turned cold in the narrow canyon as the day faded into darkness. The floor of the boxcar was covered in sardine fashion with hoboes. Some spread paper on the floor and lay down as in bed. Others huddled like low caste Orientals and shook from cold and the swaying motion. Two young fellows who looked to be twins were sound esleep before the train was five miles out of town. They had come to California from the East, looking for work and had landed in the bread line in Frisco. Now they were "sure to get a job on the East coast" when they got back. Nice boys, too, with hope shining in their eyes, but one coughed continuously in his sleep while the other snored.

Two young Negroes were sitting together, chatting and laughing as if they were home among friends.

"I wish I was one of them Christian Scientists or . . . could go to sleep and dream about a big juicy T-bone steak!—The sandwich I got from the kind ole' lady in Oroville has shook loose from my ribs!" . . . .

"I'se got a lady friend in Ogden—I can sure eat there!"

"But dat's a long, l-o-o-n-g ways from here, black boy!"

Red and I sat in the door way, facing the river. Lights from cabins across the canyon blended with the stars and the Man in the Moon seemed to flit from the tree top to tree top as in a Mickey Mouse comedy. I asked Red where he had the rest of the circus and he answered that I hadn't seen anything yet.

"Wait till tomorrow when we see the bull of the woods—ever heard about the Romans and the customs in Rome? . . . Well! . . .

"This country is not what it used to be when



*When it was rumored about that Prosperity had returned to the land, the soup grew thinner in Los Angeles, and the freight trains were crowded with hungry men looking for the elusive job.*

the I.W.W. was strong in these pine hills! It's overrun with scurvy finks and spineless Scissor Bills who have flocked here to get away from Unionism and the draught. . . . Some of the old-timers who used to be all-right have gone the de-horn route and are useless to themselves and the organization. . . . The Slough camp was pulled two weeks ago but the men were outnumbered by the rats and the strike—if you can call it that—was broken. I'm hitting for there now, and Shorty and Slim over there in the corner will double back from Reno and try to set in later . . . If the Puget Sound fog has dried on your brains, maybe I can drag you along?"

We got off at Quincy and waited for daylight. From his roomy suit case Red dragged out some bizzare rags and dressed with the expert care of an actor. I swore that he would have a better chance for a job on a dude sheep ranch than he would in a logging camp, but he only grinned.

"That's what all the rest of the hoosiers think—but the boss knows better. . . . It didn't do me any good to play hide and seek with 'em—so now I carry the sort of brass band that plays their kind of music." . . . .

He folded a black kerchief around his neck and ran the ends through a transparent dice with green spots. A heavy imitation gold chain stretched across his chest between the pockets of a pink shirt which was generously decorated with useless buttons. A bear carved from redwood burl hung from the watch chain and made a clinking noise against the mystic dice when he walked. A broad metal-studded belt with an engraved round silver buckle kept his leather-lined riding breeches from falling into his Russian boots. A red and white calfskin vest was open in the middle so as not to hide any of the fineries. Over all this he put a long, black claw-hammer coat, with copies of the Sacramento Bee and the Christian Advocate showing above the side pockets. He carried an old bulging suitcase with a rope tied around the middle. . . . He was a heluva looking logger but he looked pretty much like a man at that! With his rugged body, serious mien and Soap Lake complexion—old and young would give him a second look—even in California.*

* * *

Frank Overmann, superintendent for the Slough Lumber Co., was in town looking for men. We met him at the grease joint where Red and I had some kind of a breakfast. Since the strike at the camp, the labor-hating "super" had trusted no one but himself to hire the crew. His mancatcher in Sacramento had been worse than useless. When Overmann had warned him not to send "any Wobblies or other damn union men and radicals," the m. c. had hired "the most useless trash in the valley—hay hands, canned heat maniacs and the sweepings of the soupline . . . who in hell could log with such people? . . . What good was it to have millions of unemployed if you couldn't put the fear of Christ into the damn timber beasts and make 'em snap into it without a lot of squawking and striking? . . . What's needed in this country are stricter laws and strong men to enforce them . . . all this foolishness in the busy season is an outrage—but I'll learn them dirty bums yet! . . . Those dryland farmers from Oklahoma and Arkansas may be loyal and all that but they certainly didn't know how to get out the round stuff—ruined more damn supar pine than they were worth, falling the damn stuff in the rocky ground."

So opined Mr. Overmann.

Red Samson created quite a sensation in the little mountain town. Overmann spied us and gave us the once over.

"How'dy, boys! Looking for work?"

We were. He ran his eyes over us as if he were buying cattle. His patronizing look of amusement changed to suspicion as his eyes rested on my stagged water-repellent pants.

"Northern man, eh?"

"No'th or sou'h," I said. "Worked with Red heah' in South Cah'lina and Louis'anna . . . Can do mos'ly anthing, I recon' you need any cat skinna'hs?"

"Well, yes came to think of it—I can use a couple good cat men." Then he turned to Red: "Ever run a donkey?"

"You all mean just one donkey? He, he, he! I've run as many as twenty of 'em at one time down in Geo'gie—yes, suh, twenty . . . I recon' I can handle the mos' o'nery donkey you all have on the place—why, my ole' pa said befo'h he was kicked in the haid by the meanes' ole' mule you eva'h saw that thar was no better mule boy than me nohow."

Red was putting it on, all right. He was born in the south and he could mix the dialects of many states without half trying.

"All right," said Overmann, contemptuously grinning and meditating to himself. "I've got a good job for you." Then he dogeyed me once more.

"You can come along, too—I'll give you a cat, if you think you can hack 'er."

We drove out with the "super" in his new Packard, going by way of Huck's Ranch. Nobody spoke on the way, but I could see that Overmann was amused and satisfied. We stopped in front of the camp office where we met the timekeeper and

*) Soap Lake, Wash., credited with capacity to cure many ailments, at least does change black hair to red.

foreman. The foreman grunted when he saw Red and he turned to the super.

"What's this fellow going to do?"

"Oh, I just had a bright idea, Daniels—this fellow will make a good helper for the bull cook. . . . Are any of you guys Wobblies?"

I told him that I had "no use for them thar fellahs," but Red was more specific.

"No, suh! I used to be a Baptist when I was a straplin' but I guess I'm not much of anything now —he, he, he!"

"Well, that's fine . . . We gotta be on the lookout for the Wobblies. They are trying to horn in here since the strike . . . they've been here with their damn poison stickers an' unpatriotic propaganda . . . But they didn't stay. And I want you, Buffalo Bill, to be on the lookout, and tear down them damn stickers whenever you find 'em, and report to us. There will be no strikes or meetings in this camp!"

The timekeeper was a vest pocket edition of the super. Superciliously he took down our records. He said "we" and "us" as he referred to the company while giving us the third degree. I told him that I had been fishing in Alaska for several years but that I paid no attention to the names of the fish buyers as by brother tended to all of that.

Red's record was a bit more complicated. By the time the timekeeper had got around to his mother's maiden name, he was that worn out that he gave us each a number and two tags, one to give to the bull cook for a bed and the other to carry on the job.

There was no bed maker and we had to get blankets from the office and make our own bed; and the musty old blankets might have been used by people who were suffering from hydrophobia.

The stiffs made wise cracks and sarcastic jibes and even the prune pickers and the poison oakers snickered when Red and I lined up for supper. The chuck was terrible. Butter was dished out in small chips as in a Japanese restaurant, but the man on Red's left had a dish of it in front of his plate. Red reached over and helped himself to a sizeable chunk.

"Say there you! This is my butter! You'll have to buy your own here if you are not satisfied with what is served on the table."

"Gosh, pard, you don't say! I'm a stranger heah but I reckon I'll learn directly."

"Oh, shucks, stranger; there is no harm done. I don't like to buy my own butter, but my doctor said that I must eat more butter." Questioning Red with a silent stare, he whispered confidentially: "That's one of the reasons why the reds and the floaters struck . . . they told Overmann he'd have to take his pick between them and 'Ole'—he, he! Imagine, calling butter 'Ole'? Funny fellars them radicals!"

We fought bedbugs the first part of the night, but we slept soundly when the gut hammer called us in for breakfast. The latter was a mere routine. After breakfast, I was shown around by "Slim" Daniels, the quiet-spoken foreman. "You better be careful in these steep rocky hills," he warned. "We had to bury one of the skinners last week."

The "cat"* was a new "Seventy-five" with a mammoth arch. After chugging around in the hills for eight hours over rocks, bumps, logs and deep dust banks, I lost all human feelings and appearance and my only interest in life was a cold drink of water in a shady glade. Logging in this camp was done by "cats" and "steam." A "two speed" donkey engine was whizzing and snorting as the "turns" were pulled out of a deep ravine and the steam rose in white rings into the clear air. The rigging crew bounced and ran back to the line as the chokers were skinned back from the spar tree to where the sugar pine lie deep in the bottom of the ravine. It was a "hard show," but the tall and sturdy sugar pine was of good quality in this high altitude. The company could well afford to pay better wages and furnish better food and camp conditions. But the company was organized with the rest of the operators and the majority of the lumber slaves were not.

My back felt as if it was broke and my face was a brittle cake of dust when the day was over. It was Red's time to stare this time. He had taken off all the camouflage but the hat and boots. His chief function beside cutting wood and being a handiman around camp was to tear down I.W.W. stickers wherever he found them and to be on the lookout for "radicals" and "red lit'rature," which seemed to be increasing despite the eager snooping of the "loyal" bull cook, Frick Windgate, who was supposed to be the master stool pigeon in charge of Red. Both worked under the direction of Overmann. The foreman had the reputation of being a good logger who knew how to get the most out of men and machinery, but he seemed to have no interest in being a detective. Despite all warnings of the super, who was in deadly fear of the "radicals," "Slim" Daniels refused to spy on the men. . . . He saw things, but what of it? That had nothing to do with logging. He was young yet and he had a family. The job was not to be sneezed at these days, he thought . . . and if the crew could stand having their underwear inspected by the company stools, why should he squawk? But he lay drunk in his cabin for two days after

*) Skinning a cat is driving a tractor (with caterpillar tread) used for hauling out the logs. The rigging crew handle the cable, which runs through blocks on the top of the tall spar tree, by which the steam donkey engine accomplishes a similar purpose.

the crew walked out for better chuck and a bathhouse.

The crew sat outside the bunk houses at night until bedtime, as is customary in the California pine woods where the air is dry and clear. A bon fire was built when the nights were chilly. This used to be the place to spin yarns and express fellowship, but there was little of that here. Suspicion and mistrust hung over the camp. The decent element with union cards in their pockets trusted only those they knew before, and they were waiting and preparing to take a stand whenever possible. I lay on my bunk nursing my sore back and muscles the first few nights in camp, but the talk drifted up to me about logging, sports, the movies, women and the coming election.

Said the stoop shouldered brush piler who had orders to eat more butter: "Things are bound to pick up after the election, if Marionette is elected Governor. He is for the pension, and besides . . . The sup' told me the other day that if Sinclair is elected it will turn California into a desert,—practically speaking, you know."

". . . So we went up to the hook shop back of the Mission . . . and there we turned over a few . . . the pimp got sassy and we threw him downstairs . . . I smacked the landlady in the puss and my pardner grabbed a pot and heaved it at the piano, but it glanced off and struck the blond angel-face right smack in the mush . . . We was stewed to the eyebrows, see, and the last thing I could remember was that we went down the street and saw some fellah talking radical on a soap box, and we knocked him right in the guts . . . I never had so much fun since grandma was kicked by the old mule."

The "floaters" that had arrived since the "strike" didn't say much as they sat looking out over the peaks and summits of the Sierras across the valley below, beckoning purple and blue in the still summer night . . . beautiful, peaceful, clean — despite human degeneration . . . oh, hum! Tomorrow is another day . . .

Then thing began to happen. One by one the crew go sick and had to lay off from work. Some quit. New men took their places. It was especially the old hands that were stricken. The cook and the water got the blame—and maybe it was. The symptoms were aggravating, to say the least. Even Windgate, who carried written recommendations for being an efficient dependable bull cook, was stricken with the plague; in fact, he had to go to bed. He could hardly drag himself away from the little house back of the camp and he itched and scratched night and day. Red, who showed a stubborn resistance against sickness, offered to do the work for both of them. The super was not feeling so well himself, and he was puzzled. Perhaps there should have been more butter.

Two men were found to have I.W.W. literature in their bunks. They were fired and Overmann warned them never to come back. There was something queer about it, because they had been heard to say they had no use for any union and that hanging was too good for the "Wobblies." But matters went from bad to worse after the men were fired. Not that Red Samson shirked his duties—he had never been so busy in his life! Mr. Overmann told his wife that he wouldn't know what to do but for Red, and Mrs. Overmann agreed that Red was "a very nice looking man," and she found plenty of work for him to do around their place. "Picturesque" was the term she used to describe the camp handyman. He was as popular as the plague with the stiffs and they swore bitterly what they would like to do to the "dirty sonofo." But Red neither heard nor saw anything as he went about pulling stickers right from under the nose of Overmann. But for every one that was torn down there seemed to be two back in the same place the following day.

The silent agitation was very annoying. Here the price of lumber had risen, with hands plenty there was a chance to make up for the lean years —but now these pests were agitating for higher wages and better conditions which amounted to profit sharing. . . . "They should be thankful for having a job! Healthy work, too, though maybe a cat skinner didn't last many years before his back gave out—and if the chuck was not the best, it was better than in the soup line by gosh!" If an employee was injured, he would receive state compensation; if he was killed, he was out of his misery! . . . So they had nothing to worry about —but what about the employers and the stock holders who had their money invested and were taxpayers? Did the damn trouble makers ever think of them? And who would employ them when they went broke? "Ungrateful sons of bitches!" said Overmann, as he tore off another sticker from the bill board in front of the office.

Yes, indeed, those little stickerettes were annoying. Worst of all, they even made a man think! . . . . Colored stickerettes they were, mostly red . . . there was one with the picture of a giant breaking heavy chains and claiming the whole world—that was Awakening Labor. Then there was a hoot owl sitting on a branch and hooting warnings down to a gyppo who was reaching for a doughnut on the end of a long bucking saw . . . there were others—and then there would be showers of leaflets expounding the merits of Industrial Unionism and the need of Solidarity. But the most exasperating of all, the super and the time keeper agreed, was that young sober-faced man looking down at you from a black and white stickerette with a red background, telling all lumber workers to "Line up in the L.W.I.U. 120 of the

I.W.W.!" Overmann would have liked nothing better than to "send that fellow down the road talking to himself."

Mrs. Overmann was a credit to the California climate. She could hold her own anywhere in a state that is justly credited with beautiful women. But it was not her graceful shape and features which struck one at first glance as much as it was that come-hither-please, stop-I-love-you kind of a look. It sort of got you in the weakest spot and made you think that the high altitude was too much for your heart.

It was part of Red's duties to cut wood for Mrs. Overmann. He told me confidentally: "She wants more service than anyone I've ever seen—and I get dizzy to be around her. I've never torn down any fences to get into anybody else's orchard; but when I'm around her the sweat under my arms gets so strong that I feel like a billy goat."

"That ought to be as pleasant as to tear down stickers and put more back in their place!" I remarked.

"Uh-huh . . . but I can't simply stay there and dummy up when she wants to know what I think of Clark Gable or the Prince of Wales. She wants to know what movie actress I like the best and why . . . She wants to know if I'm married and all such stuff. I'd leave tomorrow, if it wasn't for something else—Bill and Tom ought to be here soon from Reno. She is ah-right and all that but, of course, she is bound to be lonesome living with that scabby baboon!"

The following day, after Overmann had left for Sacramento, beautiful Jezabel called Red over to the house. A picture had dropped off the wall in the bed room, nearly killing the cat—and would Red please help her to get it back in place? Of course, he would . . . She was dressed in a blue silk kimona . . . her hair brushed against his face as she helped to straighten the picture in the right angle. They stood looking at it together. Then a thought came to him. Well, maybe the psychology guys would have another name for it.

She told Red before he left: "I'm so darn lonesome that I'll die or go crazy if I don't get away from this place."

The camp had been showered with bulletins and leaflets and nobody seemed to know by whom. The super was getting ferocious and threatened to bring armed guards into camp for night and day service. The timekeeper even suggested the militia. Everybody was talking about it. The old "loyal" crew was thinning out and some of the new arrivals were suspected of being from the north (which meant anywhere north of the California border, but especially where the I.W.W. influence was reported to be stronger). But no one had shown his hand yet.

The super was storming in the office: "I don't like them nor their damn foolish papers, nor their stickers—now nor ever!"

"So I've noticed," drawled the foreman. "But the time may be coming, by gad, when we may have to put up with 'em whether we like 'em or not! . . . . There is something about those people which reminds me of the steam in the boiler or the moving of a glacier . . . I don't understand what they are driving at—and some of them are mostly talk to make impression on people who are asking for more than the chronic growlers—but I know that as long as there is fire under the boilers we may be thankful that there is water in the boilers and a safety valve to keep the whole thing from blowing up beyond repairs of anybody . . . Came to think of it, somebody left a paper on my bunk last night and I read some of it.—Say, there is news and stuff in that paper you can find nowhere else . . ."

"Huh, I suppose you'll be taking out a red card next!"

The camp was short handed and when Bill and Tom arrived from Reno with Bob Ryan, they were put to work. All were fellow workers and active members of L.W.I.U. 120. The organized workers were coming out more in the open now, but the rambunctious super did not feel so lucky as he did with the "loyal" crew. The epidemic had subsided, but the bull cook, Frick Windgate, still had serious relapses and was talking of quitting.

One night Bob Ryan got up at the table and announced that there would be a meeting after supper. "It's an open meeting and you will all be welcome—we only ask that you help to make it an orderly meeting and to allow no interference with our business of organization."

You could have heard the proverbial needle drop. The time had come! Windgate and the timekeeper turned red in the face and were about to explode. But now there seemed to be a new power in the camp, and there was a look of hope in the eyes of some you would least suspect of such extravagance.

Fellow Worker Ryan stood on a stump in front of the cookhouse at the announced time. There was no chairman—that would be tended to later. This was primarily an invitation to organize in the union and to form a grievance committee that would function between meetings.

"Fellow workers," he said, "this is the first job organization meeting held in this Canyon in many years. And this camp is a fair example of the results of having no meetings of this sort. Individually we can do little or nothing about it. Collectively we can.

"Those of you who aren't members know something of what we're after—decent camp conditions, decent chuck, shorter hours, more pay. And

when we get these things by organized action, we get something else with it—self-respect, and respect for and confidence in our fellow workers, and a new spirit on the job and in the bunk-house.

"We want you also to know something of how the I.W.W. and Lumber Workers Industrial Union Number 120 runs its affairs. It is run by the rank and file, by meetings like this on the job, but where every man packs a union card, where you elect your chairman, decide the policies of your organization, and tell your officers what they are to do."

The setting sun turned the green-clad pine hills to purple and gold. The heads nodding assent, the gladness that shone from these men, as they seemed to break an oppressive chain that bound them, all made the speaker grow a bit poetic as he finished his short talk with a picture of how these job organization meetings were slowly but surely building the structure of a new society within the shell of the old.

Then the meeting got down to business, and it was found that more than half of the crew that had arrived since the strike were members. Besides Ryan, there were Tom and Bill with credentials, and they were kept busy writing out membership cards. A committee was formed to interview the crew regarding the walk-out and who was who. Those who were proved to be dyed-in-the-wool scabs were barred from the union. But inasmuch as there had been no regular meeting held and vote taken at the recent "strike," the latter was considered as a walkout, and younger workers without previous experience were not held responsible. Finally a Job Grievance Committee was elected to tend to business between meetings. The chairman of this committee was to be the Job Steward who was to take his orders from the committee and the membership at the regular meeting.

A new era had arrived in the Slough Camp . . . the tide of organization was coming back in the pine woods. Similar meetings were being held in other camps . . . conditions were improving. No longer did the men at Slough's camp furnish their own butter . . . No longer did the men in the Klamath-Lakeview-Siskiyou districts have to furnish their own tools and scab on the saw filers. Unorganized walk-outs were discouraged as futile. Job organization got results through a system of Job meetings—Job Committees—and action according to circumstances. "Pine cats" were learning to walk erect and to have confidence in their organized efforts—and in nothing else.

* * *

Red Samson quit the morning after the meeting. He had been in the background during the meeting. His purpose was accomplished. He belonged to the vanguards that go ahead blazing the trails for the pioneers. He was a builder by his inherent nature . . . but sometimes he found it necessary to tear out rotten planks and timbers in order to build a new healthy structure.

Windgate, the snoopy bull cook, was caught rifling a pack sack. Before the camp committee had a chance to function, he was beaten and thrown out of the bunk-house. He begged for his life and promised never to do it again. But he quit the following day, the same day when Red quit. Overmann brought them both into town in his new Packard. The super was not so cocky now. He was undecided what to do—allow the "damn Wobblies" to organize right under his nose? Or fire the whole crew and comb the country for "Poison oakers" who would be "loyal" to the company until they learnt to be loyal to themselves? So he just pretended to have the situation well in hand and hoped for the best—for him and the company. To Red he offered a written recommendation for his good work against the I.W.W.!

The timekeeper gave the bull cook and the handyman a condescending "s' long," as they were leaving. The foreman was standing on the office steps, stroking his chin. He grinned and sort of winked at Red but said nothing.

Red Samson was dressed again in all his barbaric splendor. He was heading north to a camp in Oregon. There was a hardboiled foreman, a blustering gun man and company sucker—that was Red's meat . . . Now he felt like he should be fumigated and take a germicidal bath after associating with scabs and the scab-herding super. He would "clean their clock" if they gave him half a chance!

None of them saw a woman in a blue kimona who was hiding behind a curtain as the car zipped down the dusty road . . . Red looked at the timber line with a far away look. How tall and straight and clean the sugar pine stood in the sun-swept slopes . . . they too were alive—very much so—but they lacked that spark of consciousness which made for pleasures or pain . . . no philosophers among them to wonder about their purpose in life, or make them feel inferior to their fellows, or strut peacock feathers in a brief moment before they passed on to extinction or a new life.

He looked at Frick Windgate and felt in his roomy side pockets . . . "the dirty fink!" . . . then he brought two colored pieces of paper to his mouth and licked on them—and with his open hand slammed one on the bull pack sack, the other in the side of the car.

# Murmansk

*By A. Yourniek*

## *The narrative of a seaman cast upon the white-guard fringes of the Russian Revolution*

In the middle of September, 1917, I got an able-bodied seaman's job on the U. S. Shipping Board ship, the S. S. Oshkosh. She was taking on cargo at the Brooklyn side.

I had just come out of jail where I had served a six month sentence for my I. W. W. activities. Just then the Russian revolution was in full swing. I had made up my mind to go there; and I was glad when I saw that some of the cargo stowed away in her hold was marked with consignments to Russian ports. The cargo consisted of the usual war material and railroad equipment. As soon as the crew were signed on, the ship pulled out in the stream where she took on an additional 200 tons. This last batch was dynamite.

The Oshkosh was one of the many confiscated German ships. In normal times she would have been condemned. She was overaged, rusty, neglected, and we found out later her engines were in very poor condition. She was stalling all the way across. The best speed she could make was about seven knots an hour. It was a hell of a ship to be on in wartime, and after she got under way we began to doubt whether she'd ever make it.

A few days after we left New York, we put in at St. Johns, Newfoundland, for bunkers.

Discontent was brewing among the crew ever since we let go the lines, and by the time we put in at St. John everybody was grumpy. The cook skinned out of her because of a quarrel with the steward. I too had the mind to get to hell ashore, but that yearning to see the "workers' fatherland" for myself kept me on the Oshkosh.

It was a bright Sunday morning when we cast off the coal dock and steamed for the sea. The weather was calm with a heavy swell rolling westward.

During the trip across lookout for submarines was kept on both masts. On the foremast the crow's nest wherein the lookout was kept was a home-made affair, just a common oil-drum riveted up there for that purpose. The lookout was kept by the regular crew.

The mainmast lookout was kept by the gun crew, all of whom were regular navy men. A lieutenant was in charge of them and their specific duty was to man the guns in the event of an emergency. The Oshkosh had two guns. One was mounted on her bow and the other on the stern. It was believed that these two guns were sufficient protection against a submarine attack.

On good weather days we were put through some sort of training. We mustered to our stations and there we were told what to do should a submarine pop up. At times, we'd pitch a barrel overboard and aim at it with our guns. At such times the men off duty had to pass up ammunition. It was tough, hard work, and we strongly resented it. The shells were stored in the forepeak, some decks below our living quarters.



The days on the Atlantic were passed quietly and without any excitement. We sighted nothing all the way across. Only off the Oakney Islands we stumbled across the path of a British patrol ship. She had once been a passenger liner. At the patrol's request we hove to. An officer and some of the crew came aboard. After the usual inspection they released us and we proceeded on our way.

A few days later we dropped the hook in Bodo, Norway, close by a German freighter. We were in a neutral port and our stay here was limited —it wasn't to outlast the night. The Oshkosh and the German were enemy ships. Should we meet out on the open sea, we'd try our damndest to sink one another; but we were in a neutral port, and the captain and the officers, and the naval crew had to be nice.

Early next morning two pilots came aboard. We heaved up anchor and were on our way again wriggling through the fjords.

Later we made Kirkeness. It was our last port in Norway, about 30 kilometers from the Russian border. There we took another pilot and sailed for nearby Petchinga.

One can't really call Petchinga a port. It lies in the embrace of a large bay which resolves into a narrow opening. During the war it was used as a naval base for mine trawlers. From there we picked a Russian convoy to Archangel.

At last on a late afternoon we pulled in Archangel. At once various immigration officials piled aboard. The American consul came aboard too to look things over. That night we were told that no shore leave would be given anybody.

In the morning a barge filled with longshoremen drew along side and they took off the dynamite. We shifted across the way to a place called Bacarítza, where all the war material was discharged and stored. There again we were told that nobody from foreign ships was allowed to go ashore.

Bacaritza was lorded over by a British naval commander with chin whiskers that made him look something like the Tzar. Though still under the nominal control of the Russians, it was overseered by the British because of an alleged mildness on the part of the Russians in dealing with German spies. These spies had already succeeded in blowing up a Norwegian freighter laden with ammunition; and the explosion caused the bigger part of the war material stored on the docks to blow up too.

That morning I had my first look at the inhabitants of revolutionary Russia. They were longshoremen's work. A lot of other people were bouncing about giving orders; they were dressed up in uniforms somewhat similar to those worn by state employes during Tzarist times, brass buttons, high pressure caps and the rest of such paraphernalia.



Among these longshoremen were many Latvians from whom we learned what was actually taking place. The revolution, they said, had given them the right of free speech and of organization, but no bread, and of course that much promised peace had not been realized. It was bread and peace that they had wanted. They had been fooled, they said, hoodwinked by leaders who mouthed workers' phrases to make their hoodwinking effective. But they still had hopes. They talked of a new party coming to the front, the Bolsheviki, a party composed of workers, they said, with a platform of taking over the factories by the unions, the farms by the farmers, the abolition of private property and the ending of the war.

The October revolution took place while we were still lying at Bacaritza. Around Archangel during this time things were surprisingly quiet.

When we had finished discharging, we moved over to Solombala, a suburb of Archangel. There we started at once to take on cargo for the United States, and it was there for the first time since we had arrived in Russia that we were tendered permission to go ashore.

At the announcement that the captain was giving out draws, all of us scrambled midships and put in for as many rubles as we could get. Then we spruced up, got ready and beat it ashore to investigate things for ourselves. I still had a few I. W. W. papers and pamphlets left, stowed away in my locker. I crammed them down in my pockets and left with the rest. We remained ashore having a good time until the Oshkosh got through loading. At that time, although bread and other foods were scarce, if one had the price for it, he could get whatever he liked.

From Solombala we moved down the river to a place where we took on bunkers. We were about to start for home, and we would need plenty. It took two whole days to coal up the ship. The work was done in a very primitive way. The coal was shoveled from a stock pile on the river bank into wheel barrows and trundled thus to the ship.

Most of these coal heavers, a lot of women amongst them, were Latvians. Their quarters were by the river. They were long sheds lined on the inside with a double row of shelves which were used for beds. Men, women, and children all lived together.



Monday morning the breakfast dished out to us was positively lousy. This particular breakfast was the occasion for throwing me high and dry to a different world entirely. As soon as the food was brought into the forc's'le, which was also our messroom, the fireworks started. Across the alleyway were the firemen's quarters. We could overhear them growling and cursing too. We called them over to talk things over.

We decided to form a Ship's Committee and have them interview the steward and captain. The result of the first interview was unsatisfactory. We were plainly told that the food was the best that would be given us. The captain made himself quite clear to the committee members that he was running "his" ship, and wasn't taking orders from any deckhands or firemen.

The committee report served like a match to a gasoline tank. We grew defiant, and agreed to lay

off work until adequate and better food was provided.

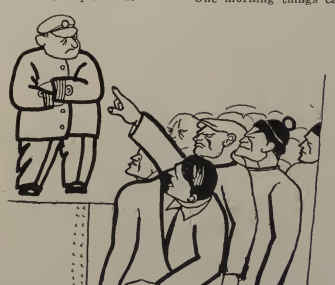
We knew how much stores we had taken aboard at the beginning of the voyage. It was enough for the round trip, and here we were with only half of the trip over, and run out of grub already. Either the steward had sold the stuff to the longshoremen, and the "old man' had had his finger in the pie, or the shipchandlers had sent short stores aboard. Now the ship was ready for sea. Cargo and bunkers were gotten aboard, and everything on deck was secured.

It was cold, and every hour it was getting colder. Over night the river got thickly caked with ice, so that in the morning the ship couldn't get away without the help of an ice-breaker.

The day we sent our ultimatum to the captain our time was whiled away pleasantly enough. We stayed indoors and played cards with the gun crew, with whom we were on fairly good terms.

Next day the "old man" informed us we had to get up steam and be ready for departure as soon as the ice-breaker made its appearance. We stood pat on our demands. We wouldn't budge. Particularly determined were the firemen. At sea they had the toughest part of the ship's work.

When the captain realized that we wouldn't give in, he began to run the old bluff about mutiny. He roared we were delaying the ship's sailing and that we were interfering with the successful carrying on of the war. But we considered ourselves in the right. We demanded to see the American consul about the matter.



The ship was lying about ten miles from Archangel and the communications not being of the best, and the weather being very cold, we told the "old man" to go an fetch the consul aboard. He went up to Archangel, returned the next day and called everybody amidships. There he laid the law down to us, and recited what the consul had empowered him to do. He said we were to turn to right away and take the ship to Murmansk. There we were to get some stores from a British cruiser.

We returned to the forecastle and held another meeting. "The 'old man' is bluffing, is kidding us again," said the chairman of the committee. "He is just trying to get the ship out at sea, and once there, he'll head straight for home without putting in at Murmansk." We decided not to work until our demands for better food were granted.

When the committee made its report to the captain, the old shell-back ran amuck. He threatened the so-called "ring-leaders" with imprisonment, and called us a "bunch of sea-lawyers and I. W. W.'s" which most of us were. "I can lock most of you guys up right now if I want to. I can put you in irons. I've got navy men aboard, and I can do it. This ship is government property. You're striking against the government."

But the "old man's" threat's notwithstanding, we stuck to our guns.

Of a sudden he changed his tune. He became compromising. "Boys," he said, "this country is in war and in a state of revolution. There is no food to be had here, and if you don't take the ship to sea, we'll freeze here or die of starvation. These people ashore ain't going to feed you. They ain't got a damned thing for themselves even."

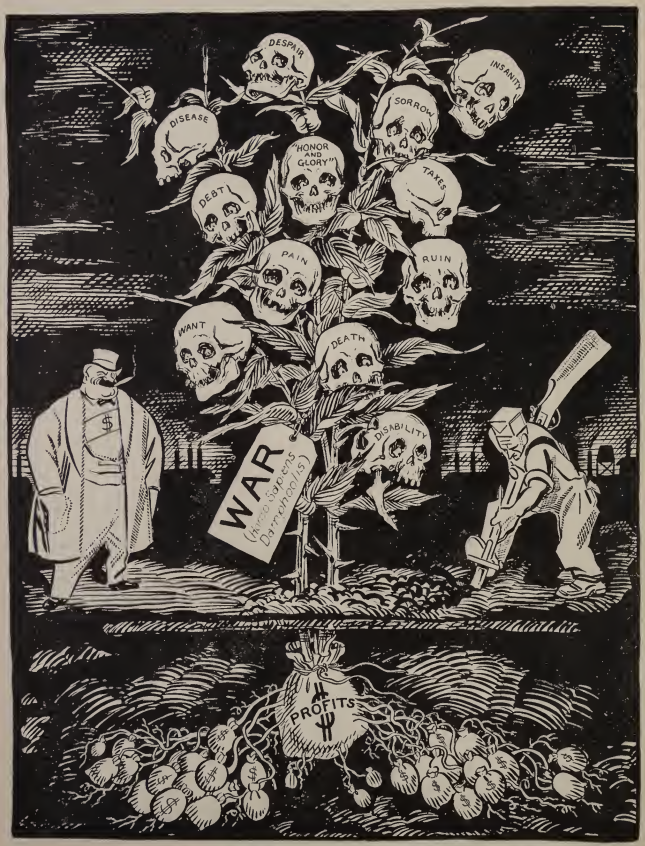
But food could be bought in Archangel, and Jack, one of the seamen who could speak Russian well, promised to get all the victuals necessary, provided the captain was ready to foot the bill. But at this the captain only growled.

One morning things came to a head. We were called amidships and were told that the ice breaker would come after us, and we were ordered to "turn to". The captain said these were the orders of the consul at Archangel, and he asked the committee to go with him to the telephone. Jack with another seamen walked across the ice with the captain, called up the consul, Mr. Cole. As it was expected, Mr. Cole sided with the captain and advised us to take the ship to Murmansk.

Again we agreed not to carry out the consul's orders, and demanded that the captain go and fetch Mr. Cole to the ship. The harassed captain made his way across the ice and called up Mr. Cole. He returned with a new proposition.

"You," he said, pointing directly at me, "if it was any other place than this I'd have you in irons long ago. You're the ring leader. You're like these people ashore who are stirring up this revolution business. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay you off right here, and then you can make all the revolution you want. The rest of the men

(Continued on Page 29)


DESPAIR
INSANITY
DISEASE
SORROW
HONOR AND GLORY
TAXES
DEBT
PAIN
RUIN
WANT
DEATH
DISABILITY
WAR
(MASS MURDER DISMEMBERMENT)
PROFITS

# A Mad World's Nightmare

## Prologue

A number of Europe's most high powered diplomats gather at a hotel on the Riviera.

"A great war impends Messieurs—Yes, yes, indeed! We are all armed to the hilt!

"Signor, what do you say?"

"Tis the reaction signors—the terrible aftermath! We are billions in debt, all of us and the workers are murmuring—even in my own country! 'Business will never recover this time.' "

All are silent for a time.

"Signors, Signors! I have a most brilliant idea —it will pacify the penurious, satisfy the jingoes—save our several national honors and incidentally enrich our good friends the honorable munitions maker!"

"We listen most eagerly! Go on, go on—"

## „The Children's Hour"

*Broadcast by that eminent European commentator, Mr. Imi Ghoul.*

"Well folks, you shall be thrilled today I promise you. They are assembling and you should see them—French, German, Polish, Austrian, Russian and Italian—and Oh yes, I can just now make them out approaching—the English also—Children of all the great nations of Europe and **not one over ten years of age**—think of it! All dressed in bright military uniforms, and here's something really spectacular, all armed with genuine rifles, swords, lances, bombs, etc.,—small of course, but none the less real as you shall see very soon.

"They are parading now, before marching to the battle-ground, which has been selected by Europe's foremost leaders, and folks! many an eye is wet among the spectators as the brave little fellows march by the saluting posts before massing for the really tremendously inspiring speeches to be delivered in person by Leader Higler of Germany and Mapolini of Italy—and many others.

"The speeches are over folks—the children are now proceeding to the battle-ground—soon you will hear the opening gun—Ah! there it is—Really folks you are missing the thrill of a lifetime—you should be viewing this most amazing spectacle. The youngsters are quite gay about it at first but soon warm up to their work and you should just see how the little German boys cut and slash with their sharp bright little sabers. Huh,—here is little Petro Mussano, small son of the famous Italian fencer—so dexterous with his little lance—neatly spearing a little French boy in the gizzard—how he squirms and wiggles for all the world like a frog on a sharp stick.

"The battle is raging quite merrily now, and soon the ground is thickly spotted with little forms, their bright uniforms now powder stained and muddy. The English boys are quite adept with their rifles and are picking off their opponents as coolly as their bowman grandsires did at Poitiers and Cressy some hundreds of years ago."

## Epilogue

First Vulture—"Ah! This is a feast indeed—such tender flesh—so sweet and juicy, (licks beak) by the way, what is that you are rolling around in your mouth?"

Second Vulture—"Hah—twas a merry brown eye a short time ago—I picked it out of a little Russian boy—it's flavor is wonderful!"

Third Vulture arrives (old and rusty—observes smirking) "Ah! twas not thus in '14 and '15 my dears, nor even in Spain,—such a difference in the pickings. Ugh, how stringy and tough those Australians were and scarcely any meat at all on the Scots—and the Moors, Phew! even as disreputable a picker as myself could not go them! Well, well, are you both rested? Let's return to our work then—"

Squawking raucously they flap away.

—X-229641.

# *The Brass Check Buys the Air*

## A STUDY OF RADIO CENSORSHIP

*By*
*Bert Russell*

"Because of this control by the advertisers and employers in general, censorship may and does include anything from the denial of time to a radical group to the deletion of a humorist's reference to roller skates on the protest of an automobile manufacturer that 'roller skates are a form of competition'."

So concludes the author from his experience directing I. W. W. publicity over radio station KMO, Tacoma.

"The censorship bugaboo is a myth from radio's childhood days, kept alive, like all other superstitions, by prejudice and ignorance." So says a former vice-president of two broadcasting stations and a former member of the Federal Radio Commission.

A look at the Federal Radio Act of 1927 would seem to justify this statement. Nothing is forbidden except "obscene, indecent or profane language." In fact in Section 29 the Commission is denied "the power of censorship" and is forbidden "to interfere with the right of free speech by means of radio communication."

But this section of the Act no more guarantees free speech over the radio than the Constitution of the United States guarantees free speech from a soap-box. The essence of the Federal censorship is laid down in Section 11, providing that the Commission may "determine that the public convenience and necessity shall be observed.." Public interest is determined by the Commission, and public interest determines whether or not a thing shall be said over the radio.

In Washington there is but one state ruling covering the statements of a speaker on the air, and that is merely the extension of the law of criminal libel to cover radio utterances of "false and scandalous matter with intent to injure or defame." The owner of the station is held equally responsible in some states for defamatory remarks made by persons broadcasting over his station.

It is because of the difference in methods of censorship in this country and in other countries where governments own and control the stations, that the restrictions entailed on what may be said, are not well known by the average person. Where public interest in Germany is determined by the Nazis, and in Russia by the Communist Party, in this country it is the echo of the advertisers' interests. Because of this control by the advertisers and employers in general censorship may and does include anything from the denial of time to a radical group to the deletion of a humorist's reference to roller skates on the protest of an automobile manufacturer that "roller skates are a form of competition."

The most pernicious radio censorship is that performed by the radio station operators. Here, despite all laws to the contrary, free speech is entirely restricted to arbitrary wishes of the management. You may speak or you may not speak, and the management is the final arbiter.

Only one federal stipulation limits the arbitrary decisions of the management. It refers only to political candidates. If a radio station permits one candidate for an office to speak, it must permit all other candidates for that office to have time for the same considerations. But it may legally refuse the air to all candidates. This apparent freedom is, at the most, a negative freedom. The tremendous expense of hiring radio facilities during the heat of a campaign far outstrips the meager budget of minority groups. Another contradiction arises. Political speeches are above censorship by the managers, once the time has been let to one politician running for an office, but still the station's license may be revoked for permitting "obscene, indecent or profane language." Knowing the politicians' ascent to Billinsgate, even in moments of sanity, the station management is on an unenviable spot if they wish to keep their license.

In addition to the management's personal opinion, that of advertisers and what is commonly called public opinion is taken in consideration. The advertisers' good opinion means millions of dollars to the stations of this country. Public opinion may be anything from the opinions of the American Legion or of a mob antagonistic to some radical group, to that of a church whose members may have felt slighted by some speaker's reference. On top of all this the station has ever to be on guard to protect itself against any other group that wants the channel the station is enjoying, and will take any chance to acquire it.

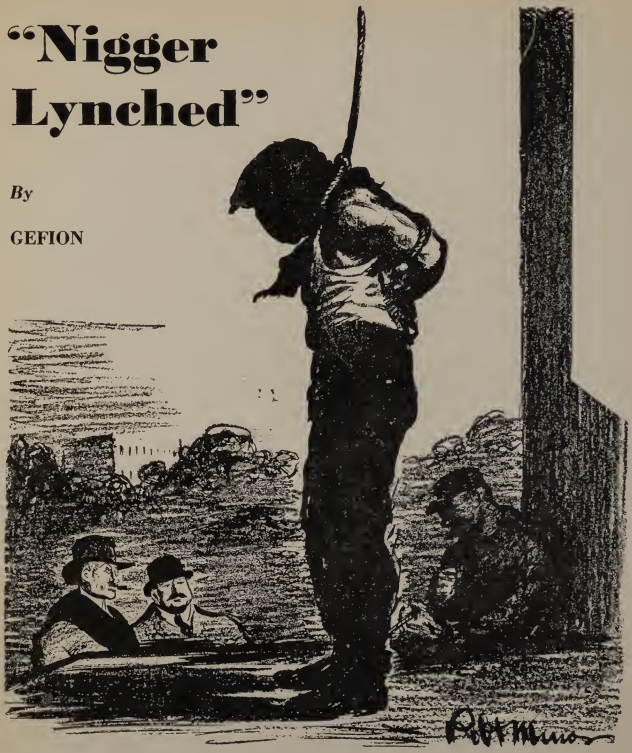
The I. W. W. broadcast in Tacoma encounters a censorship that springs from all these sources. Protests have been received by the management from the super "paytriot" groups. There has been a personal visit by the representative of the Packers' Association from Portland with the request for an

(Continued on Page 32)

# "Nigger Lynched"

*By*

**GEFION**



The stone walls of the ancient hoosegow were oozing slime. It trickled its way in gooey and serpentine brooks down the hewn granite, only to come to rest in a border of stinking beads on the flagstone floor.

And around the bullpen, we hiked the fool's parade—black men, Mexes and whites—natives and damn furriners—working stiffs, thieves, murderers and hiwaymen—the young and the old—the fat, the lean—the scum of Earth. And at night we lay lousy and cursing in our stinking cells. Of a Thursday night there might come to our ears the staccato tempo of hammed beats—and the next morning some guy would be dropped through a hole in a nice new scaffold. And through the bars we would howl impotent ravings

against the guy's being swung. But in the afternoon we would again tread the fool's parade in the filth-spattered bullpen.

Louie and I were nearing the end of a six months' jolt—outside agitators, b'gosh and all that boloney, in a mill strike in Southern City. The bozo that dished out the presents informed us that we didn't have no durn business down thar—so mebbe we didn't. He fixed his judicial lamps on Louie's mobile Neapolitan mug and sternly let him know that furriners who didn't appreciate the particular liberties prevailing on these shores could doggone it well make a one-way excursion back to Ur'p. Louie must have heard the saga before because he kept right on gaping at Mr. Washington crossing the Delaware above Hizzoner's bald dome. Anyway, six months and take 'em away!

Louie was Dago and a fine plug. He could sing Workers of the World Awaken better'n any Wob I ever heard—red card paid up to the last minute—tender and with the savvy of a jane—and he could swing a left hook with the best of 'em. Louie was nobody's mutt and no mebbe about it.

And now we were on the home stretch. Three more days and the crool world would have us to contend with once more. Stone walls do not a prison make. Well, mebbe they don't. Anyway, there was no love lost between us and the granite that separated us from the possibility of an application of ham an'. Three more days.

* * *

It was on the morning of the third day when they heaved the Negro in. He was bruised and battered and the screws yelled at him goddamit to get into that thar cell befoh they kicked his guts out. Outside the mob was howling like hyenas sensing a dying wildebeast on the velt.

The parade in the bullpen had just started. It came to a dead halt. What in t'hell was up? The screws wouldn't let's near the black boy's cell. But from the runners on the galleries we found out that he had croaked a bird by the name of Colonel Barclay—fine citizen, owned a big dump in town and had a barrel of dough. Details didn't flow very freely. But some of the local wise guys grinned and said that mebbe the Kunnel wasn't such a darling pillah of society after all—mebbe not—liked his punks purty well—heh, heh, heh—too bad on the niggah, though. And outside the can, the mob howled like hyenas smelling a dying animal in the bush.

* * *

Louie and I were given the gate—time's up—c'mon, get t'hell outta heah—and get t'hell outta town, too. Oh, yeah? Louie's mug twisted and he said dio carni and bastards in his whiskers. As we passed the Negro, he threw his makin's and matches, as fast as a cat swats a mouse, in to the battered human pacing behind the bars. Louie was Dago and a fine plug—tender and with the savvy of a jane.

They kicked us outta the back gate into the alley among the garbage cans. What in t'hell did we give a damn. Louie's mug twisted and he said dio carni and bastards loud and plenty. And in the front of the stir, we saw the howling mob milling in a maelstrom of lunacy.

* * *

We were lousy. We were gutted hungry and we had three bucks and sixteen cents between us. Louie was for a slug of spaghetti in some grease joint right away. I said hell no—there's no dump with grub enough to fill our guts. Let's get some chuck and make for the great open spaces. The ayes had it. We gathered enough nourishments to feed Armenia. And we got plenty of soap for the municipal varmins, and Louie got himself some fresh makin's.

And on the corners, the kids were hollering with extras telling all about how the Colonel got bumped off. We got one. No mistake, the gent must've been some big shot, all right—plenty of mazuma—old family, never married, somewhat eccentric, never permitted females at his parties, the paper had it.

And in a cell in the hoosegow there paced a battered human—four steps this way and four steps back. And the extras said that he had been the croaked Colonel's houseboy—young, married a few months—had never been in trouble before—queer what had come over him—no motive for the crime—his slanderous ravings about the Colonel's having "made advances" were of course preposterous. Such outrages had to be stopped—justice must be swift and commensurate with the dastardly crime. To the bereaved family of Colonel Barclay, the TIMES extends its most heartfelt sympathy.

And in his cell a battered black boy paced four steps this way and four steps back.

* * *

Lord almity, it was swell to be naked in the moonlight. Louie and I had just had a swim in the river. Our duds were on the bushes steaming before a fire. The river—the lovely, the cool, caressing river—meandered its way toward the sea, carrying with it six months hoosegow filth and a legion of dead varmins.

And on the fire the chuck and java smelt sweeter'n roses. No mistake, we were live guys once more.

* * *

Louie had just lit a smoke when it happened. Like the muffled rumble of a sewer emptying itself over a cliff, the distant howling of the mob came to our ears. Louie began to curse in Dago. We got into our still wet rags and kicked the fire into the river. It sizzled and died and sent a tail of acrid vapor up into the moonlight.

There must've been a thousand of them. They came pushing and milling up over the sand dunes. In the dim moonlight, they looked like miasma taking on the forms of fantastic monstrosities. They came near and their howls would have delighted Nero.

In their midst, they dragged the Negro. A rope was around his shoulders—four of them lugged a broken rail. It was rammed into the hill. Louie cursed a blue streak and was going to make for the bastards on the hill side. I grabbed him and told him we'd only get ourselves bumped off.

And up into the beautiful, moonlit night, the flames of a shrieking human torch flared skyward.

* * *

Living human flesh stinks horribly when it burns. It is sickening to hear the thud-thuds of lead being fired into quivering tortured flesh. And it is sickening and degrading to lie helpless and impotent while a defenseless human gives up his soul in a hell of agony.

Louie's swarthy mug had turned to alabaster. He puked into the river and cursed in a voice I'd never heard before. He cursed me and himself and the goddamned world in general.

On the sand hill a human being had died. One by one the monsters sneaked each to his own hole. The night became silent again.

* * *

On the banks of the Potomac, a town spreads its streets. In its dusty archives lies a parchment written in beautiful script. It tells the world in general that all men are created equal. Mebbe.

The stars became pale blurs and the morning began to paint the dunes with a golden brush. An eon had passed since a man had been tortured in the moonlight.

We sat silent by the river, each with his own thoughts. Then we sensed the presence of another being. Louie reached over and touched my arm. I looked up. He motioned me to be still.

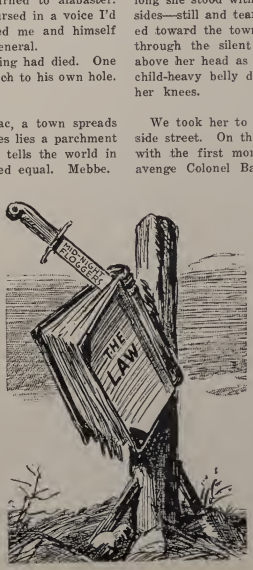
Up over the dunes came a young Negress. She was a mere kid. She was in a thin house dress and her belly was heavy with child. She walked heavily through the sand. Her tracks were lost among those of the monsters of the night. She looked up. Driven into the hill stood a broken rail. On it hung a few shreds of burnt flesh. A slender column of smoke twirled skyward in the clear morning air.

The woman's body stiffened as if she were an animal at bay. She looked about her in dumb bewilderment and her face began to quiver as if she were a child left alone in some strange place.

Step by step she walked toward the rail. For long she stood with her arms hanging limp at her sides—still and tearless. Then abruptly she turned toward the town and a shriek of horror rung through the silent dunes. She lifted her arms above her head as if to ward off a blow and her child-heavy belly drew her thin dress taut above her knees.

* * *

We took her to a paintless shack in a stinking side street. On the corners the kids were yelling with the first morning extras: "Angry citizens avenge Colonel Barclay! Nigger lynched!"



# Woman of Spain

*By* **SOPHIE FAGIN**

**"When her husband fell beside her she grabbed her gun and went forward into the fight."—From a letter to the author from a friend in Spain.**

*I speak of a woman*
*Who is more than a woman,*
*And yet even more than a man . . .*
*I speak of a mother*
*A sweetheart and lover*
*Who rose when the battle began . . .*

Half in the black of oppression,
Half in the sunlight of life,
Blood soaks deep in the soil of Spain
Blood so that men may live again
Free from their masters, and free from their chains
And free from this deathly strife.

Clenching the hilt of a bayonet
Wearing the garments of war,
She who longs for peace must fight,
Who loves the day must have the night
Who knew but mercy, must use might
In the din of the cannon's roar.

Matron and mother whose humble task
Was that of sweetheart or wife
Must now arise before the sun
To dig a trench and load a gun,
To fight until the fight is done
And the final bullet's shot.

Beautiful maiden whose gentle caress
Was that of sweethetrt or wife
Must march beside her loved one dear,
And when he falls, no time for tears,
Nor time for tenderness, nor fear . . .
She must grab the fallen gun,
Rise until the battle's done,
Fight until the fight is won
Forget her sorrows and her pain—
Is there not a world to gain?
A world, and victory for Spain?

*So I speak of a woman*
*Who is more than a woman,*
*And yet even more than a man*
*I speak of a mother*
*A sweetheart and lover*
*Who rose when the battle began*

*To sing a victory song in a dearth,*
*To bring a free new world to birth*
*And life to man throughout the earth.*

# "Ain't We Free Americans?"

## *Mrs. Pederson Wants to Know*

A Story of Snoopery on the WPA

By I. STEPHENS

The clock above the Old Girl's office door stood at half past three—thirty minutes before quitting time. I slipped a black hood over the typewriter. The Old Girl's office door was wide open. You couldn't see the gilt sign, Project Director's Office. Instead, you saw the project director herself, the Old Girl, with gray hair and eagle beak, bending over her desk in earnest conversation with the woman from the state WPA office. At least, someone on the project had said she was from the state WPA director's office, but some of the others thought she was head of the Woman's Division or the County Supervisor. Only God alone knew what her official title was.

The Old Girl looked up. Our eyes met. I never did like gimlet eyes, set close together in the head. She was probably growing suspicious over my leaving early on Fridays, over my taking only half an hour for lunch, but there was no other way out of it. The women from the other projects got off at 3:30, and we were allowed to have the hall only from three-thirty to four-thirty.

I turned and walked down the aisle, past Miss Donohue who insisted that prayers alone got her on WPA, past Miss Katzoff. Miss Katzoff had nice eyes, clear and honest. We needed her in our union. Somehow, I didn't feel that Miss Katzoff would object to joining an organization along with the women from the sewing and the hospital projects. She seemed a different sort from Dorothy Whitcomb. Dorothy was on our project, too. At one time she had served as assistant society editor on a local newspaper. When I asked her to join our Union she had raised her beautifully arched brows disdainfully and laughed, "Do you think I'm going to belong to the same organization that a lot of cheap, ignorant women belong to?" Then she laughed again. I never bothered Dorothy Whitcomb after that.

It was a five minute walk to the hall. When I reached the place I found the gang from the sewing project clustered around Bessie Heinrich, our secretary—all talking at once, all babbling excitedly. Fat Mrs. Anderson was pounding the table. Her long, green earrings shook, "Ain't we free American citizens?"

No one answered. The women went on talking.

"Let's call the meeting to order," somebody suggested, "we won't get anything done this way." Mrs. Du Plessis, a gaunt woman with a sour smile that seemed to match the puffs under her eyes, called the meeting to order. Always she displayed tact and impartiality, but parliamentary procedure was new to her. Sometimes she forgot to call for a vote. Bessie read the minutes, and I told them there was five dollars in the treasury.

Angry murmurs still flowed along the rows of women sitting before us. I had no chance to ask Bessie what had aroused them, but after we had elected our two delegates to the county conference I discovered the reason. Mrs. Anderson gave the report. She stood up in the front row and began by thumping her broad chest indignantly and asking, "Are we free American citizens or ain't we?"

No one answered.

"Honestly, I never seen anything like it!" Then she told us. Our committee of five had appeared before the Superintendent the morning before. There had really only been four on the committee —Mrs. Du Plessis, Mrs. Anderson, Vera Torkelson, and a girl named Gladys. Minnie Saunders got cold feet the last minute and ran into the toilet. The four women told the Superintendent that the machine operators were not going to make up lost time, that they wanted their pay in full. It wasn't their fault if WPA was so inefficient that five days were required to set up the machines. The Superintendent said he couldn't do a thing about it so he called in a Big Shot from the WPA office. Not only that, he called in the grievance committee, too.

Again, angry whispers among the women. The grievance committee! That was a sore spot. No one on the project trusted the grievance committee. A committee of stool pigeons, a company union outfit, they called it. The committee had been nominated and elected under the protecting wings of WPA officials and foreladies. In one room there were more ballots cast than women present. In another room the forelady pointed to Miss Cannon and said, "There's a good woman for the grievance committee." And so it went.

"Of course, that grievance committee doesn't mean a thing," Sadie Murphy interrupted, "a fancy set-up to make us think we've got something. Nobody turns in any grievances to them, but they go right on meeting in the office just the same. And you know what Alice said that day she went in with a letter—the Superintendent was telling them to watch us girls and not let any papers circulate like the one last winter that someone brought in, telling us to organize."

Mrs. Anderson continued with her story. The Big Shot said they had to make up time or take a deduction in pay. Orders from Washington. The grievance committee just sat there, dumb, saying nothing. Then, in the afternoon, Alice, the Superintendent's stenographer, got word to Mrs. Anderson that the grievance committee was arguing in the Superintendents office. Mrs. Anderson, they said, was a "red." They wanted her and Mrs. Du Plessis thrown off the project. They, the grievance committee, were tired of hearing grumblings about the wage cut. Mrs. Du Plessis and Mrs. Anderson were just agitators—like Miss Peterson who'd been fired in February for protesting against the wage cut and the way the elections were conducted.

"But the worst," Mrs. Anderson added, "happened today." Mrs. Maxwell, from the WPA office, had been interviewing the women, one by one, in the office. She asked questions. How did they like the work? Were they getting along on the $60.50? Did they have any other means of support? Those were the questions Mrs. Maxwell asked, but she had asked other questions, too. Only that morning she had inquired if Mrs. Anderson were a friend of Miss Peterson's.

"Certainly, I'm a friend of Miss Peterson's," Mrs. Anderson retorted, "she's a nice clean woman. She don't drink nor smoke. Is there any reason why I shouldn't be a friend of hers? And is it any of your business?"

"Are you going to refuse to make up lost time?"

Mrs. Anderson never answered.

"If you do refuse," persisted Mrs. Maxwell, "you'll be fired."

Of Mrs. Du Plessis, Mrs. Maxwell asked, "Do you pay dues to any organization?"

The women sitting before us smiled broadly, "They've heard we're organizing. They're going to try to stop it."

Vera Torkelson reported that one of the girls in the millinery department said there was going to be a strike. The forelady, overhearing her remark, answered, "You can't strike. You can't go to meetings. Somebody will follow you and report you to the office."

"She's a free American citizen," Vera had insisted, "she can do what she wants."

"You'd better watch out," warned the forelady, "you'll be fired for agitating, just like Miss Peterson."

"What in hell is agitating?" shouted Gladys.

Mrs. Anderson seemed to be the only one who knew. "It's standing up for your rights—like a free American citizen."

After the meeting I went out to make some house calls. I had a list of names—turned in by our members—of women on the project who might regard organization favorably. I called on four. None of them were opposed to organization, just timid and frightened, and none of them had heard of Bulletin 36.

At dusk I reached Agnes Sherwood's red brick tenement. She lived in the rear end of a flat on the third floor. An odor of burnt cabbage and fried onions dominated the front hall. On the second floor landing two anemic-looking children were quarreling over a bright red rubber ball.

On the third floor a small grave-faced lad in shiny knee pants led me through a pantry, a kitchen, and into a bedroom where his mother, Agnes Sherwood, lay ill with a cold. Everything in that room was very, very worn—rugs, chairs, bedclothing, and the woman, too. She spoke in husky whispers. Sure, she'd like to come to the meetings when she got back on the project, but she didn't believe she would be allowed to go. No, she had never heard of Bulletin 36, but she remembered what the Assistant Superintendent had said the morning after Miss Peterson was fired. She had pointed to Miss Peterson's empty chair, "If there's any more agitating around here, there'll be more empty chairs."

When I reached home it was dark. Street lights gleamed pale yellow along the boulevard. Up in the apartment the telephone was ringing.

"Hello."

"This is Miss Katzoff," I caught a thread of suppressed excitement in her voice. "I'm going to tell you something—you'll keep it confidential?"

"Certainly."

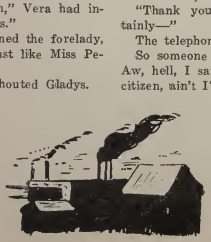
"This afternoon, after you left the office, someone—never mind who—was asked to follow you around, to check up on the places you visited and the people you met." I didn't say anything.

"That person refused—but someone—someone else on the project promised to do the work."

"Thank you, Miss Katzoff," I said, "I certainly—"

The telephone clicked. She had hung up.

So someone was stooling on me! What the—Aw, hell, I said to myself, I'm a free American citizen, ain't I?



# *Direct Action*

**Instances of many ways that the I. W. W. has devised to get results.**

"Lord, send me a chicken." That was the Negro's prayer, we are told, but he got no chicken. "Lord, send me after a chicken," he prayed. He got the chicken.

Getting what we are after by going after it ourselves is the reliable way to gain our ends. Labor has learned this by experiment and at great cost. In learning it, labor has also found that this direct action for ourselves releases a tremendous source of initiative and energy, and discloses many ways to skin labor's troublesome cats.

The I. W. W. was new-born union when the American Steel Foundry in Granite City, Ill., discharged about one half its molders in an effort to stop the I. W. W. from organizing the plant. The I. W. W. actually had only a handful of members, but the men struck. The company police closed the gates and would let no one out. The men broke down the gate and went home. They decided that if men had to be laid off, it was time to cut the hours instead of cutting the force. Next morning all 2,200 employes were there, both those who had been laid off and those who hadn't. They stayed outside until the company agreed to a 16 per cent increase, and a nine instead of a ten hour day.

A bit later they were told to come to work earlier and work ten hours. They came, but remained outside the gate until the starting time that suited them. They did this again the next day. The third day they heard that strike breakers had been imported. That morning they went in early. Later in the week the strike breakers were sent away. They renewed their old tactic of waiting outside the gate, and they held the shorter hours. This was the work of largely unorganized men, their native initiative and sense of solidarity released by the I. W. W. program of direct action.

"The highest point of efficiency for any labor organization was reached by the I. W. W. and Western Federation of Miners in Goldfield, Nevada," wrote Vincent St. John organizer there for the I. W. W. in 1907. "Under the I. W. W. sway the minimum wage for all kinds of labor was $4.50 per day, and the eight hour day was universal. No committees were ever sent to any employers. The unions adopted wage scales and regulated hours. The secretary posted the same on a bulletin board outside the union hall, and it was the LAW. The employers were forced to come and see the union's committees."

It is still the firm belief of the I. W. W. that when good laws are made they will be made in the union meeting, in the hall or on the job, and enforced by the economic power of labor.

The effectiveness of such union hall legislation, as shown by a report of the Boston secretary of the Marine Transport Workers in 1916, should be of interest to marine workers today. He wrote: "A bill of fare for every day in the week is made up in the Union Hall, and signed by the secretary, and stamped with the I. W. W. seal, then posted in every mess hall aboard ship. Stewards are notified to pay strict attention to these bill of fare."

The law made by the union comes in conflict with the law and discipline that employers attempt to enforce through their economic pressure, their private police forces, and the public forces over which they exercise control. In the 1909 strike at McKees Rocks against the pressed Steel Car Co., a U. S. Steel subsidiary, two troops of state constabulary were brought in to intimidate the strikers with their usual wanton bloodshed. On August 12, after eighty had been seriously wounded by these cossaks, Stephen Horvath, a striker, was killed. The strikers sent a note to the cossaks:

"For every striker's life you take, a trooper's life will be taken."

The cossaks killed four strikers all told. The strikers killed three cossaks—and had no more trouble with them. As Secretary Trautman reported the affair: "Then the chief of the cossaks called off his blood-hounds. After that no strikers or deputies were killed. Organized and disciplined 'physical force' checked violence and the wanton destruction of life."

In a strike against the Standard Steel Car Co., in East Hammond, Indiana, the following year, a similar policy, largely the work of the wives of the strikers, converted a strike badly hit by the plugugly work of special police, into a clean-cut victory. These special deputies made the sad mistake of bullying and insulting these women. The women formed their own defense league, and informed Mayor: "Retaliation against the Hessians is proclaimed if outrages continue."

This time the women didn't change their minds. They were out to meet the army of thugs the next morning, some with broom sticks, others with rolling pins, and some most menacingly with teakettles of boiling water. The thugs and special police did not care for this species of warfare.

The company conceded all demands—and the Mayor very hurriedly released all strikers who were in jail.

Discipline among strikers is of course equally necessary for the winning of strikes. I W. W. strikers ordinarily elect their own vigilance committee to see that neither alcohol nor provocative oratory and proposals divert the energies of the strike unto futile channels. The Portland longshore strike in the spring of 1923 showed that direct action by the strikers could close up the blind pigs that the police had been unable to close in many years.

When the strike is won, and the job made into a union job, it is equally necessary, in order to prevent company unions from being established, and to retain organization on the job, to see that all remain members in good standing in the union. Since the I. W. W. relies on the actions of its members, and deals with workers rather then employers, it is averse to any check-off system, and finds, as for instance in the shops organized by the I. W. W. in Cleveland, that the "Chinese strike" of going to work but refusing to work with the fellow who refuses to pay his union dues, a very satisfactory discipline in such cases.

Many strikes of any vigorous union are against discrimination. An efficient means that produced results without any cost to the employes, was introduced in a strike of I. W. W. employes against Lamm and Co., Chicago garment makers, in June of 1910. The scab problem was overcome by the sympathetic action of workers in shops providing material. Somehow the material was so cut that the scabs couldn't make satisfactory garments. The company offered to concede all demands if one man, the fellow who had organized the shop, and whom the company called a "trouble maker", would not have to be re-hired. After extensive discussion it was decided to accept the terms, and win inside the shop instead of outside it. They didn't put much spirit in their work. Asked why, they said the shop didn't feel right without their other fellow worker being with them. As the organized reported: In a few hours "as a result of 'passive resistance methods' the firm found it more expedient to call for a shop committee. The bosses agreed to remove the last cause for 'interrupted operation of the plant' by re-instating this one man, and agreeing to deal with workers as a collective body."

The spirit of direct action is a generous spirit. It fosters solidarity. It recognizes no boundary lines in the struggle of labor. This is seen in the spirit that animates American labor's support for Spain. It is seen this year in the vigilance with which I. W. W. Marine Workers struck the United Fruit S. S. San Jose when they learned that the explosives aboard her were intended for transshipment to the Spanish Fascists. It was with a similar spirit that two I. W. W. armies in 1911 crossed into Mexico to support the revolutionary efforts of Ricardo Flores Magon. One of their temporary achievements was the capture of Tia Juana. As Laura Payne Emerson described the I. W. W. army of occupation, which by the way, contained the as yet songless Joe Hill:

"The first thing they did was to open the jail and never use it any more . . . Many of the rebels are Americans. Many of them I have seen on other fields of battle, the economic field, and as I shook hands with them, while cartridge belts and guns made up a conspicuous part of their apparel, I knew it was the same old battle in a different form."

This action has been criticised largely on the grounds that it was not successful. But the battle of labor has ever been a forward thrust, and a rebound, gaining bit by bit—and the growing achievements of labor in Mexico today, are in no small measure the result of the spirit of direct action that the I. W. W. so carefully, and at the cost of our own blood, nurtured among our fellow workers to the south.

This feeling that an injury to one is the concern of all, and that all ought to do something about it, has resulted in many instances of spontaneous aid that converted difficult strike situation into victory. The building of the Canadian Northern from Hope to Kamloops in British Columbia in the spring of 1912 resulted in the recruiting of scabs in places as far removed Frisco and Minneapolis. Fellow workers tried to check this by publicity at all such points, and when this failed, by shipping out themselves, with suit-cases and gunny sacks full of old newspapers and bricks, either persuading the scabs en route, or breaking up the shipment at the end of the trail. One shipment of scabs made it, so one fellow worker stuck with them, and got the job of cook. The scabs didn't stay any longer than the cook. In the extensive strikes on construction projects conducted by the I. W. W. in the spring of 1923 the scab problem was handled similarly.

The spirit of direct action of course is one that can be evoked only when full power and responsibility is put in the hands of the rank and file. The negotiations in the settlement of the hard won victory at Lawrence against the American Woolen Co., will illustrate the technical advantages of such settlement without the use of legalistic intermediaries. The strike by the way had introduced the endless chain picket line as a new tactic in American labor, and despite the militia brought down from Boston officered by Harvard's mis-educated brats who thought it a lark to stab women in their bellies, it ended in a victory that electrified American labor. As one of the committee reported the famous negotiations:

"On March 12th a conference was held between

representatives of the workers of the American Woolen Co., who were drawn from the ranks and could talk shop much better than any professional labor leader or company attorney could, and the attorneys of the company." A new set of terms much better for all employees than the company's offer of a flat increase of 5 per cent, especially for those in the lower wage brackets, was drawn up, and ratified by a mass meeting of all strikers on Lawrence Commons two days later.

It is little wonder that Harry Emerson Fosdick commented in the Outlook of June 1912: "Wages have been raised, work has been resumed, and the whirring looms suggest industrial peace; but behind all this the most revolutionary organization in the history of American industry is building up an army of volunteers. The I. W. W. leaves behind as hopelessly passe the methods of the American Federation of Labor."

Another instance of how to avoid the run-around in negotiations is given in the settlement of the 1916 strike against the Detroit plant of the Solvay Process Co. It was arranged for Mr. Greene, the manager, to come to a meeting of some 700 of the strikers and deal directly with them himself, instead of with any committee. He told the organizer, Weber, to get the men to go back to work, and he would do what he could for them, but he couldn't give any increase without the consent of the Board of Directors who were all in New York. Some of the strikers favored this course; but the I. W. W. organizer insisted that Mr. Greene reach the directors by long distance and have it settled. Greene got busy and reported that the directors who had been considering a one per cent raise had agreed to the five per cent raise demanded by the strikers. They went back to work when Mr. Greene was convinced that five plus one made a six per cent raise all around.

The depression that preceded the world war led the I. W. W. though modeled primarily for the job, to apply its direct action program to other fields. In 1912 when Kelley's Army of unemployed left San Francisco for Sacramento, the I. W. W. members were in the vanguard. They camped on the sand lots, and were routed by the irresistable pressure of great firehoses. But they resolved not to let the "best people", who were responsible for the injuries to their fellow workers, have so much peace while they went hungry. Dressing one of their number up tolerably well, and pooling their resources, they secured an option on a vacant lot in the Oakridge development where the aristocrats lived. There the army moved in during the night. The "best people" woke up next morning to see the "filthy hoboes" with their boiling-up cans going full blast, and their laundry suspended from the trees. Sherrif Ahrens, who had directed the terrorism on the sand-lots, rushed out to chase them away, to be confronted with the little peice of paper that gave the hoboes their property rights. It is a matter of record that the sheriff suffered such a heart attack that he had to go at once to the hospital.

Or again, in Sioux City, in 1914, there was extensive organization of the unemployed. Among the species of direct action devised by them was a visit to a banquet sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce to consider the problems of the unemployed, by a good-sized group of the unemployed themselves. They solved their immediate problem directly by eating the banquet. Such conduct led to trouble with the police, and one of the numerous I. W. W. free speech fights grew out of it. Large number were arrested, but more I. W. W.'s kept coming in. Those in jail were set to work on a rock pile. As Wallace Short described it in the Survey:

"When the prisoners were led out to work they went as peaceably as a flock of sheep—and sat down passively on the rock pile . . . The fire hose was turned on them, but the rock pile remained untouched." When the police gave in to their demands for free speech and the unemployed struggle that went with free speech, they showed their contempt for the rock-pile by collecting the materials for a stew large enough to feed the couple of hundred men involved, built a fire on top of the pile of rock, and as an expression of their utter contempt for the police, cooked their stew and ate it, without police interference.

The war situation produced some direct action on a large scale. With Bernard Baruch offering 25 cents a pound for copper, copper miners agreed with the I. W. W., that all the profits should not go to the flag-waving profiteers. Direct action brought recruits in large numbers. As Woelhke, very bitterly complained in the Sunset Magazine:

"When the I. W. W. element on the spur of the moment organized a new union in June and called the miners out on strike, the Gompers organization cheered and marched boldly into the camp of the forces commanded by Haywood. Similar desertions took place in Bisbee, Globe, Miami, and Clifton, Arizona. In Butte, the blacksmiths, the machinists, and other crafts twiddled their thumbs at Gompers, and, disregarding their signed agreements, went out on sympathetic strike."

By direct action the copper trust was tied up tight alike in Butte, Utah and Arizona. Flag-waving aided in such offenses against the strikers as the historic deportation from Bisbee. The I. W. W. countered the flag-waving hysteria directed against them with the proposal that the government take over the mines, let the I. W. W. run them on the basis of $8.00 for six hours, and showed it would cost the government only 22 cents a pound for copper instead of the price they were already paying. The government forced a settle-

ment without committing such atrocities against the Anaconda.

The direct action policy of a rank and file union when it became necessary to deal with the government instead of with a private employer, again showed its usefulness on the docks of Philadelphia. The Shipping Board, recognized the Marine Transport Workers of the I. W. W. as the only power to reckon with, and insisted on an agreement that the members of M. T. W. Local No. 8 "individually and collectively agree to abide by any decision or agreement made by the person we elect by general vote of all the members of M. T. W. organization to represent the M. T. W. organization as a member of the local Adjustment Commission of the U. S. Shipping Board, regarding the adjustment of wage disputes etc., at Philadelphia." The local organization wired to the General Executive Board of the I. W. W. to find out if such an agreement would be approved. The G. E. B. wired back:

"Your proposed election of a member of Adjustment Commission to act without consultation with membership of the M. T. W. making his position binding upon the membership, is autocracy and a violation of I. W. W. principles. The only condition under which No. 8 can send a representative to sit on this commission is as follows: That the M. T. W. No. 8 elect a representative to be under instructions and supervision of the membership at all times. He must be subject to recall at all times. His actions upon the commission shall be ratified by the membership before going into effect."

But it was in the lumber industry that direct action probably achieved its most permanent results. The war-time activities of the I. W. W. converted this industry from one where labor was a body of unwashed "timber beasts" to one where labor was respected and self-respecting living in vastly improved conditions that have substantially endured to the present time. In the spring of 1917 a wave of job strikes on the spring drive, called at the most effective moment, resulted in growth and demands granted. One result was that "camp after camp has reported that the Union has moved from the hall to the bunk-house." In the summer the strike became general on the coast and east of the Rockies. Arrests and beatings did not stop the growth of the organization, but slowly a skeleton force of scabs was secured largely by the misrepresentation of scabbing as patriotism by the newspapers, and it was decided "to transfer the strike to the job". The idea of transferring to win by job action methods was explained to the strikers. All branches and picket camps were instructed to call meetings for Sept. 7 to decide on the policy. The result was that strikers went back determined to work eight hours and then quit, whether the boss liked it or not. One job action striker described how it worked:

"In the first camp I was in we loafed on the job three days. The bull of the woods quit because he could not get out the logs. The fourth day we all got fired, and the camp shut down for a new crew. At other camps the whistle would blow when the eight hours was up, and we would all go to camp. There were instances where the job delegate would get fired, and the whole crew would walk out. . . . The 'hoosier' act was played to a finish, and the 'loaf on the job' and other tactics not only hit the lumberman's pocket books, but they got the eight hour day."

With strong I. W. W. sentiment among the loggers, it was easy to arrange for new crew to carry on the policy or a more annoying one, that the discharged crew has adopted. It was this policy that made for continuous improvement in camp accomodations, wages, food and all other job matters of concern to the lumber worker.

The manner in which a spark of direct action can ignite smoldering discontent, convert it from futile grumbling into effective action, and evoke solidarity where it was never thought to exist, was well shown in the very trough of the depression by a series of strikes on construction projects out of Cle Ellum, Wash., starting May 7, 1932.

Wages were low, conditions were bad, and several members passing through getting the "creeps" from the sense of helplessness of the unorganized workers, thought it a job to pass up. It was felt that with so many unemployed around that section, and so many farmers' sons looking for a chance to earn some hard cash even at 30 cents an hour, a strike would be doomed to failure. But a few members set in. They were fired when they showed their hand. But a meeting was called under the surprised boss' nose, demands drawn up and presented, and the strike was on. The citizens of the district were approached to support the strike for higher wages to keep more cash circulating in that stricken country. Their support assured the strikers of plenty to eat. The job-hunters in the jungles pledged that if they went to the job it would be to back up the picket line and not to scab. Three who attempted to scab were captured, put in a cage in a truck, with a sign "Don't feed the scabs peanuts", and driven through the near-by towns, and then released. The strike was won promptly, and followed by other successful efforts.

The Colorado coal strike of 1927 was another instance of the invigorating influence of direct action. The miners were almost entirely unorganized. In the south they were intimidated by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Most people would have said a strike was impossible despite the many grievances of the miners. Yet there was a strike. It started not over their grievances, but over the I. W. W. agitation for a general strike

(Continued on Page 29)

# THE GANDY DANCERS

## By One Of Them

There was a sudden lull in the Seattle Free Employment Office as the door opened to admit a clean-looking, albeit raggedy young fellow coming in out of the rain. He looked around hesitatingly, then shuffled to the low partition where several men were standing. He found from them that all of the miscellaneous assortment at the counter were shipping out to N. P. extra gang No. 5 down at Chehalis, and that there was always room for one more.

Some mental computations absorbed John Gray's thoughts. Eight hours a day at 35 cents an hour was $2.80, and six days a week was $16.80. He reviewed the fact that he had had only a "coffee an" that day, and that he could feel the sloppy sidewalks with his feet, for cardboard over the holes in his shoes had not stopped his socks from giving way to the carresses of the pavement.

His thoughts of what he could do with $16.80 were interrupted by a clerk's "Whadya want?"

"I want to see about going out on that N. P. job."

"Read the contract and sign here."

John didn't give a damn about the white slip of paper, but he read it anyway. It revealed the additional fact that a dollar a day was deducted for board and lodging. That would leave him $9.80 a week clear. It wasn't as cheerful a figure as $16.80. But, hell, nobody would make any profits feeding him.

Down at the freight depot he waited out of the rain with the rest of the stiffs for an hour and a half before they were loaded on the southbound local. He settled down for a nap. The run was ninety miles and they ought to get in about one o'clock.

A hand on his shoulder was shaking hell out of him. It was the agent who had gone along to make sure that none of the suckers took French leave or got a free ride on the cushions for nothing. "Wake up! You get out here," he was told.

With the rest he walked half a mile down the track to where the gandy-dancer's rolling bunkhouses were side-tracked. It was miserable, damp, and cold. They looked for a warm car to get in, but it was no use. So they waited around until six when the cook lit his fire.

The cook rang the chuck call on an iron triangle, and he and the rest filed in to be ogled by the flunkeys lest they merely be 'boes from the neighboring jungles. They sat down to eggs that didn't smell quite right, bacon without a streak of lean meat in it, refrigerated hot cakes, and coffee that had been boiled at least three times. It later delevoped that not even the oldest gandy-dancer on the crew had ever seen any coffee grounds thrown out.

After struggling heroically to swallow what he had put on his plate, John picked up his grip of tattered belongings and his work clothes, and went to look for an empty bunk. He found that the bunks were alive with vermin. His stomach felt queasy. He thought of walking down the track. He thought of his shoes. He thought of $9.80. He decided to stay.

He picked a bunk and started to clean it out. "Well," said a voice from the bunk overhead, "so you're another bird who can't take it."

"No-o-o," said John, "but I need the money so damn bad that I'll try to stay a week if I can get this bunk cleaned up."

The foreman stuck his head in the door to holler: "Hurry, it's late."

"It's going to take all day for me to clean up this bunk fit enough for an animal to sleep in it.

It didn't please the foreman. But husky young fellows were hard to get hold of, so he went on his way.

There wasn't much that he could do to clean the bunk up, so after a noon meal which was worse even than breakfast, he reported for work, and landed on the jack crew. It was their work to jack up the low spots as the foreman sighted along the rail, while the tamping crew came behind to pound the gravel under the ties to hold them there.

The men on the jack crew were encouraged to high-ball by the promise of fifteen minutes rest and time for a couple of smokes while the tamping crew caught up with them. On the tamping crew, which was all the way from a quarter to a half mile behind, was a straw boss telling the men to take the lead out so as to catch up with the jack crew.

At the end of the day the jack crew were sent back to help the tamping crew catch up where they had left off. As no over-time was paid for less

than a half hour, this was gravy for the N. P. So the jack crew not only worked a full day after deducting their fifteen minute rest, but worked it at high-ball speed for 35 cents an hour. Also they were the cause of the tampers, who do the most back-breaking work, putting in a full eight hour day at full speed, and 20 minutes extra time at still higher speed for which they were not paid.

It took three days for Gray to see through it, and then only through the analysis given him free of charge by a fellow workers on the spacers.

That night he lay in his bunk and thought of quitting. He would have five dollars anyway, and that would get him a pair of shoes. He said so to the fellow alongside of him at breakfast next morning.

"You know that you have to pay 20 cents a day extra if you quit before you have a full week in."

"No. My contract said a dollar a day deducted for board."

"Look," and the fellow pointed to a sign on the chuckhouse wall:

> *Those men hired who have not a full week in before leaving our employ, will be charged for meals at the rate of 40 cents apiece.*

Gray swore feelingly at the flunkey for bringing some more cold sweat-pads for hot cakes, and reluctantly figured on staying out the week.

At noon he saw one of the jack crew who had quit the day before.

"What's the matter?" asked Gray, "I thought you had quit."

"Couldn't afford to. After they deducted this, that and the other thing, I had only 72 cents coming."

Gray asked for the details.

"The first day, it seems, took $1.00 for blanket rent for the month, there was $1.20 plus sales tax for meals, 85 cents for hospital assessment, 4½% on the day's earnings for general taxes, 1% for unemployment insurance and 3½% was deducted for railway pensions. And the railway pension won't do us any good, as we're not permanently employed . . . Now the next day was Sunday. I was deducted the $1.20 plus sales tax for meals, and didn't earn anything. That meant that Monday morning the way me and the company stood, was that I owed the company $1.84.

"Monday I earned $2.80 but board and taxes and pensions left the company owing me only 53 cents on Monday night. Tuesday noon I figured on quitting and thought I had about $3.50 or $4.00 coming. But I didn't know all about these other deductions. Started out Tuesday with 53 cents coming to me, I earned $1.40, that makes $1.93, and they took away 80 cents for two meals and another penny for taxes, and that left me only 72 cents coming to me. It took me all yesterday afternoon to figure it out that way, so I stayed."

"And how do you stand now."

"Figure it out for yourself. I had 72 cents coming after dinner yesterday. I ate supper and breakfast. That left me owing the company 8 cents before I started in to work this morning. Yeh, I wanted to work a few days and get enough so I could get over to the Idaho spuds."

By Saturday, when Gray was thinking of quitting, the extra gang had reached Tacoma. They were in the cars as the work train pulled into the yards, in the early evening fixing themselves up as best they could to go up town and see the sights. A lot of people were laughing outside. He opened the door and saw a fellow talking to a group of gandy-dancers. He was making a regular speech about lousy bunks, hitting the ball, sweat pads for hot-cakes, and no money in the jeans.

"Let's go up town and hold a meeting, and do something about it. We'll ask the I. W. W. if they won't let us use their hall."

Gray was going up town anyway, and the fellows he got along with the best, and who found the most colorful words to describe the chuck, were going right along with the fellow who had been doing the talking, so he trailed along too.

Up on Market Street they went into a little hall that must have been a store once upon a time. More kept coming in, and the more that came in the more they felt they were going to do something about it. There was strike talk in the air. Someone called the meeting to order, and talked about how organized action might remedy conditions. Gandy-dancers got oratorial and said their say. Some people who had been in the hall when they came in, and who looked as though they belonged in town, told them that it would be hard for one extra gang on the whole N. P. railroad to do very much about conditions, but that whatever the gandy-dancers decided to do, they would help them out.

Gray decided not to quit but to stay and see what would happen. They ended their meeting with the decision to get the rest of the crew and have another meeting the next day. So more of them gathered in the hall on Market street, and took a strike vote, and elected a committee, and drew up demands for the committee to give to the foreman. The Ten Days That Shook The World had little on the nine days of strike that shook the N. P. management, when a few rather poorly organized but enthusiastic fellows "went to town" on the picket line.

It was something new for John Gray. He found a lot of good people were ready to back them up

in such a fight. In fact they ate much better on strike than they did when they were working. He learned about unions. He learned that with a strong enough union they could win. He learned also that the Brotherhoods that had most of the other railroad workers organized wouldn't help them at all—though their individual members were glad to. There were many speeches in their strike meetings, but he remembered best what one old engineer who didn't sound as though he had ever made a speech before, told them.

"We have it a bit better than you fellows. So does almost everybody else have it a bit better than you fellows. But we're all in the same boat. It takes us all to keep the railroads running. And what we should have is One Big Union for railroad workers—the kind of thing Gene Debs tried to build, the kind of thing railroad men have been looking for all the time, and you can have it right in the I. W. W."

Gray got a picture of something big. If one extra gang found it hard to win, how would it be if all extra gangs quit? How would it be if these fellows who were always quitting anyway, started to quit systematically, and had a system of keeping in touch with each other all over the railroad systems, and had bulletins to put around on each gang about what was going on the other gangs—that would be a step toward One Big Union of Railroad Workers.

He had come into Tacoma swearing that never again would he ship on an extra gang. And here he was with a little red card in his pocket, trying to figure out how many extra gangs he could ship on in three months if he put in a week on each one.



# Direct Action

(Continued from Page 26)

to demand justice for Sacco and Vanzetti. The southern field came out solid. The miners were surprised to find that their fellow workers whom they had so long viewed with distrust were almost all men like themselves, anxious for a chance to stand together. Direct action had brought them a revelation—and it was but a few months after that for the first time in the history of Colorado coal mining, all fields in the state were out in a unified strike that brought them increases of a dollar a day.

Such is direct action. It is not merely the reliable and effective way to win. It is a tonic to workers who feel hopeless. It is vigor for those that feel helpless. It is a revelation to labor of its own mighty powers. It evokes solidarity and fosters initiative and ingenuity. It leads to the invention of new tactics. It releases hidden and undreamt of abilities. It is labor's own key to the life abundant.

# Murmansk

(Continued from Page 13)

will take the ship to Murmansk, and there we'll get provisions from the limey cruiser."

Upon this practically all of the crew announced their intention to be paid off if I was forced off the ship. It was a splendid show of solidarity. But it would have been criminal to leave these men behind in that part of the world, as none of them spoke the language, and there was a shortage of food, and the weather was icy. So I advised the men to remain on the ship, Jack and I and two other men would get paid off, and the rest return to the United States. Then I marched up to the "old man's" quarters, told him what we had decided to do, but with the stipulation that when he got to the U. S. A. he would not press charges against the crew. Six years later I found out that he had lived up to the agreement.

(Continued next month).

# The Mask of Fascism

*By*
**TOR CEDERVALL**

**An analysis of its prospective slogans, and some pertinent questions on the aims of John L. Lewis.**

In discussing the prospects for fascism in the United States, many take inordinate stock in the fact of the uneven development of fascism, that it forms not all over the capitalist world at once but materializes country by country. In other



**Without this, fascism—**

words, it is contended that since we here in America have had many years in which to study the phenomenon of fascism in Italy, have had several years in which to observe the vaporizing promises of Hitler for a fairer and more prosperous Germany, have viewed the ruthless strangulation of all culture and progress in the fascist nations, and have had ample time to sicken of the "purifying" butcheries and brutalities of fascism (in putrid florescence in present-day Spain), we here in America, because of these observations, will be very unlikely to fall prey to the dread plague.

However, the United States is far from being out of danger.

Fascism when it makes its bid here certainly will not come to the fore in its own name. Its slogans will perhaps play upon our fears of fascism, will undoubtedly toy with the wishes of the populace for some sort of socialized industry. Perhaps by the very slogan of "peace" it will combat workingclass radical organizations by accusing them of leading us into an international conflict such as we see threatening in the Spanish situation! We must bear in mind that Hitler rode into power as a national "socialist."

Fascism breeds and feeds upon a confused concept of the class character of capitalist society. Despite the extreme revulsion of the liberals toward being placed in the same bed with fascists, all attempts to deny or obfuscate the class struggle in the modern capitalist world lead but to the pitfalls of fascism.

Capitalist democracy, which fascism everywhere seeks to displace, remains acceptable to the capitalist class only so long as the class concept of society is in the main rejected by the workingclass. Assisted by the feeble freedoms of capitalist democracy, the pressure of industrial facts have created in all democratic nations independent workingclass organizations threatening, actually or potentially, the exploiting rule of the capitalist class. Ultimately, the capitalist class has no alternative to complete capitulation other than to embrace fascism.

The capitalist class is a comparatively small social group, a decided minority of the total population of any country. A small minority can scarcely hope to rule a large majority by abruptly taking up arms and seeking to crush the rest of society into submission. This is the course the Spanish fascists have been forced to adopt, and, even with the aid of Hitler and Mussolini, they have not attained their objectives.

An exploiting minority group can hope to impose successfully its "iron heel" upon the populace only by first "preparing" the people. It must rally large numbers to its banner. Obviously, an exploiting group can do this only by hiding the class character of the society it dominates. The paramount task of any fascist organization is to convince the workers that class-consciousness is an

error, that there is no class struggle but a common struggle of worker and capitalist alike against the evils that beset the country.

These evils may take the form of other nations, making for the extreme nationalism of fascism, or, the sins of the capitalist class may be heaped upon a racial minority, such as the Jews. In the United States low wages and unemployment may be blamed on "the foreigner", or the Negro. The fascists even may enliven their campaign by proposing to put all married women in the home and off the job. It is by such "preparation" that the fascists can safely expect to take power.

It is only after power has been taken, with all strategic positions occupied and bolstered by its propaganda machine in possession of every educational and articulate outlet, that fascism can afford ruthlessly to turn upon every attempt of the workingclass to protest or to better its position in society. All this while, of course, fascism has built up the proper sadistic efficiency in its followers by having them, officially or unofficially, "work out" on the groups earlier isolated as the roots of evil, Jews, "foreigners", Negroes, labor militants, or whatever they may be.

This tremendous ballyhoo for the rejection of the class concept of society, this stupendous camouflage of the authentic source of the ills of society cannot be engineered with capitalist democracy as its political adjunct. For, it is all a mammoth, tragic hoax. Only a fascist dictatorship palsying the nerve centers of all societal life can hope to maintain the fraud for long.

It is in industry that the division of wealth occurs. It is in industry that the mass of the workers toil for a mere existence while the major fruit of their labor maintains their masters in opulence and power. It is in industry that the "freedom" of capitalist democracy becomes less than a sham and autocracy smites the worker full in the face. It is industrial exploitation and industrial autocracy that breed the concept of class consciousness and its material twin, the labor union. And it is toward industry and the labor union that fascism turns its most earnest attention. The first step of fascism in power is the regimentation of labor into the "labor front".

In European countries turned fascist, the fascists experienced the most serious opposition to their schemes from the labor unions (in present-day Spain it is proving wellnigh insuperable). When the successful fascists of Europe strode upon the scene they found the majority of the workers already organized into labor unions. They found that their propaganda could scarcely make an appreciable dent in the idealogy of these organizations as such. Instead, the fascists were forced to rely upon the much less effective method of attempting to convert the individual members of the labor unions.

Here in America we have a workingclass as yet largely untouched by the labor union. It is very logical to suppose that as a clear-cut fascist strategy developes, the promotors and backers of a fascist coup as one of their "preparatory" steps will jump at the chance beforehand to launch their plans for a "labor front" and thus save themselves some of the traditional opposition from the labor union quarter. Without such a move, the workers will continue their present trend toward more and more organization on their own initiative, and thus ultimately stiffen opposition to a fascist adventure.




**—can not achieve this.**

We are told the world is a stage. Though it is true that history is largely written by material forces and there is small room for ad libbing, the lines are yet spoken by groups and individuals. Many a mountebank has knocked upon the stage-door if history and begged for a part. And no matter how rigid the lines to be spoken, some may capture a spot-light role—not by "stealing the show" from some subordinate position in the caste, but by capturing the leading role through careful study of the part. Is John L. Lewis, for instance, an historical thespian? Does he sense this need that fascism has for an industrial base?

It was only when Hitler struck a bargain with the Junkers and industrialists of Germany that he rushed forward to his fascist victory. Is John

L. Lewis under the guise of collective bargaining for the workers preparing to bargain them collectively and trade them off for a fascist berth for himself? In a nation-wide radio address on the night of December 31, last, was it Lewis the mountebank minstrel who spoke these concluding words?

"The stage is set. Industry can go forward with profit to its investors, and with security to our citizenship; or it can elect to destroy itself by blindly following its unreasoning prejudices, and refusing to conform to the modern concept of proper industrial relationships.

"The leaders of industry will decide, and upon them rests the responsibility of deciding wisely."

But isn't it time that we ourselves organized, to make this decision, instead of letting the leaders of industry make it for us?



# The Brass Check Buys the Air

(Continued from Page 16)

apology because of a broadcast that proved the old adage "the truth hurts." The management is presumed to look upon it from a purely business standpoint. If we have money to buy the time, we can have it, providing these groups do not succeed in inciting more imitation public opinion against us. Even then it is purely business. Money is tied up in something that will yield no revenue if the license is revoked. In deference to these protests, each broadcast is preceded and followed by the announcement of the rather self-evident fact that "the time has been leased by the Industrial Workers of the World."

One thing very plain in the management's censorship is the impression that the business men and the American Legion do not like to recall the Centralia massacre. Any mention of the Centralia cases must be stricken out. In our broadcast for the Class War Prisoner's Christmas Fund, a good one-fifth of the manuscript was stricken out. Names of the various beneficiaries of the fund were not allowed, although a general discussion of the nature of the courts and of their working class victims was admitted. As the local censorship follows no particular rule, we are not in a position to anticipate its niceties.

One conclusion that we come to, and a most agreeable one, is that the level of discussion of the two other labor organizations on the same station is free from the personal vituperation and vindictiveness that has in the past characterized far too much the speeches and writings of these parties to an almost complete exclusion of the statements of their fundamental beliefs.

All things taken into consideration, the management of the station, though perhaps possessing liberal and broadminded views in his own right, recognizes that the intelligent people of the northwest are interested in the program of the I. W. W. —X226183.

# NOTES ON BOOKS ABOUT LABOR

## *"Educar Es Redimir"*

*"Mexico, A revolution by Education", by George I. Sanchez, The Viking Press, $2.75.*

There are constant press releases on socialistic education in Mexico. For a long time I could not resolve the contradiction between this and the fact of Mexico's capitalist state.

Most of the bulletins and books on Mexican milieu have been written by reporters who have seldom ventured off paved roads and away from hotel accommodations. This volume under review is by the president of the New Mexico Educational Association, a native of this state and a Catholic. Financed by the Julius Rosenwald Fund, he did not disdain to travel muleback to Mexico's back country.

Although the federal government applies the term Socialistic to its elementary schools, this should be taken in a broader sense. The program is in essence one to create a national consciousness. Mexico's population is 64 per cent rural and in total 70 per cent illiterate. Separated by a score of Indian dialects; torn by bitter religious strife fostered by disgruntled priests and fanatical Cristeros; exploited by native Sacendados and foreign concessionaires, all are in deepest poverty.

Before the people could be made cognizant of proposed government reforms, they first had to develop national pride. Their immediate level had to be raised by self-improvement. To understand the value of hygiene, better housing, handicrafts and improved agricultural methods, these mestizos were given the rudiments of learning. Educar Es Redimir, To Educate is To Redeem.

The foundation of the educational and school movement were the Cultural Missions. These traveling groups of teachers and technicians established schools, trained teachers and other adults. The obstacles to overcome were prejudice engendered by religious hatred, murderous assaults by Cristeros and most pressing of all, lack of finances. All these have been conquered and elementary rural and urban schools are reaching and teaching more and more mestizos.

This revolutionary educational program does not include the National University, the technical and professional colleges. The aim is to raise the cultural level of the lowest masses, without whose cooperation and support social and economic advance is impossible.

The chapter on Education, The Church and The State clears out many popular errors. There is a foreword by Rafael Ramirez co-founder of the Cultural Missions, 30 splendid photographic reproductions, a glossary of Mexican and Indian words and an index.—**James DeWitt.**

## *Literary Illusions About the I. W. W.*

Gilbert Seldes has written criticisms that have endeared him to sophisticated drama lovers. But this does not qualify him to discuss the labor movement. That, unfortunately for the literati, is a subject one has to know something about before discussing it. His new book "Mainland", a study of American life and the future of economic society in America, contains statements that would surprise one as coming from a celebrated critic, were it not the habit of these people to get all twisted and tangled when they write about unions.

"The International Workers of the World," writes this vendor of second-hand myths about labor who doesn't even bother to get his names right, "were far western, violent, loosely organized, democratic, and a new thing in the history of labor, bouyant and humorous."

The I.W.W. has been and is humorous enough to enjoy the strange legends that circulate about its name, and bouyant enough to persist in trying to correct them. One fact is that the I.W.W. was born back east, has organized all over the country, and its strength today is about evenly divided between east and west.

"They took in the hobo harvester, the waterfront workers, the loggers in the lumber camps—outdoor men, not miners or factory workers." So writes Seldes insistent upon keeping up the tradition of the literati who never bother with facts. Tying up the copper trust during the war, defeating the steel trust on the Iron Range, making the Colorado coal operators come across with a dollar more a day in the first strike that united all miners in all Colorado coal fields—just by way of instances—would certainly indicate that the I.W.W. "took in miners." And probably it suits the literatry concept of a nicely pigeon-holed and phrase-worthy labor movement, to picture the Gen-

eral Electric employees, the workers of Paterson and Lawrence, the auto workers of Detroit, the rubber workers of Akron, the metal workers of McKees Rocks, or the very considerable membership that the I.W.W. has today in such places as Cleveland and Detroit, shod as lumberjacks, garbed in a harvester's blut cotton shirt, and carrying a longshoremen's hook.

"Dramatic and picturesque," says Mr. Seldes, "the I.W.W. was always chaotic." Never have there been strikes of the magnitude that the I.W.W. has conducted, conducted with the orderliness and efficiency and co-ordinated purpose that the I. W. W. has achieved alike in strikes and in everyday organization. Observers on the spot have repeatedly said so.

"The I.W.W. withdrew from politics." Someday we hope some one of the villagers will in form the rest of the villagers that the I.W.W. never was in politics.

"The I.W.W. created whatever is American in the tone of the American Communist movement. Whenever American Communism is sardonic and untheoretical and lights on its feet and is un-European, it is the descendant of the Wobblies." So says Mr. Seldes; and we say: Dear Mr. Seldes, don't you know it isn't polite to accuse anyone of fathering such offspring?—**Tabby.**

**John G. Neihardt**

# *The Cry of the People*

Tremble before your chattels,
  Lords of the scheme of things!
Fighters of all earth's battles,
  Ours is the might of kings!
Guided by seers and sages,
  The world's heart-beat for a drum,
Snapping the chains of ages,
  Out of the night we come!

Lend us no ear that pities!
  Offer no almoner's hand!
Alms for the builders of cities!
  When will you understand?
Down with your pride of birth
  And your golden gods of trade!
A man is worth to his mother, Earth,
  All that a man has made!

We are the workers and makers!
  We are no longer dumb!
Tremble, O Shirkers and Takers!
  Sweeping the earth—we come!
Ranked in the world-wide dawn,
  Marching into the day!
*The night is gone, and the sword is drawn*
  *And the scabbard is thrown away!*

# *Circulating a Big Idea - -*

**The biggest and best and healthiest and sanest idea there could be at this time is that of a One Big Union of industrial unions built to put across a program of militant direct action.**

**To circulate this idea, we suggest leaflets like "Why You Should Join the I. W. W." or "Revolutionary Industrial Unionism", which we can let you have at two dollars a thousand to put around where they will do the most good.**

**And stickers of various descriptions—well, now that you have read about Red Samson going to work in this issue, you know what stickers will do.**

**Circulate a few I. W. W. pamphlets among your friends—and where you had mere friends you will soon have colleagues in the struggle for a new social order. For a dime you can have "Unemployment and the Machine", "Twenty-Five Years of Industrial Unionism", "The Lumber Industry and Its Workers", or "Coal Mines and Coal Miners". For a nickle you can have "One Big Union of All the Workers" with a chart showing the structure of the I. W. W. For half a dollar you can have that amazing book "The Blood Stained Trail—A History of Militant Labor in the United States."**

**Keep the idea in circulation!**

# I. W. W. PREAMBLE

*THE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.*

*Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.*

*We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.*

*These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.*

*Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work" we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."*

*It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.*

*The Capitalist's*



*Is in his pocketbook*
*And he uses the*



*Over you so he can wear*



*By organizing right we*
*can give him a*



*With which to earn an*
*honest living.*

The right way to organize is the way we work – all on the job together – all in an industry together – and everyone together in One Big Union. That's the I.W.W. way!

*The*

# ONE BIG UNION

*Monthly*

New Series: Vol. I–No. 3 MARCH, 1937 Price: 15 Cents

*Issued by the I. W. W.*
*to promote*
*Industrial Unionism*



# *What Is The Working Class?*

Unorganized, acting only to carry out the will of others, it has been nothing—a plaything at best for politicians—a cow to be milked —the last interest ever to be considered.

Yet, it has done all the work of the world—laid the railroads, built the homes and factories, manned the ships, dug the ore, grown the food, girdled the globe with copper cables, kept life humming.

The working class does all the sane things necessary for the continuous life of society. It is society. The "ladies and gentlemen" who are not of the working class are a useless excrescence on the body social.

This so-called upper strata that masquerades as "society" is not only a useless growth, but a viciously malignant one. The insane acts of war and waste and destruction committed by the working class are done to carry out the will of this parasitic growth. This parasitic growth must be cut off, or it will destroy society.

Misorganized, acting only for a section of its members here and there, the working class can at best only make society and itself aware of its importance, by ceasing for a while to perform some of its functions. Our men and women go back after their strikes, with some few gains won, with some new sense of power and self-respect, to carry out once more the will of those who rule and rob us, who waste the great heritage of our natural resources, who plot to set us at each other's throat in some great world war.

Organized as One Big Union of the Working Class, we can act as a class for ourselves, carry out our own organized will, establish our own planned economy of abundance, and by making our own class the great constructive force in the world, banish fear and worry and want forever from the life of man.

"It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism."

Are you with us?


Also Issued by the I. W. W.:

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER
A Weekly Labor Paper
$1.50 per year; $1.00 six months

BERMUNKAS
A Hungarian Weekly
$2.00 per year; $1.00 six months

IL PROLETARIO
Italian Fortnightly
$1.00 per year; $.50 six months

TIE VAPAUTEEN
Finnish Monthly Magazine
$1.75 per year; $.90 six months

INDUSTRIALISTI
Finnish Labor Daily
$4.25 per year; $2.50 six months

ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY
$1.50 per year; $.80 six months



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By

**RAYMOND CORDER**

*How the war and waste inherent in capitalism with dust storm and raging flood threaten the heritage that we are to pass on to the coming generation—and how only revolutionary industrial unionism can save this heritage and establish an earthy paradise where otherwise another Gobi Desert will spread its arid waters.*

Ten thousand million dollars were squandered by the capitalist class to make the world safe for democracy. This huge sum, however, does not begin to cover the actual cost of the war. The gross price we workers are paying, and will continue to pay for the bloody saturnalia, if measured in dollars, would be of such mammoth proportions as to baffle the imagination, unless computed in mathematical formulae, comparable to the light year system of astronomy. We are paying even unto and beyond our grandchildren for far more than the mere destruction, terrible thought it was, of a few billions of dollars worth of chemicals, armaments and young manhood. The staggering price is not measurable in dollars. We, in our old age, as well as unborn workers of tomorrow will pay in terms of red-eyed hunger and gaunt famine, while grubbing without hope for something to eat among the barren boulders and shifting sand dunes of an arid desert, unless we quickly organize as a class to abolish the present feudalistic ownership and control of land and industry, and declare another war—a war upon the yellow peril . . . the peril of whirling, stiffling dust, and of raging, murky waters that annually go surging down to the seas.



**Where Angry Waters Roll**

Down by the river, anxious-eyed mothers tread the rough floors of lowland shacks, getting together a few belongings, preparatory to a quick exodus with their broods to higher ground and safety. Their menfolk are out where angry, yellow

waters rush down the river. Angry waters, seeking to escape from the prison of the river's course bite into restraining levees. To the men, feverishly battling the turbulent tide, has come the news that up the river, the levees have broken and that whole cities and thousands of acres of country-side, are deep under water, with death riding the flood. With pick and shovel and bags of sand, they fight the tenacious waters, plugging sand boils, and rivulets that break across and spill over the boggy dike. Free wage slaves, chain-gang prisoners, tenant farmers, black and white, all of them, have forgotten their antipathies against one another, the prejudices engendered by an unbalanced economic system. In common democracy, they battle shoulder to shoulder against a common enemy. The flood is a recurring, annual tragedy to them. Grim-lipped, they battle to save the little they own: small houses upon which many painfully made instalments have been deposited to the enrichment of unscrupulous real estate interests, grubby crops that must be shared with the landlord whose home is safely perched on a hill, or merely a few sticks of furniture in rented, lowland shacks.

At last the river wins! A section of the soggy levee has crumbled and the swollen waters go hissing through the break. With dogged persistence, but with despair in their hearts, the valiant battlers try to stop the flow. But in vain! For even as they work, a huge segment of the levee begins to crumble, and the victorious river, with a rushing roar, surges out over the lowlands of the city and countryside. Streets become raging rivers as the rising flood sweeps through sections given over to factories and working class homes. It is a sight for the gods, and the rich who live upon the highlands. It is an awe-inspiring spectacle for the wellfed and the fashionably attired, and an occasion for sporting the latest styles in colored gum boots and smart jackets. But to the workers whose meagre belongings have been swept away, and who are packed together like sardines in crude shelters beyond the reach of the cold and muddy tide, it is neither amusing nor majestic. It is a sad time of suffering and despair as the murky flood swirls down street after street, reaches the eaves of house after house, and engulfs town after town.

Among hundreds of photographs of flood scenes that the reader may have seen reproduced in the newspapers, how many pictures have there been of baronial estates under water? The Barons of Land and Industry are not flood sufferers. It is the working class who are driven from their homes, who are herded in concentration shelters, who suffer cold and hunger, and the loss of their loved ones, who sicken and die of typhoid and dysentery. It is they who are paying for the wanton destruction of their rich heritage at the hands of predatory capitalism.

Like a sore thumb, the evidence sticks out demanding examination. Let us look it over.

The havoc caused by modern warfare is not limited to battle field and trench, nor to the nation or district under martial conquest. Its ravaging effects, violating and upsetting nature's fine balance, reach around the world, in the wide stretched hand of capitalism, to peaceful areas thousands of miles away from the theatre of carnage. Many people do not know, or it has not occurred to them, that the world war was the culminating folly of a series of abuses that finally brought on the recent, severe droughts, dust storms and floods, nor, paradoxical as it may seem, that droughts and dust storms arise from the same cause as do floods.

While the armies of the world were frenziedly spewing death at one another on the fields of France, the demon of war sneaked through the bountiful fields and forests of our land, sowing seeds of famine and death and laying a foundation, which if not checked, will result in another Gobi Desert over the whole area of the Mississippi Drainage Basin.

When this country was taken from the Indians, the entire East and most of the West was covered with trees and undergrowth in the forests, and with grasses on the plains. Wild life was abundant, and destructive insects were held in check by the birds. The winds blew as hard then as now, and it rained even harder, but little damage was done. Nature was in balance and provided bountifully for the aboriginal inhabitants. The rivers ran clear most of the year, but when they did spread from their courses, it was slowly and with no great violence. The soil was protected against erosion from wind and water and the streams ran through valleys protected by grasses and forest covered slopes, from which the rains ran off slowly, or sank into absorptive soil. The water which was absorbed, formed into subterranean pools, and, seeping gradually through faults and fissures, issued forts as cool springs, where man and beast came to slack their thirst.

Gradually, with the full settlement of the original colonies, seeking to escape the iron heal of exploitation by the historically lauded but tyranical "Fathers of Our Country", pioneer workers began to trek westward. Capitalism followed the blazed trail of these original pioneers. After the settlement of the rich midwestern plains, unscrupulous railway and land financiers, conniving with corrupt political administrators, managed huge mineral and lumber-land steals. Mineral resources were wasted, and the forest cover was stripped from the hills, willy-nilly, for exportation beyond the seas. John Farmer, eternally the ally and al-

ways the goat of bankers and grain pit gamblers, knowing nothing about soil conservation and caring less, plowed under the sod of plain and hillside, with no thought of the morrow. Thus was started the present planless and helter-skelter mode of agricultural exploitation.

Nature is not to blame for floods that have devastated the East or the dust clouds that have choked and laid waste the West. These are consequences of the ruthless misuse of the land. It was known before the war that sooner or later conservation measures would have to be undertaken. Noteworthy in this respect was the creation of National Forestry, under the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. Otherwise, except for isolated experiments in conservation by the U. U. Department of Agriculture operating on niggardly appropriations, very little attention was given the subject. Both politicians and finance capitalists, by their very natures, were too busy playing the game of profit-lifting. The farmers, single mindedly, were trying to reach middle class affluence and respectability; and the men of science, except a negligible few who were as voices crying in the wilderness, were prostituting themselves to the capitalists, seeking new methods for the enrichment of their masters. The working class, just beginning to organize, were fighting for the eight-hour day and union recognition, and the Haymarket Martyrs had been given to the noose in Chicago. Thus the soil was ignored and retribution was piled up against the future.



At this time, there seemed to be no pressing need for action against unplanned and irresponsible exploitation of the terrestial domain. No major dust storms had occurred, and until 1916, when the Mississippi River rose at Memphis to an all high stage of 43.4 ft., no really alarming floods had come to shake the master class and their political henchmen into the realization of imminent disaster. At most, it was a momentary distraction, and they returned with feverish eyes to their ticker tapes. Soil conservation, like free hospitalization, slum clearance, and other socially necessary projects, pays no immediate cash dividends. Therefore it is not only of no interest to profit mongers, but decidedly annoying in that such things cost money which would have to be obtained, under the present system, by taxation of property. Levees had been thrown up as a method to attack floods at their points of greatest strength, the river's edge; in a few places, flood ways had been created; but essential as these and similar engineering projects are for flood control, they do not reach the cause.

Army engineers, in charge of evacuation of

lowlands during this winter's flood, have suggested complete evacuation of the alluvial plains of the Mississippi and its tributaries, that dykes and levees be strengthened and that they and the potential flood areas be forested and be made into national parks. Tut!—tut!—it doesn't take a West Point training to figure out such a simple, though meritorious idea. The big job would be to put it across, against the insurmountable opposition of powerful real estate and rental interests. The working class who can least afford to be left prey to flood hazards, must, under the Capitalist System, live and work down by the river on cheaper but flood-threatened land. Rents, from houses in these zones of danger, is velvet for the landlords and industrial lords who have appropriated the higher and more desirable ground. They would not submit to such a slum-clearance and reforestration program unless bought out at a price unreasonably out of proportion to the value of the properties. And then again, huge profits are derived from the creation of subdivisions and the sales of building lots. Foolish workers, thinking they have jobs, from-now-on, and are all set for life, mortgage themselves to the ears for cheese-box bungalows that one day will float down the river.

The idea of turning the potential flood areas back to the wild, turning them into national parks, or forests, and wild life sanctuaries, would be very desirable. But even if this were done, the real menace, of which the flood is but a symptom, would not be laid. Army engineers, on February 11th of this year, laid before the House Flood Control Committee in Washington, data and estimates for flood control projects, designed to cover a ten-year period, consisting of recommendations for flood control reservoirs on the big rivers' tributaries, floodways, and dykes to protect centres of population. A third of the amount would go to protect river cities against inundation. The estimated cost was placed at one and one half billion dollars. It is notable that the cause of floods will not be tackled except for the construction of retardation reservoirs, which solves nothing, as they would, in time, become filled with silt, or, in other words, the precious topsoil. Army engineers seem utterly unable to comprehend the difference between cause and effect. The cause is soil erosion; floods are the effect.



*No palaces were washed away, but the home into which many a worker had built his hopes, went drifting with the flood.*

Floods are born in the little creeks and brooks, far up on the slopes of hills and mountains and far into the hinterlands of the plains country. They result from stripping away the natural cover of the top soil. This cover would have to be replaced and would cost many more billions of dollars than estimated by the army engineers, a bill which the capitalist class will not pay and which the working class cannot pay.

The damage done by the war was insidious, working like a slow poison, which, when once taken, creeps through the system, undermining the vital organs and destroying tissues, until death steps in to end it all—or like locusts, which, after their eggs have lain in the ground for years, suddenly arise in devastating swarms, to plague and lay waste vast areas of crop lands.

The World War began in 1914 and lasted until the fall of 1918. There were 37 million men under arms in Europe. Who were left to break the soil and harvest crops? Mostly women and children, and they could not till the soil. Fifty million acres of land were dropped from cultivation in Europe. Food became scarce and prices rose to unheard-of levels. Here in the United States, John Farmer chuckled in his whiskers and hastened to get in on the easy pickings, by supplying a large part of the deficiency. The bankers and grain gamblers, sure of the lion's share of the spoils, slapped him on the back and told him what a great fellow he was. It was a gleeful time for profiteers. Marginal and sub-marginal lands, heretofore considered worthless for cultivation, hillsides, briar-patches and even swamps, but nevertheless, the last of the remaining bulwark against drought and flood, were plowed under and planted with wheat, corn and cotton. "Food Will Win the War!" was the slogan of the day, and here at home we ate war bread, that tasted like sawdust loaves baked by the devil,

while millions of tons of foodstuffs were being shipped to the warring nations.

Jawn sweated hell out of his hired hands, for as little as he could get away with, except along the 1000 mile picket line established by Agricultural Workers Organization, No. 400 of the I.W.W. Here, he was made to kick in with a little of his war profits in the form of higher pay and shorter hours. He didn't like such a state of affairs, so as he rolled in wealth and a new Buick he had his representatives in states' assemblies pass criminal syndicalism laws against the gosh-dinged, pesky wobblies.

When the Armistice was signed, the demobilized peasantry of Europe went back to the land and resumed production for their domestic markets. By 1920 John Farmer no longer had a lucrative dumping ground for surplus farm products. He went ahead, however, and had his wage slaves produce another bumper crop, with the result that during the minor depression of 1921, huge quantities of foodstuffs were left unharvested or were dumped into the rivers. The unemployed could not buy this food that they themselves had socially produced, so as usual it was destroyed.

The land that had been plowed up because of the war, more than fifty million acres, and sorely needed as grass and brush land margins of safety against droughts, was no longer of any commercial value, and with its protective cover destroyed was left to the mercy of wind and water. John Farmer, perennial raider of state and national treasuries, and ruthless exploiter of the lowest of all low paid labor, together with his cronies, the bankers and gamblers, has ravished and despoiled the public domain that has been turned over to his private use by our capitalist economy.

These submarginal lands had once held moisture, when they were under grass and brush, or remained undrained swamps. The topsoil, left as it was, dried up and was eventually blown away. New Yorkers awoke to the startled realization one day last summer that the peculiar yellow pall that enveloped the city was the topsoil of Kansas and Iowa, being blown into the Atlantic Ocean. As an illustration of how deserts are made, we will quote from an article from the Conservation Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture: ". . . Pour water in a cellar door. It dashes off immediately. Spread a rug or mat on the same inclined surface and most of the water is held back and absorbed. Some of it may run off, but it runs in a trickle, not a flood. Apply the simile to millions of acres of sloping land, bared of its rug of vegetation and shorn of its absorptive mat of topsoil. Multiply the run-off from the cellar door into billions of gallons of water rushing across denuded hillsides into streams that have limitations upon their capacity for carrying water.



*Are these flood refugees to be the forerunners of "gaunt and miserable victims of a predatory system" which has left them only an arid waste where once the fertile prairies rolled—or will they avert this horror by manfully building a One Big Union of Labor to take hold of our resources and use them intelligently?*

The cause of floods is clear." Yes, and the cause of deserts. The Nile and the Euphrates were rivers like that. And the deserts of Egypt and Mesopotamia were once fertile and bountiful. Legends from ancient history and the Bible tell of plagues of locusts that once swarmed over the land of the Pharaohs—and dust storms.

As has been stated, droughts and dust storms are of the same parentage. Let us use again the analogy of the cellar door. With the rug on the door, part of the water which had been held back, is absorbed as water vapor by the heat of the sun, and eventually precipitated again on the soil. This process would have been repeated ad infinitum, if Nature had not been artificially thrown off balance. Otherwise, the sun blazes down upon a waterless area which soon becomes dry and cracked. The topsoil, partly vegetable in character by the slow process of centuries and therefore irreplaceable by man, becomes dry powder and

the winds lift it and carry most of it away. Finally, because of shifts in air currents, water vapor drawn from the tropics, or the oceans, is precipitated in torrents on the parched land. As on the cellar door, with no protecting rug to hold it back, the water goes roaring over the hillsides, down to the valleys, gouging out deep gulleys, uprooting the few surviving trees and other vegetation, and carrying, in the form of silt, the last of the food essential to plant life, the top soil. Here, at last, is a desert in fact, fit only to support cactus, coyotes, and rangy jack rabbits.

**Back to the Sea**

Capitalist apologists will scare up any excuse they can lay hands to in order to whitewash their masters and deflect the blame for the plight of the land from the system of private exploitation. The sum total of their bleatings is so much hogwash. On the other hand a school of pessimists, blaming it all on nature with man as her inadvertant helper, sees no hope for posterity. It has not been proven, they contend, that the continent of North America is capable of sustaining a permanent civilization. There is evidence that the continent can exist only by turning it back to the original state in which the white race found it. Further reasoning supports the theory that in cutting down the forests, engaging in unsuitable farming methods and other acts of careless greed, men have helped natural evolution in its destined course.

To quote J. Franklyn in the New York Post of Feb. 9, 1937, "—What we have done is not, as many imagine, a crime against nature. We are simply speeding up nature's solution for North America, which is, quite simply, to wash it all into the ocean. Until we came along, nature's chief agent in this sizable job was the Mississippi River system. Men have simply short circuited a flock of centuries and hastened the day of the inevitable desert. Before the Mississippi Valley meets the fate which has overtaken Mesopotamia and North Africa, nature will cease to require the services of as many men as are now engaged in aiding the dstruction of this continent. The time is in historical sight when our people will bunch like barnacles along the coasts and derive their living from the salt water of the deep blue sea."

We would concede the point, here, had we no faith in the inherent intelligence of the working class. If we of the I.W.W. had no faith in the workers, we would close up shop and quit trying to organize them. But, it is our conviction that we can and will organize them in Revolutionary Industrial Unions, not only to fight now for more pay and shorter hours, but to take over the industries and the land when capitalism is finally compelled to abdicate.

It is then that the real cause of floods will be tackled and nature can and will be harnessed and made to cease playing her pranks upon us. Socialized and controlled agriculture and animal grazing and scientific engineering methods for the retention of moisture where it is most needed will undo the "short circuuit". There should be no need to cluster along the seashores. There is a remote possibility that another Ice Age may descend upon us within the next million years or so, but that is too far off to worry anyone except an incorrigible pessimist. The menace of soil erosion is something to worry about now.

"What have we to do with all this?" some thoughtless worker will ask. "We don't own the disappearing soil, nor the bug-ridden shacks that are swept down the yellow tide." Such an attitude reminds us of the story of the seaman, who when called upon to help man the pumps to keep the ship from sinking, replied, "I don't own the damned ship, let her sink!"

Here is class consciousness perhaps, but without social vision. It is not sufficient merely to be class conscious. The conservative labor movement is full of class conscious workers who go on sit-down strikes and battle valiantly against their common enemy, the master class. It *is* necessary to have a breadth of vision that takes in not only what is immediately apparent and of today, but also what is to be. This is the distinguishing mark of revolutionary class consciousness. It developes a patriotism that transcends the pay-triotism of the master class and their lickspittle lackies.

It is hard for the average worker to visualize the future. His subservience to bourgeois leadership and capitalist domination, and the pressure of immediate need, blunts both imagination and perception, to the extent that despite the evidence, any picture of what lies just ahead is completely obscured. It is not sufficient merely to line him up in the union; it is necessary to awaken in him the social vision that is lying dormant in his subconsciousness. Then he will appreciate the social superiority of the watchword of the I. W. W.: "Abolition of the Wage System", as compared with the motto of the A.F. of L.: "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work."

Members of the I.W.W. know that it is the working class who suffer the most, weakened as they are by low pay, unemployment and bad working and living conditions, from the depredations of wind and water. As the years roll by and floods and dust storms increase in violence, our sufferings will increase apace. In our understanding and transcendant patriotism we know that it is our land; the land of our descendants, which is being ruined by planless and unscrupulous private exploitation. Though we hold title to not an inch

of it now, someday we shall own it all in common, and we don't want to appropriate a desert. We know our heritage is being wasted for the pleasure and profit of the few, and will, unless we prevent it, become another Gobi Desert, across which dusty winds will blow from the Alleghanies to the Rockies. Even now, under the present Rooseveltian planned economy of scarcity, there is not enough to eat, but on such a tomorrow as has been depicted, the workers will be reduced to the status of coolies, roaming, gaunt, and miserable victims of a predatory system which has outraged and violated Nature beyond endurance. Let us get to work and organize.

Basic and mass production industries are fully socialized in this country, except for ownership and management, and are ready to be taken over by the workers. Socialization came about through inexorable evolution in spite of private ownership, and the capitalists could not undo it if they tried. It is their Frankenstein. Evolution of socialized ownership of land lagged behind that of mechanized industry, but due to soil depletion, droughts, top heavy debt loads, and, in this depression, to mortgage foreclosures, the pace of land socialization has been accelerated since 1920. Ownership of land is being centered in the hands of banks and insurance companies, which fits neatly into the scheme and framework of the I.W.W. John Farmer, puzzled and wailing for government help, is falling from his high estate as a member of the property-owning and labor-exploiting middle class and is fast being reduced to the status of tenant and day laborer. In spite of Roosevelt who tries to do a King Kanute against the tides of evolution, this depression will not end in another wave of "prosperity". John Farmer, the individualist, like the bankers and industrialists is doomed to be swept aside to make way for the historic era of socialization.

The founders of the I.W.W. knew this when they framed the preamble. It is a masterpiece of reasoning, based on the ability to see far into the future—a working document of today and a prophecy of the new social order. It gave rise to the Industrial Chart of the I.W.W. Showing the structure of the I.W.W. ,built on a firm, scientific ground-work, many steps ahead of socialized capitalist industry. It is a plan for the day, now almost at hand, when the organized workers will take charge of the industries and the land, and will operate them in the interest of the whole instead of the interest of stockholders and high salaried executives. Emancipated workers, Fellow Worker John Farmer among them, through their Industrial Departments, will tackle the problem of production and distribution; and flood control will be taken up at the source of the flood evil, the point of cause. War will be declared against soil erosion as the true cause of the Yellow Peril.

Let us engage in fancies for awhile and visualize what the Industrial Unions, through their centralized departmental connections, will do about the disease of the soil, in the Industrial Democracy of tomorrow. Practical people look askance upon dreamers, but we are going to dream of the highly practical, of doing the things which the I.W.W. was organized to do.

Let us envision a great agricultural section, above which we are flying in an airplane. The most desirable and productive soil has been planted with corn, or golden wheat. From high in the air, it is likely, the land would look like a giant checker board of green and gold. The gold would be waving wheat, and the green, nothing more than plots of moisture retaining mats of grass and shrubbery. Where the land is inclined, or rolling, the plots would be laid out in leveled terraces. At intervals there would be forested plots, that would serve as wind breaks. In addition they would help in the retention of moisture, and at the same time would be arboreal harbors for wild birds, natural enemies of destructive insects. Brooks, carrying excess runoff of rain water, their channels sufficiently wide and with well dyked banks, would flow through the land on their way to the river. Here and there, gleaming silvery in the sun, haunts of bass and pickerel, are lakes, whose beds were former plowed land, and whose shores are lined with trees. Zooming on overhead, we see, in the distance, a small city of beautiful homes, and workshops for the maintenance and repair of modern farm machinery. Here is the headquarters of the Industrial District Council of Agricultural Workers Industrial Union, No. 110.

We pass over and beyond the town. What is this we see below us? Ah! Animated pork chops and hams, happily wallowing and rooting in the dirt. We fly over an expanse of green that reaches to the horizon. It is a plain of rich buffalo grass, upon which thousands of head of sheep and cattle are grazing. Their number per square mile of grazing land has been scientifically determined, and they are sleek and happy. It is their destiny to furnish an abundance of chops and T-bone steaks to the teeming Industrial Workers of the cities and non-grazing areas.

Hazy in the purple distance are tree clad hills, the foot hills of lofty mountains beyond. Soon we are over them and pass above another small city. It is the regional headquarters of Lumber Workers Industrial Union, No. 120 and perhaps, also, of I.U. No. 140, whose members engage in furnishing seedlings for reforestration and the distribution of floral products.

Passing beyond the foothills we come over the mountains. Here and there are giant dams, some

of them under construction, some of them completed and holding back millions of gallons of melted snow and ice from peaks and glaciers high above timber line. We fly above a modern camp, or perhaps it is a city of palace trailers. Here is the temporary domain of General Construction Workers Union No. 310.

It is a beautiful picture we have envisioned, and it is a picture that must be completed before the flood menace is solved. It is a social pattern that only industrial organization can handle. The craft unions, if forced to take over the industries, would be hopelessly handicapped at the start, because of their jurisdictional and craft separation structures.

We have envisioned the evolution of the I.W.W. from a Revolutionary Industrial Union, into a Workers Regime, an Industrial Democracy, the new society that has evolved from within the shell of the old. This is worth fighting for, despite all ostracism, blacklists, police clubs, bullpens and dungeons—and it is the only sure cure, so far advanced, for the elimination of floods and dust storms. When this picture is completed, flood waters will be back in their natural environment, guaranteeing to the sun his chance to gather moisture for normal cloud making and precipitation. Nature again will be in balance; an abundance of the good things of life will be her reward to an emancipated working class; and severe droughts and floods will be subjects only for historical study.

"By organizing Industrially, we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."



# Hot Stuff

By IXION

**'Twas only an Irish longshoreman's dream—but they played horseshoes and won anyway.**

The scabs were lining up along the dock to unload a ship under guard. The bulls were there and the yellow-legs were coming. Striking Patrick McGinthy was there, too—and ready for 'em, so he said to himself as he squared his shoulders, belligerently threw out his chest and took a two-fisted heave at his belt, with emphasis on "ready." He, Pat McGinthy, would show 'em how a single man with brains and guts could stop the whole works if properly implemented. "Properly implemented" was a six-bit combination word he had learned from the Great Engineer, you know, 'Erbert 'Oover, the former English President of the United States.

Properly implemented? Patty was that if anybody was. Around his waist under his clothing was strapped the thing that could fix 'em, and would at Pat's command stop all this nonsense of workingmen scabbing working men off the Earth.

Implemented was the good word, all right. It was a machine that Pat had under his clothing, of wonderful construction. Pat's own invention it was, if invention it can be called to so improve an already existing machine that it was a thousand times more powerful and a thousand times more perfectly under control. And that was just what Pat had done to what the medical profession was pleased to call a fever machine. Made in secrecy by Pat himself, only he knew of its existence.

And here he was—if the bulls only knew of its existence, they would be quaking in their boots, mused Pat. Master of the situation? He'd show 'em damned soon that he was.

By slow unobstructive maneuvering he got himself into a position from which he commanded an unobstructed view up and down the dock. Now for a try-out—but on what? Hah! the ship. Indeed, what could be more fitting than it, the largest and most obvious object in sight, less than a block distant.

Pat put his fingers into the watch pocket of his jeans and brought forth a small piece of rubber tubing attached to the end of an electric wire. It looked something like the funnel-shaped thing one sees at the end of a doctor's stethoscope. He shielded it within his hand as he brought it out, aud fingered it while he mused on his own cleverness in bringing it out through there: no bull could at a distance tell whether he was merely playing with his watch or what. Not that it mattered because he could fix any bull any time and in a jiffy.

Pretty clever that and all of it; because by hooking his left hand kind of careless like in his belt, where he had had the good sense to place the control buttons, he could send out and cut off the powerful heat inducing electric waves.

Now for the dirty work. On went the current. And sure, said Pat to himself, the results are pleasing and far exceeding even my very fondest hopes. The very instant the rays hit it, the ship was gone with nothing but the smell of burnt paint to remind one that it had been there. The water in the bay was boiling. A couple of scabs trucking gear up a gangplank fell into the boiling water and died instantly.

A fine sight for sore eyes, said Pat to himself. Now if only the Irish had had a machine like this one in the battle of the Boiling Water, Ireland's history would be different to this day. It was a fine sight for sore eyes sure enough.

The scabs and bulls on the dock hadn't even noticed it yet. It all happened too quick for 'em.

Pat burst out in a big merry laugh. The big fat bull nearest him, thinking he was the object of mirth and resenting it, started for Pat in an angry mood, club in hand. Still laughing, Pat touched the "easy button." He wanted to have a bit of fun with the copper before fixing him for good. So he pointed the little tube at the fat bull's belt buckle. Again the results were surprising. The minute the rays hit him, the bull dropped his club and started yelling blue murder, the while clawing at the belt buckle to keep it from scorching his belly button. Laughing, Pat shut off the current and watched the bull do a two hundred and fifty pound light fantastic. As the bull's hip pockets came into view there were some more great results when Pat turned the rays on again. In one pocket was a gun, in the other handcuffs. Grand sight that. Cartridges exploded by the heat, sent their bullets plowing downward through the bull's sedentarily exercised and overdeveloped rear midship section before the gun and handcuffs got hot enough to burn their way through leather holsters and cloth and fall to the ground. The bull's belt load of tear gas bombs and spare cartridges were popping all over the outside of the up-and-down-stepping, blinded, screaming hunk of blubber.

Pat laughed so hard, the tears were rolling down his cheeks. Through the mist of the tears of joy Pat spied some of the scabs laughing also—they saw the show but didn't know what had

caused the actor to perform, or they might not have stayed to laugh. To see the scabs laughing, was too much for Patty McGinthy. It is one thing to provide amusement for honest folks such as striking longshoremen, their sympathisers and the like—but scabs! Whurra!! The little tube was quickly pointed at them, and this time the high pressure was on.

Most of the scabs were leaning on their empty trucks which instantly became so hot that they burned their way through the dock flooring and fell into the bay dragging the scabs with them. A couple were sitting on a big cast steel hawser bit —down they went bit and all into the drink.

Said Pat to himself: Never a finer bunch of scabs have I seen than the ones now floating in the bay, and may they boil and drown both, and may the only scabbing the likes of them ever do, be for old Dave Jones.

Bulls and scabs were drifting on the boiling tide of the bay. Again Pat's mind wandered back to old Ireland and what Ireland's history might have been had Brian Boru had a machine like he, Patrick McGinthey, had.

A truckload of militia men was just entering the dock. Pat eyed them with cocksure triumphant hatred in his eyes. They'd be easy. Pat pushed the "easy button" and gave them a cursory spray. The first thing to go was the gas tank, in a nice flashy burst. Next went the tires. Of course, being soldiers, a little thing like a big truck blowing up under them didn't stop that bunch. After picking themselves up from various parts of the scenery they started to get together their war paraphernalia. Down the empty dock they came dragging tripods, machine guns, riot guns, cartridge cases and what not.

Damn the counter hopping yellow legs! Don't they know when they are well off? Can't they take a warning and go home instead of staying here helping to starve and club and shoot other working men out of their houses and homes? Well, if they can't, they just can't, that's all. I'll have to fix them proper too, said Pat to himself.

Well in the lead of the rest came a militia man hugging a machine gun to his bosom. Pat gave him the ray. All a sudden he gave out an awful yelp and let go of the machine gun. The almost melting gun fell right across his toes and instantly burned them off back to the instep. Such a lot of yelling until the ambulance came and picked him up, you never heard in your life.

That's one of 'em put out for good without killing him, mused Pat. Why the hell didn't he stay out of the militia? If he had, this would never have happened to him anyway. He's out of the yellow legs for good now though, and it is somewhat doubtful if he'll ever make a good counter jumper again—a man can't very well be on his toes when he ain't got any.

Damn them guys, can't they take a hint a tall? Still coming on, adragging their stuff. And they got some awful bad stuff there for a poor striker. Well, two warnings is all they might get. They've had their chance. If they won't take a hint, they won't. So here goes. On went the ray full blast. Up went handgrenades, poison gas containers, machine and riot gun cartridges by the thousands, big brass shells for field pieces, and yellow legs in one big noisy stinking mess.

Not a militia man left! Not a bit of war material left! Fine work, Pat McGinthy fine work, mused Pat as he surveyed the damage and mentally patted himself on the back, you sure fixed that bunch. But phew! how that poison gas does stink phew! phew!!!

Just then Pat woke up and stared around him bewilderedly. The evil small came from under the old piece of tarpaulin he had thrown over himself to ward off the chill ocean breeze when he flattened out on the plank back of the signboard to take a little snooze while on picket duty. As he took in the situation, and his mind cleared of the dream trance, Pat mumbled to himself, "All is sure quiet on the western front."

The other pickets were playing horseshoes. The clink, clink of the shoes hitting against the pegs reached his ears. Pat threw the tarpaulin back. Phew! the old gut is still rumbling. Beans for breakfast is sure an awful thing. Sitting up, he stretched himself and started to feel his pockets for a smoke. The smoke lit, he eyed the horseshoe players for a while.

The players eyed him back between throws. "Have a good snooze, Pat?" shouted one of them.

"To be sure," said Pat, a bit disgusted with reality, "move over there one you guys and let a man of action get into the game."



# French Labor

**By JOSEPH WAGNER, of the I.W.W. Committee on World Relations**

**What prospect is there of French labor insisting on intervention in Spain?**

**What was the driving force back of last year's sit-down strikes?**

**Why has a country with such a militant working class adopted compulsory arbitration?**

**A recognized authority on European labor movements deals with these important questions.**

The latter part of May, 1936, the world was startled by an epidemic of strikes in all industries all over France. Unexpectedly and spontaneously millions of workers had revolted against unbearable conditions which had been continually and gradually worsening ever since the World War, undermining and demoralizing the spirit of that once proud, militant, and revolutionary French proletariat.

The amazement of the world was due not so much to the suddenness and the extent of the strikes, as to the new methods adopted and employed by the strikers. "Striking on the job" was put into effect on an unprecedently large scale and with telling effect.

The workers came to the decision that the means of production were no longer to be considered as the exclusive property of the masters, but that they by right belonged as much, or even more, to the workers whose lives and well being depended on these instruments of production and distribution; for, without the workers industry could not exist, and, without access to industry, the working class would perish. So the strikers had decided that in that fight, instead of abandoning the struck factories, shops, mines, railroads, department stores, etc., they were going to remain in them, and make themselves at home in them until the termination of the conflict. *"La Greve sur le Tas"* (striking on the job) was maintained throughout their extensive struggle.

To be sure, the "new" method employed by the French strikers, was not altogether new. The I.W.W. has propagated and practiced the principle of "striking on the job" ever since it was first organized. The French syndicalists themselves practised it occasionally even before the birth of the I.W.W. And in America, too, the WPA workers have been indulging in it sporadically for the last few years. But it was the strikes of May-June, 1936, in France, that definitely fixed the "sit-down strike" as a regular weapon in the armory of the working class.

By this departure from the ordinary, the strikes in France became first page news for the capitalist



*A group of victorious sailors celebrating on the docks of Marseilles after their sit-down strike had won them the 40-hour week with an increase in wages in June of last year.*

press of the world. Well known correspondents wrote the strikes up as "foreign news", and the Brass Check press thus unwittingly spread the idea among workers of all lands. The idea was taken up everywhere, even in these United States as we just witnessed in the General Motors strike. This weapon has no legal standing as yet; on the contrary, politicians and jurists seem to be unanimous in outlawing it as a breach of the sacrosanct right of capitalist property. Even the French Popular Front composed of communist, socialist, and radical bourgeois parties, and its government headed by comrade Leon Blum, have declared "sitting strikes" illegal, to be resisted by all the forces of the government.

But, what of it? Have not peaceful strikes and picketing been considered illegal for centuries? They came to be tolerated only when and where the workers were able to muster sufficient force to assert their "rights".

Was the strike a success? The answer depends on who answers it. The strikes did not aim at revolutionary objectives, they were an explosion of the discontent of the masses. The demands have all been granted and these exceeded by far the expectations of the leaders of the labor unions, who, by the way, had no responsibility in starting these strikes. Briefly the gains were:

1.—Collective bargaining and collective contract;

2.—Right of electing shop and job delegates to represent the workers on the job and to adjust grievances and disputes with their employers; the employers not to fire delegates on account of their job delegate activities and the delegates to receive their regular wages for time spent negotiating with the employers or their agents;

3.—The 40-hour work week;

4.—Vacations with full pay;

5.—Increase in wages from 7 per cent to 15 per cent, the lowest paid workers to receive the largest increase.

To American members of the I.W.W. these attainments will not appear very imposing and certainly not revolutionary; old-time French syndicalists appreciate these gains in the same way as the Wobblies would. Furthermore they contend that the enforcement of these gains will depend entirely on the strength of organization and the pressure workers will be able to exert, that otherwise the gains will be lost or forgotten. That these fears are justified will appear later in this article.

These same revolutionary unionists, however, unanimously agree that the strikes were a great victory for the working class, quite apart from the gains enumerated above. The working class of France has re-discovered itself, it has regained its former self-reliance and besides it forged for itself a new, efficient weapon, which it will never relinquish, and therefore it is ready to go places. Not since 1906, when after two years preparation the eight-hour day was won by great struggles, including several general strikes, have the masses of the French workers manifested such militancy.

It should be understood that the strikes of last year were not planned, or called by the unions through their regular channels. Most of the leaders of the unions were at the time engrossed with the political schemes of the Popular Front which had just won out in the elections and was busy forming its own government. Strikes of any magnitude would have embarrassed their political business. Small strikes broke out spontaneously in different parts of the country, and the time being ripe for it—the workers' dissatisfaction having reached its climax—these small strikes spread. The movement got beyond the control of the union leaders—since the bulk of the striking workers were not members of the unions—and it became general. The masses not only took possession of the industrial establishments of France, but of the unions as well. They flocked into the unions so fast that in a few months the membership of the General Confederation of Labor increased from one million to five million members.

* * *

The reason why the masses had kept away from the unions is a long story and we can give only a few brief details. Up to the World War, the French Confederation of Labor (C.G.T.) was the outstanding revolutionary working class organization of the world. It was one of the sources of inspiration for the founders of the I.W.W. It was also actively anti-militarist. It commanded the respect and loyalty of the great majority of workers of France whether union members or not. It was a power of the first magnitude in France.

On the eve of the World War the C.G.T. proposed to the German Trade Unions that a general strike be called in France and Germany to prevent mobilization and war. The proposal was coldly turned down. "When the Fatherland is at war, the German worker is a German first of all" was the answer. As a reaction to this many of the influential leaders of the C.G.T. became favorable to defending their country against invasion and from then on they filled somewhat the same role for the French government that the A.F.L. did for the Wilson administration. The best militants, those who remained true to their anti-war principles were jailed or sent to the front line trenches to be murdered. By the tactics of class collaboration and with the aid of the government the C.G.T. grew numerically, but its principles got diluted and its morale weakened, losing its former militant, revolutionary character. The leaders thereafter no

longer relied on the organized strength and combativeness of the membership, but rather on bickering with politicians, with the government and with the Labour Bureau of the League of Nations.

After the war, communism too, appeared, creating the usual confusion in the ranks, and after a couple of years of bitter internal struggle the C.G.T. split into two separate confederations (C.G.T. and C.G.T.U.), the latter affiliated with the Red International following the well known zig-zag lines laid down by Moscow. The other (affiliated with the I.F.T.U.) became more and more reformistic and closer to the socialist and radical bourgeois political parties and cliques.

For sixteen years the main activity of the two confederations consisted of fighting each other. Strikes under the reformist C.G.T. were generally disrupted by communists, injecting their senseless slogans such as, "Hands of China" etc. and bitterly attacking the people in charge of strikes, thus creating distrust and defeatism in the midst of strikes. After a strike would be lost or ended with doubtful success, as the result, at least in part, of such meddling, the communists would use that as fresh arguments of the treachery of the "social-fascist" leaders.

On the other hand, the communists kept on calling "political general strikes" in rapid succession until their movement became an object of contempt and ridicule with the great mass of workers. The labor world was thus kept constantly irritated and disgusted with these senseless fights and meaningless strikes. That is why workers, in ever increasing numbers, were dropping away from the unions and their activities.

On account of the fight between the two federations, several large industrial union federations pulled out of them and remained autonomous. Besides, the anarcho-syndicalists, feeling at home in neither of the above groupings, formed their own Confederation, the C. G. T. S. R. (Revolutionary Syndicalist General Confederation of Labor) and affiliated with the I.W.M.A.

The membership of the two confederations dwindled and their influence on the working class approached the vanishing point. The employing class thus got a free hand to deal as it liked with its slaves, and used this unscrupulously over the weakened proletariat.

The French workers are akin in mental make-up to Spanish workers; as a rule they are class-conscious and have a high sense of class solidarity. They finally grew tired of their miserable conditions; tired of waiting for the two confederations to be done with their mutually exterminating struggle and to again take the lead, as formerly, in their struggle against the masters. They began to bring pressure from the outside on the unions to quit their foolishness and create a united labor movement. Invited to meetings, non-members were able to exert this pressure. So strong became the pressure that in spite of past bitter struggles, a Unity Convention was held in January, 1936, and the two confederations and the autonomous federations merged into a single body and affiliated with the I.F.T.U. The anarcho-syndicalist C.G.T.S.R. remained out of the merger.



*A follower of fascist Colonel de la Rocque gets it on the chin as a fascist menace is routed by Popular Front supporters in a fight that swept a purportedly radical government into office.*

* * *

With unity accomplished it appeared that a new era would begin for French labor. But another difficulty got in the way. Due to the danger of a fascist coup, an agreement was established between the socialist and communist parties, to drive back the fascist attacks. Later this was enlarged to take in the left-liberal bourgeois parties and establish what is known as the Popular Front. Just before the strikes we are considering, the Popular Front won a majority in the French parliament and proceeded to form a government with the Socialist leader, Leon Blum, as the chief.

Even before the new government could began to function the "sitdown" strikes broke out. Most of the important officials of the C.G.T. are members of either the Socialist or Communist parties

and as they were busy with political scheming and log-rolling, an extensive strike movement was very inconvenient and greatly embarrassed them.

The workers, however, sensed that that was precisely the opportune time to strike. The Popular Front government, just come into power, could have hardly afforded to use the army of the Garde Mobile against the strikers. They were right. Instead, the government stepped in offering its good offices for mediating peace "among all classes," as Blum said. The socialist and communist officials of the unions got busy inside the unions to dampen the spirit of the workers and to persuade them against "unreasonable" demands and to lessen the effects of the strikes. With the aid of the government, compromises were effected, and some temporary agreements drawn up. Details were to be settled later by negotiation and *arbitration.*

Here is where trouble starts anew. *Arbitration* has been in bad repute with the French workers for as far back as we can remember. Traditional direct actionists, they are suspicious even of voluntary arbitration. In the settlement of last year's strike it was tried and it did not work. It appears that the workers accepting it always get the short end. Consequently, sit-down strikes broke out afresh in places where disputes were thought of as settled. The socialist Minister of Interior, Salengro, lost his patience and threatened to throw the striking comrades out of the factories by military force.

Voluntary arbitration systems not filling the bill, the socialist-communist government passed a compulsory arbitration law. As with all laws pertaining to labor relations, this, too, is vague. In effect it says, that if an agreement cannot be reached between the workers and employers, and they cannot agree as to a supreme arbiter, the government shall appoint the arbitrator, and the finding of that gentleman shall be binding on both parties to the dispute. Blum blames the necessity for this law on the stubborness of the employers and wants the workers to think that the law is passed as a favor to them. He also hints that as long as he is the government chief, the arbiter will be a member of the C.G.T. But how about when the communist-socialist government of Blum will be followed by a reactionary government? What kind of arbiters will a conservative government appoint to render binding awards in labor disputes? There is plenty of dissatisfaction and turmoil around this business, and plenty of opposition. Blum will find that the French workers are just as unyielding in the matter as the employers.

* * *

There is also agreat deal of dissatisfaction with the way the government is acting towards the Spanish fight against the fascist invasion. In spite of the merger of the different groups of unions into one, the old fight is continuing just as bitterly as ever before. The masses were able to exert pressure on the two confederations from the outside. They got inside but there they find the fight unequal with the politicians entrenched in strategic functions of the unions. The mass pays its dues but its wishes are defeated by the well oiled machine.

And here we revert to the affiliate of the I.W.M.A., the anarcho-syndicalist C.G.T.S.R. For years past it was a small organization composed mostly of dogmatic anarchists. Before the Unity Convention, syndicalists of different schools could find place for themselves in the two confederations and in the autonomous unions. If dissatisfied with the one, he could transfer his allegiance to the other goup and not have to join with the sectarian anarcho-syndicalists. But since unity was accomplished, the same political clique is ruling the entire outfit. Therefore, it is expected that hereafter large numbers of dissatisfied C.G.T. members will flock to the C.G.T.S.R. whose prestige increased greatly among the French workers on account of its close connection with the C.N.T. of Spain. With new elements entering it, it will soon lose its exclusively anarchist characteristic, and there is a good chance that it will eventually play the same role in France as the C.N.T. in Spain, with the C.G.T. in the role of the U.G.T. for the great body of the French working class will not long allow politicians to rule their economic organization, nor lead it into the rut of parlamentary politics.



# On Labor's Back

## By TOIVO HALONEN

**Will labor permit Largo Caballero and John L. Lewis to develop their careers in the manner of Mussolini and McDonald?**

**Or will labor be able to adopt the policy of Louis Blanqui (who when asked if he was out to overthrow a cabinet of dubious "progressives," said: "No, we want only to lock the door after them!"**

Quite a number of men using labor unions as stepping stones, have raised themselves to positions of prominence in their own country, and to world-wide renown. The careers of many of them deserve painstaking study because in their success stories may, perhaps, be found the answer to the vital question:

Can the workers depend on leaders?

Turning to Spain, we find Francisco Largo Caballero, premier of the loyalist government, who was born in 1870 in the miserable surroundings of the Spanish peasant. Later he ran away to Madrid, where he earned his living as a comman pick and shovel laborer. A union of Building Workers was organized in 1890 with Largo, then a youth of 20, as one of the organizers. It was then that he learned to read and write.

He became a sincere but bureaucratic labor leader. He entered the general strike of 1917 whole-heartedly and was sentenced to jail for life. Because of his popularity, he was soon set free and made a member of the Council of State by Dictator De Rivera.

In the 1931 Spanish Revolution, when King Alfonso left Spain Caballero became the Minister of Labor. It was while in these official positions that he used his influence and power in clamping down on the telephone and port strikes, both of which were initiated by the syndicalists.

At the age of 62 Largo Caballero began reading Marx and Lenin. In the revolt of the workers of Austurias, October 1934, he was arrested and charged with plotting to overthrow the government. Again he was freed, and failing to note that workers are always weakened by any alliance with capitalist elements, he initiated a Peoples' Front.

In February, 1936, the Popular Front came into power, with Francisco Largo Caballero as premier. He has "arrived," but so has General Franco and his fascists. The outcome is still unsettled.

* * *

In England there is Ramsay McDonald, who became anti-labor Prime Minister of England from 1929 to 1935. Born October 12, 1866, he learned his Socialist ideas in London, where he lived very precariously by writing for the local newspapers.

Wearing a conspicuous red tie, McDonald spoke on the street corners of London and took part in many radical debates. He was secretary of the Labour Party from 1900 to 1912, and served in the House of Commons in 1906.

McDonald's star rose rapidly after this, and he was successively chairman of the Independent Labour Party 1906-09, leader of the Labour Party 1911-14. He also was for some time editor of the "Socialist Library" and the "Socialist Review."

During the world war he was far-sighted enough to build up a future reputation as a pacifist, at the cost of a temporary handicap in his political career. Thus in 1922 he became the Labour Party Leader of His Majesty's Opposition, and for a brief while, in 1923-4, was thus shoved up to become Prime Minister. The 1926 General Strike provided a further opportunity to establish his concern for respectability as greater than any solicitude for the working class. Again in 1929 with the victory of the Labour Party at the polls, he became Prime Minister once more. Under his leadership doles were cut, the wages of government employes were cut, and his concern for the workers in British colonies was shown by the shooting down of strikers in India. After August of 1931, though he had lost his labor party support, he continued in office just the same as Prime Minister and Lord of the Treasury. Labor had carried him so far that he could be a politician

in the highest office in the land, even without the support of the workers who had put him there.

* * *

Mussolini, one of the bulwarks of Fascism today, once was a Socialist. Born in 1883 of radical parents, he received a good education. After attending 6 years of Normal school, he went to Switzerland where he became a radical and was expelled from two cantons. Mussolini returned to Italy to serve in the army.

In 1913 he became the editor of the "Avanti," the daily Socialist paper published in Milan. During 1914, at the beginning of the World War, Mussolini was boosting war. For this reason he was expelled from the Socialists. In the same year he created his Fascisti.

In the following years up to 1919, the Socialists gained control of the Italian legislature. There were great railway, telephone and telegraph strikes called by the Syndicalists. Mussolini and his Fascists fought against these strikes and did all in their power to scab and break the strikes. This, of course, put him in high favor with the Italian capitalists.

It should be noted that in 1920 the railway workers refused to move trains carrying soldiers, policemen, and sometimes even the clergy were not allowed to ride the trains. In September of that year the Italian metal workers began occupying factories.

An outgrowth of these strikes was a bloody riot of Fascists in Bologna. In 1921 Mussolini entered the Italian legislative chambers, and in October, 1922, after his blackshirts marched on Rome, King Victor Emanuel III told him to form a ministry. He did so, and made himself Premier of the Council and officer on interior and foreign affairs.

Thus Mussolini received his education in the radical movements of Italy, turned renegade, and within 10 years became the Fascist dictator of Italy.

* * *

In America John L. Lewis enjoys a high degree of prominence, because of his control over the United Mine Workers of America, and more recently over the Committee on Industrial Organization. He first appeared on the mining scene in Panama, Illinois. Here he first gained notoriety when the treasury of the local union was robbed and Lewis was blamed for it.

To get rid of Lewis, John H. Walker, president of District 12, U.M.W.A., told Sam Gompers to give Lewis a job. So he was given a job organizing steel workers, in which he was quite successful. John L. was then taken off the A. F. of L. payroll and given a job as business manager of the U.M.W.A. Journal.

During the World War, White, then president of the U.M.W.A., left for Europe on a commission for the government. Lewis became vice-president and successfully connived to become president of the United Mine Workers in 1917.

The sell-outs of labor by Lewis are numerous. In the coal miners' strike of 1920, the famous Dougherty Injunction was used against the miners, and Lewis piously proclaimed that the union could not fight the government injunction. His greatest betrayal was in 1922 when 600,000 workers were out, and things looked bad for the U.M.W.A.; 50,000 unorganized miners in Western Pennsylvania came out and turned the tide in favor of the union.

John L. Lewis then signed National and District agreements, making no provisions for the loyal miners outside the U.M.W.A. These miners continued to strike for several months without aid and were finally starved and beaten into submission.

During the life of the NRA, Lewis became labor advisor for F. D. R. Sensing the New Deal's need for well-controlled unions of mass production workers, he pretended to fight for Industrial Unionism in the A. F. of L. conventions at San Francisco and Atlantic City. Out of this grew the C.I.O.

The workers of the U.M.W.A. have brought Lewis quite a way from the life of a coal miner. His $12,000 yearly salary attests to that fact. It isn't every miner that has a Cadillac V-12 and a chauffeur to boot!

But John is not yet content, and who knows to what extent he will use the U.M.W.A. and the C.I.O. to satisfy his ego.

* * *

In the case of Caballero, Mussolini, and McDonald, we find that the capitalists greeted their rise with open arms because they exerted a great power over the masses of workers whom capitalists must hold in submission to retain their own power.

Our conclusion may not be entirely justified, but there is some evidence to indicate that not a few of the successful labor leaders, and those still aspiring to attain success, deliberately set out to gain the confidence of working people in order that they may appear before the capitalist rulers with something in their hands that they may offer in trade for a position of power and glory.

We hesitate to believe that John L. Lewis will succeed in reaching the top, but who can doubt that what he has in mind is the control of the workers in the mass production industries, so that he may have something with which to bargain with the barons of American industry, for the greater glory of John L. Lewis.

# *Women in the Labor Movement*




**By S. H. A.**



That the fighting spirit of Mother Jones, best man in many a coal miners' battle, persists in the women of today, is shown by the women's brigade in Flint (shown above) and on many a picket line as well as in the trenches around Madrid.

One of the girls now studying at Work Peoples College to prepare herself for greater usefulness to the labor movement, asks why in the face of the facts the old prejudice about "keeping women in their places" should persist in labor organizations.

Though from time immemorial every influence has been at work to keep women "in their place," humble and saying little as to what was to be done in this world, women today in the labor movement are showing the same courage as the pioneer women who fought Indians, planted corn and built houses. They are doing this not merely as home builders, but as builders of a new society.

Women have been forced to take their places in the factories, mills, offices, and consequently in the labor movement. When production moved from the home into the factory, women followed the economic trend. Woman's place in the labor movement is steadily growing as her place in society as an individual is beginning to be more clearly recognized.

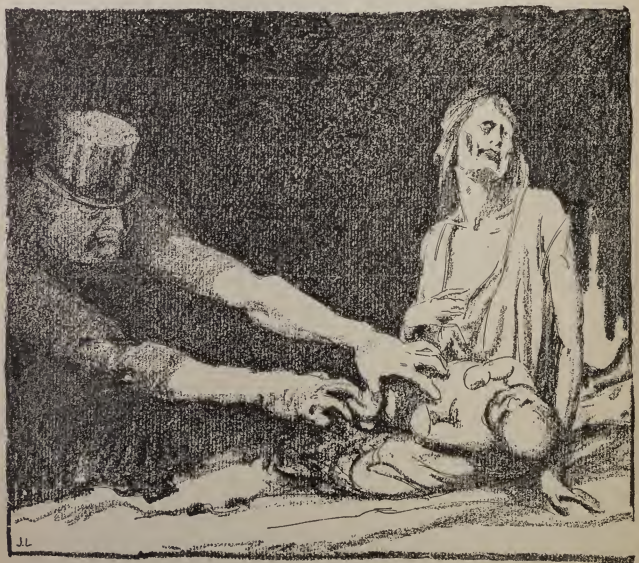
It is not merely in Spain where women shoulder guns at the sides of their husbands to fight back the fascist invaders, but in all phases of the struggle of labor against capital that women come heroically to the front. The history of labor is filled with instances of the courageous part that women have played, alike in such armed struggles as the Paris Commune, the revolutionary move-

ments in Russia, Finland, Austria, Germany and Hungary of 1904-5 and during and after the World War, and in the great strikes of America —Cripple Creek and Homestead, Pullman, Ludlow, and the 1919 steel strike. Here are a few significant instances from recent years.

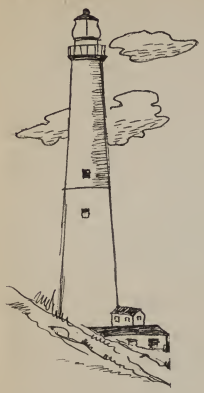
The Longwear Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia hired 45 high school girls for $6 per week. Later the company tried to cut even this wage, but it received a rather shocking surprise when the girls went out on strike and the whole factory went out with them. These vicious sweatshop owners were under contract to supply army underwear, so after a three-hour tie-up, they gave in. They agreed to the abolition of piece work, a minimum wage of $10 per week, recognition of workers' shop committees, and no discrimination. The needle women asked for an increase in wages from the $6.00 they were getting to $22.50. The workers who had been on strike offered to go out again if need be, but it wasn't necessary. The company had learned its lesson and granted the increase. Direct action had paid.

In 1933, 1500 miners and their families marched at Taylorville, Ill., in the funeral cortage of Mrs. Emma Cumerlatto, who was shot by special deputies while picketing. Ten state police acted as an unwelcome escort. During the strike among the Progressive Miners who were arrested on the charge of murdering Rodems, a Peabody gunthug, were four women, one of whom was a seventeen year old girl. These women were doing their

(Continued on page 25)




**Women are learning that if their children are not to be strangled by the greed of a system that puts profit before all things, and are not to survive only to become cannon-fodder for the munitions trust, they, too, must join the battle against the exploitation of their class.**



# Murmansk

*By A. Yourniek*

**Last month this seaman described how taking ship to Russia shortly after the March, 1917, revolution, the spirit of revolt ashore led to the formation of a ship's committee aboard their own vessel. As the result of a dispute to make the captain put on enough food for the return trip to America, the American consul at Archangel brought pressure to have him as a ring leader, left ashore with "the rest of these people who are stirring up this revolution business", as the old man put it.**

**This month he continues his vivid narrative of revolution and counter-revolution on the fringes of the Arctic.**

Jack and I and two others came ashore in the Land of the Revolution to start a new chapter in our lives. Some of the crew helped us get our baggage ashore and up to the railroad station. The train was making only two trips a day between Economy and Archangel. In the station there were a few workers and some soldiers on leave going home. The train was long overdue, and everyone was beseiging the station master. Late in the afternoon we were told that there would be no train that day. Something had gone awry with the engine. The ground was covered with new snow, and it was ten miles to Archangel. We could put the night in at the station or walk. So we checked our baggage with the station master and took the road.

The wind bore dead against us. Half way over my chin and nose began to freeze. I wasn't aware of it, but Jack made me understand with signs about it. I rubbed snow on the frozen parts and brought them to life again. From then on I watched Jack's exposed parts and he, mine.

It was dusk when we reached Archangel. We registered at the Local Seaman's Home and took in the night life of the city. Next morning we registered at the proper bureau and were issued the usual food cards. At the American consul's we got what pay we still had coming to us.

We dawdled around town for a couple of days more, and took in a soviet meeting where the election of local officers was taking place. Then Jack and I shipped on the Sawaty, a small Russian passenger ship, erstwhile plying in White Sea ports and the Solvietsky Islands. Now she had been taken over by the customs authorities and was to lie over for the winter in Murmansk.

Though situated on the Arctic Ocean, Murmansk is an open port the year around. It was made into a port only during the war to avoid delays in shipping ammunition when the harbor of Archangel was frozen over.

After a few days Jack got it into his head to quit. He wanted to give his job to another sailor who couldn't talk Russian and who consequently found it pretty tough to get by. Jack got off but the other fellow didn't get the job anyway. With Jack's departure I felt alone. I hated to lose him as a partner, but I couldn't speak the language either, so I stayed.

We took on some stores and bunkers and left with the aid of a couple of ice breakers. It was the last clean up and ships that weren't ready for departure would have to winter it there. Toward evening we reached the open sea. The White Sea was free from ice though it freezes over in January.

All the way down to Murmansk we had easy weather. The days were getting very short. On our arrival I was called to get ready for my watch on deck. It was about eleven in the morning, and still dark. At first I believed that somebody had made a mistake, but I soon found out that in De-

They could return to the Askold if they wished. cember and January there are only a couple of hours of twilight and the rest of the day that part of the world is flung in darkness.

We lay out in the stream for a couple of days until a berth along side the dock could be found, and then the Sawaty was securely moored for the winter. We held a crew meeting and decided to let some of the men go home for a vacation, and that when they returned the others would go. But the first group stayed home awaiting the spring.

Time passed slowly on board. Nothing could be done in the line of the ship's work. There was hardly any place to go in town. The one movie show was in the Seamen's Club, where dances were also held occasionally.



I was picking up Russian fast. Against my wishes I was eventually installed as chairman of the ship's committee. Though the revolution was astir all over the country, most of the crew weren't concerned very much about it. Probably our comparative isolation on this ship tied up in an out of the way town had much to do with this indifference.

One Sunday, though, the news was brought aboard that Admiral Ketlinsky had been shot that afternoon. He was commander on the cruiser Askold. It appears that the shooting was done while the Admiral was leaving a sailor's meeting where he was called to hear the report of demobilization by two delegates from Petrograd. None had seen the deed done, and no one had the slightest idea of how it could have happened. Most of us had never heard of Ketlinsky; the chief engineer, though, seemed to know everything about him. He told us how good a man this admiral had been. He was a liberal and a good patriot even while serving the Tzar. He had served the Kerensky government faithfully and when the Bolsheviki took power he declared himself ready to serve the new Russia. He may have been sincere. At least he was liked by the Bolsheviki and had won the respect of all the Allies. Through his efforts the S. S. Dora was at that time just a few hundred miles from Murmansk laden with foodstuffs secured from America, but now that he had been killed the ship was recalled, and a whole nation was to suffer because of the mad act of some fanatic.

Next morning the local paper announced the tragic assassination of the admiral, and called for the apprehension of the guilty so that justice might take its course. Mass meetings were held where local officials condemned such acts of individual terror. Resolutions were passed to leave no stone unturned. There was much agitation about it for a while, but nothing came of it.

* * *

Later, in the Russian navy, I learned more about Ketlinsky and his ship the Askold. She was built in Germany, and was new when the Russo-Japanese war broke out. Her five funnels gave her a formidable appearance. She was armed with 12 six inch guns and others of lesser calibre. She could then make 32 knots per hour and was regarded as the world's fastest cruiser. During the blockade of Port Arthur she broke through the cordon of Japanese men-of-war all by her lonesome, steaming full ahead and firing all her guns in all directions.

During the World War she was used against the Turks at the Dardanelles. Working in between the two forts during the night she destroyed the cables between them, while the Turks looked on helplessly, for they could not fire on the cruiser for fear of hitting their own fort. So the mission was accomplished without mishap to the Askold.

With the failure of the English military operations at the Dardanelles, the cruiser was sent to France. During her stay there Russian revolutionary exiles of various shades established committees to imbue the crew with their particular revolutionary doctrines. These activities were soon scented by the higher-ups. Wholesale arrests were made. Four of those apprehended were sentenced to be shot, and the rest, some 150, were exiled to Siberia.

It was through this affair that Ketlinsky became commander of the Askold. A special commission headed by him was sent to France to investigate the matter. All he did, however, was to whitewash the commander and the officers and take the command of the cruiser over himself.

After a short stay in France, the Askold left for Glasgow. On her way the crew got rid of one of the stool-pigeons. The helpless lump of bones and flesh was pitched on the seething fire. Soon after the ashes of the pit and the box were blown to destroy all traces of the fink's disappearance long before it was found out that he was missing. Upon the cruiser's arrival in Scotland, another fink, sick with terror, was paid off, a thing very rare in the navies, particularly in wartime.

The cruiser arrived in Russia during the March revolution. The sentences of the original crew were set aside, and the men in exile were free.

A few who came back were received by Ketlinsky himself, who made a speech of welcome. When he finished, someone asked why he, as a liberal, didn't do anything about the death sentences imposed on the four sailors. He replied that he was sorry, but at that time couldn't do anything about it, but of course, had he been a member of the court, things would have been different. The men had their own opinion about the Admiral. To them he was just another untrustworthy liberal. He was killed by a friend of one of the four executed men.

* * *

To the sailors the assasination of Ketlinsky was just a case of one admiral less. They were confronted with a more immediate problem. Orders came from Moscow for the sailors' demobilization. Shortly after sailors began to leave the God-forsaken shores of Murmansk where winter lasts nine months, and no green thing lives except the hardy forest timber. The daily sight of nothing but trees and mountains and water and snow in an utter darkness relieved only by the dim Northern light gets on one's nerves, and the soldiers and sailors were eager to leave.

One day a group of English deportees—all women and children—arrived in Murmansk. They were total strangers in Russia, wholly unacquanted with the language, deported because they were married to men who had once been working in England. They were treated by the Allies with great hostility.

I remember especially one woman with a child of about four years in her arms. Like the others, she had been born in England and her husband had been working there before the revolution. He had come to Russia in March with the intent of sending for the child and woman sometime later. She hadn't heard from him in six months but was sure he had gone to his birthplace, Odessa. That city had now been cut off from Moscow by the White Guards and the Germans. I warned her that she would never reach her destination. But the woman was beside herself. She had lost all her belongings. She had left them either on the ship or on the flat car where the heaviest baggage is piled, or perhaps they had been stolen by the longshoremen. She and the child were left with nothing but the few scant things they had on. Her screams attracted the attention of a British officer who was in charge of the immigrants. His name was Leonard and he spoke Russian well. He came up and gruffly told her that it was her fault, to fall in with the rest and go to the station. When she insisted upon still looking for her things, he motioned to a soldier who pushed her in the line. I watched her as she moved on in the queue with the chilled child clinging close to her.

About that time I and five others of the crew decided to quit the Sawaty and join the Russian navy. The First of May we came over to report for duty on the cruiser Askold.

It was Labor's holiday and we too took part in the celebration. At one point the parade stopped and we were addressed by a sailor from the Askold who talked about the International and other things, but it had snown, and the ground was slushy, and hard for a foothold, so we were glad when the after noon came, and we were treated to a good dinner at the Sailor's Club. In the evening we piled in a tugboat which took us to the cruiser.



Time on the Askold was passed pleasantly enough. There was a lot of fun for us in the usual daily military training because it was something new. We'd exert ourselves trying to outdo each other, and evening would find us pretty well tired out. But after the usual steambath, which the Russians had installed even on their ships, we'd feel all right again.

* * *

After three weeks some of the boys who had gone on an expedition to Petchinga reported that there was a large British cruiser the Cochrane there. She was armed with nine inch guns, and had orders to use them against the Finns and Germans if they came too close. When our men had landed in Petchinga they walked up to a nearby monastery about which the Finns were supposed to be concentrating. This monastery was one of the largest in the far north, though there was one larger on the Solvietsky Islands, now used by the Soviet government as a prison camp. There they met some fifty Red Guards and border patrols, and went with them to various lookout posts on the front. They didn't have to wait long. After a couple of days the news came to the camp that the Finns were coming. Immediately they were sent after them. The Cochrane was notified, and when the Finns came close, she fired a few shots. The Finns didn't expect anything like that, and took it on the run with our men after them. It turned out to be a foot race, but it seems the Finns were the best runners. They

flung guns and supplies away, which our men gathered up. When the rumpus was over our men had captured ten prisoners, one of whom was a German officer, whom the British took aboard the cruiser.

The Finn attackers had been led by a monk. The monks had feared the confiscation of their property, and had sent him to Finland to get aid to hold their property against the revolutionary government. He came back with a force adequate to take it had it not been for the preparations made by the Reds during his absence. After this skirmish the Finns never came back again.

With the latter part of May, the valley snow commenced to thaw. Military operations were hindered. The Allies in Murmansk were landing more soldiers daily. Our forces were enlarged and ordered back to the ship, where we started practicing now with heavier guns. We got a new commander also, Ziloff. Officers wore no marks except a plain uniform and cap, but we did call him commander.

There was a small Russian steamer plying between Murmansk and the Vardo Islands, which belong to Norway. At that time she was the only Russian ship still on foreign trade. One Sunday the Coast Guard stations received an urgent call. This ship had sighted a submarine. There was a shore battery where she had anchored, but nobody could handle the guns. Murmansk was some distance away, and the best that could be done was to send a pair of trawlers. But they could knock out only 10 to 11 knots per hour, and a few hours would be required to reach the hounded ship. Meanwhile the submarine came in and sank the ship where she was lying at anchor. By the time the trawlers got there the submarine had gone leaving its wrecked victims behind. It would be useless for the trawlers to go prowling the Arctic Ocean for the submarine. They salvaged what cargo they could, took the dead aboard, and those who were still alive, and steamed back to Murmansk. Seven were dead, others had broken arms and legs, and still other had minor injuries.

It was a sad day for Murmansk when the trawlers returned with their dead. Everybody, including us sailors, turned out for the funeral. The priest conducted the service at the foot of the hill. When he had finished we carried them to the top of the hill and buried them.

All kinds of rumors circulated regarding the submarine incident. The official report was that it was a German submarine. But Germany was supposed to be at peace with Russia, and the sinking of the only Russian vessel on the foreign trade would be of no benefit to Germany and a loss to Russia. The unofficial explanation was that the submarine was British.

Next Sunday evening when some of our men had gone ashore to take in a motion picture at the Sailor's Club, they were accosted by a representative from headquarters who informed them that a seditious meeting was taking place, and urged all sailors present to report for duty at once. The men rushed back to the ship, took rifles and hand grenades, and with all those who were off duty, we hurried ashore. By the time we arrived the main speakers had already been arrested, and when the crowd had a good look at us coming, they dispersed quietly. The arrested ones were railroad engineers, and they were sent later on to central Russia.

We were told that these men were openly calling for a Constitutional Assembly such as the one that the Bolsheviki had dispersed at Petrograd in January. The same workers who had marched in mud and cold on the First of May, applauding the names of Lenin and Trotsky, and shouting "Long Live the World Revolution!" were now, only six weeks later, boosting for a Constitutional Assembly. No doubt the British were gleeful about it.

The drive for the division of the Russian people was on. Sailors patrolled the town for a couple of nights, but nothing happened. The shore patrol was quit as no sign of disturbance could be detected.

News of the sinking of the little ship had got to Moscow, and orders were given that the destroyers take provisions aboard at once. There were several of these boats moored to their dock with no crews. Three were immediately commissioned, and sailors from our ship and from the battleship Chesma took them over until the regular crew would come aboard.

One day all of us were ordered to a mass meeting ashore. The speaker was General Poole. Talking in English, he said:

"I have the honor of coming before you as the representative of the Allied high commander. All of you know the unfortunate situation of your country. We haven't forgotten what you people did for us in 1914. It was the activity of your army that compelled the Germans to withdraw large forces from the Western front, which gave us a breathing spell and virtually saved Paris from the Huns. Your country is now prostrate and helpless, and we take it that it's our turn to repay you . . .

"We must first organize an Anglo-Russian division, for the opening of the Riga front. The men in that division will be paid in English money. All equipment will be furnished by us."

The men were dumfounded by Poole's speech. They had been promised peace, but now all sorts of schemes were drawn up behind the lines to hurl them back into the war on the side of the Allies.

According to the peace treaty with Germany no foreign troops were to be permitted to remain on Russian territory. In Murmansk alone there were about 5,000 Allied soldiers and three battle cruisers rode at anchor in the bay. Germany was demanding that Russia live up to its agreement. But the Russian forces were too small to drive the Allies out, and they weren't inclined to do so anyway.

It was a double-dealing, two-faced policy. One telegram from Moscow would publicly demand the withdrawn of the Allied troops, and another at the same time request their close co-operation.

Next Sunday morning our ship's committee was invited to a meeting ashore, where the matter of breaking with the central government in Moscow would be taken up. Things were coming to a head. When the committee returned and gave its report to the crew, the chief engineer offered a resolution against breaking with Moscow. With this resolution our delegates went ashore and presented their instructions to the delegates of the other ships, and the workers delegates.

A mass meeting for all the people of Murmansk was called to be held at the house of the Soviets. It was opened by Youryev who favored breaking with Moscow. He stressed the weak military position of our ships and our shore defenses. He pointed to the Finn and German danger that constantly menaced the workers' homes. General Poole made much the same speech as he had before, but he now added promises to the civilian population that fishing boats and nets and other things would be given them. Next was a Frenchman who talked on how France loved Russia for the help they had given, but said not a word about the thousands of Russian soldiers dying in the African jungles for refusing to fight any longer. An American Martin spoke too in the name of the American consul at Archangel. Stankevite, the local militia commissar took the floor in favor of the Allied proposals. When Youryev put the question it carried with a large majority. Only the sailors of the Askold voted against it.

At that same time in Kem the Allies were putting three revolutionists, members of the Soviets, against the wall to be shot by Serbian soldiers under British officers. But of course we in Murmansk knew nothing about that or that all the towns along the Murmansk railway had been taken by Allied troops without any opposition. The same way as they took the towns around Murmansk, they tried to take Kem too. But there they met opposition from the local soviets which were made up of Bolsheviki.

We got back on the Askold longing for reinforcements from Petrograd.

(To be continued next month).

## Women in the Labor Movement

(Continued from page 20)

share to win the strike in which their menfolk were engaged.

In Pittsburg, California, fishermen went on strike against the fish barons. Women did their duty on the picket line. The companies offered to buy fish direct from the strikers; women went to the cannery to investigate and found that the price offered was 2½ cents, on the grounds that the fish had been standing. The women began throwing stones at the fish barons and at the cannery windows. They were told to go home and behave themselves, but this only brought on a new assault of stones. The fish was paid for at 5 cents, and the strike was over.

During the iron miners strike of 1916 in Minnesota, women were on the picket lines with the men. Many were beaten and brutally treated.

Gunmen entered the home of Pete Masonovich to arrest the men gathered there. The group resisted the arrest and the gunmen knocked over Mrs. Masonovich and opened fire at the men. One gunman killed his fellow gunman, but the workers were blamed for it. Mrs. Masonovich and thirteen men were arrested. Her husband and three other strikers, Nickich, Cernogorovich, and Orlandich, were convicted and sentenced to one to six years. Mrs. Masonovich, it appears, was the first woman ever tried for murder in connection with a labor case.

During this Iron Range strike there were many women who were beaten and who spent time in jail and refused to be bailed out. One woman in Gilbert, Minn., was beaten and afterwards kept in jail without medical aid. She was pregnant, and as a result of the brutal treatment, she died.

Women of the working class are the same the world over. In Spain today they are proving their mettle. They are out in the trenches beside their husbands, brothers and sweethearts, valiantly aiding their men in the battle against fascist forces, that Spain may be free for future generations.

Women in America will do the same if need arises. They have shown this by many an heroic battle on the picket line. They cannot sit back and wait for peace while the lives of their beloved ones are in danger.

Let women do their share in the labor movement. All too often they have to fight the same prejudice about "keeping women in their place" in the unions as they have had to fight in other phases of life these many years. Educate workingclass women and they will set out gladly on the road to emancipation. In the growing ranks of women workers the I.W.W. will find new sources of energy and of intelligent enthusiasm for its mighty program of world reconstruction.

# *The Hobo*

***By L. P. EMERSON***

The sun hung low o'er the mountains
Tinting each rugged crest,
And painting in golden glory
The bending skies of the West;
When dark, like a speck on the landscape,
With his blankets across his back
Came a worn and weary hobo
Down the dusty railroad track.

By the curve of the road at nightfall
Where the stars above glimmer and peep,
Through a curtain of leaves and grasses,
He laid him down to sleep;
And he thought as the song of the night bird
Soothed his tired and troubled mind,
There's room in this world and plenty
For all except me and my kind.

He slept and lived in dreamland
Where love spread her splendid wings,
And bore him from old surroundings
To a better scheme of things.
He dwelt in a rosy cottage
With flowers blooming 'round the door
Where all was wealth and gladness . . .
There were no tramps, no poor.

A sweetheart wife beside him
Made him of all men blest,
While the wee curly head of their darling
Nestled close to his manly breast;
And there were great things to be doing . .
The best that was in him he gave
To a world with no soldiers, no shackles,
No prisons, no master or slave.

O, woe! to a world whose workers
Are cast like chaff to the wind
When the lords cannot use them for profit
Must go seeking, but cannot find.
O! cursed be the system forever
That robs human life of a home,
And sends young and old to the highway
In quest of a living to roam.

But why will you die, ye toilers?
You have the power and the might
To wrest from the cravens who hold them
Your bread, your freedom, your right.
O rise, in your infinite numbers,
Unite on the sea and the land,
Let tyrants implore you for mercy,
Take the reins of the world in your hand.

# Who Is It That Gets the Relief?

*By* **EVERT ANDERSON**

**A WPA worker wonders, if it weren't for the graft, wouldn't it be cheaper for the government to send us a check each month with instructions not to work for anybody?**

"The sooner we get this job done the better it will be for all of us", said one well fed Village Babbit to another equally obese.

The two of them were discussing the forthcoming blessings of two roads now under construction under WPA management—the Wolf Creek road and the Wilson River—both in Oregon. The writer has worked on both of these but is now temporarily laid up to boost the hospital business, due to an accident which was beyond the control of the lord as well as your reporter.

"Yeah, what we need on these roads is more machinery and somebody with a little git-up-and-git to make them lazy bums work instead of leaning on their shovels all day long." "You bet", said Babbit No. 2 "Now when I was a young—."

By this time I had finished my frugal repast consisting of a cheese sandwich — Tillamook Cheese — and a bum cup of coffee; whereupon I, seeking the fresh air without, left the Babbit conversation to a more appreciative audience.



However, it is the nature of "relief work" that I wish to comment on now. How does it relieve? A common laborer gets $55.00 per month to support himself and family. A jackhammer man $65.00; a faller $85.00. Even at the rate of $85.00 per month, a family man has to scrape to make both ends meet. He and his family have to eat poor food, wear poor clothes, live in a poor house in a poor district, breathing poor air. Finally when the bread winner passes on—the way of all flesh, rich or poor—he is tucked into a poor casket, and his poor survivors hear a poor preacher make a poor sermon—something on the order of "rich and poor must dwell together in harmony"—case No. 810372901 is closed.

Sometime ago I read some figures on how much money it takes to keep alive. I have forgotten the exact amount. But when I tell you that I am mathematically dead from having received too little of too much, you will forgive me for this weakness of memory. This is my budget for 1936: Received in wages from the WPA: $344.04. From other sources $160.00. Total income for 1936—$504.04. Had I worked the whole year at the rate of $55.00 per month, it would have given me $660.00. Agreed that $55.00 per month is the lowest hand out we can possibly give ourself and still perculate, it can be seen that I was at the end of the year $155.96 below the perculating level. This is how I was relieved in 1936.

"ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE." Yeah, but we sure can knock 'em over quickly enough. The Wilson River and the Wolf Creek roads will be short cuts to the sea from Portland. They are chartered through heavy timber. Big, tall, straight firs such as only grow here on the coast. Thousands of acres of timber land are destroyed yearly by forest fires, but we must aid in the destruction even on the WPA. To do otherwise would interfere with the sacred rights of business. And so we go to work with saws, axes, dynamite, peavies. We pile up the brush and the good timber together, pour some oil on it, strike a match to it—fire! As the fire rapidly consumes the logs and brush, the foreman glows in satisfaction: "It will damned near all be burned up before night."

In Portland fuel companies are taking advantage of the present cold spell—and influenza—to sell inferior wood at exorbitant prices. We could easily have made wood out of the logs we burned and supplied the needy with fuel free of charge.

but that would interfere with private business. While our good timber is thus going up in smoke people in other parts of "this great country of ours" are burning twigs, straw; yes and some are drying cow manure for fuel.

Much of the timber that we deliberately destroy would make excellent houses for those who live in "tumble down shacks" along Tobacco Road. But it would "interfere with private business" were we to give to each other what we need free of charge. Private business demands destruction. It's been doing it so long that occasionally members of our class help to hang a guy that advocates the opposite because it is argued that "what was good enough for father is good enough for me."

"The more oil and gas you waste around here the better they like it", said one of the initiated WPA slaves, as he seemed to enjoy pouring as much oil and gas on the ground as into the engine. Of course, the oil companies will like it very much. They are in business for the money and do not care whether oil is used for anybody's good or not.

Crews are hauled to jobs over fifty miles from Portland in huge uncomfortable busses. Camps could easily be built, but that would "interfere with private business." It would be cheaper by far, and the money would certainly last a lot longer if the government sent us a check of $55.00 every month with instructions not to work for anybody, But— there is no end to BUTS— that would "break down the morale of our free-born American wage earners", according to the best Babbit authorities on this subject.

Who the hell is on relief anyway? Answer: The oil companies are on relief; the politicians are on relief; equipment companies are on relief; Babbits and braintrusts are on relief. The half-starved unemployed in whose name huge sums of money are being appropriated is only the sucker in the game.

Next fall the short cut to the sea will be open for traffic. This will mean that less gas will be consumed since the distance is shortened. Less tires worn—for the same reason. Less wear and tear of the old tin can. This in turn will mean less business in oil, tires, gas, tin cans. Again it will mean less employment for those engaged in oil, tires, tin cans etc. Catch on? There is the vicious cycle of private business. Yet, and still I want to see the road built.



What's the nature of direct relief? This is it: The capitalists give us a handout in the manner that a stick-up artist returns to his victim enough for car fare after having thoroughly RELIEVED him of all valuables including his watch and jack-knife. Relief Work is the same thing only you have to work for it. Now let's give the scissorbill the floor: "Well, somebody is gotta be the head of things."

The scissorbill has given me one good reason for which I want to see a short cut to the sea. Any worker who has convinced himself that he has neither the intelligence nor the courage to organize for a fight against the bunch of organized gangsters who now control the land in the interest of "private business" had better use the short cut to the sea, jump in, and join the fishes and the slime from whence first came our life-bearing ancestors. But we will and shall organize because we must.

While we are at it, we may as well organize for something more than a mere hand out. Let us organize industrially, not only for the every day struggle to keep the capitalist from robbing us too much, but also to carry on production and serve each other after we shall have completely stopped this destruction by the robbing class in the name of "private business".

"The sooner we get this job done the better it will be for all of us."





# Can Capitalism House Its Workers?

*An analysis of New York's slum clearance program showing that the profit motive condemns millions to squalor.*

**By PEO MONOLDI**

*General Organization Committee, Construction Workers' Industrial Union No. 310-330 of the I.W.W.*

**This crowded street is playground, laundry, dry-room, library and den for thousands of New York City's proletariat.**

Once more housing and slum clearance are drawing great attention in the New York Metropolis. The great shortage of homes and the unrest among the millions of slum dwellers are forcing the powers that be to take notice of the unbearable living conditions that the working class must put up with. But instead of starting to tear down the nearly 100,000 vermin infested and dilapidated slum tenements in the great city, they are giving up more investigating committees and framing more long and short term public-housing programs.

A law is now in force in the state of New York which sets minimum standards of sanitation and fire protection for tenement houses and which, if enforced, would not mean the tearing down of these dismal unsanitary firetraps but simply a face-lifting process, such as installing a toilet for each apartment, fire escapes and semi-fire proofing of halls and stairways.

These small repairs and improvements however do not succeed in destroying the accumulation of filth and vermin within the walls and partitions of these buildings. A person not accustomed to the stench this creates would easily require the use of a gas mask to enter these rat-infested traps. As even these minor changes would cost an average of $3,500.00 for a five story tenement, the bankers and realtors are refusing to comply with these laws and threaten to issue eviction notices to 300,000 families living in 40,000 or more of these buildings, rather then to supply their minimum needs. A sitdown strike of these slum dwellers has already taken place. Unable to pay the high rent demanded in other buildings, and not willing to stay out on the street, they are ready to fight even to hold what little they have.

While the great city is modernizing itself in every direction with subways, new bridges, new highways, new skyscrapers with every modern equipment, just around the corner old-law tenements with their dark rooms and unwholesome dangerous construction still stand. Built in the decade following the Civil War, to meet the rising tide of immigration, today the increasing deterioration of these tenements endangers the life and health of the workers.

In 1937 in the so-called greatest city in the world over 387,000 families are living without central heat in their homes, over 244,000 families have no hot water in their homes; over 235,000 families must do without tub or shower, and over 189,



*Don't blame the woman overmuch—this sort of home is the product of a system far more slovenly and wasteful than she. This sort of home—typical of thousands more in our great metropolis—soon trains its tenants to keep house in the style to which the neighbors are accustomed.*

families lack private indoor water closets. Of the 1,750,000 families, over 500,000 live in tenements that were built previous to 1900 and most of them built in the sixties and seventies are with a series of dark windowless rooms, "dumbbell" tenements covering 90 per cent of the lot and providing slits from 2 to 4 feet wide and some 40 feet long between buildings as the sole source of light and air for rooms that do not face the street or yard. This is only a conservative estimate of the actual conditions existing among over 2,000,000 New York cliff dwellers.

What has or is being done to alleviate the housing conditions of these workers? Of course there has been much talk and many commissions have been appointed in the past hundred years or more, and many laws have been passed for the betterment of housing but even with all the talking, newspaper headline commissions and laws, conditions are getting worse instead of better and today we have over seventeen square miles of slums scattered in every borough of greater New York.

During the boom days of the twenties a law was passed for state supervision and providing assistance for large scale private limited dividend operations. Several large apartment buildings were constructed under this new law, which allowed the builder tax exemption for a period of years. The buildings of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers at Mosholu Parkway were erected in this way. These apartments were let out and sold at an initial cost of $500.00 per room and a $11.50 per room per month thereafter. Only the most prosperous workers could afford to benefit by this type of project. This still applies even though rents have been reduced to $9.50 per room per month in this building.

But with the ending of the so-called prosperity days even the construction of these buildings came to an end. To make matters worse for the increasing numbers of workers who required housing accomodation hundreds of buildings have been torn down, not for the purpose of rebuilding modern homes in their places but to construct such enterprises as the Tri-Borough Bridge, Rockefeller Center, Railroad terminals, etc., with

the result that the occupant either had to double up with other families or go into smaller quarters if they could be found. As though this was not bad enough nearly 3,000 buildings on the verge of collapse have been boarded up and considered too dangerous for people to live in. As yet no attempts have been made to tear them down and replace them with habitable homes.

With the advent of the New Deal with its P. W. A., C. W. A., and W. P. A., a new hope seemed to appear to alleviate the housing misery. After the first ballyhoo an announcement came that a loan had been made by the P. W. A. for a slum clearing project which would house 1600 families. To the disgust of even the bourgoies the deal turned out to be nothing more or less then the payment of a political debt.

The project was to be out in the Bronx, a location entirely unsuited to the transportation needs of the average worker. The rents were to be $11.50 per room per month. There was such protest from all sources interested in slum clearance that the loan was withdrawn. However, politics being more powerful than these protests, the loan was once more granted and the Hillside outfit went ahead with its building operation.

But at long last the slum district has finally been reached by the P. W. A. One project is now completed in the east side of Manhattan. Another is under construction in Harlem which will house 570 colored families and another is under way in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn which covers 12 blocks and will house 1,600 families when completed. The first was constructed by relief workers but the next two are being done by contractors. These aparatments will be modern and will rent at $6.00 per room or over but how many of the slum workers will be able to live in these buildings is a question as those applying for the apartments must have a job, a bank account and must prove that they have a steady income. This means that nearly half a million wage workers on relief who need these buildings will not qualify as tenants and must keep on living as they do. The municipality will not take chances with workers who cannot guarantee the continuous payment of their rent.

Much repair and alteration work is going on in the old buildings but as this is being done up goes the rent and workers must move to other buildings which will be the same as the ones they have just left.

Housing or Slum clearance, like every other industry, is based on profit. Whenever there are profits to be made there will be finances to invest.

Much noise is being made today as in the past that the reason financiers refuse to build is because labor is too high. I have before me the cost of Knickerbocker Village, a large apartment house, which cost $6,216,899 to build. Of this, they claim that $2,019,838 went to labor for the actual construction of the building. Anyone not

(Continued on page 34)



*The PWA workers who put up these apartments at 153rd Street and the Harlem river, designed for low income groups to solve New York City's housing problem, will not live in them—for prospective tenants must show a bank account and have a job.*

# Has a Substitute for the I.W.W. Been Found?

*By*
**TOR CEDERVALL**

Or is the trend toward Fascism expressing itself in the employer cultivation of a One Big Union without class-consciousness, and no rank-and-file control, as a necessary element of the "corporative state"?

It is about time that someone wrote another "One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs". In place of horrifying details of sandpaper on your tooth-brush, this book should deal with the one hundred million workingclass guinea pigs who in America, past and present, have been dished out an infinite variety of adulterated remedies to keep them sick but satisfied,—all substitutes for the real thing.

The material to select from is wide and varied, for in no realm of human relations are there to be found more substitutes, fake claims, and harmful products than in the field of sociology. For every measure that could possibly aid in the thorough housecleaning of our society, a spurious substitute is offered and pushed before the public. The phenomenon of Fascism alone affords a vast field for fertile study, for Fascism is the grand devil of them all in the black art of adulterated substitution. Its sample wares include such choice items as "national socialism" for socialism, "labor front" for independent labor unionism, race or national struggle for class struggle, to mention a few of the more important ones.

However, since we only suggested the book and are not writing it, let us confine ourselves to one instance in current America that might provide a significant chapter for the proposed volume. We have reference to the current attempt to substitute the C.I.O. for an industrial union movement long championed by the I.W.W.

The C.I.O. emerged upon the scene a little more than a year ago. Why? Back in the "horse and buggy" days the mighty onsurge of solidarity on the part of the workers through the Knights of Labor was stopped by the appearance of the A. F. of L. "The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children." Is the C.I.O., the child of the A. F. of L., coming to the fore to run bona fide industrial unionism into the ground?

The employers' art of spurious substitution in the labor commodity market was at first exercised entirely on their own initiative in America by those pariahs of the people, the John D. Rockefellers, as an outgrowth of the terrible and magnificient strike of the Colorado coal miners in 1913-14. The Rockefellers, after witnessing fifteen months of heroic struggle on the part of the miners that even wholesale murder of their women and children at Ludlow could not stifle, brought in W. L. MacKenzie King, later premier of Canada, to form the first "company union" in the United States, the Rockefeller Industrial Representation Plan. In subsequent years the "company union" has served with varying success as a substitute for labor unionism in countless industrial establishments of America.

However, since the gaping dent put into Capitalism by the "crash" of '29, a general awakening of the American working class has occurred. After an interim of stunned stumbling, the workers commenced to organize in earnest.

The unemployed, no longer pleading recipients of charity, organized and clamored for more bread and shelter. Several plants in the mass production industries went out on unorganized but bitterly contested strikes, notably the Briggs body plants in Detroit. The craft-bound A. F. of L. witnessed a large influx of members into its unworkable federal unions. The I.W.W. made some serious inroads into the automobile industry during and immediately following the Briggs strike. The latter organization also conducted a large agricultural strike for higher wages in the martial law-patrolled Yakima Valley of Washington, as well as conducting a construction workers' strike at Boulder Dam, a seamen's strike on the Gulf, building strikes in Philadelphia, etc. In addition, several independent unions of a bona fide working class nature were springing up everywhere, such as the M.E.S.A., the Wisconsin Industrial Union, the Union of All Workers in Minnesota, and others.

Against such an arousing working class the employers were beginning to find the camouflage of "company unionism" rather thin.

With the introduction of the NRA, the Government started playing around with the A.F. of L., but found that the rock-ribbed craft structure of the A. F. of L. was so utterly outmoded as to be unfit for the Judas role of old. The piratical prerogatives of the international craft unions upon the federal locals were causing the new recruits to go through the A. F. of L. like a green light. The distressing spectacle of the lumber workers in

the West deserting the safe haven of the A. F. of L. for the industrial unionism of the I.W.W., clearly proved the impotence of even "doctored" craft unionism to embrace the aroused workers of America and run them into the "safe and sane" channels of the A. F. of L. Such experiences early led Generalissimo Johnson of the NRA to declare for industrial unionism. Today this blustery strike-buster is the blatant advocate of the C.I.O., much to the distress and protestation of weary Willy Green. Shocked and offended Mr. Green may not be able to understand why the good General is taking such an attitude, but the General does.

The laissez faire capitalism of old is day by day being pushed into the background. The day of unrestricted "individual enterprise" is fast disappearing. Through governmental pressure the days of suicidal, unplanned production with its disastrous "booms" and "over-production" (as well as rather amateurish handling of labor problems) are diminishing. More and more, despite temporary setbacks, "monopoly", "regulations", "standards", are being introduced into American economic life. A very real "One Big Union" of capital is being evolved in this country in an effort to 'stabilize" capitalism and secure to the present beneficiaries of capitalism their powers and privileges at the expense of the working class as heretofore. The capitalist system in America is steadily tending towards one gigantic corporation to displace the present big and little corporations.

With the "corporate" trend of capitalism, and its sometimes startling changes in governmental and business procedure from the days of "laissez faire", it readily can be seen that an industrial union movement growing out from this can be merely a corresponding change in the form of "company unionism". For the individual "representation plan" of the individual corporation must be substituted a nation-wide "representation plan" to serve the interests of the newly evolving "corporate state". A One Big Company Union of labor to match the new One Big Corporation of capital!

Is the C.I.O. being groomed as this "One Big Company Union"?

That the C.I.O. may be bitterly fought by some employers does not in the least contradict this question. These employers are still confident that they can go on in the old laissez faire way. They are yet opposed to merging into the "One Big Corporation of Capital". But, eventually they will see the arrangement as of benefit to them and as their lone salvation, much as an individual worker in a factory being organized by the I.W.W. may at first resist attempts to organize him, only finally to see the point. These employers are conservatives of the old school. Their ranks will continue to diminish, much as their political expression, the Republican Party, is rapidly decaying and is even now practically moribund as far as national politics is concerned.

Another element accounting for the misleading antagonism of some employers to the C.I.O. may well be the ambition of some of the leaders of this latter movement. Capitalism is not in a precisely enviable position at present. It is endangered on the one hand by the stupidity of some of its sections and on the other by the threat of genuine organization on the part of the working class. In order to get personal considerations, would ambitious "labor leaders" be averse to holding the working class for ransom? As it were, blackmailing the capitalist class into assuring them worthy rewards in power and privilege? After all, both Mussolini and Hitler were pretty blustery and did not strike a bargain until they were assured of their perogatives.

For these reasons, and because the substitute must be plausible, the C.I.O. certainly will not fall into the unimaginative routine of a "company union" or a fascist "labor front" until a full-fledged bargain is struck. Furthermore, rank and file impetuosity will provide from time to time certain flare and color to the whole procedure. However, this rank and file activity will become increasingly rare as Mr. Lewis and his lieutenants come to understandings with the various industrial concerns.

Already the chief outcome of the General Motors strike* is the agreement on the part of the union to outlaw any job action until all avenues of negotiation have been exhausted, meaning conferences between Lewis and the management. When the time comes that Mr. Lewis wins the checkoff and the right to bargain for all the workers in a company's employ, the rank and file will be caught between the two mill-stones of Mr. Lewis and the employer. The worker, individually and collectively, will find himself helpless in fighting both the employer and the union. A double chain will be around his neck.

Universally organized into the C.I.O., will the American worker find himself bound hand and foot to the system that exploits him? Freedom a myth, will he be an industrial serf forever in his place and receiving such fruits of labor as his masters may in their benevolence choose to bestow upon him?

The socio-economic basis of fascism is the cor-

*NOTE: The conduct and the settlement of the General Motors Strike indicates that the General Motors Corporation represents an employer group that is taking a watchful "on the fence" attitude to the "corporate" tendencies of American capitalism. Despite the heroic determination of the gallant Flint sit-downers, the small percentage of union organization in the G. M. plants would not have prevented the company from engaging in physical efforts to break the strike unless a question of broad social policy were not in the background of the affair. In an ordinary economic struggle the organization of the strikers was much too weak to seriously intimidate the Company, particularly with the support of the Flint Alliance and the old-line A. F. of L. on the side of the corporation.—T. C.

porate or totalitarian state—one hundred per cent organized industry and parallel industrial organization of the workers. Industrial unionism lends itself very easily to the corporate plans of fascism. Mussolini, the founder of fascism, was guided in his formulation of the fascist state by his experience with the wide-spread "syndicalism" of Italy. He discovered that industrial unionism can be turned upon its head and become industrial bondage.

An industrial union movement can be an instrument of social advancement and happiness for mankind and a bulwark against fascism only if it is thoroughly saturated with a rank and file spirit and adhere in form and practice to democratic control. What is more, it must be based four-square on the principle of irreconcilable economic antagonism between the employing class and the working class, for only class-consciousness can counteract the totalitarian appeal of fascism. How does the C.I.O. measure up to any of these requirements? Is it a suitable substitute for the I. W. W.?

Will the members of the American working class offer themselves as "One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs"?

# Can Capitalism House Its Workers?

(Continued from page 31)

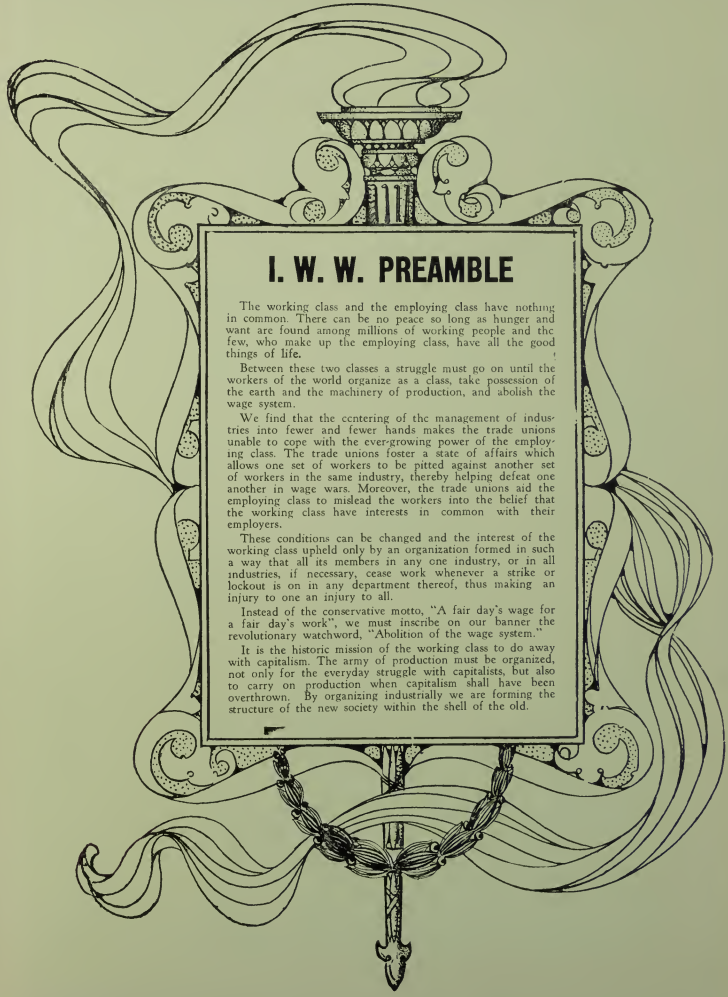
acquainted with actual building costs would take this estimate for granted. However of these $2,000.000 there is much that went for profit as to sub-contractors such as the plumber contractor, the electrical contractor, the plaster, the lather, the sheet metal contractor, and so on. All of these contractors or sub-contractors received a cut of these $2,000,000. Of the other millions the General Contractor received $1,560,882 dollars for drawing plans and other engineering required as preparation and for supervising the construction of the building. $2,636,176 went for material. But even with the material a large amount goes to the non-worker as profits, to the material dealers, in transportation, and to the manufacturers of lumber, bricks, lime, cement, steel, copper and an endless chain of profit takers. If the true facts could be obtained of those who received this 6 million, without a doubt they would show that not more then half this amount actually went to labor.

Of course the pressure is getting stronger each day for more and better housing. All kinds of schemes are brought forth, such as subsidy to the builders, or that the municipality, state or federal government do the building; but none of these schemes is going to do away with the slums or produce enough houses for the workers.

England, Germany, Austria, and other nations have had so-called slum clearing projects for years and each country did build a house here and there but all have failed so far as providing livable accomodations for the working class is concerned. Such projects will be a failure so long as the profit system is allowed to continue.

Capitalism cannot supply the needed homes for the comfort of the workers. All their schemes and all their planning is based not upon the needs of these workers but upon finding methods that will furnish the necessary profits for their undertakings. The state of New York in the past few years has paid a subsidy to the extent of $190,000,000 in the form of tax exemption but all that has been accomplished is the erection of a few buildings whose rentals are beyond the means of the mass of workers desperately in need of homes.

The only way that we will be able to destroy the 250,000 windowless rooms that were built previous to 1879 and the many thousands of others that are still standing, is by the unified efforts of all the workers organized to remove the prevailing system and to institute one that will have as its chief motive not profits, but to supply the needs of the workers—a system that will cater to the health, comfort, security and enjoyment of the working class.



# I. W. W. PREAMBLE

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work", we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.


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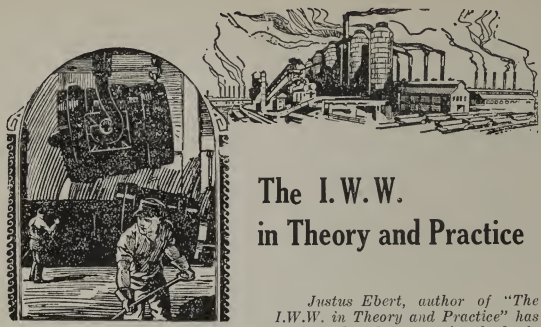
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# The I.W.W. in Theory and Practice

*By* JUSTUS EBERT

*Justus Ebert, author of "The I.W.W. in Theory and Practice" has again undertaken to revise the booklet and bring it to date. Announcement will be made when it it available. Here is the new introduction to the sixth edition of this well-known work on the I.W.W.*

This is the fifth revised and abridged edition of this booklet. First published in 1920, to date over 50,000 copies of it have been sold. It has been translated into eight languages. Chapters have appeared in weekly labor papers in many parts of the world.

In as simple language as possible, it aims to tell just what the Industrial Workers of the World, better known as the I.W.W., is.

Briefly stated, the I.W.W. believes that the workers should organize according to industry, instead of trade or craft. In this way they will be better able to secure more wages, less hours and improved conditions wherever employed. Having first organized to this end in 1905, the I.W.W. anticipated the Committee on Industrial Organization by just thirty years.

Unlike the C.I.O., however, the I.W.W. urges industrial unionism so that, as the workers run the industries, they may also own and operate them as well. Especially so that they may, through industrial union organization, be prepared to take over and operate the industries for the good of all, when capitalism shall either be broken down, or been overthrown. This capitalism gives every indication of doing, either under the stress of depression, or war, in all the advanced industrial nations.

In brief, while the C.I.O. would tolerate and perpetuate capitalism for the profit of capitalists, the I.W.W. aims to organize the means by which it can be transformed into a social system for the benefit of all; and that with the least possible violence and disaster to all.

Recent history has proved the soundness of I.W.W. industrial unionism as the economic basis for successful social change. In Russia, the revolution would not have lasted two weeks, in the words of Lenin, were it not for the social reconstruction made possible by the Russian labor unions. They, despite their numerical weakness and the backwardness of Russian development, performed many municipal and state functions, while carrying on industry to the best of their ability and the success of the revolution.

More recently in the fascist rebellion in Spain, in Catalonia particularly, the organized workers, via their unions, took over and operated for the common good, factories, mines, transportation systems, department stores, banks and other basic functions necessary to the smooth performance of community life; all of which had been abandoned by the corporation owners and would have, con-

sequently, been detrimental to the loyalist success and the social welfare, had not the unions stepped in and made the resumption of daily activity possible.

Can we in the U.S.A., with our more highly technological-industrial development, survive a capitalist breakdown, come in whatever way it may—depression, war, revolution—without an industrially organized working class ready to take over all economic functions and exercise them for the benefit of society as a whole? Viewed in the light of recent events, including our own depression, the answer is obviously, no; we can't. Why wait, then? Why not organize industrially, now?

Others in America than the I. W. W. have glimpsed the truth of the I.W.W. theory. For instance, the Plumb plan, with its part management of the railroads by the railroad unions. Then there is Thorsten Veblen's plan of industry controlled by a council of technicians, co-operating with organized labor; a plan born of this great American thinkers' I.W.W. contacts during the world war period.

Even the enemies of labor recognize the soundness of industrial unionism. Accordingly, they rob it of its social intent and pervert it to anti-social capitalist ends. We've all heard of the "corporative state", a political machine organized allegedly, on the basis of corporations representing all of the industrial divisions. In Italy, "the corporative state" is defined as "industrial unionism without its revolutionary implications", that is, without its changes for the good of all. "The corporative state" aims to perpetuate, — to "freeze" — the status quo. The NRA was said to be an embryonic "corporative state" with liberal labor features.

This country also has other perversions of I.W.W. theory. They exist in company unions, employee representation and employee participation in stock ownership plans, works councils and labor fronts not in labor union control. The corporations of America know how to turn a good labor idea to their own advantage. American labor should, therefore, be eternally vigilant, lest it be the victim of fake industrial unionism, detrimental to the social good.

William Cullen Bryant

# The Antiquity of Freedom

O Freedom! Thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old war; the massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a dozen fires
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

# So You Need A Maid!

By S. I. STEPHENS

*A Skit in Two Scenes for Six Women*

CHARACTERS

Helen Brown, clerk in the Ace Employment Agency.

Miss Carver
Mrs. Swenson
Miss Schmidt
Miss Fiorelli
Miss Letitia Bascom

} The Unemployed

**N. B.—This skit is based on real experience of a group of unemployed women.—Author.**

## SCENE I

TIME:

An early spring morning during the depression.

SETTING:

The Ace Employment Agency. There is a door at left and one at right. Near door at left is desk with a chair behind it and one before it. On desk are telephone, pencil, pad, file. Along wall at back of stage is a row of 5 chairs. Four of them nearest desk are occupied by women. Above chairs on wall is a placard: ACE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY—SUPERIOR JOBS FOR SUPERIOR PEOPLE. Telephone rings as Miss Brown, a young woman with a serious yet childlike air, enters from door at right. Evidently this is a somewhat new job for her.

BROWN: Good morning! *(Crosses room, bows to 4 women. They respond with forlorn smiles. She sits down at desk, picks up receiver):* Ace Employment Agency, Miss Brown speaking . . . . What is the name? . . . Mrs. Sweetwater? *(writes on pad)* You want someone for housework? . . . Well, Mrs. Sweetwater, I'm certain that I'll be able to get someone suitable—we have so many capable and refined girls . . . Oh! *(faint amazement creeps into her voice)* You don't want anyone refined! . . . Someone with muscle? *(4 women along wall listen attentively)* . . . I see . . . I'll do my best, Mrs. Sweetwater. Thank you. *(hangs up receiver, tears slip off pad, places it in file, with a slightly bewildered expression on her face).*

CARVER: *(Young woman with worried air, carrying a suitbox, rises from 1st chair, approaches desk)* I'd like to register with your agency if I may. My name is Carver.

BROWN: Sit down, please. *(Miss Carver takes chair before desk.)* Just what type of work were you looking for?

CARVER: I'm a library school graduate. *(Hesitates.)* I thought there might be an opening in one of the department stores—that is, in one of the book departments *(watches Miss Brown's face eagerly.)*

BROWN: I'm sorry, we haven't anything like that just now, but if you'll leave your name and address— *(breaks off, eyes Miss Carver curiously, for Miss Carver turns her head away).*

CARVER: *(speaking to herself)* Address? My address? *(looks down at suitbox. Miss Brown and women along wall stare at her. Finally, she turns toward Miss Brown):* I have no address. I was forced to give up my room this morning. The landlady wouldn't allow me to keep it unless I paid something on my back rent. *(Speaks with quiet desperation):* Isn't there something I could do? I've tried so long to secure a library position—but all the libraries are closing or cutting their staffs.

BROWN: Would you do housework?

CARVER: I'll do any work for my room and board.

BROWN: *(searching through file and pulls out card)* Why, I believe I have something right here that might help you, Miss Carver. Mrs. Norton wants a mother's helper to assist with housework. $2.00 a week. I'll write down the name and address and you can apply at once. *(Writes on pad. Miss Carver rises with a smile of relief. Miss Brown hands her the slip.)*

CARVER: Thonk you so much, Miss Brown. I hope I'll make good.

BROWN: *(smiles)* I know you will. *(Miss Carver goes out through door at left).* Next, please. *(A middle-aged woman, shabbily dressed, rises from 2nd chair)* Oh, good morning, Mrs. Swenson!

SWENSON: *(standing before desk)* I come for yob.

BROWN: I'm sorry, Mrs. Swenson, but I don't believe that I have a thing for you. That position in the dressmaking shop didn't materialize. Mrs. Miller said business was so quiet she couldn't think of hiring another woman in the alteration department.

SWENSON *(lowering head)* I mus hev someting.

BROWN: *(searches through file)* Would you take a housework job?

SWENSON: *(clasping hands together)* Oh, ya, anyting, Mrs. Brown.

BROWN: *(takes card from file and purses lips thoughtfully)* Well, I have something here *(looks up at Mrs. Swenson)*. Have you ever done any cleaning, Mrs. Swenson, any heavy cleaning?

SWENSON: Oh, ya, Mrs. Brown, I always do my own cleaning after work. Den after they depression I hev many yobs—cleaning office buildings, cleaning homes.

BROWN: Well, this woman, a Mrs. Sweetwater, wants a husky woman for cleaning. It's permanent, and besides that, Mrs. Swenson, it pays more than anything I have listed today— $3.00 a week, and our fee is low for housework jobs.

SWENSON: *(smiles cheerfully)* Det is fine, Mrs. Brown. Den I hev no expense—my kids, dey stay vit my sister.

BROWN: *(writes on pad, tears off slip, hands it to Mrs Swenson)* Here's the name and address. *(Mrs. Swenson goes out.)* Next, please. *(Telephone rings. She picks up receiver):* Ace Employment Agency, Miss Brown speaking . . . You need a maid? . . . Mrs. Henry Cotton, Jr., 6050 Country Club Drive? *(writes on pad)* . . . A nurse maid? Two children? *(writes on pad)* No experience necessary? . . . Fifty cents a week . . . Thank you, Mrs. Cotton, I'll do my best *(hangs up receiver as a woman with a prim, spinterish air comes through door at left and sits down in 5th chair from desk. Mrs. Brown tears slip from pad, places it in file while a young girl, with her hat set at a jaunty angle, rises from 3rd chair, sits down before desk. She crosses her legs, assumes a nonchalant air, yet underneath it all, she is uneasy.*

SCHMIDT: I s'pose it's useless askin' for an office job?

BROWN: Well, yes, it really is, Miss—

SCHMIDT: Schmidt's the name.

BROWN: What kind of wark do you do, Miss Schmidt? How much experience have you had? You see, we don't bother to register people with less than two years' experience in office work.

SCHMIDT: *(leaning forward eagerly, resting elbow on desk)* Oh, gee, Miss Brown! I've had 4 years' experience—typing and switchboard. For 2 years I was with the Pure White Laundry Company. I did typing, filing, and switchboard work. Then, I had a chance to do just switchboard work at the Giltmore Hotel. I took it. *(Looks down at her purse.)* That was my last job.

BROWN: Why did you leave?

SCHMIDT: *(shrugging)* I had to. The hotel was half empty. Mr. Gardner said two could handle the switchboard.

BROWN: He was your superior?

SCHMIDT: I guess, you'd call him that. But he wasn't so superior if you ask me, let me go without notice. That was 6 months ago. I'd like to see that big stiff now. I shoulda slapped his face—

BROWN: Why, Miss Schmidt!

SCHMIDT: Well, you would, too. When I told him I didn't have any money an' didn't know where I was goin', he says to me, "What's the matter, ain'tcha got a boy friend?"

BROWN: Why—

SCHMIDT: An' I says to him, "Yes, I have but he's in the same boat I am. He's a truck driver—only he ain't got a truck to drive. I'm a switchboard operator—only I ain't got a board to operate."

BROWN: How have you managed these last six months?

SCHMIDT: Sponged on relatives. *(Miss Brown searches through file. Miss Schmidt eyes file dubiously)* I s'pose it 'll have to be housework.

BROWN: I'm sorry—there's nothing else just now. *(pulls card from file)*. Do you like children, Miss Schmidt?

SCHMIDT: Sure, I like kids.

BROWN: Mrs. Cotton wants a girl, no experience necessary, to look after her two children. No heavy work.

SCHMIDT: Can I go out and apply now? *(rises)*

BROWN: *(nods as she fills out slip)* I'll send you out right now. *(hands slip to Miss Schmidt with slightly embarrassed air)* The pay is only fifty cents a week, but if she likes you she'll pay more later—is that all right?

SCHMIDT: Sure. *(hesitates)* You know, I've always detested the idea of hayin' to take housework, but gee, in these days a girl ought to be willing to do anythin' so she won't have to sponge on relatives or go on relief. Don't you think so?

BROWN: Yes, I do. *(Miss Schmidt turns to go)* Good luck! *(at door Miss Schmidt pauses to give a salute, then goes out. The 4th women in row rises during this interval and seats self before Miss Brown's desk. She is a young Italian, wears gold ear rings, carries a large purse, and every now and then an animated smile, revealing a naturally sunny disposition, breaks through her mood of depression.)*

FIORELLI: Mees Fiorelli—I am embroidery wark-

er *(pauses to look at Miss Brown)* But you no have embroidery wark?

BROWN: *(shakes her head)* Only housework—would you do that?

FIORELLI: *(with a droll air picks up purse from lap, opens it, turns it upside down, and shakes it)* Sure, lady, I take housewark. *(leans back in chair and waits for Miss Brown to speak).*

BROWN: *(suppresses smile)* I'll see what I can do. *(earches file).*

FIORELLI: *(no longer able to repress her feelings)* Oh, lady, I do sooch lofelee embroidery wark—so beautiful—de ladies dey lofe eet *(sinks down in chair with disconsolate air)* but they no can pay. *(Miss Brown looks up from file, with card in her hand. Miss Fiorelli revives)* I mek flowers, all kine a flowers—so beautiful—roses, daisies—oh, every kine, but de ladies dey no can pay when depression come. I mek leetle leafs outa da green, I mek da fancy steetches, every kine a fancy steetch—

BROWN: *(gently)* Yes, I know. *(looks at card)* Now here is a place—they will pay seventy-five cents a week, no cooking, just assist with housework, and she doesn't care for an experienced girl. It's permanent, too.

FIORELLI: *(rising)* I go.

BROWN: *(writes on pad, tears off slip, hands it to Miss Fiorelli)* All right, Miss Fiorelli, and the best of luck to you. *(Miss Fiorelli smiles and hurries through door at left. The office is now empty save for the 5th woman in the last chair who still remains seated).* Won't you take this chair, please? *(Miss Brown indicates chair before desk. Fifth woman, with chin high, comes forward quickly, sits down before desk).*

BASCOM: My name is Letitia Bascom. *(She is prim, unsmiling, full of pride.)*

BROWN: Yes, Miss Bascom, and what type of work were you looking for?

BASCOM: Bookkeeping. I've had 25 years' experience. I can furnish the best of references.

BROWN: I don't doubt it, Miss Bascom.

BASCOM: I was never discharged from a position in my life. I held my last one for 12 years. When I was let go because of poor business, my employer complimented me upon my faithfulness and loyalty to the firm.

BROWN: That's a splendid record, Miss Bascom. How long have you been unemployed?

BASCOM: A year and one-half.

BROWN: That's a long time.

BASCOM: *(with considerable feeling)* I lost twelve hundred dollars of my life's savings. I had it invested in a firm that's been doing business for years and years.

BROWN: Yes?

BASCOM: Wattard, Wattard, and Wattard—you've probably heard of them—stocks and bonds.

BROWN: Yes, indeed.

BASCOM: I never dreamed they'd ever go under.

BROWN: *(searches through file)* Would you be willing to do housework?

BASCOM: Of course, I'll do housework. Five generations of my family have lived in this country. My great-great-grandfather was a Minute Man in the American Revolution. No Bascom has ever had to accept a penny of charity. And, certainly, nobody shall ever say that Letitia Bascom was so indifferent to her country's welfare that she was willing to place an added burden upon it by going on relief. *(takes a deep breath at close of this speech. Miss Brown regards her with mingled awe and surprise) Of course,* I'll do housework.

BROWN: Your spirit is—is certainly amazing, Miss Bascom. *(Both women are silent for a moment. Miss Brown draws card from file).* Now, then, I have something here I believe you can fill nicely. I have a request from two maiden ladies—they're around 70 years of age—they want a refined woman to assist with housework in exchange for board, room. There'll be no fee for this, of course. They want someone who will appreciate a good home.

BASCOM: *(softens slightly)* Well, that's very nice of them.

BROWN: *(writes on pad, hands slip to Miss Bascom)* I think you'll fit in there very well. That's the address.

BASCOM: Thank you, good morning. *(She goes out through door at left. Telephone rings).*

BROWN: *(picks up receiver)* Ace Employment Agency . . . Oh, yes, Mary, how are you? . . . I've been quite rushed this morning. So many housewives are looking for maids and so many girls want work . . . I've sent a number out already, but I'm really ashamed the pay is so low . . . Yes, we charge a small fee . . . Exploiting them? . . . Oh, I don't know . . . the girls are desperate, it's either housework or relief . . . All right, then, I'll see you at lunch. Goodbye. *(hangs up receiver).*

## SCENE II

TIME:
One week later.

SETTING:
Same as Scene I.

BROWN: *(Seated at desk with chin cupped in hands, stares thoughtfully ahead of her. Finally, she picks up receiver)* Central 5577 . . . This is Helen, Mary . . . I feel terrible about this whole business, but I think I understand again? . . . 25 South Main street. *(Through door at left a noise of scraping feet and murmuring voices is heard)* . . . All right, Mary, I think some of them are coming now . . . I'll see you later . . . Good bye. *(Door at left open. Miss Fiorelli, Miss Carver,*

*with suitbox under arm, daubing eyes with handkerchief, Mrs. Swenson, walking as though her feet and back hurt, and Miss Schmidt, looking tired and worn, troop into office. Silence prevails, Miss Brown rises from her seat while women arrange themselves in the chairs. Mrs. Swenson drops into first chair against wall and rubs her ankles. Miss Schmidt drops into second chair, leans head against its back, closes her eye. Miss Carver takes seat before desk, sniffing and daubing her eye with handkerchief, while Miss Fiorelli, who seems less fatigued and more cheerful than any of them perches herself on corner of desk farthest from audience. Miss Brown leans forward, palms of hands resting on desk's edge. She speaks with earnestness)* Oh, girls, I don't know what to say. I feel terrible about this whole business, I feel responsible for all your horrible experiences —

FIORELLI: *(consolingly)* Nev' mine, Mees Brown, you no can help.

BROWN: Please believe me when I say I never dreamed —

SCHMIDT: *(opening eyes and sighing)* That's all right, Miss Brown, how was you to know?

BROWN: When some of you called me on the telephone I was amazed. *(sits down)* I want you to tell me all about it.

CARVER: *(begins to cry)* I was never so humiliated in my life — never. *(Miss Fiorelli pats her shoulder. Everyone waits for Miss Carver to speak. She stops crying)* That morning you sent me out I was so hopeful, Miss Brown. Mrs. Morton was leaving just as I came. She was going out to a meeting of the Association for the Alleviation of the Pangs of Poverty—it sounded so kind-hearted. I thought she was going to be nice—and I was so happy.

SCHMIDT: *(rubs her eyes)* That was the way with the dame I worked for—*(in an affected voice)* simply love-lee, girls—but, oh, boy, after the second day! *(pauses to yawn)* I'll never get caught up on sleep!

BROWN: Go on, Miss Carver.

CARVER: She was housecleaning, she said, and I was to start with the attic. Later, when she came home from the all-day meeting of the Association for the Alleviation of the Pangs of Poverty, I found out why. The attic was to be my room.

SWENSON: *(looks up from ankle she has been nursing)* You was lucky, Miss Carver, I slep in de basement vit an ashcan at my head. *(Miss Brown shakes her head)*

CARVER: *(vehemently)* Don't you think people should treat their employees decently?

BROWN: I've just begun to realize that you have to force them to do that.

CARVER: *(looks at Miss Brown)* There are so many things—I don't know where to begin.

BROWN: Go ahead, Miss Carver.

CARVER: Well, I cleaned her house from attic to basement. It was hard work, too. Everything was in a frightful mess. And she was so stingy. Tuesday she scolded me for using cream in my coffee. The cream, she said, was for her husband, her two children, and herself. And then, she had the nastiest habit of counting everything that was left over after dinner—the number of chops or potatoes. In the morning she'd check again. I was so embarrassed by it.

BROWN: Is there anything else, Miss Carver?

CARVER: *(looks embarrassed)* Well — yes, *(The other women appear much interested)*

BROWN: *(gently)* What is it?

CARVER: Her husband — he made passes at me all the time — *(pauses)* That's why she turned me out last night. *(looks down at suitbox in her lap)* I simply couldn't discuss it when I telephoned this morning.

BROWN: And she turned you out?

SCHMIDT: Where'd you stay?

CARVER: *(begins to cry softly)* In the railroad station.

SWENSON: *(shakes head)* Tch — tch — tch —

BROWN: Tell me about it.

CARVER: *(controlling herself)* Last evening Mrs. Morton went to a meeting of the Ways and Means Committee of the Association for the Alleviation of the Pangs of Poverty, and the children went to their scout meetings—Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, you know. Mr. Morton and I were home alone.

SCHMIDT: Go on, Carver, this sounds good.

CARVER: *(with an effort)* I was cleaning the kitchen. It was about 9 o'clock. Mr. Norton was in the living room playing the radio. Finally, he came out into the kitchen and teased me to dance with him. Of course, I refused, but he was so insistent—grabbed my wrists, kissed me, tried to pull me into the living room—*(stops)* The kitchen door leading into the front hall was open, and anyone standing on the front porch could see us scuffling in the kitchen—well, someone was standing on the front porch, and it was Mrs. Norton. *(looks down at suitbox)*

BROWN: What happened then, Miss Carver?

CARVER: She threw this suitbox out on the front lawn and ordered me out of the house. *(Overwhelmed by emotion again)* Oh, Miss Brown, she talked dreadfully. She said poor people were such ungrateful wretches and that if anyone didn't have a job these days it was his own fault. She said she had spent a lifetime working for the poor in the Association for the Alleviation of the Pangs of Poverty and she was through forever. *(chokes back tears)* Then she said something about a serpent in her nest. After that she slammed the door.

BROWN: And you slept in the railroad station. *(Miss Carver nods her head, cries softly)* Try to calm yourself a little, dear, sit over there in one of the chairs until I hear from the rest of the girls. *(Miss Carver rises, takes third chair against wall. Miss Brown glances at Mrs. Swenson who is rubbing her back)* Never mind, Mrs. Swenson, just sit still. Don't get up. You can talk just as well from where you are.

SWENSON: *(sighs)* Dere's noting to tell—Yust verk. Mrs. Sveetvater's relation is coming, an' she vant da huse cleaned. All da time I sleep on a cot in de basement— de ashcan was nearby. *(rubs back)* Ven I vas tru vit da huse cleaning she say I can go—dat vas las' night.

BROWN: Did she pay you your —

SWENSON: Ya, Mrs. Brown, she pay de tree dollar, but she say dere is anoder agency vere she can get da verk done sheeper. *(pauses as door at left opens and a very weak and pale Miss Bascom staggers into office. Miss Fiorelli, Miss Carver. Miss Brown rush to her assistance, lead her to a chair. Miss Bascom, seated in chair, rests her head against its back. Everyone in room stares at her)*

BROWN: Miss Bascom—what's the trouble?

BASCOM: *(waits a long time before replying, then looks up at Miss Brown)* I guess I'm just hungry.

BROWN: Hungry! Why, Miss Bascom—*(walks over to desk and opens her purse. Miss Bascom lowers her eyes as Miss Brown turns toward Miss Carver)* Miss Carver, will you run across the street to the restaurant and bring back some milk and a sandwich?

CARVER: *(rises from chair)* Certainly! *(takes money and leaves through door at left)*

BROWN: Won't you tell me what's happened, Miss Bascom?

BASCOM: I'd rather—*(chokes)*—rather eat first.

BROWN: *(softly)* I'm sorry, Miss Bascom. *(addresses Miss Schmidt as she sits down at desk)* Will you tell me about your expriences? You went out on that nursemaid position with Mrs. Henry Cotton, Jr., didn't you?

SCHMIDT: *(rolls her eyes)* Nursemaid? Say, that woman needs a perpetual motion machine. I never got any rest. I started out as a nursemaid the first day, but after that I was maid-of-all-work, wash-woman, and cook. I brought her breakfast to bed, did her spring cleaning, her washing, and some of her sewing, too.

BROWN: A regular mother's helper.

SCHMIDT: That's it—she never seemed to like to see anybody getting any rest except herself. She stayed in bed until noon every day. Then, she'd get outa bed, call her friends, and talk about her new maid. I guess she never had one before.

SWENSON: Dem is dere virst kind. *(Door at left opens. Miss Carver enters with milk and sandwich. Everyone casts furtive glances at Miss Bascom who begins to eat greedily.)*

SCHMIDT: Last night she was goin' out to a dance and she wanted me to manicure her nails. I wouldn't do it. We had a big row. I told her what us girls doin' housework needed was a union. *(The women stare at Miss Schmidt. Alert expressions leap into their faces at this suggestion)*

CARVER: *(thoughtfully)* Union. *(A faint smile hovers around Miss Brown's lips)*

FIORELLI: *(raises forefinger of right hand)* Union—alla time dat ees what my pop talk about when I am leetle—union, one beeg one.

SCHMIDT: When I mentioned union, Mr. Cotton called me an agitator and said I should be deported. God's knows where—I was born here—and this morning I got my walking papers—and my fifty cents.

FIORELLI: I get da same, Mees Schmidt, las' night *(shrugs)* only I get da seven'y five cen's.

BROWN: *(with despairing sigh)* And that was supposed to be permanent, too?

FIORELLI: Oh, no Mees Brown, on'y da spreeng house clean, she say las' night—she no want girl after da house clean is done.

SCHMIDT: What we need is a union. *(Mrs. Swenson nods her head. Miss Brown regards Miss Schmidt thoughtfully)*

FIORELLI: Alla time dat is what my pop say when I am leetle. He say warkers should have da union. My pop say da union ees like da shield, but da bosses an' da papers dey lie. Alla time dey mek da buzzing in da warkers' ear—da union no good. Alla time dey mek da buzzing in da workers' ear so da warkers no listen when you talk da union.

SCHMIDT: An' the unemployed need some kinda union, too.

SWENSON: Dere is trut in dat verd.

CARVER: I guess people can't get anywhere without organization. *(For a moment silence prevails. Miss Bascom has finished lunch).*

BROWN: How do you feel, Miss Bascom?

BASCOM: Stronger, thank you.

BROWN: It is dreadful—anyone going hungry in this rich land of ours.

SCHMIDT: Ain't it, though?

BASCOM: *(clearing her throat)* When I went out there, Miss Brown, I was certain that I was going to like it. The Misses Talbot were extremely refined ladies. They treated me fairly well—I can't complain there, but—*(her voice drops to a whisper)* they ate like two birds.

BROWN: Just what do you mean?

BASCOM: I've always prided myself on being a delicate eater, but I could not live and keep up my strength on what those two ladies ate—I

(Continued on page 27)


W W
FREEDOM FOR LINDWAY
DRAPER SHOP BRANCH
METAL AND MACHINERY
One Big Union
I W W
UNITE!
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
WORKERS 1. U. 440
ONE BIG UNION
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
FREEDOM FOR LINDWAY
FREEDOM FOR MOONEY

# Is Your Job 100% I. W. W.?

On the opposite page is a picture of some of our members working at the Draper barrel plant in Cleveland. Only about half of them managed to crowd on the stage, and of course the children don't work there. Neither does the woman up front. She's Mrs. Mike Lindway; Mike is still in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio. While he was on strike at the National Screw plant to make that company live up to its promise of a general wage increase, the "vandal squad" went into his home and proceeded—without any witnesses of course, and without any search warrant—to "find" dynamite bombs in his cellar. His lawyer quite properly told him that according to all precedent such evidence could not be accepted in any court; and considering this, when members of the police force told him that should he take the stand to deny that the bombs were his, they would kill him, he said nothing at the trial except "not guilty". But contrary to all legal rulings, the evidence was admitted, the jury convicted Mike, and despite the finding of the Appellate Court of Ohio that this was all contrary to proper legal procedure, both the Supreme Court of Ohio and the "nine old men" in Washington have decided that Mike must stay in jail. This picture was taken at an affair that the Draper shop branch of Metal and Machinery Workers Industrial Union No. 440 of the I.W.W. recently arranged to raise more funds for new efforts by the General Defense Committee to win freedom for Lindway.

All this goes to show that these good union men in the picture believe in solidarity; and while they are organized to make their job as good a job as they can, they are mindful of the fact that a union has concerns outside the walls of the factory. Incidentally this shop is organized 100 per cent; it has been that way ever since a twelve-week strike in the summer of 1934 convinced the management, and those of the workers who hesitated about joining the I.W.W., that that was the only way barrels would be turned out. Now all in the shop are enthusiastic about their union which has won them substantial improvements in wages and conditions. A nickle raise per hour last week brought them to a 60 cent minimum.

One hundred per cent organization, or close to it, has been achieved in a considerable number of other metal working plants in Cleveland by our go-getting fellow workers there. In the Ohio Foundry in Cleveland, also 100 per cent organized, a ten per cent increase all around has just been negotiated. In the American Stove plants, the management has agreed to time all piece work to a minimum of 65 cents per hour. The Republic Brass workers, another 100 per cent I.W.W. shop, are asking now for a 20 per cent increase, and Cochrane Brass for ten per cent.

In these and other metal working shops wholly or partly organized by Metal and Machinery Workers Industrial Union No. 440, the I.W.W. brand of industrial unionism has proved very effective in doing for workers what they want a union to do.

Is your shop or job organized as well as these? With some of the enthusiastic effort that produced these results, it can be repeated where you work . . . and now is not the proper time to go to sleep about organizing it 100 per cent either.

How to do it? Arouse some interest in the I.W.W. program of real industrial unionism perhaps by a few stickers, or any other means that may be handy. Talk to a few of your fellow workers in whom you have confidence; explain to them the superiority of the I.W.W. over all other organizations. Get their applications, and form a committee to organize the job. They will know of others in whom they can put confidence, just as you knew them. Make arrangements for the message of the I.W.W. to be given to all on the job, by literature or otherwise. Arrange for a meeting where those talking will know what is what on that job, what improvemenlts can be made by organizing in the I.W.W. Get your fellow workers to join, and to elect a job committee, and to instruct this committee what to tell the management.

These are days of high speed in all things, even in organizing your job. To keep up with the pace we must ask every member to be an organizer as well as a member—and the job you work on is probably the best place in the world to organize.

★ ★ ★

# MR. SCISSORBILL OBJECTS

*By* EVERT ANDERSON

**A scissorbill is one of those unfortunate hybrids — a worker from the ears down, but a capitalist from the ears up.**

Mr. Scissorbill is raising his objections to the I.W.W. Quote: "But my gorsh, gee whizz, there's got to be some head to things." Unquote.

Right, there needs to be some head to things. There needs to be some direction to human endeavor.

What we need is planned economy. Our main objection to capitalism is that it has no plan for human welfare except in a few cases where the "private profit" plan happens to coincide with the welfare of the community. The capitalist head to things is where their feet ought to be, and their feet are where their head ought to be—and it's a cloven hoof at that.

The devastating effects of capitalist direction can be seen in our destroyed forests (and what little is left is being destroyed as fast as capitalist direction and means of destruction will allow). About $75,000,000 worth of forest is destroyed yearly by fire. Much of this destruction is preventable but not under "private business" management. The two billion or so board feet of timber destroyed every year would make a lot of nice homes for people to live in. But even here on the coast where fine trees grow thick and tall, lumber jacks have to live in ramshackle houses.

The I.W.W. objects to these things. The problem is surely not settled by informing the speakers, "If you don't like this country, why don't you go back where you came from?" In the majority of cases the I.W.W. speaker comes from here—America. It is not the country we of the I.W.W. object to. It is the capitalist destruction of our resources for profit's sake, causing untold misery to millions of our class, that we object to. Production for profit must go. "Production for use" is the coming and most logical system of human relationship.

There is probably no department in American production where destruction is more glaring than in the fields of agriculture. Thousands of farms in the middle west have been carried away by storms. Thousands of others have gone with the river to the ocean. These disasters have been termed "acts of God", which is only one way of misplacing the blame. No wonder the old man turns a deaf ear when you pray for rain.

The real cause is to be found in the present capitalist method of farming. Too much land broken up by the plow all at once. Too many wheat crops on the same fields for too many years in succession. The same may be said of corn, cotton, tobacco. Too many trees cut from the hillsides so that when it rains, the water runs off too fast, taking part of the farm along with it to the river—there being nothing to check it. When the expropriated business farmer finally joins the WPA, he may blame the Lord, Communism, or the I.W.W. for his troubles; but that won't replace the dust that once was his farm.

A few feeble attempts to heal some of the wounds in agricultural fields have been undertaken by the government, but private business interests will not allow a complete solution of the problem. What to do about it: Make the land along with all of American industry the property of the working class of America. Start planning on a large scale for the service of mankind—"production for use." Production for profit must go!

In the manufacturing industries (machinofacture is really a more descriptive word now than manufacture), thousands of items are made and later forced on the public by high-pressure sales methods that any sane socio-economic organization would consider a crime. You buy hair tonics that do not tonc; antiseptics in which bacteria reproduce; tin cans with no tin in them; leather shoes soled with cardboard boxes; woolen garments made of cotton shoddy; chewing gum that no one save the worst criminal should be sentenced to chew on; and oak wood furniture made of any kind of wood plus deceptive paints.

There is one industry, however, where the utmost care is taken to turn out the real article—the armament industry. The government has summoned the learned men of science—chemists, physiologists, bacteriologists, technologists—to make sure that the poison gas they make will really choke you; their shells wreck your home; their bacteria poison your drinking water. Death and destruction are the objects of capitalist warfare and they want to be sure that they have the very best in the world to do the job with. It seems to be the sole purpose of capitalism to have a lot produced so that they will have lots to destroy.

Mr. Scissorbill speaking: "But my gawd, we gotta have some kind of government to keep people from fighting all the time, ain't we?" No comment on Mr. Scissorbill's speech just yet.

The American economy is most certainly divided into two distinct classes—the Roosevelt victory to the contrary notwithstanding—the working class and the employing class. When the American state was organized, the working people were too busy making a living for themselves and for the capitalist loafers to pay any attention to government. While the workers were thus busying themselves clearing land, building fences, making huts for themselves, and good houses for the loafers, the employing class went ahead and organized the "slugging committee of the ruling class"—the American government. The loafers were, of course, too fond of leisure to become active in the government themselves; so they hired some lazy mugs with strong arms and weak brains to do the slugging for them. They hired older men for judges and politicians who did not have much brains either; but they differed from the strong arm sluggers in that they insisted on using their brains every now and then which proved both disastrous and costly every time they did so. Of course the rich loafers didn't mind much because in the end all damage was paid for by the working people anyway. But just the same what they like the best is to have presidents similar to "Sir 'Erbert 'Oover" and "Silent Cal", who leave everything to the good Lord and the policeman's club. There is some talk about Roosevelt being a communist since for good business reasons he became a friend of the Soviet Union; but don't let 'em kid you—he isn't.



*Mr. Scissorbill wants to know how the capitalist can afford to rob us less.*

Essentially, the purpose of the capitalist government is to keep the working people down—to make good use of the club whenever a group of workers get a notion to get up. The government doesn't keep people from fighting. On the contrary it maintains schools where sons of working people may learn how to ram a bayonet into each others guts and to give it a half turn so as to do the most good. Indeed, it is the government that officially declares wars, during which millions of working stiffs succeed in eliminating each other. It is considered very manly to die in such wars. Lately they have started wars without declaring them, but the munition companies furnish moral support and ammunition in either case without any argument.

Scissorbill, commenting on the strike situation: "My goodness gracious, why don't these strikers get together with the boss and find out what he wants—like Father Hagen says they ought—so as they'll get somewhere?" Let us restate the fact that present-day society is divided into classes—the working class and the employing class. It would be far more descriptive and to the point to call the latter, the robber class; but their robbing game has been legalized by themselves for which reason a great many working people feel a deep founded respect for this system. Every now and then workers go on strike, protesting the rate at which they are being robbed. When the victim of a stick-up artist starts protesting, he is unceremoniously shot. It wouldn't do to attract a big crowd; and, anyway, the thief isn't going to stand for any arbitration unless he absolutely has to. However, as a rule, when a sucker is rubbed out, he can't be robbed any more; so you can readily see that a much better policy is to keep him alive and break the sucker into the habit of being robbed so that the stick-up can be repeated. That is why in time of strikes, the employer hires some gunthug to KILL A FEW WORKERS ONLY so that the others will get scared and go to work. It doesn't always work however, and that's when the employer starts scheming for more subtle methods. "Let's get together," he says to his worker victims. "Let's talk these things over. No reason, John, why you and I can't come to some kind of understanding. Sit down, John," he says, "And let my book-keeper and this lawyer of mine prove to you with figures cold and sober that I am really losing money on the business right now." (He's got nerve, trying to tell us that he is losing money robbing us—what do you think?) Should Johnny still persist in his demand for higher wages—even after the boss's lawyer has told why he should be content with his lot—the employer calls upon his government to "get rid of these un-American reds,

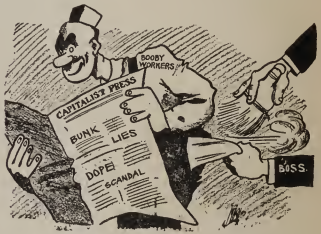
anarchists, and I.W.W. foreigners." Thus the nature of the relationship between boss and bossed is such that it is rather difficult and, indeed, quite ridiculous for the worker to try to get together with the boss. Quite as foolish as it would be for a hold-up victim to try to arbitrate the issue of the stick-up with his 45 caliber opponent. The right thing to do would be to gang up on him (organize) and then take away his gun. Of course he would object to this direct action method very much on the ground that it would "destroy all of our most sacred American institutions." He would appeal to the public that "it is about time it took a hand in this matter that concerns the welfare of the community so much." That unless something is done pretty soon we'll sure have Communism in this country if not something still worse —IWWism. "And then what will become of your home, your wives, children, religion, and the right to work for whomsoever you choose?"

Scissorbill: "Well anyway, it's always been this way; and it will always be the same. Pop's grandpop said it's human nature, and you can't change it."

Institutions, human behavior, and habits are always changing. The institutions change very slowly compared with methods of production, and this causes a helluva lot of trouble from time to time. But nevertheless we are subject to change. People used to eat each other—cannibalism—and they kept it up for some time until it finally gave 'em such a belly-ache they had to cut it out. In the meantime they had discovered better stuff to stew up on. People used to have so many gods that they simply couldn't keep track of 'em—rain gods, mountain gods, valley gods, uphill gods, downhill gods, snow gods, harvest gods, thunder gods, silent gods; and god knows how many more. But the god business has concentrated into fewer and fewer hands so that now it is a highly centralized affair run by only a handful of gods, one might say. Even some of these are in the process of elimination. People used to live in caves. Now they live in steamheated apartments. Of course, many sleep in box cars and under bridges, but it's a change just the same. People use to have to scratch the soil with a crooked stick from sun-up until dark to make a poor living. Now machinery does the work, and we can produce much more than we need. Of course, it's true that we stand there like a bunch of dummies and "starve in the midst of plenty"; but the world is changing though; and some day we'll have spunk enough to help ourselves and not wait for the boss to pay us off with soup.

Scissorbill: "I don't believe in any kind of union; but if you fellahs have to fool around, why don't you join in with the boss so as he will give you a chance to get somewhere. My gracious! You don't think he will let you join the I.W.W., do you?"

It is not what the boss wants you to do; it is what you need to do. The boss doesn't want you to join anything. What he likes the best is to have you stick up your hands and close your eyes while he plucks you. But if you must join something, just for the sake of joining, he would rather have you join a company union, or the A. F. of L., or the C.I.O. and help him promote the stick-up game. In order to discourage working people from joining anything detrimental to his business, he has passed a law called the "Criminal Syndicalist Law". Criminal Syndicalism means criminal unionism. In other words, in the eyes of the boss, anybody that tries to stop his racket or get the best out of his "slugging committee' is




*Mr. Scissorbill dashes to the commissary for the Evening Crimes.*

a criminal. The boss will not permit any working class scissorbill to join with him in the Chamber of Commerce. Occasionally he admits a hard-working farmer with plenty of money to join him, but only long enough to fleece him of his dough.

Scissorbill: "Well, that's more than you fellahs will do. You won't even let a poor farmer join the I.W.W." The American farmer is a business man. He differs from his more well to do "Babbits" in the city only in that he is a poor business man. He thinks in terms of buy-cheap and sell-dear; and even when his farm is traveling east, in a sandstorm at the rate of 80 miles per hour, he still thinks this system is O.K., if only wage-labor were cheaper, freight rates lower, and the price of wheat higher at the time he has some for sale. During harvest, he turns the town-clowns on Wobblies, who fight for higher wages; so you can see why we don't want such goofs in our union. You see, the I.W.W. organizes only those whose economic interests are identical—the wage working class. Fortunately, for the ultimate program of the I.W.W., the wage labor class is the most numerous. Its ranks are being augmented yearly by those whose buy-cheap and sell-dear game did

(Continued on page 32)



# John Farmer Is All Washed Up

*By*
**RAYMOND CORDER**

**America today, like England 90 years ago, finds its foreign market for steel and autos and money itself, dependent on the sale of agricultural products to America, and the politician faces restricted production and imported meat while out to catch the farmer's vote.**

**Thus financial imperialism undermines "the dirt farmer" and makes the industrial organization of agricultural wage labor all the more necessary to cope with the powerful Farm Corporation.**

The American farmer as a rugged individualist, combining the characteristics of business man, land baron and employer of labor, is being compelled through inexorable economic forces, to step aside and make way for a new system of agriculture. The coming of larger units of agricultural production is as inevitable as taxes and death. Until 1920 agriculture lagged behind the heavy industries in this respect, but since then, due to various causes, such as the loss of export markets, the shutting off of immigration, a declining birth rate, the crash of land values that left the farmers staggering under a top-heavy debt load, and the foreclosures of this depression, the centering of lands into the hands of the banks and insurance companies has brought agriculture into step with the heavy industries and hastened the day of agricultural monopoly and eventually of socialization.

The individual farmer is doomed. He cannot continue as a business man, and though he may pound with futile fury and bleeding knuckles against the economic barrier that wall him off the land, he must go, not only because his methods are obsolete, but because he as a type is of a day now past. Corporate farming under capitalism, and under fascism should our folly compel us to go through that too, will replace individual farming practices.

The Farm Corporation, a great holding, composed of many farms and ranches, is following the trend of capitalism to concentrate wealth and production into the hands of financial oligarchies. Industrialization of the land will be the result and its erstwhile owners will be reduced to the status of industrial workers and tenants. We are not dealing here with subsistence farming, but with business farming. The stump rancher and the hillside farmer, who raises some corn and turnips on which to subsist, may resist and resent any progress that would bulge him from his manure pile, and be with us for some time, even in a new society; but the business farmer is doomed.

The trend toward the oligarchial ownership of land is inevitable as was the ravishing of small business and manufacture by the trusts that grew up first in the capital and durable goods industries. And just as the trustification of the heavy industries, throwing the ownership for the production and distribution of durable goods into the hands of financial oligarchy, paves the way for social ownership and management, so is the Farm Corporation fulfilling a like historic destiny.

With the centering of ownership and management of all industry, including agriculture, into the hands of the financial oligarchy, the next step is socialization. It is inevitable because capitalism is not static, must keep moving, can't move backward, and must move forward. This forward drive

was little impeded when there were new frontiers to be conquered and settled; but by now the habitable portions of the earth have been so well populated, and the investment in capital goods, as factories, railroads, mines, steam ships, rental properties, etc. have been so extensive, that today the world's capitalists fight like cats and dogs for the excusive right to sell their goods in the few remaining exploitable areas. There is left one of two things to do: plunge into the holocaust of war that may well wipe out so-called civilization, or bow to socialization. They will never accept socialization, and as we workers do not want to be exterminated in any such useless and painful manner, it is up to us to organize for the overthrow of capitalism, and to take over and socialize these industries that have been brought, all unconsciously, to the threshold of socialization.

But to get back to John Farmer. To understand the economic shift of agricultural production as a big business, we must review it historically in both its national and international settings. Before the world war the United States was a debtor nation—foreign investments here exceeded the investments of American capital abroad. "From 1850 the country was slowly being transformed from a basically agricultural into a basically industrial economy." As the country expanded industrially an ever expanding market was needed. Congress passed the Homestead Act in 1862, throwing open the public lands for free settlement. The greatest spur to the settlement of the West however was the repeal, back in 1846, of England's protective corn laws. (The political influence of British manufacturers had excelled the influence of the landowners, and by free trade cheaper foodstuff was to be secured to add to the exploitability of industry's wage workers even though it meant less income for the landholding aristocracy.) London, Manchester, Liverpool, were to be opened to American agricultural products. "The existence of great agricultural surpluses permitted American capitalism to grow to maturity . . . for our export of foodstuffs made possible the importation of the raw materials and capital needed for the development of American industry.*"

*) Louis M. Hacker, "The Farmer Is Doomed," John Day Pamphlet.

The expansion of both industry and agriculture in the United States was made possible partly by buying the needed equipment and materials with agricultural products, partly by borrowing and paying the interest with these same products. "We fed England while *she* engaged in the industrial exploitation of Europe , , , To make possible the mass production of industrial articles with which the world could be flooded, cheap foodstuffs were necessary . . . English agriculture was weighed down with an agrarian economy already in its decline . . . high rents . . . and impoverished soil needing renewal . . . Its abandonment was necessary. This is what the rising industrial capitalists of England effected when they decided to put an end to those tariff duties and import restrictions which had been protecting the English growers since the days of the Tudors" (Hacker.)

It was a grim political fight in England to accomplish this. It meant the dominance of the business class instead of the dominance of the aristocracy. It meant a transfer of income from the aristocracy to the business class effected through lower prices for grain. lower rents for agricultural land, lower wages for labor, higher profits for capital. It also meant that countries supplying England with foodstuff could buy equipment and materials, could



## *Where Are The Agricultural Surpluses?*

The following figures from the United States Department of Agriculture show the percentage of increase required to furnish the men, women and children of America with an adequate diet:

| | Present production or supply | Required for an adequate diet | Percentage increase required |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dairy cattle | 23,100,000 | 40,800,000 | 76 |
| Beef cattle | 11,200,000 | 16,100,000 | 43 |
| Veal cattle | 8,800,000 | 14,800,000 | 68 |
| Hogs | 69,400,000 | 84,900,000 | 22 |
| Sheep and lambs | 21,000,000 | 29,900,000 | 42 |
| Poultry, stock | 458,900,000 | 627,300,000 | 36 |
| Vegetable and truck acres | 2,320,000 | 7,091,000 | 204 |
| Citrus fruits, acres | 565,000 | 854,000 | 51 |
| Other tree crops, acres | 4,605,000 | 9,799,000 | 112 |

pay interest on investments, could become debtor nations and provide a market alike for British goods and British surplus capital accumulating as it did from the wealth that British industrial workers turned out in excess of their wages.

Today the shoe is on the other foot. The world war made the United States a creditor nation. It turns out a surplus of production goods. Its investments and loans abroad exceed the foreign investments here. American capitalists, grown to a maturity undreamed of by the English repealers of the corn laws, have repealed wheat and little pigs by plowing them under, and we eat Argentine beef and Australian grain, in order that American automobiles and other manufactured commodities may be shipped abroad. *Our* agrarian economy is in its decline, and *our* depleted soils are being blown and washed away.

Politicians are bad economists, and the farm business is based on false economy. The government has tried, and continues to try, to plug up the holes with alphabetical formulas in order not to lose the farm vote: but bad economics is unworkable, especially so in the hands of vote gatherers, and all their efforts at remedying the situation are foredoomed to failure.

One of the most misleading words in the dictionary is "*Surplus*". Politicians believe that if the farm surplus is wiped out, everything will be hotsy-totsy, and prosperity will come out from her hiding around the corner. But there is no surplus of any of the basic commodities. There is not enough corn, or cotton, or hogs. If every man, woman, and child in this country were put on an adequate diet, nothing fancy, but of well balanced meals necessary to keep them healthy and vigorous, more food stuffs would have to be raised, not plowed under. The percentage of increase needed for this is shown in the accompanying table. Look it over. Where are the surpluses?

Search among the fumblings and gropings of the conservative and liberal economists reveals no remedy for this situation were with food production far below what is needed for an adequate diet, even this is plowed under to remove alleged "surpluses". They readily admit that the economic structure is out of plumb, that it will collapse in time, and that they are fearfully uncertain of results: but their theories and tables of statistics all end with question marks.

One thing is certain. John Farmer as a business man is all washed up. His inefficient methods, his individualism, his spirit of "me first and the devil take the hindmost", are outmoded in the face of lost export markets and the necessity of efficient methods of production to prevent soil erosion. These bar him as a competent provider of foodstuffs for the domestic market. The general tightening up has made mass production of food stuffs necessary, so here is where farm corporations, many of them subsidiaries of canning and

food packing interests, come into the picture. They are in the logic of the trend of things whether we like them or not. John Farmer will become a wage worker, and it is to be hoped that no rugged individualism on his part will make him a troublesome scab in the economic battles between the organized farm workers and the farm corporations.

Here also is the reason why agricultural workers must organize industrially. To fight an agricultural monopoly for more pay and better conditions is a very different matter from fighting John Farmer, the erstwhile landbaron. The opposition is better organized. Another reason why workers must organize industrially is that the historic role of the monopolists is to organize industry to the point where it becomes socialized in function and thus ready for socialization in management and in ownership. It will be up to the workers to run the industries, and they must be organized in such a way that they can run the workers efficiently. Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 110 of the I.W.W. is such an organization. It will have to fight monopoly farming for a living, and eventually take it over. The little business man, John Farmer, is all washed up.



Such conflicts as this of the Salinas, California, lettuce strikers last September may be expected more frequently as large corporations take control of the distribution and production of agricultural products. It will take a fighting industrial union to win.

# The Economics of Fascism

I.

In the days before fascism was heard of, the question whether socialism was inevitable was sometimes approached from this viewpoint: May not the contradictions of capitalism which make its indefinite continuation impossible, be dissolved by the more complete organization of the employing class, or even by the trend toward the concentration of wealth into the hands of some oligarchy small enough to apply an intelligent paternalism to modern productive forces?

The contradictions were there and were real enough. The swing of the business cycle regularly proclaimed that the growing order and planning inside the factory was not balanced by any such planning in the economy as a whole, and thus the best regulated of plants must periodically close its gates for the lack of market. The market was not there because the growing productivity of labor, which had increased several thousand per cent in the great advance of mechanization since the end of the 18th century, was not balanced by any such increase in the capacity of the proletarized mass of the population to get and use this wealth, for their living standard at the best times reflected only about twice the purchasing power they had before the industrial revolution.

This disparity was kept within workable limits only by the increasing internal wastefulness of capitalists economy, which often enough spends more to market a product than it does to make it, and by the re-investment of the surplus in new industries at home, or imperialistically, abroad. But every rational growth in capitalism, its trusts and cartels, lessened this easing wastefulness, and the accumulation of capital either enhanced the productivity of labor at home or exploited cheaper labor at the far ends of the earth. The one substantial release on this growing and unused productivity was the military aspect of imperialism which often spent more to gain some object by war that it would have cost to buy it outright.

The function of industry was social, doing in a large collective way what previously had been done in a small way in men's homes, but there was little or no social control. Mild-minded professors were fully aware of this, and likewise aware that much more of the unpleasant disturbance of life, all the way from increasing nervous disorders to crime waves, was the result of the contradiction between the social function of the productive equipment and its private control. They reasoned optimistically that regulation by commission of democrative governments would be found increasingly necessary, and would step by step establish the needed balance, thus subordinating socially functioning industry to the public interest and re-establishing the supremacy of human intelligence over the industrial Frankenstein it had created.

To such liberals, the efforts of labor alike in its strikes or in its building of a philosophy of class struggle, were viewed as just so much more unpleasant disturbance—something that eventually would be regulated or ironed out by a commission appointed in the public interest. The efforts of labor to remedy the great disparity between production and earnings was discussed by such professors under the head of "The Labor Problem." That there were such workers as the I.W.W. deliberately "fanning the flames of discontent and preaching the doctrine of an irreconcilable struggle between capital and labor", appeared to such thinkers as a most lamentable thing, as an unintelligent disregard for their text books and their liberal teachings to be excused only by comparison with such other monstrous things as the plug-ugly labor policy of U.S. Steel. To them this class struggle appeared only as another factor holding back their Utopia of social regulation by commission in the public interest.

Today this dream of the liberals is fulfilled so far as it can be, in fascism. Now that the omelette is cooked, it is not to their taste, and, still mild-mannerdly as befits them, they ask that the eggs be put back in the shell. The public interest that is being served isn't their public, and their whole scheme of democracy is squashed. The standard of living under fascism goes down instead of up. Its regulated economy instead of furthering world peace as they had thought a regulated and rationalized economy would surely do, promotes world armament on an unprecedented scale. And man's intelligence, instead of becoming supreme, is almost completely removed as a disturbing factor in fascist society by being outlawed and sent to a concentration camp.

So there must have been an error somewhere in the reasoning. Were the stresses and strains, the impacts and blows, the ups and downs of unregulated capitalism due merely to the contradiction between the social function of the productive equipment and its private control? Or did they result from a quite separate contradiction between productivity and earnings? Could the social regula-

tion of the business cycle, even with the most complete restrictions on boom speculation and the best planned postponement of public works to slack times, and the most complete of codes to restrict the insane modern editions of competition, erase the fact that labor does not own what it produces, and that a surplus is produced regardless of whether it be produced evenly or unevenly? And didn't this contradiction between expanding production and limited earnings only express some still more basic contradiction — that those whose tremendous productive power could undertake the most gigantic tasks of linking oceans, or digging tunnels, or girdling the globe with copper cables, were still powerless to say whether their children should eat or not? Was the labor movement with its persistent demand for "more and more and more" and its philosophy of class struggle, just another unpleasant disturbance of capitalism, a problem to be solved by some commission, or was this labor movement, considered as an element in the historic process, by its continuous struggle for power over production, power over the means of life, the one agent that could dissolve the contradictions of capitalism?

That the answer is yes, is confirmed by an examination of the question: Why doesn't fascism work?

## II.

An examination of the economy of fascism should disclose many things. One very useful bit of information it should yield is what and where this fascism is that we are fighting.

First it should be understood that fascism is not just political dictatorship, not just militant reaction, not just the abridgement of civil liberties, not just the old rough and ready way of trampling on labor, and not just a process of Jew-baiting either. We have had all these things with us before. None of them needed the corporative state; none of them tried to take the whole life in tow and regulate it to a plan; none of them sought to invent a new type of society. Neither should fascism be understood as the social realization of a philosophy. Back in 1921 Mussolini said: "During the two months which remain before us, I should like to see us create the philosophy of Italian Fascism." It was created voluminously within those two months as trimmings for a far more substantial reality.

Fascism is this militant reaction detested by liberals set to the task of realizing the liberal's regulation of economy in a public interest—the public in fascism as in any other phase of capitalism, being those who pay the regulators.

An examination of who pays to keep fascism going and to get it started will readily disclose that it is not a phenomena confined within the boundaries of Italy, Germany, or any other nation. Back in 1934 in the "Fortune" article that led to so many disclosures of the internationalism of the armament makers, Adolf Hitler was disclosed as a champion promoter of arms sales on behalf of all the armament makers. Fritz Thyssen, "King of the Ruhr" provided a large part of the fund to get him started. The directors of the large Skoda works controlled by Schneider of France, but in which Vickers-Armstrong of England is also interested, also contributed. And in 1933 before his coup, Adolf paid a most peculiar fine for contempt of court; he had brought suit against a German journalist for stating that he had been financed directly by Schneider-Creusot, French armament makers; in court he was asked the question direct; he refused to answer, and paid 1000 marks fine for contempt of court rather than answer. The French press, controlled by the armament makers, welcomed Hitler with a shriek for further defense, and the investment in Hitler paid well, as France became the leader among nations of the world both for armament and for the export of arms.

Hitler is not only an excellent arms salesman, but quite willing to reciprocate in mustering up adequate means for other nations to participate properly in our mutual extermination. As Willson Woodside observes in the February Harper's alongside of idle textile mills, margarine factories and packing plants, idle for the lack of a market, the metal industries of Germany are working overtime, and are far behind in deliveries. They are not only arming Germany, but busy making equipment for England as well; and of 668,000 tons of construction underway in German shipyards, 104,000 tons are for Britain. This fascism is an international undertaking and not confined to the internationalism of the armament makers. Fascist economy, for various reasons to be explained later, runs on a deficit; it is not up to non-fascist capitalism in efficiency; it is kept going by the support of world capitalism. There have been direct loans, unpaid. In 1927 Mussolini was saved from a crisis by a $100,000,000 loan floated in the United States. Last year he had Italian interests sell their control of Mosul Oil Fields Ltd., to the British Iraq Petroleum Co. Last September he floated another $236,000,000 loan purchasable only in foreign currency, not officially floated here because under the recent Johnson Act those governments defaulting on war debts cannot borrow here. Such deals, and the complaisant way in which the government of the "democratic nations" have financed exports to Germany and Italy, and the credits directly extended by such exporters, should all set at rest any notion that non-fascist capitalism desires to check the advance of fascism, and may ally itself with labor in order to do so.

The internationalism of fascism has shown itself in many ways apart from these financial transactions. Class conscious capitalists (and despite their professional patriotism they are all by the nature of their investments good internationalists) saw that their press from 1922 on welcomed Mussolini?; and the feature writers who howled over the Bolshevik atrocities presented Benito as a rather jovial administrator of castor oil. The international solidarity of capitalist nations and their labor politicians in aiding Franco in the fascist invasion of Spain, should puzzle only those who forget that in 1934 it was Italian aid in arms and money that upset the liberal government in Austria and drove Vienna's socialism underground. Hitler states quite openly his willingness to perform a like service for international investors in Czechoslovakia. That this can be done agreeably to all capitalist concerned, is shown by the fascist seizure of the Rio Tinto copper mines in Spain, with the result that shipments previously delivered to Britain are now delivered to Germany; yet there has been no complaint lodged by the British owners. Fascism enters the world at a time when capitalism is well developed as a world economy, years after a world war in which allied soldiers were killed with equipment obligingly furnished by their own nations, and long after the typical business unit had become the corporation selling its stocks and bonds and debentures on all the exchange of the world to any buyer who wished to buy. It is most decidedly an international venture, maintained by international support rendered alike morally, politically, and financially.

Why does international capital support these ventures in "deficit economies?" The answer is largely why capital supports government in the first place. To the investor in stock in the proper German enterprises, fascism is not a deficit economy at all. Since 1929 the profits of German employers have risen six-fold, from 500,000,000 to 3,000,000,000 marks. This has come from a cut in wages by over one half. The employers did not get the full advantage of this extra exploitation of labor; a very substantial part of it as of everything has gone to the official racketeers; but even so a six-fold increase in profits is tempting. Wages are down to an average of 25 marks (about $10) per week; but to pay for this service of smashing up unions, stopping all strikes, and restricting civil liberties as must be done to achieve such wage levels, the taxes run to 9,000,000,000 marks or three times the profits. Even this pays only one half the current budget . . . And beside the taxes there is a tremendous amount of outright graft and forced donations to the Nazis. Incidentally the resources for future exploitation are being ruined. The shortsightedness of Fascist planning is shown by the depletion of the forests that since the days of Bismarck have been nursed with the utmost of care. Says Herr Goering: "The say I am using up too much of Germany's forests . . . but if I have struck too deep into them so far, I shall strike two or three times as deep, for I had better destroy the forests than the nation." The physique of the working class deteriorates in a manner that will undermine eventually their productivity and their military usefulness. In relation to world economy, a most necessary element for successful exploitation is the inventiveness to keep technique on a competitive par with the rest of the world; the deterioration of German science and learning in general undermines this perhaps most important resource of all; the inventions made in concentration camps do not usually come under the head of the productive arts. But fascism by its very nature does not look far to the future.

Why is fascism economically a failure? Why can't the complete regulation of capitalist enterprise result in a more efficient use of resources and equipment than the unplanned and chaotic capitalism of the rest of the world? The answer to this question also answers another: Why, if fascism is internationally endowed, is it so intensely nationalistic?

A planned economy must be a relatively self-contained economy. Thus Mussolini's famous, though unsuccessful "Battle for Wheat", his draining of marsh-land, and his latest supreme effort to colonize Italy and Ethiopia alike in the style of the emperors from Constantine on, his adscription of agricultural labor as serfs to the soil. He calls this serfdom "deproletarization", but frankly says that Italy must have "genuine peasants, attached to the soil, who do not ask the impossible, who know how to content themselves." It is a form of sharecropping but with payment in kind that takes Italian agriculture back many centuries and results in some 6,000,000 rural workers, according to an official survey made in 1934, living either in caves or hovels, or in houses, as the report put it "almost absolutely uninhabitable." The same fact is back of Hitler's battle for "Rohstoffreiheit" —to need no foreign imports of raw materials. You can't plan capitalism, and keep it a part of a chaotic world capitalism. At the same time to step out of world economy is most uneconomical. With the free interchange of the products of various parts of the earth in an unbridled competition, goods are normally produced where they can be produced cheapest. Germany pays for "freedom in raw materials" by using ore of 35 per cent iron content which costs four times as much to smelt as Swedish 65 per cent ore—and now she is mining 5 and 7 per cent deposits in the Hartz Mountains! On the first steps along the old "Berlin to Bagdad" route lie bauxite for

making aluminum and oil, and these may explain much of the internal politics of this region, as Germany lacks both.

But if the failure of fascist economy is the result of an attempt to replace the use of the world's resources with the uneconomic spoilation of the fascist nation's own, then would not fascism succeed should it blossom out, as it threatens to, in a world fascist economy, or even in some region, as these United States, where nature has endowed the land with most of the resources needed? As to the latter, even the United States could not maintain its present population long without imports; there is scarcely any industrial process in which we engage that does not absolutely require some import. But perhaps world fascism is possible. To capitalists it is not a desirable state of affairs; it means that all but a handful of capitalists would be reduced to the universal serfdom; and the regulation of a world would be most costly. Though the bourgeois historians write of the latter days of the Roman empire as a time when the hand of the state was everywhere regulating all things, the modern business man reading such history understands that this hand of the state was everywhere grabbing things too.

World economy could readily enough be co-ordinated on the basis of a community of interests to effect the highest possible standard of living for all—if run by producers for producers; but to co-ordinate world economy under an iron heel, on the basis of discordant interests, where every petty official of the supreme oligarchy was looking for his graft for doing this dirty work, where everyone was discontent, where the military command was incessantly needed to maintain order and thus made mindful of its own opportunity to become the supreme oligarchy, is to enter a period of even greater chaos and waste than we suffer from now.

Fascism is not a forward looking plan; it is not even to be explained in terms of a far-sighted rationalism on the part of those who support it; it is the blind retreat from the threshold of new order that offers abundance to all, and thus privilege, prestige, and the sundry other perverted desiderata of a class society to none. It rallies its support with an irrational appeal, and is not to be fought by any other means than power. The road to fascism is paved with liberal good intentions. Its means of operation is the regulation of the disturbances of capitalism in an alleged public interest. All planned control of economy not vested in labor, and not run by workers for workers, is grist for its mill. Every regulation over workers, either by union officials or by public bodies on which such union officials sit, is another brick for its world-wide jailhouse. And the




materials are being accumulated rapidly the world over.

Against this drift to Mussolini's serfdom there are tremendous forces that can be rallied—the great dynamic power that has brought the world forward to this alternative of going back to serfdom and famine or forward to a greater freedom and plenty. Capital establishes fascism, albeit reluctantly, for the same reason that it establishes and supports any form of government, hollering the while for "more business in government and less government in business. It is done to "police the poor." It is done on an ever increasing and more costly scale because capitalism is ever the breeder of a profounder discontent. Capitalism requires and produces a working class schooled and trained and brought into the contacts requisite for building revolutionary class organization; the most able class that ever in history submitted to exploitation by a class of idlers. It creates abilities that it cannot use; and unused ability is the great disturbing factor that fascism cannot put down.

The contradictions of capitalism—the great basic ones that are involved in the working class struggle for power over the means of life—can not be ironed out even by an iron heel. They persist as a driving force toward a new society, but as a force that can build this new society only if organized as a class force, on the basis of class struggle, by workers vigilantly avoiding every restriction to their own activity, whether from inside their organization or outside it. Therein lies the greater historic role of the I.W.W., more readily visualized today than ever before—by the planned economy of plenty that can be effected by One Big Union of labor, to complete man's conquest of nature through the establishment of the supremacy of human intelligence over the industrial Frankenstein it has created.

# Pioneers in Solidarity

"Workingmen should stick together."

This is the idea back of the I.W.W. It isn't an idea that the I.W.W. invented, but one that workingmen have had in mind these many years. During these years they have persistently pushed the boundaries within which they applied it further and further as the growth of industry has made it plainer and plainer that more and more workers must stick together to get the results at which this solidarity is aimed.

In these days when people are still claiming that our worthy president gave us the right to organize, it is well to look back to those pioneer years of the labor movement when workers first claimed and established this right. The business class supreme, the Law Le Chepelier was enacted forbidding all organization of workers, as a vestige of the guilds of the old order they were destroying, as an interference with the free play of the economic forces that had become their new deities; but this law expressly provided however that the chambers of commerce were not to be forbidden. That was in 1794. But the unions persisted. Often they had to disguise themselves as mutual benefit societies for certain crafts, providing homes for their members as they traveled about the country, their major officials strangely enough being the old ladies put in charge of these places, but nevertheless they performed the functions of a union in regulating wages and working conditions. It was the persistence of the unions, ever performing their functions more openly that even in the second empire, in 1869, substantially established the legal right of the workers to stick together. Out of it in the 1890's grew the General Confederation of Labor, achieving new levels in the solidarity of labor.

It was the same story in England. With the invention of power driven textile machinery new industrial cities such as Manchester were being built, and the workers in them were learning that it was necessary for workers to stick together. From 1799 to 1824 unions were forbidden. Workers were arrested. Some were sent to Australia, then a penal colony, for persisting in "sticking together"—but their persistence resulted in the repeal of the law. It wasn't long before British workers pioneered in a truly amazing forecast of modern ideas of what solidarity should aim at. In 1835—a year by the way when workers in all industrial nations were "kicking over the traces" wiinning the ten-hour day by a general waves of strikes in the New England states, while the silk weavers of Lyons made a social revolution on a small scale—the Grand National Consolidated Union was founded in Great Britain. It was a true forerunner of the I.W.W. not only in attempting a One Big Union of the working class, but in visualizing a great historic function for itself—that its organization of workers should supplant the august parliament of Great Britain, replacing the government of men with an administration of things, truly attempting to "build the structure of a new society within the shell of the old."

In America too, as in the history of all modern nations, there was the same attempt to outlaw unionism. Had American workers quietly submitted and given up unionism when their members were convicted of conspiring to raise wages in 1804 to 1814, perhaps we would have needed a Roosevelt to tell us we could organize—though without unions in which to organize already existing it is certainly to be doubted if the superfluous permission would ever have been granted. American labor answered the conspiracy indictments by going ahead with the building of unions.

The developments of the union movement in America as elsewhere is as irregular and planless on its surface as are all the other historic adjustments of man's relations to the environment that he is always changing. But there is a logic to its structural development. First there were local bodies of men engaged in the same craft. That served well enough in the days when transportation was so inadequate that craftsmen of one town could not readily compete with their fellows elsewhere. To provide some local means of general working class solidarity the first city central labor body was formed in Philadelphia in 1827. Next in the logic of the evolution of the labor movement was the craft union that would unite craftsmen in different cities, and check their competition with each other. The printers in 1835 pioneered in this direction, and were followed as railroads and canals brought workers of other trades into competition with each other by a rapid growth of national trade unions particularly in the twenty years of 1850 to 1870.

But the problems confronting labor were more than trade problems; they were class problems. To face them, the ever-shifting and largely non-proletarian political programs that were offered workers were found inadequate. A union of the working class was needed, and the new departures

in American labor from 1866 when the National Labor Union was founded, were efforts to fill this need. The National Labor Union lasted a mere six years, confining its efforts mostly to eastern textile fields. From 1873 to 1875 Industrial Congresses were held, accomplishing little, but making the question clear: How should American labor organizations build one organization to combine them? Should labor organize locally on a craft basis, combine the local craft unions into city central bodies, and these into state federations, and on the basis of these more local efforts at working class solidarity by a federation of city central unions build a general federation of labor? Or should the local craft bodies constitute national craft unions, and some federation aligning these craft bodies provide the general means for the working class to act as a class? In the Industrial Congresses an effort was made along the former line, the one that eventually was adopted successfully by the French General Confederation of Labor. But practical unionists rejected this procedure for they noted that the city central bodies and state federations were concerned far more with political issues than with the organization of the working class and these men quite logically feared that a general organization of American labor consisting of representatives taking their instructions from such local bodies would degenerate into a futile political conflab. Thus American labor was destine for some time, largely as a reaction against non-worker intellectuals, who wished labor well, to accept craft unionism in a world of growing industry.

But American labor wanted more than this, and for some time it seemed that the Knights of Labor, formed as a secret body of garment cutters on Christmas Day, 1869, would give American workers an effective form of solidarity. In 1875 it came out in the open, and by 1886 more workers had flocked into its various local unions, craft and industrial so-called "districts", than had ever been organized in one organization before. Officers of the international trade unions (so-called because of their locals in Canada) were as worried about the losses of their members to the Knights of Labor as they appear to be today over the secessions to the C.I.O. In 1881 these craft bodies had established the forerunner of the A. F. of L. as the Federation of Organized Trade and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada, and in 1886, in the tense moment of hesitation and reaction that followed the eight-hour strikes and the Haymarket tragedy, they met to concert their forces as the American Federation of Labor to do battle with the Knights and put them out of business. Craft unionism won the battle, largely because the Knights refused to do battle with them, and were far from certain what they wanted to do—whether to organize the working class, fight landlords in Ireland, or preach temperance.

But industry went ruthlessly on while the A. F. of L. fought down all efforts of workers to achieve a larger measure of organized solidarity. Within it the demand for industrial organization grew. When various organizations of coal miners merged together in 1890 to found the United Mine Workers they insisted on jurisdiction over all workers in and about coal mines, and got it over the protests of carpenters, engineers and the various other crafts that objected. In the three years 1893-96 that the Western Federation of Miners belonged to the A. F. of L. the same battle for industrial jurisdiction for metal miners was fought as it has had occasions to put up since its return to the A. F. of L. in 1913.

Outside of the Federation the need for industrial organization was apparent. Railroad workers from 1863 when the engineers organized faced a truly modern industry requiring industrial organization. The Trainmen's Union that in the great strikes of 1877 sought to unite all running trades in one organization was one answer. The American Railway Union that Gene Debs formed in 1893, five years after his plan of railroad federation had been rejected, was another glorious though short-lived attempt at solidarity. Out of the Harriman strike of 1911 to 1915, and again out of the "outlaw switchmen's strike" of 1920, it seemed that one big union of railroad workers might eventuate. But persistent as the demand is for greater solidarity, defeat has met these efforts.

Throughout the years since 1905 when the I.W.W. was established to give labor its One Big Union, the other efforts to achieve some advance toward solidarity by a less radical departure than that of the I.W.W. have been enough to fill a book. The departments and federations within the American Federation, such secessions as that to start the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in 1914, and the innumerable outlaw strikes, and "illegal councils" that included alleged "dual unions" even to the short-lived "soviets" formed in various cities in 1919, have all expressed the felt need of a greater measure of organized solidarity than the traditional labor movement permitted. The wave of strikes since the days of the new deal have all shown a strong sense of community and industrial solidarity that has been frustrated by the structual limitations of the unions in which these workers were organized. The C.I.O. today attempts to exploit this demand for a great measure of solidarity to build another organization in which its members can expect to experience the same frustration of the impulse to stick together that miners

(Continued on page 34)

# *A New Age Begins in Spain*


## *By* PIERRE BESNARD

*Secretary, International Workingmen's Association*

**Translated by Onofre Dallas**


Preceding the French Syndicalist delegation composed of members of the C.G.T.S.R., and the C.G.T.[1], I went to Puigcerda on December 10, together with some comrades from the Local Federation of Barcelona and the Regional Confederation of Catalonia. The welcome organized by our friends in Puigcerda was most cordial.

The following day we visited the dairy, a magnificent plant established last August, which is producing at present nearly 10,000 cans a day of condensed milk for the front, the hospitals and the babies.

This enterprise, collectively at the beginning of the civil war, is run by the workers. Though the technicians left the factory, production is orderly and methodical, from the making of the cans to the packing of the finished product. Production has increased by a good third; the wages, which are the same for everybody—men and women—have been raised 30 per cent, yet the "profits" amount to 30,000 pesetas per week. The working week is forty hours.

Barber shops, tailor shops, everything has been collectivised and is running under workers' control. In general Puigcerda is a center where the intense effort of all makes a little of the past disappear everyday, and everyday makes the real figure of the new order appear more distinctly. We returned late at night to Barcelona by way of Ribas and Vich.

The following day in the morning, guided by our Catalonian friends, we visited the artillery barracks in San Andres, the first barracks captured by our comrades of the CNT-FAI. It was there that they found the arms to put down the fascist uprising quickly. Though the walls show the marks of the fight that took place then, they are still in excellent condition. Everything is in order; the recruits and those on leave are taken care of and are given abundant meals[2], and we often had lunch with our comrades there.

In the afternoon we visited the Portland Cement plant in Moncada. This establishment, of Europe-wide importance, has been collectivized and runs under union control. Although the technicians with the exception of an engineer who has been won to our ideas, left the factory, its operation is perfect. The output has increased by 25 per cent, and the salaries by 30 per cent. Everybody works with joy for the revolution, and the workers put in an hour a day extra for their peasant comrades.

In Mollet we visited the largest Spanish leather factory. Production there is also intense; stocks representing nine months work by 800 workers now await export to France, England, Holland. Here in this accumulation of leather there are millions of pesetas temporarily idle, but they will be exported shortly and turned to use. In the same locality we visited a factory that makes both natural and artificial silk, employing 650 workers. Modern equipment, full sunlight, cleanliness and order as everywhere else, and of course, collectivization and union control.

On the 13th, we left for the Aragon front to visit the agricultural towns. We passed through Lerida, capital of one of the four provinces of Catalonia, and the frontier between full libertarian communism and collectivization, for Lerida is the last locality on the way to Aragon where money still circulates.

From Lerida we went to Fraga, a city of 7,500 inhabitants, where we were received by our comrades of the local committee. They explained to us how from the very beginning they have socialized the lands, organized the work and the distribution of goods, and done away with the use of money. They showed us their consumers' books, their work cards, and explained the operation of the practical organization of work by groups.

All the able-bodied men and women work without exception. The sick, the old, and the children have all their needs fulfilled.

The next day in Bujaraloz, former general headquarters of our unfortunate Durruti[3], we found the

1. The C.G.T. is the General Confederation of Labor, the major union organization in France; the C.G.T.S.R. is the left-wing Social Revolutionary General Confederation which split from the foregoing when it grew conservative and patriotic during the war.

2. According to later reports the war has reduced the food supply to a dangerous low since that time.

3. Durruti, an outstanding anarcho-syndicalist military leader, was shot from ambush while in the defense of Madrid.

same evidence of libertarian communism. Consumers' books and work cards were shown to us there. We took some specimens for documentation, while they explained to us how the interchanges work. The interchange of products is arranged in kind, as no money is used. With towns where money still circulates the interchange is made on the basis of the current exchanges and the supply is made through purchases made direct on the spot. The articles and products are immediately sent on to the towns which distribute them among the inhabitants against the presentation of the consumer's books. In short, the interchanges take place in the same manner as they would between two countries one of which had suppressed money and the other had not. This system gives full satisfaction to all those involved. This winter for the first time, we are told, the women of Aragon don't cry. Formerly the product of the harvest was not enough to pay the debts to the political bosses and the clergy. The Aragonese will defend their conquests and give their lives if necessary, but they can not turn back. The past for them is dead, forever.

Irrigation on the Aragonese plains by demanding the Ebro will increase productivety considerably, and material well-being will soon be a fact in these poor lands inhabited by men hardened by labor.

Returning to Barcelona we went across a section both rich and rough, where the efforts of man mark his conquests step by step over a difficult terrain, sparsely inhabited regions, towns that yesterday lived in fear but that today breathe freely the air of the libertarian revolution.

In Barcelona we again saw the immense beehive teeming with activity, with its transportation, its ports, its factories, its shipyards. We went to visit all that. One after the other we saw the surface transportation system, the underground system, the marine transportation, the moving pictures, the water, gas, and electricity, the collectivized shops from barber shops to soda water plants. All were running under union control. Everywhere men were active working to win the war and consolidate the revolution.

That the technicians left? It makes no difference! They are replaced. The mind discovers something new; new applications are made, new realizations, new co-ordinations, and without masters, without parasites, and the new social order is being created, developed day by day, hour after hour. The average working week is 40 hours. There are no unemployed, and more hours will be worked if it is necessary in order to crush fascism and establish a new social order.

Actors who earned 2000 francs per night, moving picture stars who earned as high as 100,000 francs per month in the Paramount studios are now working here for 15 pesetas a day, and they work with joy. They create real art, freely for the people who will no longer be forbidden from the full enjoyment of the spirit.

I have also seen the jails. To safeguard the revolution jails unfortunately still have to be maintained. They will be abolished later when the fascist enemy is crushed, when nothing opposes any longer the application of our philosophy, and our comrades can begin to prevent crime, and to care for and re-educate those who are deficient, dishonest, and dangerous, instead of condemning them and locking them up.

For the present it is necessary first of all to assure the safety of the revolution, to watch over it, and make sure that no harm can be done by those who conspire to make it fail. I have visited the old Montjuitch prison and the Model Jail. In Montjuitch, an old fortress that threatens with its enormous mass the red Barcelona, in Montjuitch where Francisco Ferrer[4] was executed, we found fascists of all kinds, some of them accused, others already condemned. They all live in common, they smoke, play cards and dominoes. We questioned them. None complain of the prison regime. The meals, they say, are acceptable; the cells are clean; their families visit them every day if they care to, and can bring them in anything they want from the outside. Everything is delivered to them twice a day.

In Montjuitch there are practically none but fascist elements; old officers, old functionaries, former priests, merchants, members of the so-called liberal professions who have participated in the movements against the working class. All have been able to secure adequate legal defense. I found only one Frenchman, a militiaman who had left the front and had not returned to his column. His case is not grave and it will be examined and decided shortly.

In the Model Jail there are several divisions. I was particularly interested in visiting the foreign divisions, where there were approximately 100 prisoners, belonging to all nationalities. As in Montjuitch they live in common; none complained of mistreatment, or of the meals. I was assured that their cases would be taken up immediately; that the carrying out of justice would be done in a normal way, and that all guarantees of defense would always be afforded the prisoners.

There is under consideration a project to give the prisoners held and those sentenced, the benefits of modern comforts, and above all, the possibility of re-education. I want to add that I have

4. Ferrer, noted libertarian educator and exponent of doctrines that are more and more accepted in educational technique, was executed in 1909 chiefly because he had aroused the animosity of the clergy who sought to retain a monopoly on teaching, and did not welcome the spreading of education in working class circles.

had the satisfaction of not finding in jail a single anarchist or anarcho-syndicalist!

On leaving Spanish soil for a while I want to take this opportunity of thanking all comrades for the facilities allowed me in fulfilling my purpose. I leave under the impression that since my last visit in October, the revolution has taken an enormous step forward. Tasks which are hardly outlined at that time are now fully realized. The socialization of the land is almost complete, the collectivization of the industrial enterprise is being carried out rapidly, and the union control of production is more and more pronounced.

Of course there is much yet to be done . . . much to be done! The food industry appeared to me particularly behind the others, especially as regards the habits of waiters in a great number of restaurants, cafes and hotels. Some have remained obsequious and servile; others show themselves arrogant with the humble and submissive towards those whom they think rich or powerful. But I am sure that the CNT will know what to do about this.

The Spanish revolution represents more than an immense hope. It is already a living, concrete, indisputable reality. It is our revolution, the revolution of all the workers of the world, to be defended by us in all our strength, and by every effort possible to compel the governments of the world to do their duty with regard to anti-fascist and revolutionary Spain.

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# So You Need A Maid!

(Continued from page 9)

could not. The noon I reached the Misses Talbot's home we had tea and toast and lettuce. For supper we had tea and toast and a little cold meat. *(pauses)* Later I found an old grocery bill—it was seven dollars and fifty cents for the whole month. *(the others gasp)*

BROWN: Seven-fifty!

BASCOM: They looked like two skeletons. *(Silence. The women look inquiringly toward Miss Brown)*

CARVER: *(leaning forward, looking more cheerful)* We must have some kind of an organization to help us and to protect ourselves.

BROWN: Yes, whether you're employed or unemployed, you need an organization of some kind.

BASCOM: I'm putting my pride away—I'm taking relief. I will not starve.

SCHMIDT: We gotta organize and get other girls not to go out and work for these women for such low wages. I got too much pride to scab like that. I'll take relief any time.

SWENSON: And we vill hev to fight for decent relief, too.

FIORELLI: Alla time we gotta organize and fight. *The women's faces as they sit there grow more hopeful)*

BROWN: That's it, you've got to fight. *(picks up slip of paper from desk)*

CARVER: If there isn't an organization for us, we'll have to build our own. *(shakes her head)* We've certainly learned a lot.

BROWN: So have I—and there is an organization already in existence. A friend of mine has been telling me about it—she's joined herself.

FIORELLI Eees eet da place wid da sign—wan beeg union?

SWENSON: Everyvun shude stick togedder —

BASCOM: I guess we can't do anything for ourselves alone. *(There is a slight pause)*

SCHMIDT: *(rising)* Well, I'm going down to that place. *(turning to others)* How about the rest of you dames? *(Women rise)*

TOGETHER: *(voices mingling)* We'll go—of course, we'll go—What's the number?

SCHMIDT: Yes, what's their address, Miss Brown?

BROWN: It's 25 South Main Street. *(Women move toward door at left)*

CARVER: 25 South Main? *(Miss Brown nods)* We'll go down right away.

SWENSON: Ve'll see you again, Mrs. Brown. *(Miss Brown goes to door, stands near it as they leave)*

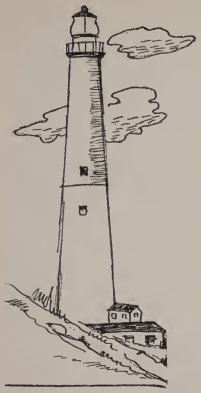
SCHMIDT: Goodbye.

BASCOM: Goodbye, Miss Brown.

FIORELLI: Goodbye, Mees Brown.

BROWN: Goodbye, everybody. *(Women leave through door at left. Miss Brown resumes seat. With chin cupped in hands, she stares thoughtfully into space. Finally, she gets up, crosses room, and disappears through door at right. A second later she reappears with her coat and hat in her hand. For a moment she pauses in center of room, looking about her. Then, spying the placard on the wall, ACE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY—SUPERIOR JOBS FOR SUPERIOR PEOPLE, she walks over to it, turns its face to wall, and goes out quietly through door at left)*

— E N D —



# Murmansk

## *By A. Yourniek*

**This Wobbly sailor has previously described how a dispute over food for the crew with the captain of his ship had led to him and other members of the ship's committee being left in Russia during the Kerensky stages of the revolution. Last month he told of how the Allies cultivated a base for themselves for a fight against the Soviets by various promises to the people.**

**It led to a mass meeting in Murmansk where the only opposition to this plan came from the crew of the Russian cruiser Askold, which he had joined meanwhile. After this mass meeting conducted by the British General Poole, the crew returned to the Askold wishing for reinforcements.**

As usual, next morning our boat went ashore to fetch those members of our crew whose homes were nearby and who were staying home for the night. It was a hazy, chilly morning.

We were eating our breakfast when somebody called our attention to a boat adrift on the stream. We rushed to the gun ports. It looked like one of our own boats, bobbing apparently empty; but still, oddly enough, the oars were cocked up in readiness to be dipped.

We stood there for a while watching, our breakfast going cold, when suddenly a head popped up over the gunwales. Just as suddenly it was followed by another, and the men resumed their position and commenced to row toward us.

When she pulled alongside, the body of a sailor was stretched out lifeless on the bottom of the boat.

A man slung the dead man on his back, brought him on the cruiser, and laid him on the gangway. All that the men could tell us was that they had been fired upon by a machine gun.

The chief deck officer ordered the motor launch ashore to ascertain the cause of the shooting. Arrais, a friend of mine, was captain of the launch. It shoved off, but as soon as it came within firing distance from ashore, it too was fired upon by a machine gun. Arrais, at the helm, straight away swung the boat around and headed for the Commercial Wharf, but bullets were swishing from that direction also. He again swung around and managed to get behind the battleship Chesma. The firing ceased, and the launch returned to the ship perforated by bullets but with everybody luckily unharmed.

We suspected that something was lopsided ashore and that we hadn't been otified about it. Signals were hoisted for the cruiser Glory. After a while a launch drew alongside with General Poole's adjutant, a young Scotchman who spoke Russian well. Quietly he informed us that the Allies had taken over the defenses of Murmansk, and that all our representatives ashore had been held in their homes under arrest—but of course this would last only until matters were cleared up. He expressed his regrets for the killing of the sailor and blamed it on some overzealous officers at the post. "Maybe they were a little excited and fired too soon."

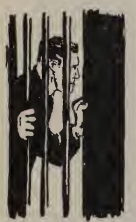
We used to get bread for the Askold from ashore. We told him that we had to get some pretty soon. He assured us that if we attempted to go ashore we would be fired upon, but he would go to the Glory, inform them of what happened, and reprt back with the permission for bread.

When he shoved off machine gun fire was immediately opened on his boat too, but nary a bullet struck his Excellency's launch. "You see," he exclaimed brightly when he came back, "even my launch was shot at." We paid no attention to him. We knew who was responsible for our

mate's death, and that Mr. Poole was just trying to make a good fellow of himself by shifting the blame to some poor soldier down in the ranks.

With the permission from the Glory, we left for shore. I was one of those in the launch who was to carry the bread. Along with us came our commander who had just come aboard. He was living ashore and had missed all the excitement. The chief engineer was with us also. We marched up town to the bakery.

We returned to the launch, but it was gone. At the same time we noticed a trawler alongside of the Askold. She pulled away with a bunch of our own men, and put them on the landing pier. We couldn't quite understand what had really taken place, but the chief did. He became quite excited. He told us the Allies were taking the crew ashore, that they were going to take up the gun keys, and that we were to be made prisoners. We decided to walk over to the landing pier.



The landing was about a mile or so away. Half way over the Chief's excitement subsided. It was an opportune time for me to fathom this man out. I started by talking about the political situation in England and America. He had listened to my stories before, when in the recreation room I would tell the boys about the free speech fights the I.W.W. has put up in Spokane, Fresno and San Diego, or about the strikes at McKees Rocks, or Ludlow or Lawrence. This time I drew the chief out.

"Well, I'll tell you,' he said. "I'm a Social Revolutionist. I took you and Arrais for nothing more than a couple of Bolshevick propagandists, and though I liked your stories and found your ideas very interesting, I never did believe a word of what you said. But the things that have happened these last few days have opened my eyes. Now I realize that our Allies aren't what they're supposed to be. We can't trust them any longer."

After a couple of hours we were taken back on the ship. And what a sight met our eyes there! Everything in our quarters was topsy-turvy. The worthy defenders of private property, the prize crew, made up of Englishmen, Americans and French, had not only picked the gun's locks but had taken with them every big and little thing that was portable. Razors, watches and money were gone. I had my money on me, but I lost my fountain pen, watch, scarf pin and razor, and also the gun that I had bought with my own money before I went on the ship.

We had left aboard only a small skeleton crew to keep up steam and look after the dynamo. When we came aboard this skeleton crew was locked up. All the room doors were smashed with fire axes. The old Askold looked as though she had weathered a violent hurriance or had just come out of a naval battle.

We signaled for the Glory again. She answered by sending us the young Scotch adjutant. We showed him the mess his underlings had made. He said he was sorry, that some of the Americans had got out of control, and that if we would make a list of our losses, he would report the matter personally to General Poole.

Next day our ship's committee was summoned to the general's headquarters. Poole was presented with a list of our lost belongings. Casually he promised that he would take care of the matter and that's the last we heard about it. Then with a change in his old, ready-to-please face he gave us an ultimatum. "You can either enlist in the Anglo-Russian battalion—if you do so everything will be forgotten—or you can remain in Murmansk and do longshore work. If you don't accept either of my offers I am going to deport you inland."

On the Askold we tried to come to some understanding what would be the best thing to do.

One suggested, that—as we don't recognize Poole as the representative of our government—we ask him to permit us to take the Askold to Archangel, where still the Soviets were established. This plan was rejected as impractical. It was unthinkable that Poole would grant such request. Another suggestion was that we take the ship and get out at sea without bothering our heads about permissions. But this plan too had to be rejected. Had the ship been anchored close to the entrance in the lower part of the bay, we would then hazard a getaway. But we were actually anchored ahead of the American and British war ships and in a getaway we would have to sail down close by them, and we hadn't full complements of crew and guns. Her full crew was supposed to be 700 but we only had 200. A getaway undertaken under such circumstances would be suicidal.

At last we decided to accept the offer to be sent to central Russia. We took a survey of the many new uniforms and other brand new clothing that was aboard. Clothing at that time was very scarce in Russia. We split equally among ourselves, and packed up ready for the departure.

Late in the evening the orders were sent aboard for the first 100 men. The ship's committee made up a list of the first batch that was to go. Among them I chanced to be one. Shortly after we were taken ashore in a trawler.

At the landing we were met by a detachment of British soldiers. We were escorted to a nearby railroad track where we were piled in an empty box car. In the back and front cars were our guards armed with machine guns and rifles. Few of the townspeople came to see us off; even the few were mostly women who were kept at some distance by the guards. Rations were passed out for the trip, and we were on our way.

At Kandalashka the guard was changed, and Serbians substituted for British. When we pulled in at Kem the new guard ordered us to unload. The guard was increased and we were ordered to string out all along the cars in which we rode. British soldiers jumped in the cars that we had evacuated and threw our things out while a captain, dressed in a Scotch uniform, told us that the new clothes which we were carrying into Soviet territory were to be confiscated as they needed them for the new navy. Everything that looked new was piled on one side, and the older but still good clothes were thrown under the train where the Serbians picked them up. Most of us had civilian apparel but this went to the Serbians too. The woolen sweater that I had paid $5.00 for in New York, my woolen underwear and my sea boots all went the same way. When I called the attention of an officer to that he said: "Oh! I've been looking for you all this time." He called on some nearby English soldiers and I was marched out of the line and taken to an empty box car out of the way. There I was told to strip off all my clothing.

Kem is the place where the three Soviet representatives were shot. In Murmansk I had become acquainted with some Latvian soldiers who had been against the Cossacks; they had told me that neither side took prisoners; all captured were shot; that first the victims were stripped of their clothing as to shoot them clothed would smear the clothing with blood, so they were shot stark naked.

I took this stripping as preliminary to being shot, and looked desperately around for a possible way of escape. The box car door was ajar; but two armed guards stood by it on its either side with drawn bayonets. Should I make a dash through this door I'd surely be shot on the run. I was trapped. I wished I'd the gun with me and then, at least, I would try to shoot my way out. None can imagine that feeling of helplessness. One must come under the same conditions to feel it.

As I was taking off my clothes two soldiers and a sergeant would gather them up one by one and go through them, searching, as if looking for something very important. They ran their fingers all along the seams, turned the pockets inside out, examining them very carefully. Then to my surprise and relief they handed them back and told me to put them on again. I was taken back to where my shipmates were and I was ordered to pack up.

I remembered the argument between the sailor Andreyef when packing and the local railroad engineer. The engineer was shrieking to Andreyef: "We got you sailors now and pretty soon we'll get Lenin and Trotski, too. And when we get them we'll put them where they belong."



As soon as I packed up I was ordered to march. I picked up my bag and with two armed soldiers I was escorted to a box car in the end of our train. There I found six or more sailors and among them my friend Evsenko. He and I had been together on the Sawaty. One more sailor from the Askold was there, but the others were total stranges to me. They were from a nearby station, and from these men I learned a lot of what had taken place.

It appeared that the armored train that had been constructed in Murmansk for spring use against the Germans was instead being used against the Russians. It ran over the country, and where it met opposition, the local commissars were put under arrest. At Kem it had met the most vigorous opposition. The local people and soldiers did not accept the honeyed promises. A group of soldiers under the command of the brother of Maria Spiradonova had blown up the bridge there, and with a handful of men from the other side of the canyon made

it impossible for the British to repair the bridge. So at two in the morning the train went back leaving us prisoners in the box car.

In the morning I was questioned first by the Scotch and then by the French, and taken back to the box car. A Serbian colonel came over and whined how it was downright lousy of the British to make the Serbians guard the Russians . . . that all Serbians and Russians were brothers, and . . . At last he left us alone and we were glad of it.

In the afternoon the Scotch captain came over to the box car to say that General Poole wanted to see Evsenko and me at his Murmansk headquarters, and that we should get ready to go on the next train. During the trip to Musmansk the guards photographed us. They said they wanted the pictures simply as souveniers.

Next day General Poole came and greeted me with his usual politeness and asked how I was getting along. I asked what the hell he wanted of me. Without a word he walked away and I never saw him again. A couple of days later with many others, I was marched down to the docks where we were put to work unloading a freighter.

There I had a chance to talk with some of the men working with me. They too were prisoners, picked up from different towns in the Murmansk region, uncertain where they were to be despatched next. They told me that a prison camp was being established, just where they did not know; but rumor had it that a batch of prisoners a few days ago had been consigned to Petchora, the northernmost point of the state of Archangel . . . A couple of days later we were on a trawler wondering what kind of a damned spot this Petchora might be.

But when the trawler got out of the harbor she swung to a southerly course. We were glad of that. None of us wanted to go to Petchora. There was a little swell running and the trawler rolled a bit. Most of the prisoners and the guard grew sea sick. Evsenko and I considered the possibilities of taking the trawler over, running it to Norway, and being interned there. But we had to discard the plan. Next day we pulled alongside of the Cochrane in Petchinga, and we were taken aboard and thrown in her brig.

Later we were taken ashore and marched under a Serbian guard to a two-story house where we saw men carrying bricks. In the evening when these men came in they appeared happy, and greeted each other as old acquaintances. That night we all stretched out on the floor and slept.

The building had been started by the monks during more peaceful times, as a shelter for pilgrims, but the war broke out and left the building unfinished. We were put to work putting in floors and building stoves from bricks. There I became acquainted with an anarchist bricklayer, Parahin, who had served two terms in Siberia, one of ten years, and one of four. He had Kropotkin's "Conquest of Bread" with him, and always carried it along. Many were the arguments stirred up by that book.

Our camp was under the command of Colonel Elliot, a Britisher. All our complaints and other business had to be given to a sergeant Dearlove, who would relay it to the higher ups and bring us back their decisions. Some of the men had been there a month before us. At first there had been only nine prisoners, guarded by young Russian junkers, deadly enemies of the Bolsheviki. These nine had been so maltreated that they sent in a petition requesting that they be shot. The petition bore fruit. The junkers were transferred to the front, and Serbians were sent in their place.

This did not stop maltreatment. We prisoners were divided in three groups, and not allowed to talk to one another. Sailor Borison had a friend in the other barrack. He sent a note by another prisoner named Chokash who was to give it to another prisoner and thus reach Borison's friend. They were caught while this note passing was in progress, and punished by the Serbian guard officer. With their hands tied behind their backs, they were hoisted from the ground and left hanging by their arms until they fainted. This torture lasted for from twenty minutes to half an hour. After that cold water was dumped on them, and when they came to they were left in that condition on the ground until strength enough was revived in them to drag themselves away.

This brutal method of punishment by the Serbian officer aroused all the prisoners. Sergeant Dearlove was summoned. We gave him a note of protest. He came back and told us that the officer would be taken off guard and such punishments not permitted. Soon, but chiefly it seemed because of fear over spies among the Serbians, English soldiers were substituted as guards.

New prisoners arrived from Murmansk—sailors who had been the shore representatives of the various navy craft, and who refused the Allies' offer to join with them. Another new arrival was Stankevich, the former commissar of the militia in Murmansk, the same who had spoken at the mass meeting in favor of breaking with Moscow. As proof of his sincerity he had enlisted in the Anglo-Russian regiment under General Poole, and had been made a sergeant. A couple of months later though he and six others were exiled to Petchinga. They weren't supposed to be under arrest, still wore the English uniform, and received the regular soldiers' rations and their pay. But just the same, prisoners they were. He protested and asked the Allies to live up to their promises. They answered by politely sending him to our camp where he

could talk about the united front to his heart's content. We prisoners included not only the Bolsheviki and their supporters but also their opponents, some white guard Finns that our men had captured in the spring German prisoners of war, and six Hungarians. The revolution had freed these war prisoners, and they had decided to make their homes in Russia. In fact the Murmansk railroad had largely been built by prisoners of war. Many had perished from the cold and the vicious treatment that they had, received from the Russians. Hundreds had contrived to escape to Norway, but they had either frozen or starved on the way in that sparsely inhabited country.

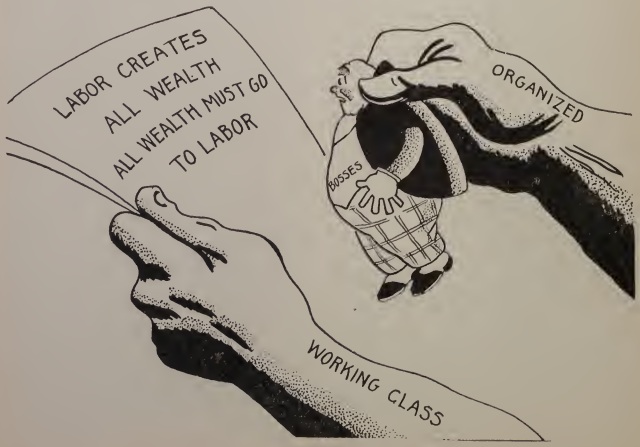
We were busy building barracks for the soldiers who were to arrive there soon. The monks had a sawmill and a brick yard. We had to carry the construction material from there. It was cold. That we lived through this harsh treatment was due only to our good health. Later on I was taken into the confidence of some of the prisoners who were devising ways for a jail break. Our plan was to escape on some evening when we were taken out into the woods to gather firewood for the camp. On such evenings about 40 of us were taken, with only four Serbian guards to watch over us.

(To be continued next month)

## Scissorbill Objects

(Continued from page 14)

not piggly wiggly right. Thus the wage working class is constantly increasing, but the competition for jobs is growing proportionally worse at the same time. When the capitalists have plucked the working class for all it is worth, they begin to eliminate each other, almost like the gangsters in Chicago, only with more finesse—"freeze out" schemes, "mergers", "consolidations", etc. And that accounts for the fact that wealth is concentrating into fewer and fewer hands. It has gotten so now that a handfull of tricksters have control of the whole caboodle. Wherefore I say that it is about time all of you guys lined up (Scissorbill: "I think I'll go to the commissary and see if the Sunday funny paper has come in yet") with the Industrial Workers of the World. The purpose of organization is to render united defense against the wage-cutting and work-day lengthening onslaughts of the employers; to cut the hours of labor so as to make room for the unemployed; to raise the wages at every possible opportunity—thus cutting down the boss's altogether too big profit swag; finally to challenge the existing order of capitalist gangsterism and to introduce into human relationship the "planned economy of plenty", intelligently directed by an industrially organized democracy of labor.



# *What's the Difference?*

## A. F. of L.

**structure**

"Not an organization," said Gompers, "but a federation of organizations." Originally composed of craft unions, a number of semi-industrial unions grew in it despite craft resistance. Federal locals have been tried for the mass of workers. Loosely held together by city central bodies, state federations, etc. whose functions are mostly political.

**methods**

The A. F. of L. itself has no industrial methods, merely a political policy of rewarding friends and a general policy of cultivating the good will of employers. Its unions' methods range from selling labels to the boss, prefering to deal with him than with workers to the well-known methods of the teamsters. When unavoidable, actual organizing of workers has been resorted to.

**who runs it?**

The officers of the stronger international unions run it. They last for life in many cases. In very few of the internationals is there any rank and file rule.

**purposes**

It hasn't any unless "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work" and the perpetuation of capitalism can be called a purpose.

## C. I. O.

**structure**

Not an organization, but a self-appointed committee for industrial organization. Has no structure yet, but is building one much like the A. F. of L. to unite the semi-industrial and craft organizations that despite their own structure and their regional and district agreements have rallied to the support of this mis-named committee.

**methods**

To date preliminary behind-the-scenery conversations between John L. Lewis and the industrial magnates seem to constitute the chief method; also large scale publicity in papers normally very hostile to labor helps to gather in the members. The direct action methods used in strikes have been the strikers' own methods disclaimed by C.I.O. organizers.

**who runs it?**

The self-appointed committee runs it, when Lewis' health permits. Detail is carried out by organizers appointed by the self-appointed committee. There has been no convention, and there is no constitution; officers of unions affiliating with it make contracts with it.

**purposes**

Like the A. F. of L. it is content with capitalism, though it wants a few trimmings like six more judges for the Supreme Court, and perhaps John L. Lewis for president.

## I. W. W.

**structure**

One Big Union composed of industrial departments and industrial unions. These in turn comprise job branches, industrial union branches, district industrial councils and such other structures as different industries require to effect the solidarity of all workers within them. Free universal transfer from one industrial union to another.

**methods**

Direct industrial action by the workers themselves in whatever manner they deem most advisable —sit-downs, slow-downs, walk-outs, boycotts, or the direct enforcement of union decision on the job. All negotiations are made by the workers themselves with their employers; no agreements that obligate members to scab are permitted. Workers are organized instead of the bosses.

**who runs it?**

Absolutely the members themselves, in their job and union meetings and by vote on referendums; constitution requires this.

**purposes**

To gain every concession possible from the employers, and to "organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system . . . By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of a new society within the shell of the old."

# Pioneers in Solidarity

(Continued from page 24)

and others organized in the so-called "industrial unions" forming it have painfully felt these many years.

If labor is to stick together it requires an organization designed for that purpose. The substitutes for such organization down, through the years have only interfered with the effective practice of solidarity. The organization whose structure is in line with the logical development of the labor movement is the one established in 1905 to provide labor with the maximum effective solidarity.

The changing structures of unionism are adaptations to the conditions of the struggle in which these unions are engaged. In this change of course the lag resulting from the sundry influences of existing bodies stops the new structures from being exact adaptations to the conditions at hand. When the development gets started along a line that is contrary to the general development of industrial conditions, progress can not be made by uniting the structures developed along that line. The experience with federations of crafts, even with departments and federations within the federation to group allied crafts, has clearly shown that the unity of labor is not to be reached by traveling in that direction. Not only do the vestiges of craft structure interfere with the complete unity of action needed, but the fact that many crafts cut across a number of industries makes such a structure awkward and unwieldy.

The general structural program of this C.I.O. that is now offered to meet this demand for a greater solidarity, is one of industrial organization for mass production workers, craft organization for craftsmen. Such a structure is preparation for indefinite internal bickering in regard to negotiations- a device in which craftsmen can be played against "production workers" and vice versa. Even if the crafts were completely absorbed in the industrial unions covering the industries in which they are employed, and a federation of industrial unions was offered, would this meet the demand for a convenient and adaptable structure by which workers could express their solidarity? Even this would not work. There are no clear lines definitely demarking one industry from another. The structure of modern capitalism is so complex that frequently one industry appears as a composite of sections of various other industries — for instance the steel industry includes sections of the metal and coal mining, the railroad and marine transport, lime quarrying, as well as blast furnaces, rolling mills and the direct fabrication in which the steel companies engage. It is necessary to back these workers up, and they would find a mere federation of industrial unions as inadequate as a federation of crafts.

The structure that will suffice is a One Big Union of Labor subdivided in departments and industrial unions, none of which can make agreements which would oblige their members to scab upon any group of workers by working with their products or furnishing goods or service to help break their strikes. Such a structure must allow the utmost freedom of action to its component parts. Its job branches and other local structures should be free as the joints of one's fingers; its industrial unions should be free as the fingers of one's hand; but these job branches and industrial unions, should be likewise free to come together into the formation of the mightly clenched fist of all labor in one solid fighting body. That is the structure of the I.W.W.

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

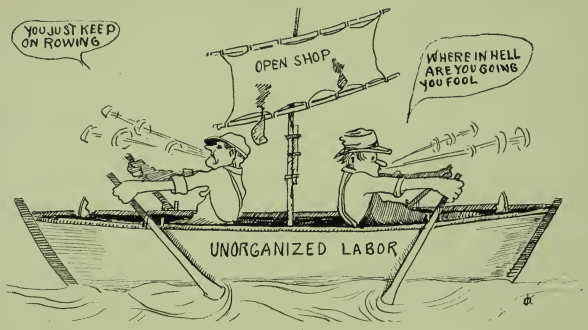
Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.




We're not sure who these fellows are. They may be the two fellows who said, "We never belonged to nothin' and we never will." Or they may be members of two craft unions in a jurisdictional dispute. One may be a staunch supporter of the A. F. of L. and the other of the C. I. O. They may be almost any workers outside of the One Big Union.

No matter which the case is, we have hopes for the fellow who asks "Where in hell are you going?"

If he's persistent enough he'll land in the right place. He won't accept the answer that Mr. Baer the coal magnate gave on behalf of the capitalist class that "The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for not by the labor agitator but by the Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given control of the propertied interests of the country." Neither will he be satisfied with the answer that Mr. Van A. Bittner gave on behalf of our "labor leaders": "The acts of our local unions are guided by me and the other officers of our organization."

He'll much prefer the answer of the I. W. W., that we're organizing the working class so that it can decide what it wants, and do what it decides. And with the power that comes from organization in One Big Union, we're ready to gamble it will decide on plenty—and take the earth to make sure of having plenty.